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# THE WEEK.

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## THE WEEK:

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

BY the death of Sir Alexander Campbell the Province of Ontario and the Dominion of Canada have lost a public man of a type which is unhappily becoming too rare in these days of party strife. He was one of the few who knew how to combine faithfulness to party with a high sense of public duty and an unflinching courtesy to political opponents. It is unnecessary for us to recount here the leading events of Sir Alexander's career. These have been prominently before the public since his lamented death, and are no doubt familiar to all our readers. He will probably be best remembered in Canadian history by the important services he rendered in the framing and inauguration of the Confederation. He took a prominent part in the deliberations of the memorable Quebec Conference, and afterwards had charge of the Confederation resolutions during their passage through the Upper House of the Canadian Legislature. For twenty consecutive years, dating from Confederation, he sat in the Dominion Senate. During the whole of that period he was the virtual, and during the last eight or nine of it, the actual and recognized, leader of the Conservative forces in that body. During all that score of years, with the exception of the term during which the Liberal party was in power, he was also a member of the Government. The number and variety of Cabinet offices which he filled at various times, and always with ability and credit, proves that he was a man of exceptional versatility of talent. He was in turn Receiver-General, Postmaster-General, Minister of the Interior, Minister of Militia, Minister of Justice. In the latter position he wrote one or two State documents, touching constitutional questions, which were deemed of considerable importance and are of permanent value. As Postmaster-General he had the good fortune to introduce a number of reforms of great and lasting benefit to the country. Among these were the establishment of the uniform three-cent rate for letters, the arrangement for single rates on books and newspapers between Canada and the United States, the introduction of postal cards, etc. As Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario he, by his statesmanlike dignity and impartiality in the

discharge of his official duties, as well as by his genial hospitality and his public-spirited readiness to aid every good work and movement, won golden opinions from the whole community and deep personal regard from many. His high personal character as a man and a gentleman, his large political experience and broad statesmanship, and his clear and practical appreciation of the true position and functions of a constitutional Governor, eminently qualified him for the high position in which he was just completing his term of office. Indeed it is not too much to say that in the manner and spirit in which he performed his gubernatorial duties, he has left a pattern worthy of imitation by all his successors.

THE Dominion Government has been prompt in filling the vacancy caused by the death of the much-lamented Sir Alexander Campbell. It is to be congratulated on the universal satisfaction with which the announcement of the name of the new Lieutenant Governor has been received on all hands. The Hon. George A. Kirkpatrick, LL.D., who took the oath of office at Ottawa, on Monday last, has represented the constituency of Frontenac in the Commons for more than twenty years, and for three years filled the honourable position of Speaker. He is therefore well versed in Parliamentary and constitutional usage. Like his predecessor he is a gentleman of high personal character, and exceptionally well fitted by intellectual and social culture, as well as by political training and experience, to occupy with dignity the position of the first citizen in the Province. Like the late Sir Alexander Campbell, too, his reputation for fairness and moderation in partisan politics is such as to afford ample assurance of his impartiality in the administration of the high trust which is now committed to his hands. He is in the prime of life, and may naturally be expected to take an active part in all such public functions as come properly within the somewhat restricted sphere of a Provincial Governor. He is to be congratulated on the hearty and practically unanimous welcome with which he will be greeted by the people of Ontario, and the citizens of the Province may be in turn congratulated on the choice of a gentleman for the position so universally acceptable.

THE Report of the City (Toronto) Engineer for 1891 is a voluminous document. Without attempting any review of the details of the various important works which have been under construction in the city during the past year, we may refer to one question of great interest which is trenchantly dealt with in the conclusion of Engineer Cunningham's personal report. In this part (pages 38 and 39) Mr. Cunningham makes some plain statements concerning the difficult and practically intolerable position in which the City Engineer is placed under the present system. These remarks are accentuated by the fact that the writer has himself, since the date at which this writing was made (April 5th), fallen a victim to the evil he describes, and been practically dismissed from the service of the city. The state of the matter, as described by Mr. Cunningham, is briefly this: "Though the Council has the power of vetoing recommendations made by the Engineer, yet the Engineer has the power, distinctly conferred upon him by by-law, of refusing to recommend any work, even though asked for by resolution of Council, or by petition of citizens." Not only so, but as no work can be undertaken without his recommendation, it follows that his authority may, in many instances, override that of both Council and citizens. This is a position of extraordinary responsibility. Whether such an absolute veto over the decisions of all the city authorities ought to be given to any one official, is fairly open to question. But that, when once such a responsibility has been placed upon his shoulders, his decisions ought to be loyally accepted and supported by both Council and citizens, goes without saying. It is easy to foresee that the moment any decision of the Engineer, no matter how wise or how conscientiously made, comes in conflict with the self-interest or prejudices of powerful citizens, whether members of the Council or not, that moment he is liable to suspicion and attack, and is entitled to the loyal and unflinching support of the Council and all good citizens. Mr. Cunningham's

reasoning at this point is irresistible. If the Council has confidence in the Engineer, it is bound to support him, whether his conclusions agree with the private opinions of its members or not. If it has not confidence in him—and the confidence needed under the conditions is very great—it should at once dismiss him and supply his place with one in whom it can absolutely confide. But to question his ability or his motives, or try to induce him to change his conclusion, much more to attack and worry him in the discharge of his professional duties, is to treat him with bad faith, and render the position intolerable, as we have said, for a self-respecting man. The whole subject demands reconsideration before another appointment is made.

"It is one thing to be a professional free-trader 'on principle,' but when your professional free-trader desires to invest his wealth in a manufacturing industry, it is surprising how very quickly he abandons his fad, becomes an enthusiastic admirer of protection and the N.P., and immediately proceeds to ask the Government for a bonus on his product."

THE above, which is quoted from a recent number of the *Canadian Manufacturer*, suggests some queries. Does the writer attribute the change of opinion which he describes, to the new converts to the doctrines of protection as a reproach? Does he mean to imply that they do not become genuine protectionists? Is your true protectionist such from some high and pure motive or "principle," which exalts him above every consideration of self-interest? Our perplexity in regard to the matter has been greatly increased by reading an article in a later number of the *Manufacturer* which has just come to hand. The occasion of this article is the establishment of the new journal called the *Printer and Publisher*. The chief aim of the paper, which we are led to infer is a very wicked aim, is said to be "to more thoroughly unite the printers and publishers in an effort to increase the diminishing revenues of the printing office, and to look more closely after their own interests than they have hitherto done." One of the ways in which they propose to thus consult their own interests is, it appears, to advocate the reduction of duties on certain articles of commerce, such as baking powders, in order that it may again become worth while for American manufacturers to advertise their wares in Canada. In the case of the particular article mentioned it is said that formerly the advertising of these powders had been worth from \$10 to \$1,500 annually to nearly every paper in Canada, but that the duty has of late been so increased that American-makers no longer advertise their powders in Canada, and the papers suffer in consequence. One might suppose that if Canadian manufacturers have succeeded to the business they would require to do the advertising and that it would be all the same to the papers. But it further appears that the N. P. gives the Canadian manufacturers of this necessary article so comfortable a monopoly that they do not need to advertise, but can sell at enormous profits without it. Our contemporary waxes eloquently indignant over the want of patriotism and principle and every other virtue which prevents the selfish printers and publishers from rejoicing in the policy which is enriching other Canadian manufacturers while impoverishing them. Now we have to confess ourselves so dull that we are unable to see why the business of printing and publishing in Canada is not as much a Canadian industry as the manufacturing of baking powders. The bringing into the country every year of the large sum of money represented by from \$10 to \$1,500 for nearly every paper published must, one would suppose, have benefited nearly as many labourers as does the increased manufacture of the article in question. If the Canadian manufacturers are now making enormous profits, it goes without saying that the consumers all over the country are paying higher prices for their baking powders, but the consumers do not count, we suppose. The loss of the snug little sum which the Americans must have been contributing to the revenue, under the lowest duty; the employment the traffic must have given to Canadian carriers and tradesmen, etc., might seem also to the uninitiated worthy of a moment's consideration, in striking the balance of advantages. But no doubt we are both

unpatriotic and immoral in hinting that anybody's interests but those of the manufacturer—by the way, is not the printer a manufacturer?—are worthy of a moment's consideration. Will the *Manufacturer* help us into the light?

**T**HERE can be no doubt that what should, in strictness, have been a discussion of the *personnel* of the Commission appointed by the Government to take evidence in regard to the charges preferred against Sir Adolphe Caron, was somewhat irregularly switched off into a re-discussion of the policy of appointing a Commission, a policy which had already been settled by a vote of the House. Without attempting to follow the debate through its various phases, we may say that the gist of the whole matter is involved in two questions. First, the fairness of substituting a commission of judges for a committee of the House, to take evidence in the case. There can be no doubt that the House had a constitutional right to adopt this method. Nor is it easy to escape the force of Sir John Thompson's contention that a commission of judges, other things being equal, is likely to perform the task much more expeditiously than a committee of members. Whether such a commission is likely to do the work as thoroughly in all respects is another matter. Much depends upon what is really wanted. If we regard the case as analogous to that of an accused person on trial for a serious offence, and entitled and expected to avail himself of every means of defence which the law affords, it is obvious that judges accustomed to that mode of investigation would be much more likely to allow the enquiry to be restricted by technical objections than a committee naturally impatient of nice legal distinctions and obstructive technicalities. But if, on the other hand, we may regard the case as one in which the accused Minister, conscious of innocence and indignant at false accusations, demands the fullest and freest investigation, and spurns every artificial restraint, the wonder is that he should not prefer to let his accusers choose their own method of conducting the enquiry, and proclaim his supreme indifference as to whether the evidence be taken by the one or the other body, provided only that the opportunity of establishing his innocence and confounding his enemies is promptly given him. There is great seeming force in Sir John Thompson's argument that the very fact that any Parliamentary committee which might be chosen would necessarily have a majority of the political friends of the accused is one of the strongest reasons for objecting to such a committee, since it would enable the accusers to say, in case of failure to convict, that the tribunal had not been an impartial one. Two considerations, however, show that the force is but in seeming, not in reality. First, the argument assumes that the report of the Parliamentary committee would necessarily be final, whereas the final verdict would in any case be pronounced by the House itself. Hence, again, the very objection which he urges applies with full force to the verdict to be given by the House itself upon the evidence as reported by the Commission. Thus it is clear that nothing save putting the decision into the hands of some independent tribunal can deprive the Opposition of the power to say at the last that the verdict was that of an interested and prejudiced court. But, as no one has proposed to remove the case from Parliamentary jurisdiction, the fact that the Opposition are willing to conduct their case before the House, argues a good deal of faith in the strength of the evidence they have to bring, and really seems to open the way for them to get the best of the retort-making, after all.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING all, had the Government insisted on having the evidence upon the charges as originally preferred by Mr. Edgar, taken for submission to the House by a Royal Commission, instead of by either of the committees proposed, the Opposition would have found it very hard to elicit much sympathy with their objections. Everyone would have felt that if they had really any such evidence to offer as they alleged, it could make little difference whether it was presented before the one or the other body of investigation. The crucial question is that of the alleged mutilation of the charges. On this point Sir John Thompson brought to bear all his logical acumen. If he failed to make his argument convincing, it must have been because the facts were against him, and he was trying to make the worse appear the better reason. That he did so fail seems to us demonstrable. The gist of his contention was that if Sir Adolphe could be proved guilty of conspiracy to obtain public moneys, or to divert them from their proper use, it mattered not how he spent the

money. The whole force of this contention rests upon the assumption that Mr. Edgar made but one charge, that of conspiracy, against Sir Adolphe, whereas it is tolerably clear to anyone reading his charges that he really made at least two, and that wholesale bribery was one of them. If this be so, it follows that the charges were changed by the omission of one of them—a very serious change, as anyone can see. Again, can any reasonable man doubt that, were the situations reversed, Sir John Thompson would be one of the first to protest vehemently against the attempt to hold him responsible for the proof of charges which he did not formally make, but which were alleged to have been made by some of his friends in the course of debate. Sir John's declaration that the original charges were too vague for investigation was sufficiently answered by himself in another part of his speech, when he spoke of Mr. Edgar as having made "nine or ten of the gravest accusations which could be made against a public man to deprive him of honour, character, his titles, and his seat in the House and in the Government." Surely charges which, if proved, would have had such consequences, can hardly have been too vague for investigation! The most serious aspect of the whole case, and that which makes it the independent journalist's duty, as we see it, to set the matter as clearly as possible before the public is this: In regard to the charges of expenditure of moneys, however obtained, in many constituencies and with such profusion as makes it simply impossible and absurd to suppose that they could have been used for legitimate purposes—charges which everyone must confess to have been amply substantiated by documents which have been already published—in regard, we say, to such charges, the Minister of Justice has for the second time taken refuge in the statute of limitations. Does any unprejudiced reader of *THE WEEK* doubt that the Canadian Parliament stands in need of a solemn lustration? Can anyone fail to see that such a lustration is impossible so long as the leader of the Government and Minister of Justice—to whom the eyes of the lovers of political purity were at one time turned as to a coming deliverer—can shelter the members of his Cabinet from the most serious charges behind such refuges as these?

**T**HE annual bestowment of certain Imperial honours upon a few prominent Canadians has brought forward again the annual discussion as to the value and desirability of this method of rewarding merit in the colonies. Apart altogether from the question of the wisdom or otherwise of the personal selections made, it must be confessed that there is a certain incongruity between the democratic habits and tendencies of life in this young western world and the social distinctions which are inseparably associated with feudal titles and aristocratic traditions. There seems to be a kind of dignity suitable to the new conditions which obtain on this side of the ocean, in the democratic principle, or sturdy pride, or whatever it may be, which prompts a Mackenzie or a Blake to decline to be artificially distinguished by any title, even though emanating from the Queen—*i.e.*, the Imperial Government—which might seem designed to mark them off socially from their fellow-colonists. We can hardly admire the character of the man, be he premier or prelate, who, after having associated all his life on terms of equality with those around him, many of whom may be his equals, some possibly his superiors, in intellectual and moral qualities, can, without embarrassment and positive discomfort, find himself suddenly raised to a fictitious elevation which requires that they should address him henceforth by a title which can have no significance save as a recognition of a social superiority of which neither he nor they are conscious. Assuming that the distinction conferred by knighthood, as denoted by the cabalistic "K.C.M.G.," is a purely social one, and therefore quite distinct in kind from those conferred by universities and other learned institutions as badges of scholarship or literary attainments, one is tempted to indulge in some possibly invidious reflections on the lack of logical relation between the reward bestowed and the service, usually a service to the State, in some public capacity, for which it is given. But to hint at the need of any such logical fitness is enough, we suppose, to convict us of utter failure to appreciate the true nature of all such bestowments, as arising solely from the sovereign grace and pleasure of the Queen, which, being interpreted, means, of course, the Queen's political advisers. As such, these distinctions become subject, of course, to the general law which forbids the recipient of a gift to enquire too curiously into the question of its appropriateness or utility.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING all this, the fact remains well understood that while these dignities are bestowed simply at the pleasure of the Sovereign, as special marks of the Royal favour, they are none the less intended to be recognized as the rewards of merit. That long years of able and faithful service in the highest judicial capacity in his native Province entitles Chief Justice Lacoste, of Quebec, to this distinguishing mark of the Royal favour may be cheerfully admitted. The public will hereafter no doubt have a better opportunity of estimating the value to the Dominion and the Empire of the service rendered by Prof. G. M. Dawson, in his Behring Sea investigations, but his known ability and proficiency as a student of science leave no room to doubt that in his case, too, the honour bestowed is well placed. In the case of the two Premiers who have been simultaneously transformed into knights, it may not be invidious to note a singular contrast. While the one, after many previous years of public service in Parliament and on the Bench, has for twenty consecutive years retained his place at the head of the administration of the largest and wealthiest Province of the Dominion—an administration which has, during all that period, been eminently successful in retaining the public confidence and remarkably free, for Canada, from suspicion of gross jobbery or corruption—his companion in honour has, on the other hand, occupied for but a few months the high position of Premier of the Dominion, and that, too, without having made any previous record as one devoted specially to the service of the State. Though his administration has thus far certainly been conducted with marked skill and ability, under circumstances of great difficulty, his work seems to be still in the stage in which the wise adage about the man who is just putting on the armour, might be applied with considerable force, especially seeing that his Government has not yet emerged from the cloud of scandal which has brought the name of Canada into such ill-repute. Had Mr. Abbott seen fit to decline the proffered honour until, after a few years of honest and vigorous administration, he could point to a Cabinet free from suspicion of corruption, and a record of public service which had driven the memory of his unfortunate relation to the Pacific Scandal utterly out of the public mind, the whole country would have joined as one man in declaring the honour well bestowed. Seeing that it is already conferred and accepted we can only hope that a deep sense of the confidence of his Queen, and of the high expectations of his countrymen, will nerve Sir John Abbott's arm for whatever sturdy work is yet required to wipe out the memory of Canada's shame and restore her to full standing among the most highly-respected and self-respecting nationalities.

**I**N the case of Mr. Mowat, there were two or three surprises. The first was that as the head of a Liberal administration in the most democratic of all the Provinces, he should have consented to be transformed into Sir Oliver Mowat, under any circumstances. But then some of his friends explain that Mr. Mowat's Liberalism has always been of a very moderate type, that there is in fact an utter absence of Radicalism and a plentiful admixture of old-fashioned Conservatism in his mental make-up. The second surprise was the announcement that his Cabinet was consulted before the honour was accepted, a fact which seems to give the transaction more of the political complexion than is generally deemed desirable. Probably, however, they were consulted as political friends, not as official colleagues. The strangest thing of all is perhaps the public announcement that Sir Oliver was assured that he was not indebted for the honour directly or indirectly to the Dominion Government. One feels rather sorry to read this, for in these days of party rancour it would have been rather a relief and a pleasant variation to learn that the Dominion Government was responsible for what would have seemed to be a just and graceful recognition of merit in a political opponent. But the regret is swallowed up in the curiosity which is excited as to the real source of this "unexpected" and "undesired" act of the Imperial authorities. We had not supposed that either the Queen herself or her special advisers had so keen an eyesight for the discovery of merit in those subdivisions of the Empire with which they do not come into direct official relations, or that the one or the other was accustomed to act, even in the bestowment of Imperial honours, without the advice of their own responsible Governors in the Colonies. Of course the Governor-General might perhaps act in such a case without the sanction of his responsible advisers, but he is not generally supposed to do so, and the fact of his

having done so might, under conceivable circumstances, give rise to troublesome constitutional questions.

SOME discussion has been caused by Premier Abbott's reply to certain representations which were made to him with a view to secure the appointment of one of the young poets of whom Canada is justly proud, to a position in the Parliamentary Library, or some other branch of the public service. Sir John Abbott's reply was, in effect, that to make the appointment on any other ground than that of fitness for the particular duties of the position would be opposed to sound policy and an injustice to meritorious junior clerks entitled to promotion. Sorry as we are that the noble rage of any of our young men of talent should be exposed in the slightest degree to the repressing influence of "chill penury," and glad as we should be to hear of a favourable turn of fortune's wheel in the case of the promising writer referred to, we cannot but admit that the Premier's view is the right one, and that it would not only be doing evil that good might come to put one man, in view of any such consideration, in the place to which another was justly entitled by faithful service, but would also be establishing a precedent that might prove very troublesome in years to come. Sir John Abbott, and any one of the gentlemen who interviewed him, as well, has a right to play the part of a Canadian Macenas to any extent, but let it be done at his own private expense, and not at that of the Canadian tax-payer, who has a right to expect and insist that the public service shall be conducted on sound business principles.

A SINGULAR state of things is that which just now prevails in British politics. The country is on the eve of an election which bids fair to result in the return of a Parliamentary majority pledged to Home Rule for Ireland. Meanwhile the people of a large section in one of the Provinces of Ireland openly proclaim their determination to resist to the utmost the transference of autonomy in local affairs to the island to which they belong, and even go so far as to outline—at least some of them do so—the mode of resistance which they will adopt and to speculate upon their chances of success in a civil war. Stranger still, their proposed armed resistance to the rule of the majority is not only not rebuked, but is openly approved and encouraged by the present Prime Minister of the United Kingdom. Perhaps the most remarkable article which has yet appeared in regard to the matter is that in a recent number of the *Spectator*, in which that organ of the Unionists, after defending Lord Salisbury's much-discussed utterance, which it regards as a warning, not as a threat or an incitement to rebellion, proceeds calmly to discuss the question as to whether, under the new arrangement, the Imperial power could be rightfully used to compel the submission of the minority to the rule of the majority in Ireland. Under a system of Home Rule, the *Spectator* does not deny the right of the Irish majority to coerce the Irish minority, if it is able to do so, but doubts the right of the British Parliament to do so. The outcome of its reasonings seems to be that, in case of the long-fought-for local autonomy being conceded to Ireland, it will become the duty of the British Parliament to stand aloof and permit the two native factions to fight the question out to the bitter end. On this reasoning, which does not lack a degree of plausibility, the British Government must have done wrong in sending a British force to aid the Canadian Government in subduing the Riel insurrection, at the time of the transference of the Hudson Bay territories to Canadian jurisdiction.

#### OTTAWA LETTER.

THERE were but two working days in the House of Commons last week, Wednesday and Friday. The former was devoted to a consideration, in Committee, of the Criminal Code Bill, and was occupied altogether by a few of the lawyers of the House. When this Bill is discussed, party spirit is laid aside, and peace and good-will prevail. Very fair progress is being made, and about one-third of the clauses of the Bill, with amendments generally approved, have been passed.

Having put in a day's labour on Wednesday, the House, according to arrangement, adjourned until Friday; not out of respect to Ascension Day, because a majority of the members, if they do not object to, at least care not for, the observance of "new moons and appointed feasts," but out of the profound respect which is paid to the Province of Quebec, and the great Church which controls it—a respect inspired by a wholesome fear. Some of these sessions, when Col. O'Brien and his friends come into power, they will do a good service to the country by

revising and amending the calendar, as far as that estimable chronicler of departed saints impedes the business of Parliament.

On Friday the House disposed of the charges made against Sir Adolphe Caron, by approving of the appointment of Judges Routhier and Tait, as a Royal Commission to take evidence as to the truth or falsity of the allegations. It was expected that a heavy debate would result on this motion, put by Sir John Thompson, and the expectation was fulfilled. The leader of the House, after making the motion explained that it was thought that two Judges would be sufficient as their only duty would be to take evidence, and it was also proposed that if they should differ at any time as to the inadmissibility of any evidence, the evidence should nevertheless be taken, and they should report upon the points on which this had formed a difference of opinion.

When Mr. Laurier rose, everyone was anxious to hear what he had to say, and he did not leave them long in suspense. He would utter no word of approbation or disapprobation of the choice made; he had nothing to say as to the qualifications of the gentlemen who were offered to the House as members of the Commission. He objected to the commission *in toto*. The Opposition would not recognize it, and would have nothing to do with it. The only tribunal they would recognize as competent to try and to judge the Postmaster-General, arraigned before the House for high political offences, was the House itself. This was the key-note to his speech, eloquent and forcible, and until the division was taken, about midnight, his followers danced to the tune he had set.

The amendment which Mr. Laurier moved was that the charges against the Postmaster-General be referred to a special committee of five members, to be struck by the House. In doing so, he confessed, which must be apparent to everyone, that the Privileges and Elections Committee, composed of some forty members, is unwieldy.

The Government did not show a disposition to follow up the discussion, and Sir John Thompson was the first to cry "lost." The Opposition was not to be lured into the mistake, which led to the untimely strangling of Mr. McCarthy's North-West Bill, so Mr. Mills started the game of "follow your leader."

Probably there is no man in the House who is really better worth listening to than Mr. Mills. He is often complimented on his erudition, and the compliments are not undeserved. On constitutional questions he is remarkably well informed, and on precedents he is great. If there is a precedent to be found he will unearth it, and it will be quoted to the House, saving it would weaken his argument, and, although Mr. Mills is an honest man, no one could expect that, as he is also human, he would assist the arguments of his opponents. On this occasion he plunged deep into the recesses of history to show that precedent was all in favour of a case such as that with which they were concerned being tried by a committee of the House, and not by a commission of judges or any other persons.

During the last few years the House has not had the pleasure of listening, as often as it would like, to Mr. Chapleau, who used to be called the silver-tongued orator from Quebec. But upon this present occasion he broke silence and warmly championed the Government's cause. Whatever jealousy may exist between the Minister of Customs and the other members of the Cabinet, it is not to be openly revealed to the Opposition. The "Junior Member," as Dr. Lunderkin, quoting from the letter of Sir John Macdonald to Mr. Thomas McGreevy, recently published, delights to call Mr. Chapleau, is in full accord with his leader. Judging from his speech on the Caron matter, he is not a powerful speaker these days, whatever he may have been before his health became shattered, and nothing particularly new was contributed by him to the debate.

It having become plain that Mr. Edgar, with the full concurrence of his associates, does not intend to appear before the Commission, his conduct was criticized by Government speakers, and defended by the Opposition. Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, who has taken an active part in all the debates of this session, in the course of his speech said that if the member for West Ontario would not bring his case before a Commission, "he would stand confessed before the people of Canada as a man ready to make cowardly charges, who, when given the opportunity of proving them, slunk away like a dog with his tail between his legs." Sir John Thompson, when his turn came, asserted that "if there was an atom of manhood in his composition, body or soul, he (Mr. Edgar) would meet the man whom he had accused before any tribunal where British law was administered and fair play conducted." But Mr. Edgar did not lack good defenders.

Mr. Davies, who is making rapid strides towards the front as a debater and orator, not only defended his *confreere*, but hurled the charge of cowardice back into the face of the Minister of Justice. "I tell him to the face," he said, "there never was a greater exhibition of political cowardice in this House, or out of it, than by the man who went down to Halifax and called Heaven to witness that if any one would bring a charge against a member of the Government or a member of the House, be he high or low, that charge would be investigated. He says, if there is an atom of fair play in the member for West Ontario, he will meet the accused before these Commissioners. What a valiant challenge? What a noble man he is? He wants the member for West Ontario to go before a

tribunal that the man charged selects for himself and appoints himself."

On Monday, one of those personal matters which frequently arise from the uncontrolled use of that dangerous weapon the tongue, which a very wise man said "no man can tame," and likens to "a fire," "a world of iniquity," "an unruly evil full of deadly poison," was brought up. In the heat of a senseless debate (if it be fair to characterize an all-night wrangle by such a worthy name), which occurred not long ago, Mr. Lister spoke of the Government having sent the Secretary of State to North Perth to "handle the boodle." Mr. Patterson was not in the House when this charge was made, or probably it would not have been made, but yesterday he rose to a question of privilege, quoted the remarks made by Mr. Lister, and emphatically denied that he had done any such thing as he was charged with doing.

Mr. Lister replied that he did not mean to say that the Secretary of State did with his own hands handle the boodle, and then he launched into a general onslaught upon Conservative methods of running elections. He mentioned West Northumberland as a constituency won for the Government by bribery and corruption. This brought the member for that riding, Mr. Guillet, to his feet, who denied the allegations, and carried the war into Africa, by quoting certain misdeeds of the Party of Purity. Here, the matter ended, but it all goes to confirm the saying of the aforementioned wise man that "the tongue no man can tame." A debate arose over Mr. Armstrong's motion to give the North-West Assembly power to deal with matters of education and dual language after next general election, saying that no school section as at present constituted should be interfered with without the consent of the parties composing that section.

The noticeable feature of the debate was a speech from Mr. McCarthy, delivered with his old-time vim and fearlessness. You know our noble partisans do not like Mr. McCarthy. If it were not such a shocking term, we might say they hate him. The pure and holy Grit says he is playing into the hands of the Government, and is a "political fakir," and the out-and-out Tory calls him equally bad names, which, of course, is the very strongest testimonial of good character and of sound statesmanship that Mr. McCarthy could possibly secure. He has spoken twice this session, but to young Canada there is more food for thought in those two speeches, dealing, as they do, with a matter of the gravest interest, than is to be found in the fifty odd speeches delivered by about fifty of the more talkative of our wise men.

On this occasion Mr. McCarthy moved that it is expedient that the limitations and restrictions upon the authority of the North-West Territories in the matter of education, and enactments respecting the use of the French language in the courts, and the compulsory publication of its ordinances in that language, should be repealed. Six o'clock put an end to the debate, which may or may not be continued this session.

On Tuesday the long looked for Redistribution Bill came up for its second reading. The discussion which is likely to ensue commenced with a very vigorous and animated speech from Mr. Laurier, who entered into an arraignment of the Government for delaying important measures till the closing days of the season. On the part of the Liberals he repudiated suggestions which have been thrown out, that the redistribution of seats should be entrusted to a commission of judges, arguing that if Parliament were incapable of dealing with the matter impartially, their appointees were not less likely to be partial. He moved an amendment that the Bill be not read, but a committee appointed from both sides of the House to agree upon an equitable plan of redistribution. The debate was continued by Mr. Ouimet, Mr. Charlton and others.

The Royal Society of Canada met here on Tuesday, Abbe Laffamme, President, in the chair. The following new members were introduced: Dr. Bethune, Abbe Goselin, Dr. Ellis, Toronto University; Mr. James Fowler, M.A., Queen's College, and Mr. T. C. Keefer, Ottawa. There was a good attendance of members, and the session, which continued a couple of days, was most satisfactory.

T. C. L. K.

#### CENTENNIAL OF UPPER CANADA,

NOW THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO:

THE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE REPRESENTATIVE SYSTEM, JULY 16, 1792.

THE Pioneer and Historical Society of the County of York keep their annual festival this year on the 16th of July, in commemoration of the fact that on that day, in the year 1792, was issued the Royal Proclamation dividing the new Province of Upper Canada into counties, and, at the same time, setting forth the number of representatives which the inhabitants of each county were to send to the Provincial Parliament. The 16th July, 1792, was thus, as it were, the birthday of an organized constitutional Government for the Province of Upper Canada, that is to say, for the existing Province of Ontario.

The Governor of the new Province had arrived at Quebec on the 11th of November, 1791, by the ship *Triton*, but various unavoidable delays had occurred, arising partly from insufficient instructions, partly from the non-appearance of a small military force expected from Halifax, and also the non-arrival of certain persons from

England (Osgoode and Russell), who were to be important officials, so that it was not until towards the end of May, of the following year, that Governor Simcoe was enabled to proceed westward from Quebec to take possession of his Province. However, we find him at last at Montreal.

He has only recently received despatches from the Home Government, the first which had reached his hands since his departure from England. These being satisfactory, he was enabled to proceed. He advances from Montreal, surrounded by a brigade of canoes, up the St. Lawrence—styled in a letter of his "one of the most august of rivers." In due time he is at Kingston, and this being at that period the most important post within the limits of his jurisdiction, he considers it proper to summon together at that spot as many of the substantial folk of the surrounding region as was found to be practicable, and to have read in their hearing the commission with which he had been entrusted by the King, and to have administered to himself the requisite oaths. All this was accordingly done with due solemnity on the 8th of July. He next made known the names of those who were by Royal Commission to be appointed members of the Executive and Legislative Councils, and then, on the 16th of the same month, he caused to be issued a Proclamation, which has become memorable in our annals as securing to the whole population of the Province, in all future time, a just representation in Parliament—the first instance in British history of the concession of self-government to a colony, from its very outset, by the joint action of King, Lords and Commons. Printed copies of this Proclamation in pamphlet form were doubtless previously prepared in Quebec or Montreal, which could be conveniently handed to the members of the Executive Council and other official persons to be circulated by them in their respective neighbourhoods. It was evidently a document a little too bulky to be comprised within the customary broadside or poster. In a manuscript copy furnished by Mr. Brymner from the archives at Ottawa, it covers nineteen closely-written folios; and in Hugh C. Thomson and James Macfarlane's *Statutes of Upper Canada*, published at Kingston in 1831, it fills four large quarto pages (pp. 24 to 27). On the very next day after the delivery of this celebrated Proclamation, Governor Simcoe is on the move westward. The objective point at which he is aiming is Newark, or West Niagara, as it was afterwards called, a place become familiar to us now as Niagara-on-the-Lake; here in due time the new Governor arrives in safety, and on the 21st of August we find him dating from that place his despatch to the Secretary for the Colonies, Henry Dundas, announcing the formal issue of his Proclamation, and enclosing a copy of the same. Newark was for a time to be considered as the capital of his Province, and here he began at once vigorously to employ himself in establishing and getting into working order the several departments of his Government, and to carry into effect the several provisions of the Imperial Act, which had divided the Province of Quebec into the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada.

He took up his residence in quarters hastily prepared for him in a large frame store-house, situated close to the landing-place a little way up from the mouth of the river on its western side. This temporary place of abode, from the fact of its having been built for the purpose of sheltering naval stores appertaining to the Government shipping upon the lake, became far-famed throughout the country as "Navy Hall."

It is the recollection of these various incidents that renders the old town of Niagara a focus of attraction so widely interesting in this centennial year, 1892.

The Preamble of the very notable Proclamation of which we have spoken, after reciting the official titles of the King George III., reads as follows:—

"Whereas in pursuance of an Act of Parliament, lately made and provided, passed in the thirty-first year of our reign and of authority by us given for that purpose, our late Province of Quebec is become divided into the two Provinces of Upper Canada and Lower Canada, and our Lieutenant-Governor of the said Province of Upper Canada, by power from us derived, is authorized in the absence of our right trusty and well-beloved Guy, Lord Dorchester, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of our said Province of Upper Canada, to divide into districts, counties, circles, or towns and townships, for the purpose of effectuating the intent of the said Act of Parliament and to declare and appoint the members of the representatives to be chosen by each to serve in the Assembly of the said Province.

Know ye therefore that our trusty and well-beloved, John Graves Simcoe, Esquire, Lieutenant-Governor of our said Province of Upper Canada, in the absence of our said Governor-in-Chief, hath, and by this our Proclamation doth divide the said Province of Upper Canada into counties, and hath and doth declare and appoint the number of representatives of them, and each to be as herein limited, named, declared, and appointed."

The counties and their representatives are then enumerated (of which more at large presently), and the Proclamation, after enjoining "our loving subjects and all others concerned to take due notice to govern themselves accordingly," concludes as follows:—

"In testimony whereof we have caused these our letters to be made patent and the great seal of our said Province of Upper Canada to be hereunto affixed. Witness our trusty and well-beloved, John Graves Simcoe, Esquire, our Lieutenant-Governor of our said Province of Upper

Canada, and Colonel commanding our forces in Upper Canada, etc., etc., etc., at our Government House in the town of Kingston, this sixteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two, and in the thirty-second year of our reign." The simple initials J. G. S. are appended, but at the beginning of the Proclamation the name of the Governor appears in full just above the royal name. The name of the Secretary is added, "William Jarvis." The dignified expression "our Government House in the town of Kingston" probably describes the quarters assigned to the commandant of the garrison at that post.

Of the nineteen counties, into which according to the Proclamation Upper Canada was to be divided, eight were to bear the name of certain English counties, Durham, Essex, Kent, Lincoln, Norfolk, Northumberland, Suffolk, and York; one (Frontenac) was named after the Count de Frontenac, twice Governor-General of Canada, founder of Fort Frontenac in 1672 on the site where Kingston now stands; and one, Ontario, had its name from the Lake; not coinciding with the present county of that name, but consisting wholly of islands scattered along in front of the mainland. Eight were named in honour of eminent statesmen and other personages of the period. Addington, from Speaker Addington, afterwards Lord Sidmouth; Dundas from Henry Dundas, the Secretary for the Colonies, afterwards known as Lord Melville. (The important highway subsequently hewn out through the whole length of the Province, from Chatham to the Ottawa, passing directly through what is now the city of Toronto, and Kingston was as we shall remember named Dundas Street in honour of the same personage.) Grenville, probably from George Grenville, successor to Lord Bute, 1763. Leeds, from the Duke of Leeds, of the day. Lennox, from the family name of the Duke of Richmond (a name which may have been acceptable to George the Third for certain reasons). Stormont, from a secondary title of the Chief Justice Lord Mansfield, 1776 (he was Viscount Stormont in the Peerage of Scotland). Prince Edward County, from the King's son, the Duke of Kent, father of her present Majesty. Finally, the county of Glengarry, had its name from the large settlement already established within its limits, of Highlanders, belonging to the Glengarry branch of the clan Macdonald, U. E. Loyalists who came over into Canada from the other side of the lakes at the time of the American Revolution; reinforced by numerous emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland, belonging to the same branch of the clan Macdonald at a later period, consisting largely of the Glengarry Fensibles, a regiment of the line lately disbanded. As to the county of York, the name may have been intended as a compliment to Frederick the Duke of York, brother of Prince Edward, and not a mere reproduction of the name of the county in England. Compliments, we find, had already been paid to members of the Royal family in these parts, prior to the setting off of the new Province of Upper Canada, in names which in some instances still survive, e.g., Adolphus-town, Sophias-burg, Ernest-town, etc.

After defining the nineteen counties the Proclamation sets forth the number of members which are to represent them in the Legislative Assembly. In one or two instances two whole counties are to send only one member to Parliament, and in one case a portion of even a third county is to be associated for electoral purposes with two other counties; so that on the whole there were to be only sixteen members in the House of Assembly. In marking out the boundaries of the several counties, care has been taken not to encroach upon the Indian Lands or Mississaga tract, as the expression is, in the western part of the new Province, not yet ceded by treaty. This fact renders the description here and there somewhat difficult to understand in the absence of a map with the lines clearly marked.

The word "Riding" throughout the Proclamation, through a popular misconception has been wrongly applied. Riding strictly means a third part, and is a corruption of the old Scandinavian word "Thriding," or "Thirthing." It is correctly used in relation to the great county of York in England, wherein we have three ridings mentioned—the east, west and north. The Canadian county of York—also Glengarry—is divided into two ridings, and Lincoln into four. The west riding of York extends as far west as the River Thames. Kent, likewise, appears to cover a large area. The Proclamation sets forth that this county "comprehends all the country (not being territory of the Indians) and already included in the several counties herein before described extending northward to the boundary line of Hudson's Bay, including all the territory to the westward and southward of the said line, to the utmost extent of the country commonly called or known by the name of Canada." (A marked map is here evidently needed.)

From this Proclamation some other familiar names besides those of our counties are to be dated. Then it is announced that the name "Thames" is to be henceforward attached to the river called by the French "La Tranche." Wolfe Island is to supersede "Grande Isle." Amherst Island is to take the place of Isle "Tonti." Howe Island obliterates "Isle Couchois," and Gage Island does the same for "Isle au Foret." Burlington Bay, too, appears now as a new name, displacing "Lake of Geneva," an appellation, it would seem, previously in use to designate this sheet of water. One change has not taken effect. Grand River falling into Lake Erie was declared to be the Ouse, an alias for the Ottawa used in

the Proclamation is also Grand River; a name which has been dropped. Grand River, of course, signifies nothing but "Grande Rivière," which would simply be a translation of some Indian word meaning "Big River." Chippewa Creek has also well kept its own as against Welland River, the upper portion of the stream being known by the latter name, whilst the lower portion retains its former appellation. The old Government Gazetteer (1797) informs the reader that "Chippewa Creek (or Chipewigh River) is called the Welland by Proclamation, the 16th July, 1792."

The representation in Parliament of the several counties enumerated in the Proclamation was to be as follows: Glengarry was to have two members, one for each riding; Stormont was to have one; Dundas, one; Grenville, one; Leeds and Frontenac together are to send one; likewise Ontario and Addington are to send one; Prince Edward and a portion of Lennox shall send one; the rest of Lennox is to combine with the two whole counties of Hastings and Northumberland in sending one member; Durham and York are to unite with the first riding of Lincoln in sending one member. The second riding of Lincoln has a member to itself, as also has the third; the fourth riding is to combine with the county of Norfolk in sending one; the counties of Suffolk and Essex together are to send one; the inhabitants of the county of Kent are numerous enough to demand two representatives. The Provincial Gazetteer of D. W. Smith, published by authority in 1797, gives the boundaries of the counties as just defined, and the members to be returned by each respectively to the Provincial Parliament, and in every case the Proclamation now before us of the 16th July, 1792, is referred to as a quasi charter of the electoral rights of the people. Thus in the case of Glengarry the words of the Gazetteer are: "The boundaries of this county were established by Proclamation, the 16th July, 1792; it consists of two ridings, each of which sends one representative to the Provincial Parliament," and again in the case of the county of York, the words of the Gazetteer are: "The boundaries of this county were established by Proclamation, 16th July, 1792; it sends, in conjunction with the county of Durham and the first riding of the county of Lincoln, one representative to the Provincial Parliament," and so on with the rest of the counties. It will not be inappropriate to add the contents of the bronze medal now being executed by the skilful die-sinker, P. W. Ellis of Toronto, commemorative of the present centennial year. This medal shows, on the one side, a head of Simcoe designed from the medallion on his monument in the Cathedral at Exeter, Devon, surrounded by the words: "John Graves Simcoe, Lieut.-Governor, A. D. 1791—A. D. 1796"; on the other side, near the edge of the medal, are the words: "Upper Canada: Since 1867, Ontario." Within these words, and running in straight lines across the medal, are the three following inscriptions:—

REPRESENTATIVE SYSTEM PROCLAIMED, KINGSTON, JULY 16, A. D. 1792.

FIRST PARLIAMENT OPENED, NIAGARA, SEPTEMBER 17, A. D. 1792.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATED, A. D. 1892.

The inscriptions are in small capitals, all of one size.

HENRY SCADDING.

#### ACTIVITY IN SEEMING REPOSE.

A LONG low-lying tract of marshy land  
Where lilies grow and purple violets bloom,  
While insect-life is busy on the sand,  
Yet all is noiseless, even as the tomb.

The shining river flows without a sound,  
And calmly move the clouds by soft winds driven;  
An eagle slowly rising from the ground,  
Majestically soareth unto heaven.

Thoughts chase each other through my restless brain,  
Although my eye-lids close as if in sleep;  
In seeming rest long hours I must have lain,  
Yet hath my spirit never ceased to weep!

MARY MORGAN (Gowan Lea).

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#### TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued).

MRS. HILL was proceeding to milk the cow, and her husband was busy at the wood-pile. Coristine sauntered up to the old lady, and carried the milking pail and stool for her, the latter being of the Swiss description, with one leg sharp enough to stick into the ground. The lawyer adroitly remarked:—

"Turning to the subject of language, Mrs. Hill, one who has had your experience in education must have observed fashion in words as in other things, how liable speech is to change at different times and in different places."

Yes; Mrs. Hill had noticed that.

"You will, I trust, not think me guilty of too great a liberty, if I say, in reference to my friend's remark at the

supper table, that gastronomy, instead of meaning the art of extracting gas from coal, has now come to denote the science of cookery or good living, and that the old meaning is now quite out of date. I thought you would like to know of the change, which, I imagine, has hardly found its way into the country yet."

"Certainly, sir, I am much obliged to you for setting me right so kindly. Doubtless the change has come about through the use of gas stoves for cooking, which I have seen advertised in our Toronto religious paper."

"I never thought of that," said the perfidious lawyer. "The very uncommon word deipnosophist, hardly an English word at all, when employed at the present day, always means a supper philosopher, one who talks learnedly at supper, either about cookery or about other things."

"I see it very clearly now. In town, of course, supper is taken by gas-light, so that the talker at supper is a talker by gas-light?"

"Yes, but the word gas, even the idea of it, has gone out of fashion, through its figurative use to designate empty, vapouring talk; therefore, when deipnosophist and gastronomer are spoken, the former is employed to denote learned talkers at supper, such as we were half an hour ago, and the latter, to signify one who enjoys the culinary pleasures of the table."

"I am sure I am very much indebted to you, sir, for taking the trouble to correct an old woman far behind the age, and to save her the mortification of making mistakes in conversation with those who might know better."

"Do not mention it, I beg. Should I, do you think, say anything of this to Mr. Hill?"

"Oh, no," replied the old lady, laughingly; "he has forgotten all about these new words already; and, even if he had not, he would never dare to make use of them, unless they were in Shakespeare or the Bible or the School Readers."

By this time the milking was over, and the lawyer, relieved in part, yet with not unclouded conscience, carried pail and stool to the milkhouse.

The old man and Coristine sat down on a bench outside the house and smoked their pipes. Mrs. Hill occupied a rocking-chair just inside the doorway, and the dominie sat on the doorsill at her feet.

"Mother," called Mr. Hill to his spouse, "whatever has become of Rufus?"

"You know very well, Henry Cooke, that Rufus is helping Andrew Hislop with his bee, and will not be back before morning. The young people are to have a dance after the bee, and then a late supper, at which the deipnosophists will do justice to Abigail's gastronomy." This was said with an approving side glance at the lawyer. When Wilkinson looked up, his friend perceived at once that his offence was forgiven. The husband, without removing the pipe from between his teeth, mumbled, "Just so, to be sure."

"Is your son's name William Rufus, Mrs. Hill?" enquired the dominie.

"No; it is simply Rufus. William, you know, is not a Scripture name. We thought of baptizing him Narcissus, which comes just before Tryphena, but my husband said, as he was the youngest, he should come lower down in the chapter, and after Persis, which is my name."

"I was teaching school, and a bachelor," put in the said husband, "when there was a county meeting—they call them conventions now—that Persis was at. They called her Miss Persis Prophayt, but it was spelled like the English Prophet. She was that pretty and nice-spoken then I couldn't kape my eyes off her. She's gone off her nice looks and ways a dale since that time. Then I went back to the childer and the Scripture readings, with a big dictionary at my elbow for the long names. 'The beloved Persis' was forever coming up, till the gyurls would giggle and make my face as red as a turkey cock. So I had this farrum and some money saved, and I sent to ask the beloved Persis to put me out of my misery and confusion of countenance."

"Indeed he did," said the old lady, with a merry laugh, "and what do you think was his way of popping the question?"

"Oh, let us hear, Mrs. Hill," cried Coristine.

"Mother, if you do," interposed the old man, "I'll put my foot down on your convention of retired taychers at Owen Sound." But mother paid no attention to the threat.

"He asked if I knew the story of Mahomet and the mountain, and how Mahomet said, if the mountain will not come to the prophet, the prophet must go to the mountain. So, said he, you are the prophet and must come to my house under the mountain, and be a Hill yourself. It was so funny and clever that I came; besides I was glad to change the name Prophet. People were never tired making the most ridiculous plays upon it. The old Scotch schoolmistress, who taught me partly, was named Miss Lawson, so they called us Profit and Loss; and they pronounced my Christian name as if it was Purses, and nicknamed me Property, and took terrible liberties with my nomenclature." At this the whole company laughed heartily, after which the dominie said: "I see your pipe is out, Corry; you might favour our kind friends with a song." The lawyer did not know what to sing, but took his inspiration, finally, from Wilkinson's last question, and sang the ballad of William Rufus, as far as:—

Men called him William Rufus because of his red beard,  
A proud and haughty king he was, and greatly to be feared;  
But an arrow from a cross-bow, sirs, hit him in the middell,  
And, instead of a royal stag that day, a king of England fell.

Then the correct ear and literary sense of the dominie were offended, and he opened out on his friend.

"I think, Corry, that you might at least have saved our generous hosts the infliction of your wretched travesties. The third line, Mrs. Hill, is really:—

But an arrow from a cross-bow, sirs, the fiercest pride can quell.

There is nothing so vulgar as hitting in the verse, and your ear for poetry must tell you that *middle* cannot rhyme with *fell*, even if it were not a piece of the most Gothic barbarity. Thus a fine English song, such as I love to hear, is murdered."

"My opinion," said the host, "my opinion is that you couldn't quell a man's pride better than by hitting him fair in the middle. It might be against the laws of war, but it would double him up, and take all the consayt out of him sudden. I mind when Rufus was out seeing his sisters, there was a parson got him to play cricket, and aggravated the boy by bowling him out, and catching his ball, and sneering at him for a good misser and a butter fingers; so, when he went to the bat again, he looked carefully at the ball and got it on the tip of his bat, and, the next thing he knowed, the parson was doubled up like a jack-knife. He had been hit fair in the middle, where the bad boy meant to do it. There was no sarvice next Sunday, no, nor for two weeks."

"That was very wrong of Rufus," said the old lady with a sigh, "however, he did offer to remunerate Mr. Perrowne for his medical expenses, but the gentleman refused to accept any equivalent, and said it was the fortune of war, which made Rufus feel humiliated and sorry."

Night had fallen, and the coal oil lamp was lit. The old lady deposited a large Bible on the table, to which her husband drew in a chair, after asking each of his guests unsuccessfully to conduct family worship. He read with emphasis and feeling the 91st Psalm, and thereafter, falling on his knees, offered a short but comprehensive prayer, in which the absent children were included, and the two wayfarers were not forgotten. While the good wife went out to the dairy to see that the milk was covered up from an invisible cat, the men undressed, and the pedestrians turned into a double bed, the property of the missing Rufus. The head of the household also turned in upon his couch, and coughed, the latter being a signal to his wife. She came in, blew out the lamp, and retired in the darkness. Then four voices said "good-night"; and rest succeeded the labours of the day. "No nightmares or fits to-night, Corry, an' you love me," whispered the dominie; but the lawyer was asleep soon after his head touched the pillow. They knew nothing till morning, when they were awakened by the old man's suppressed laughter. When they opened their eyes, the wife was already up and away to her outdoor tasks; and a well-built, good-looking young fellow of the farmer type was staring in astonishment at the two strangers in his bed. The more he stared, the more the father laughed. "There's not a home nor a place for you, Rufus, with you kapin' such onsaysonable hours. It's a sesayder you'll be becoming yourself, running after Annerew Hislop's pretty daughter, and dancing the toes out of your stockings till broad daylight. So, if you're going to sesayde, your mother and me, we're going to take in lodgers."

"What are they selling?" asked the Baby.

"Whisht! Rufus, whisht! come here now; it's not that they are at all, but gentlemen from the city on a pedestrian tower," the father replied in an audible whisper.

"What do they want testering the beds for! Is that some new crank got into the guvment?"

"Rufus, Rufus, you'll be the death of your poor old father yet with your ignorance. Who said anything about testing the beds? It's a pedestrian tower, a holiday walking journey for the good of their healths, the gentlemen are taking. Whisht, now, they're waking up. Good morning to you, sirs; did I wake you up laughing at the Baby?"

The roused sleepers returned the salutation, and greeted the new comer, apologizing for depriving him of his comfortable bed. Rufus replied civilly, with a frank, open manner that won their respect, and, when they had hastily dressed, led them to the pump, where he placed a tin basin, soap and towels, at their disposal. After ablutions, they questioned him as to the events of last evening, and were soon in nominal acquaintance with all the country side. He was indignant at the free and easy conduct of a self-invited guest called Rodden, who wanted to dance with all the prettiest girls and to play cards. "But when he said cards, Annerew, that's a sesayder, told him to clare, although it was only four in the morning, and he had to clare, and is on his way to Flanders now."

"I suppose you did not hear him make any enquiries regarding us?" asked the dominie.

"But I did, and it was only when he hard that you hadn't been past the meetin'-house, that he stopped and said 'ee'd 'ave a lark. Do you know him?"

"Yes," said Coristine, "he is the Grinstun man," whereat they all laughed; and the old lady, coming in with her milking, expressed her pleasure at seeing them such good friends.

After prayers and breakfast, the pedestrians prepared to leave, much to the regret of the household.

"Where are you bound for now?" asked Mr. Hill, to which Wilkinson replied, with the air of a guide-book, "for the Beaver River." The Baby, nothing the worse of last night's wakefulness, volunteered to show them the way by a shorter and pleasanter route than the main road, and they gladly availed themselves of his services.

As the party walked on, the guide said to Coristine, "I hard fayther say that you were a lawyer, is that true?" Coristine answered that he was.

"Then, sir, you ought to know something about that man Rodden; he's a bad lot."

"What makes you think so?"

"He knows all the doubtfullest and shadiest settlers about, and has long whispers with them, and gets a lot of money from them. His pocketbook is just bulging out with bank bills."

"Perhaps it is the payment of his grindstones, Rufus."

"You don't tell me that a lawyer, a clever man like you, believe in his grindstones?"

"Why not? Doesn't he make and sell them?"

"Yes; he makes them and sells them in bundles of half-a-dozen, but the buyer of a bundle only has two to show, and they're no good, haven't grit enough to sharpen a wooden spoon."

"How do you know all this?"

"Mostly out of big Ben Toner. He used to be a good sort of fellow, but is going all to ruination with the drink. I saw his grindstones and what came between 'em. It's more like a barl than anything else, but Ben kept me off looking at it close."

"Where does Toner live?"

"Down at the river where you're going. There's a nice, quiet tavern there, where you'll likely put up, and he'll be round it, likely, and pretty well on by noon. He don't drink there, though, nor the tavern-keeper don't buy no grindstones like he does. Well, here you are on the track, and I must get back to help dad. Keep right on till you come to the first clearing, and then ask your way. Good-bye, wishing you a good time, and don't forget that man Rodden." They shook the Baby warmly by the hand, and reciprocated his good wishes, Coristine promising to keep his eyes and ears open for news of the Grinstun man.

"Did you overhear our talk, Wilks, my boy?" he asked his friend.

"No; I thought it was private, and kept in the background. I do not consider it honourable to listen to a conversation to which one is not invited, and doubtless it was of no interest to me."

"But it is, Wilks; listen to this now," and volubly the lawyer poured forth the information and his suspicions concerning Mr. Rawdon. That gentleman's ears would have tingled could he have heard the pleasant and complimentary things that Coristine said about him.

The first clearing the pedestrians reached, after an hour's walk since parting with Rufus, was a desolate looking spot. Some fallow fields were covered with thistles, docks, fire-weed and stately mulleins, with, here and there, an evening primrose, one or two of which the lawyer inserted in his flower-press. There was hardly any ground under cultivation, and the orchard bore signs of neglect. They saw a man in a barn painfully rolling along a heavy cylindrical bundle which had just come off a waggon. As they advanced to ask him the way, he left his work and came to meet them, a being as unkempt as his farm, and with an unpleasant light in his bloodshot eye.

"What are you two spyin' around fer at this time o' day, stead o' tendin' to your work like the rest o' folks? Ef you want anything, speak out, 'cause I've no time to be foolin' round."

"We were directed to ask you, sir, the way to the Beaver River," said the dominie, politely. The man sulkily led them away out of view of the barn, and then pointed out a footpath through his farm, which he said would lead them to the highroad. As they were separating, Wilkinson thanked the man, and Coristine asked him casually:—

"Do you happen to know if a Mr. Rawdon, who makes and sells grindstones, has passed this way lately?"

"No," cried the sluggard farmer; "who says he has?" Then, in a quieter tone, he continued: "I heern tell as he passed along the meetin'-house way yesday. What do you want of Rawdon?"

"My friend, here, is a geologist, and so is that gentleman."

"Rawdon a geologist!" he cried again, with a coarse laugh. "Of course he is; allers arter trap rock, galeny, quartz and beryl. O yes, he's a geologist! Go right along that track there. Good day." Then he rapidly retraced his steps towards the barn, as if fearful lest some new visitor should interrupt him before his task was completed.

"It may be smuggling," said the lawyer, "but it's liquid of some kind, for that dilapidated granger has given his friend away. What do hayseeds know about galena, quartz and beryl? These are Grinstun's little mineralogical jokes for gallon, quart and barrel, and trap rock is another little mystery of his. What do you think of the farmer that doesn't follow the plough, Wilks?"

"I think he drinks," sententiously responded the schoolmaster.

"Then he and Ben Toner are in the same box, and both are friends or customers of the workin' geologist. I believe it's whiskey goes between the grindstones, and that it's smuggled in from the States, somewhere up on the Georgian Bay between Collingwood and Owen Sound. The plot is thickening."

When the pedestrians emerged from the path on a very pretty country road the first objects that met their view were three stout waggons, drawn by strong horses and driven by bleary-eyed men, noisy and profane of speech.



that of truthful enunciation or artistic excellence attaches to its creations. With minds of the first rank perhaps it is different. Others abide our question; they are free, out-topping knowledge. It could add nothing to the value of "Hamlet" to know that Shakespeare was in the protagonist his own model, nor to the "Odyssey" were Homer himself the much-enduring man. To look for Virgil in the "Æneid" or for Milton in the "Paradise Lost" would be as vain as useless. But the "Faery Queen" is read, for one thing, to learn Spenser's theology; and the "Essay on Man," perhaps wholly, to learn Pope's philosophy. Yet there are exceptions: Dante perhaps chiefest.

In his latest collection of essays Mr. Stevenson has been more autobiographical than has been his wont now for many years. Between "Travels in the Cévennes with a Donkey" or "An Inland Voyage," and "Across the Plains" he has given us such impersonal romances as "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Kidnapped," "The Master of Ballantrae," "The Dynamiter," "The Wrong Box," and "The Wrecker"; and perfect as some of these are in their way, those who were captivated by the first will be captivated by the last. In the last Mr. Stevenson tells us how some of his plots have worked themselves out (so he is pleased to put it); how he has fared with fellow passengers, male and female; how he was once imprisoned; how he attended medical lectures; how he relished first attempts at engineering; how the New World impressed perhaps the most impressionable mind in existence; how he nearly set a forest aflame; how he first became acquainted with a Christian Camp Meeting Ground; and many (owing to the way he tells them) most interesting, if slight, personal reminiscences.

In his introductory letter to the author, Mr. Sidney Colvin says: "It is your prose the public wish to read." He is right. Stevenson's prose is unique. With Matthew Arnold gone and Ruskin past writing there is no English prose-writer to-day that can exhibit the same consummate workmanship as Stevenson. And Stevenson's prose is full of art: it is not perfect simply because it eschews the difficult and aims only at lucidity. Lucidity it has, but that lucidity is so combined with other excellences of the highest order that one is apt to take its clearness for granted. Among these other excellences is a wonderful music, a music so subtle that even Ruskin's must look to its laurels, whereas Milton's, superb as it is, is seen to be less artful, less varied, less mellifluous. It is a leisurely rhythm, an andante movement, soft and soothing, the very antithesis of the staccato, epigrammatic, antithetical prose the moderns have accustomed us to. Stevenson's models have probably been old masters—Barrow, perhaps, or Jeremy Taylor. These too have that musical flow, but scarcely managed in so dexterous a manner. Prose has progressed since the days of these old divines, but Stevenson has succeeded in combining the new elements with the old. It is as if new pigments and new methods of spreading pigments on canvas were discovered, but as if with him harmony of tone had not thereby suffered one whit. And perhaps the greatest art of Stevenson is in concealing this art. It must be a thing difficult in the extreme to compose for pages sentences that satisfy the ear to the utmost, and yet to make believe that the sole aim is to convey a thought or to depict a scene so that that thought or scene may be fully apprehended or vividly perceived and nothing more. And withal never, or but very rarely, to "vitate" such pages, as Mr. Pater would say, by scanning lines.

It will be interesting to take three short specimens of prose, one from an old master, one from a modern, and one from Stevenson, to show how the latter combines the elements of both—with a leaning, perhaps, to the former. The first of the following is Jeremy Taylor's; the second, Mr. George Meredith's; the last is Stevenson's:—

1. And, indeed, I were vain if I should intend this book to be read and studied by dying persons: and they were vainer that should need to be instructed in those graces, which they are then to exercise and to finish. For a sick bed is only a school of severe exercise, in which the spirit of a man is tried and his graces are rehearsed: and the assistances which I have, in the following pages, given to those virtues which are proper to the state of sickness, are such as suppose a man in the state of grace; or they confirm a good man, or they support the weak, or add degrees, or minister comfort, or prevent an evil, or cure the little mischiefs which are incident to tempted persons in their weakness.

2. The forecast may be hazarded, that if we do not speedily embrace philosophy in fiction, the art is doomed to extinction under the shining multitude of its professors. They are fast capping the candle. Instead, therefore, of objugating the timid intrusions of Philosophy, invoke her presence, I pray you. History without her is the skeleton map of events; Fiction a picture of figures modelled on no skeleton anatomy. But each, with philosophy in aid, blooms, and is humanly shapely. To demand of us truth to nature, excluding philosophy, is really to bid a pumpkin caper. As much as legs are wanted for the dance, philosophy is required to make our human nature credible and acceptable.

3. Our frailties are invincible, our virtues barren; the battle goes sore against us to the going down of the sun. The canting moralist tells us of right and wrong; and we look abroad, even on the face of our small earth, and find them change with every climate, and no country where some action is not honoured for a virtue and none where it is not branded for a vice; and we look in our experience, and find no vital congruity in the wisest rules, but at the best a municipal fitness. It is not strange if we are tempted to despair of good. We ask too much. Our religions and moralities have been trimmed to flatter us, till they are all emasculate and sentimentalized, and only please and weaken. Truth is of a rougher strain. In the harsh face of life, faith can read a bracing gospel. The human race is a thing more ancient than the ten commandments; and the bones and revolutions of the Kosmos, in whose joints we are but moss and fungus, more ancient still.

Even in these diminutive specimen bricks it is not difficult to detect inherent differences of grain. That wide field of knowledge, that multiplicity of subject-matter, that

wealth of scientific terminology, that closeness and rapidity of thought, that many-sided view of fact, and that large tendency to comparison and elucidation by means of epigram, antithesis, and allusion, so typical of to-day—Stevenson has them all, but in him they are tempered by the quiet, the ease, the leisure, the gentle and straightforward utterance of the earlier writers.

Mannerisms too he has, and most quaint and taking ones. Hardly mannerisms, perhaps, only evidences of originality. The love of the archaic is one, and a most delicate flavour it imparts to his prose. The insertion of the unexpected is another. How often he is careful to guard against the slightest possibility of flagging interest by a word or a phrase that at once arrests attention. Take the following—even without the context the art is discernible:—

And yet there is one course which the unfortunate gentleman [who seeks futilely for the deserving poor] may take. He may subscribe to pay the taxes.

This vital putrescence of the dust.  
The worthless artist would not improbably have been a quite incompetent baker.

This creature [man] stalking in his rotatory isle.  
This hair-crowned bubble of the dust.  
Equalitarian plainnesses leave an open field for the insolence of Jack-in-office.

For haste is not the foible of an emigrant train.

And his phrases, his choice of words—they are exquisite, there is no other adjective for them; they defy analysis, baffle explanation of their beauty. Aptness is not all they achieve; they are more than apt, for they add to, as well as enforce, the truth. His pages overflow with them. Take, for example, just these two sentences, and mark how heavily weighted with what Professor Masson calls "secondary or added concrete" is each important word:—

A butler perhaps rides as high over the unbutlered, but then he sets you right with a reserve and a sort of sighing patience which one is often moved to admire. . . . But the coloured gentleman will pass you a wink at a time; he is familiar like an upper form boy to a fag; he unbends to you like Prince Hal with Poins and Falstaff.

Perhaps the one supreme excellence of Mr. Stevenson is the refinement of his literary taste. This is indefinable and we cannot go behind it. It is the in-born instinct of the artist; that which *nascitur, non fit*. His taste is unexceptionable and unimpeachable, and his only peers are the master minds in English literature. Matthew Arnold was not wholly impeccable\*; Ruskin fantastically offends not seldom†; Macaulay occasionally irritates; Carlyle is by no means always an exemplar; but Stevenson, can in him one single instance of a sin against taste be discovered by the most fastidious?

Two warnings Mr. Stevenson's prose holds out to the young writer: First, it is full of thought. The slightest thread is hung with gems—not ponderous, perhaps, but of great price. Second, it is full of care in workmanship, though, as already said, the consummateness of the art conceals this care. Those who recall his article on "Literary Style" will not need to be reminded of his care in choice of expression. With these two things a man may achieve much; when a man can add to them what Stevenson adds—but where in England is that man?

### THE RIVER "COLUMBIA."

MIGHTY river, mighty river,  
Hasting onward to the sea,  
Canst thou tell me who is giver  
Of the life that moves in thee?

Wert thou born ere foot of mortals  
On this green earth ever trod,  
Through the mountains were thy portals  
Cloven by the hand of God?

Was it He thy channel hollowed  
In the dim past long ago,  
Made the path which thou has followed  
Through the ages until now?

Far amid the lofty mountains,  
Where the snows their tribute bring,  
Hath he placed the secret fountains  
Whence thy mighty waters spring?

From His store hath come the treasure  
Sparkling in thy golden sand,  
Who in beauty beyond measure  
Hath arrayed this western land?

Ancient art thou, and thy story  
With great truths and wise is rife;  
They belie the falsehood hoary:  
God and Nature are at strife.

Course thou onward through the ages,  
Nature's cause is thine to plead;  
Leave the record on her pages,  
That the sons of men may read.

Mighty river, mighty river,  
Westward winding, strong and free,  
Praise thou well the gracious giver  
Of the life that moves in thee.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Cambridge, Mass., March 18, 1892.

\* His sentence anent an apotheosized Lord Shaftesbury will occur to many.

† Scherer is severe on Ruskin for this trait in his later writings.

### ON BUSTLES.

YOUNG ladies call them "improvers" now, but so recently as the days of our sisters, our cousins and our aunts they were styled "bustles." The origin both of word and thing is alike shrouded in mystery. The first has no kinship with the bustle of the busy man,

The bustle of the mariners  
In stillness or in storm.

That word comes from the Anglo-Saxon "buskle," to be busy. Nor is it related to the bustle of the fussy man, which is from the Icelandic "bustle," to splash about in water. Indeed, the etymology of the word is not known. Chambers describes its meaning as "a stuffed pad worn by ladies." Hunter, more precise, says "formerly worn by ladies," and adds "to relieve the lady of part of the weight of her dress; also called a Bishop." A peculiar fact in relation to the bustle is that forty-six years ago it was prophesied that it would develop into an "improver," and be called by that name. The prophet was Field Clark, who actually wrote a volume of verse all about the bustle. The curious will find the book on a shelf in the library of the British Museum. It is the only work on the bustle in that stupendous collection, and this is its title page: "The Bustle: a Philosophical and Moral Poem. By the Most Extraordinary Man of the Age. Boston, U. S., published by Bela Marsh, No. 25 Cornhill, 1845."

The poet of the bustle had evidently an exalted notion of his subject. He thus apostrophizes:—

I sing the Bishop, *alias* the Bustle,  
A theme transcendant for the human tongue.  
Prepare, my muse, for a heroic tussle,  
Let every nerve with energy be strung.

In a succeeding stanza, too, he boasts that "a more venturesome song hath ne'er been sung," and then he proceeds to libel Mother Eve. Indeed, the whole poem is not only Byronic, but Don Juanesque. He lays stress upon the fact that our first parent did not invent this article of dress peculiar to women, though she tried "her level best" to do so, from "an insatiable love for some new fashion," and with a strong belief in heredity, it is argued that this "insatiable love" has been transmitted to all Eve's daughters for ever.

But ever constant as returning day,  
And ever vigilant as stars at night,  
Woman's whole soul is bent on new array  
Of drapery; either more loose, more light,  
Longer or shorter, somewhat more display, etc.

Oscar Wilde believes that fashions change so often because they are so ugly, and he may not agree with the more scientific theory of Field Clark. However that may be, so successful does the poet think the ladies are in this respect that he says:—

And in this strife, not Proteus could be  
More changeful, more continually changing,  
And ever more from one extremity  
Of form and fashion to another ranging;  
Making the most of each minute degree,  
Now in a new mode, and e'en now estranging  
That for newer still; and never tiring  
But ever to some newer mode aspiring.

There is not much about bustles in all this, but the theory of "the most extraordinary man of the age" is that lovely woman, having exhausted all her ingenuity in changing the fashions, had really nothing left but to invent the bustle. It was her *ultima Thule*, the natural result of the evolution of her yearning for change. Stanza after stanza is devoted to show the development of woman's genius to reach this point. The poet sings of the high bodice, and of the *corsage décolletée*, of tight lacing, of "the full skirt gathered on the waist in plaits innumerable," of the frill, the flounce and the whoop, and of many other fashions. "Each has its day of glory, and recedes," but, when the bustle was invented, there was nothing more left to invent. It was the be-all, end-all. Beyond, it was nothing more. It must be remembered, however, that the work was published in 1845.

It is then pointed out that the "stuffed pad" was a success, and, being a success, the ladies thought they could not have too much of it. The bustle, therefore, continued to grow and to grow.

At first a roll not larger than one's wrist,  
And about six or seven inches long,  
And which, perhaps, did of mere rags consist  
(For it was not needful that it should be strong).  
And shaped somewhat like that tobacco twist  
Called a cigar, was, by a slender thong  
Or string, with care ingeniously confined  
Close to the waist beneath the skirts behind.

Then "twas so improved in shape and elevation as to increase in power of fascination," and

For many months—indeed, it may be years,  
The bustle only grew in length and size;  
With little help from needle or from shears;  
As its enlargement was from new supplies  
Of rags wound round it (so it now appears).  
The hump was seen by slow degrees to rise,  
T' increase in length and to become more spacious,  
In short, more meretriciously audacious.

And so on until it becomes the "improver," when

Thus has the bustle finally attained  
To the proud culmination of its glory.  
No higher point can by it e'er be gained,  
Nor can it e'er achieve a richer story.

The poet evidently thinks this the most eloquent part of his production, because he devotes a frontispiece to illustrate his thought. It represents a seated lady gazing languidly into her toilette glass, her arm, fan in hand, hanging listlessly by her side, and behind—oh! such a bustle, on which a blindfold Cupid, with his fatal bow, is



merrily disporting himself, engirdled by Graces, who are dancing a cotillon round and about him.

It must not be thought, however, because this eccentric rhymster sang the song of the bustle that he admired that particular adornment, worn, he says, with the sole object of fascinating man. On the other hand, the last thirty or forty of his hundred-odd stanzas are devoted to a wild and furious denunciation of it in every respect. With this, however, we have nothing to do. The peculiar point is that a poem has been written on such a subject. The muse has inspired men to write on many things, but this odd fellow, I take it, stands alone. The poem is clever, though coarse. Cheery Tom Hood would, if he could, feel proud to know that his epitaph is: "He sang the Song of the Shirt." I question, however, whether this Boston rhymster would care to have graven on his tomb: "He sang the Song of the Bustle." If the man be dead, peace to his ashes; if alive, may he improve with his next effort, which may be perhaps on "The Loves of the Corsets."

WM. TRANT.

### PARIS LETTER.

EXCEPTING Zola, no one views the anarchists as—poets. True, on studying their photos, their eyes roll in a frenzy, but not of the "fine" character. As might be expected, an anti-socialist society has been founded, with a Jacob's ladder list of adherents. As yet, the necessary "organ" to represent that Theseus combination to deliver society from monsters has not appeared. Senator Jules Simon is among the preservative leaguers, and so is Deputy Léon Say, who defines socialism to be the replacing of the individual by the State. It is alleged that we are all socialists now—just as in 1848, we were its bitter enemies; yet socialism cannot propose a solution, cannot precise its doctrines so as to bring them within the sphere of practical politics. Result, sterility, save that to have a tinge of socialism is at present a safe road to popularity. Study Bakounine and Hertzén; read Kropotkine and Elisée Reclus; thumb all the advanced political publications—this mass of printed matter will be found composed only of day dreams that captivate some sensitive souls, which it was concluded had expired with the expiring years of the last century.

There are natures so tender as to melt into pity for the anarchists, while forgetting their victims, Vèry and Hamono especially, whose bodies were riddled like a culender from the débris of dynamite explosions. It is the same jelly stratum of society that would weep and snivel with Sterne over a dead ass, which can see something to be admired in Kropotkine's assertion that murderers make the best exiles in Siberia; something to be sympathized with in his lament, that imprisonment is bad because it deprives the *détenu* of liberty. If, as the late Bishop of Peterborough held, the Sermon on the Mount was inapplicable for our epoch in many of its organic clauses, how much more so must be its travesties! For the moment, the anarchists are lying low and keeping quiet. Anarchy has taken up its abode in the weather, and the Picture Shows, which bound from the pole to the equator, to fall back on the pole. People do not now describe a circuit when coming across an empty meat tin in the street, or a suspicious newspaper wind locked beside an entrance door. The fear is growing less, to cut the strings of a parcel before sending it to the commissary of police, as if it recalled the days when one could be poisoned by a vase, a glove, or the pages of an illustrated book. House porters, however, remembering the petroleum scare of 1871, see that the cellar ventilators communicating with the street have their muzzle-gratings in order; entrance doors are not kept so much shut in the day time, and the cerberuses do *chornik* duty by forming card parties near the thresholds of the mansions they guard. More pity is extended to law officers; they are less boycotted; not so frequently refused bread and salt, as if they were the excommunicated of the middle ages, nor rejected tenancy, as if coming under the nuisance clause of leases, which excludes dogs, cats, howling parrots and children.

The fresh Papal circular, enjoining the syndicate of recalcitrant bishops to rally to the Republican form of government, has created no stir. Mgr. d'Hulst, deputy for Brest and head of the Catholic University in Paris, states that the Bishops are still free to have and to hold different political—as do the Irish hierarchy—and social opinions from the Pope. His Holiness has not spoken *ex cathedra*, and only so speaks on questions of dogma. Mgr. adds that the Pope has become simply an "opportunist," where neither clergy nor laity are bound to either imitate or to obey him. That seems very tall talk, and reduces, as the French say, the encyclicals to a "much ado about nothing." In the meantime, President Floquet has indulged in a programme trumpet speech at Bayonne, close to his native heath, wherein he reiterates that while the republic will in no way interfere with any citizen's creed, it will not permit the Church to dominate the republic. It is a pretty quarrel as it stands. The instant the clergy would syndicate to interfere with the electors, that moment the Concordat and the 54,000,000 frs. annually allocated to the Church would be things of the past. As an annex of the foreign and colonial offices only the republicans think the Church is useful to France.

Bewildered by bad seasons, low prices, Chicago pork, Canadian cheese, Australian wool and Indian wheat, the French farmers are at their wits end. They are now falling back on fruit culture, which at present represents an

annual out-put of 400,000,000 frs., and that could be doubled. The G.O.M. has told English farmers to rely on jam, and not on fair trade or protection to replenish their purses. England and Russia are the chief purchasers of French table fruits, though the total yield of France is only one-fourth that of the United States. There are not many commercial "forceries" in France; coal is too dear, and a permanent warm humidity, save in the valley of the Adour, round Dax, too rare. Normandy, which has been called the fruit and kitchen garden of London, sells whole townlands of apples and plums to English commission merchants. Apricots are most extensively grown; the pates de Clermont are famous, and represent a yearly trade of 3,000,000 frs. between Russia and England. Near Triel, apricots fetch twelve sous per lb., and an owner of two hundred trees can realize 5,000 frs. Saumur exports two hundred and fifty tons every season of this fruit, and round Vancluse the vineyards destroyed by the phylloxera at present yield 800 frs. worth of apricots per acre.

In the department of the Yonne, cherries were so plentiful forty years ago that there was no market for them, and no means to transport them elsewhere. An old joke attributes to Montmorency a cherry centre. Auxerre sends one thousand tons of cherries every year to market. An acre contains three hundred and twenty trees, and produces a net profit of 120 frs., not including the crops cultivated between the trees. In Rheinisch-Prussia, one proprietor sells in a single year 225,000 frs. of cherries, and one tree yields fruit valued at 150 frs. Most piums come from Hungary and Roumania. Paris imports 2,500 tons of plums yearly; Meaux is the centre of the greengages; an acre produces fruit value for 1,650 frs., and a single tree for 75 frs. Formerly fresh grapes were only obtainable during six weeks of the year; now, by processes of preserving and forcing in pots, they can be had all the year round. The best eating grapes in France are the Chasselas, and are raised around Fontainebleau, against walls and upon espaliers. An acre of these grapes will yield four tons, or a clear profit of 1,000 to 1,200 frs. Strawberries, of the "always producing" variety, pay well, though entailing great expense and care; the fruit is small and oval-shaped, but of a delicious perfume. If the Turks are served such for ambrosia in their paradise, they may be excused anxiety to join the houris and nectar-sorbets.

The most remarkable draws at the Champ de Mars "Picture" Show are: the glazed "pottery" of Jean Carriès; this sculptor, by his original talent, has invented quite a natural history of his own, alike independent of Buffon and Linnaeus; and his forms are so graceful and harmonious, the colouring so entirely different from all with which we are acquainted, and prefixed by a process that Carriès—with a Beraud Palissy power of creation and tenacity—has discovered. The next great attraction is the lovely, mystic-feeling producing collection of paintings by Mr. Whistler, at every fresh glance of which you discover a fresh beauty and a new charm; his engravings are equally marvellous. What a pity he does not possess a parallel talent for sculpture; his is the temperament that would make the marble speak. M. Puvis de Chavannes' "Hiver," a mural decoration, is an ideal winter scene, that refreshes the eyes after being purblind by kilometres of framed colours. One is tired of Carolus Durand's exquisite portraits—*toujours perdrix*. It is time to finish with the "Christomania." Since M. Beraud made such a success last season by his Christ at Tortonis café, he and others are still trying to recklessly turn the life of Jesus into pounds, shillings and pence. The *Figaro* errs in stating that Beraud's "Christ and Magdalene" was sold last year "for 30,000 frs. to an Israelite." It was purchased for 20,000 frs. by the popular Parisian Director of the London *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Campbell-Clarke, who is rich enough to entertain ambassadors into the bargain.

Every newspaper office in Paris, worthy of the name, must now have an entrance hall of sumptuousity and dazzling light. The *Echo de Paris* has in this respect put all its contemporaries into the shade. It leased the premises of a once mammoth shop; converted the latter into a vestibule, or an elegantly fitted-up show-room, where manufacturers can rent a glass case for the exhibition of their wares, or an inventor the product of his talent. Foreigners, with a speciality to advertise, would do well to study this *propagation de fait*.

The newest robbery: when a cabby slumbers on his seat, like the just, waiting for his fare to re-enter the vehicle, quietly unharness the screw, ride it to the horse shambles and sell it at plain joint prices.

Delacroix was only paid 1,500 frs. for his "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian"; he was only too happy to receive that sum, as he was in dread of dying a mere house-porter.

FOOLS and sensible men are equally innocuous. It is in the half fool and the half wise that the danger lies.—*Goethe*.

LET us live like those who expect to die, and then we shall find that we feared death only because we were unacquainted with it.—*William Wake*.

By a union of courtesy and talent an adversary may be made to grace his own defeat, as the sandal-tree perfumes the hatchet that cuts it down.—*Chatfield*.

### FOR TIME.

Dost thou note the pebble falling,  
Into depths of tranquil stream?  
Tell me where its ripple ceaseth;  
Ah! of that, thou canst but dream.

Or, hast seen the ripened thistle,  
Float on silken, downy wing,  
One soft ball across the woodland?  
'Twill a thousand thistles bring.

Let thy notes of peace or joyance,  
Rise and fall, ye know not where,  
They may, through all future ages,  
To some soul, a message bear.

Toronto.

EMILY A. SYKES.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

"TASMA."

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Will you permit me to correct a misprint which, since it occurs twice, may mislead some readers of your interesting Literary and Personal Notes of last issue?

The real name of "Tasma" is given as "Mme. Couvreur." This must be Couvreur. Sir Charles Dilke, in his "Problems of Greater Britain" (Vol. I., pt. ii., chap. iv.) says: "Tasmania has had her novelist in Madame Couvreur, who, though of Flemish descent, and now married to a distinguished man in Belgium, has not forgotten her island home, and still writes pretty Tasmanian stories under the name of 'Tasma.'" The *Library Journal* also, the official organ of the American Library Association (Vol. XV., No. 5, May, 1890, page 158), following Sir Charles Dilke, spells her name as he does. In addition to which I may add that the name of her husband, the present President of the Société Royale Belge de Géographie, appears as Couvreur in the last *Bulletin* issued by the Society (1892, No. 1, Jan.-Feb., inside of cover).

Pardon this superfluity of verification, but it happens that the name Couvreur appears neither in Allibone's "Supplement," nor in the "American Catalogue" (brought down to June 30th, 1890), nor in the "English Catalogue," Vol. iv. (brought down to December, 1889). Besides, authentic information in regard to pseudonyms is none too copious, and inaccuracy is all too common.

Your obedient servant,

T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

Public Library, Toronto, May 23, 1892.

### GOETHE AND THE BISHOP OF DERRY.\*

"**L**ORD BRISTOL," said Goethe, "passed through Jena, and wished to make my acquaintance; so he invited me to visit him. After a while he was pleased to be rude, but grew quite tractable when he was met on his own ground. In the course of our conversation he took it into his head to preach to me about 'Werther,' and tried to put it on my conscience that it had caused people to commit suicide. 'Werther,' he said, 'is a wholly immoral book and utterly to be condemned.' 'Stop,' cried I, 'if you talk so about my poor 'Werther,' what do you say about the great ones of the earth, who, in a single campaign, send out a hundred thousand men, of whom eighty thousand kill each other, and who all provoke each other to murder, fire and plunder. And then you thank God and sing 'Te Deum' after such horrors. And then you torment the weak souls of your flocks by your preaching about the terrors of hell, until they go off their heads and end their miserable days in Bedlam. Or again, by means of your orthodox teachings, which won't bear the light of reason for one moment, you sow the fatal seeds of doubt, so that your hearers lose themselves in a labyrinth of bewilderment, out of which death is the only way. What have you to say for yourselves, and how do you preach to yourselves? And then you call an author to account and condemn a book which, falsely apprehended by a few little minds, has at the worst rid the world of a dozen or so of stupid and good-for-nothings, who could not do better than blow out the miserable remains of their bit of light. I thought I had done the world a real service and earned its thanks; and now you come and make a crime of this good little deed. And all the time you, priests and princes, permit yourselves such enormities."

"This outbreak produced an excellent effect upon my bishop. He grew meek as a lamb, and in our subsequent conversation treated me with the greatest politeness and the most delicate tact. I spent a very agreeable evening with him, for Lord Bristol, rude as he could be, was a man of intellect and a man of the world, and very capable of treating a great variety of subjects. When I came away, he gave me the escort of his chaplain, who cried, when we got out on the street: 'Oh, Herr von Goethe, how admirably you spoke, and how you pleased his lordship and found the way to his heart. With less vigour and decision you would not have come away so well pleased with your visit.'"

"You have had all sorts of things to put up with for your 'Werther's' sake," I remarked. "Your adven-

\*The Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, who figured so prominently in Irish affairs in 1782.

ture with Lord Bristol reminds me of your conversation with Napoleon on this very subject. Was not Talleyrand there, too?" "He was present," replied Goethe. "But I could not complain of Napoleon. He was exceedingly amiable to me, and treated the subject as might have been expected from so grandiose an intellect."—*Translated for The Week from Eckermann.*

### THERE IS A SPEECH.

THERE is a speech whose seat is not the tongue.  
From Love, and Hope, and Happiness 'tis wrung,  
Or from their opposites. Therein express'd,  
Can all the feelings of the human breast  
Find wider language than in mere words lies.  
'Tis in the curtain'd oriel of the eyes.

Montreal.

D. MCK. MACARTHUR.

### ART NOTES.

#### THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE.

THIS League availed itself last week of the spring season, now almost the universal harvest time of art work, to display in the old rooms of the Board of Trade in the Imperial Bank building the results of its members' winter study. It was strictly speaking an artists' exhibition, full of substantial work, evidently undertaken in earnest endeavour for improvement and knowledge, and included landscape, still life, and figure studies with many careful and loving sketches of wild flowers, so essential to the designer and illustrator. In fact it was very apparent to the visitor that this little band of workers have chosen well their title, for it is no mere sketch club formed for social enjoyment. The models used have been well varied and posed in a way to be of use. The rooms are not very acceptable, but the character of the exhibit proved sufficiently attractive to create a very fair attendance. The members represented by work are: Misses Adams, Macklin, Hancock, Spurr, Winterbottom; Messrs. Blatchly (Brigden), Cotton, Crouch, Howard, Jefferys, Holmes, D. Thomson, C. M. Manly, G. Staples, Cruikshank, Alexander, W. Thomson. It is sincerely to be hoped that the spirit evinced by this Society will be sufficiently lasting to provide the means for study until we obtain the long-looked-for Institute of Fine Arts which may combine all the efforts of the different art bodies in one, in which way greater convenience and facilities may be obtained as well as greater respect for the profession as a whole.

#### ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS' ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

IN noticing the oil paintings exhibited we begin with Miss G. Spurr, one of the later recruits of the Society, and though her pictures are not numerous or large they certainly are important factors in the attractive elements of the exhibition; of her six paintings, though all are evidently conscientious studies from outdoor nature, perhaps No. 127, "Sunny Days, Weston," is the best. Mr. Cutts confines himself to portraiture this year, and, to visitors unacquainted with his subjects, of course they are not as interesting as are the story-telling painters of genre, the morning hymn being only a partial departure from this line. Mrs. Dignam's works this year show a decided change in subject, she having abandoned the garden and orchard scenes of former seasons for figure study. "Her daily Bread," "Mother wants Me," and "Boys in the Meadow," carry her colours well up in the battle for public favour. Mr. P. G. Wickson's "Bridesmaid" we noticed at the R. C. A. Exhibition; it is very well placed here. Mr. F. L. Foster's oils have not been very favourably hung; perhaps he would have fared better had he used the lighter medium as he did so successfully last year. Mr. T. Mower Martin's "Coming down the Hill" is a genuine bit of outdoor nature, as also is "The Bed of a Creek;" but one of the most important landscapes on the walls is his "Summer in Ontario," a scene bearing evidence of honest intention very well carried out. As a colour group it is quiet, and true, the sandy banks of the summer stream affording pleasant contrast with the green of the foliage. Mr. Martin must have had a pleasant experience while painting in such a spot. His "Village Politician," badly hung, seems to be the portrait of one on the losing side, to judge by the lugubrious and pinched expression of the old man as he reads the news in an interval snatched from the labour of the farm or workshop. Mr. Martin's sporting scenes "Waiting," "Putting out the Dogs," and "In Charge," we reviewed when at Ottawa; the last of these three is a striking picture, and the dead deer lying on the beach opposed to the thoroughly living and watchful hound can hardly fail to interest the sportsman. The quiet and harmonious colouring would allow of its being placed in almost any position without fear of serious discord. Mr. O. R. Jacobi's name is another equally familiar to the Toronto public, and we are pleased to see that he has sent some beautiful sunset scenes in water colours quite in his old style which will be noticed later on. His two oil paintings are "Rivière du Loup" and "On the Georgian Bay," both in his well-known style. Mr. Verner occupies a large share of the line space; he exhibits cattle and autumnal effects which prove attractive to visitors. We come now to the painter of the largest and most ambitious pictures of the year, Mr. Geo. Reid, whose "Berry Pickers" has returned from the Paris salon and forms a point of interest on the South wall. Mr. Reid's

portrait of a lady in a dark purple dress is more strong than graceful, and many would apply the same remark to his large work of the year, "Foreclosing the Mortgage." Strong it undoubtedly is, vivid and impressive in effect, while the light is managed with realistic effect; sad and unpleasant too of course it is, and many people think only pleasant things should be painted, arguing that there is enough sadness in life without introducing it in art; that may be true, but might we not apply the same remark to all study and teaching? Where would be the light, if not relieved by shadow? Where the joy, without pain? Mr. Reid evidently thinks that art should be universal in its themes and should reflect life in all its phases. Mrs. Reid cannot be accused of any intention of giving us the blues; her subjects are full of beauty, lovingly, and tenderly treated. Her "Roses" (No. 201) is more than an ordinary still life picture; it is poetry on canvas, and it is pleasing to know that the Montreal Committee awarded it the prize when exhibited there. There are several other flower groups and still life studies in this exhibition, some of much merit, but the palm here must again be awarded to Mrs. Reid. We have heard so much of Mr. Carl Ahrens and his "Cradled in a Net" that it would have been a pity for the Toronto public not to have an opportunity of seeing a picture so well received in the Eastern cities; they will not be disappointed in the picture or its merits. "A Modern Cherub" is also a successful picture. Mr. J. Colin Forbes has returned from Europe after his successful season there, just in time to place four of his favourite marine studies on view. They are a welcome addition, as sea pieces are rather scarce this year. Mr. Henry Martin's two oil paintings, though not perhaps his best work, are quite creditable. Mr. W. A. Sherwood's four portraits on the line form certainly the best exhibit he has yet made, that of Mr. Verner being the best. Mr. Bell-Smith has sent from Europe some twenty pictures, only two, however, in oil. "Evening" is a pleasing picture, the wet beach, the curling wave, the thin opalescent wash, the broad and simple sky with the sun weakly striving to pierce the cloudbank and sparkling faintly on the lifting wave—all combine to soothe the mind and delight the eye. In this picture Mr. Bell-Smith has come very near to greatness. The other picture is hardly so good. A new member is Mr. Atkinson, whose work is decidedly French in feeling as well as in subject. We should like to see this painter turn his attention, as he doubtless will, to the many traits of his own country, susceptible of being treated in a manner congenial to his taste and training. There is no question as to his ability, and Toronto will expect much from him. Mr. J. W. L. Forster is not behindhand by any means, and has surpassed himself; of his four portraits, though all are good, certainly "Miss Maude" is the most attractive; for graceful prose and sentiment there is nothing equal to it in the exhibition. It is seldom we see the hands so well managed, the whole tone of the picture so soft and harmonious and in keeping with the expression. Mr. Forster has never before shown so decidedly the influence of his master Bougoreau. First among the non-members exhibiting should be mentioned Mr. Wyly Grier, an artist so clever that we greatly regret he is not likely to remain with us. There is a mastery of brushwork, light, shade and texture in his portrait of Mrs. J. K. Kerr not equalled by many painters, but for modelling of the head his portrait of "Father" is generally acknowledged to be best. Miss Tully's heads, both in oil and pastel, have been much admired, the former particularly. Miss McConnell's "Meadow Stream" shows she can paint and feel in landscape as well as in figures. Miss M. A. Bell, of Montreal, could have sent a better exhibit had she chosen, as the merit of her work testifies. Mr. Staples' "On Duty" is partially good, but is faulty in the hind-quarters. Mr. Lisence, Misses Wilkes, Palin, Smith, McGillivray and Stennett, and last not least, Mr. J. M. Kidd—all add their welcome contributions towards the most satisfactory exhibition the Ontario Society has given us for several years.

Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy's bust of Professor Williamson, of Queen's University, is an instance of a grand opportunity well availed of. It is not every day that a sculptor obtains such a subject and still more seldom that better justice is done to it; the kind and benevolent though slightly sad expression tells the story of a life. It is to be executed in bronze and placed in Convocation Hall of the College. The marble bust of Professor George Paxton Young, intended as a memorial to be placed in Toronto University, is a good likeness, both as regards the head and bust. As we seldom see the executed marble in a Toronto exhibition this is a chance to see the completed work which is very acceptable. Mr. Frith exhibits a sketch model for an equestrian statue of the Queen, which he suggests as suitable for the front of the new Parliament Buildings in the Park. It would be unfair to criticize the anatomy of the figure under these circumstances; *en passant* it is earnestly to be hoped that Canadian talent may be found equal to the occasion when the commission for the memorial to Sir John A. Macdonald is finally awarded. In our next issue we hope to notice the watercolours, designs and decorative work which form by no means the weakest portion of the collection.

THE studio of the professional artist who has achieved distinction in the practice of his art affords an insight into the methods of the creative art which receive but casual notice, but which have a significance that, to some minds, is peculiarly attractive. This attraction is enhanced if one

has the good fortune to come into intimate relations with the artist, and into such companionship as shall reveal somewhat of the artist nature. Best of all, if he is permitted to observe and study at leisure in the studio both the artist and his work. The ideality of the artist is in fullest activity when he is engaged in looking for the key that shall unlock the tangled medley, and reveal the man, the predominating characteristics that overlays the whole, as the atmosphere the landscape. Choice must necessarily be made for the intrinsic quality that the effigy shall present, for one only can appear. It is in this direction the artist with high aspirations addresses himself. He aims at something beyond the merely mechanical effects of correct contour and accurate lines. He would snatch the soul from the stone, like Pygmalion of old, to illuminate it. When Michael Angelo modelled a beggar, he showed to the world the typical being of its own conception, which lives as such for all time. So supreme is the rank of the statue here referred to that it has happily received the distinctive title of the Patriarch of Poverty. The innermost nature of such a man is necessarily enigmatic to most of his fellows. He is regarded by the passer-by as an inexplicable personage altogether, as an idealist with unaccountably curious whims with his oddities of dress and demeanour. These views of him are not to be gainsaid, it is true, and they serve to make up what in mundane phrase is a puzzling compound. The solution of this common idea may be found in the fact that the artist class composes only a small minority of the race, and is incomprehensible to the multitude as being both unlike and strange. In the thronged walks of great cities one can easily single out the artist if he have an observant eye. A certain nonchalance of gait and manner distinguishes him from the passing throng. In him you remark none of the haste and bustle of the eager man. If not overworn he may wear a regardful joined to a contemplative air. The oatloaf, carelessly wrapped under the arm of one, designates him as the crayon artist, for this is an indispensable adjunct to his work when the pencil is in hand. To enjoy the society of a coterie of artists is to see and enjoy society under a new and enlightening phase. But, in the meantime, they idolize as it is their nature to do, and lead a life quite aside from the generality of their fellows. They appreciate sport and recreation, life on the sea, as a yachting cruise, or in the woods and mountains, their sketching at hand. The idealist is no imitator, and variation from the common theme marks his every mood and action. To this factor in his composition we may trace his occasional departure from the accepted styles of costume, or of wearing the hair, a trivial matter, except as it becomes an occasion of misapprehension. The studio of the artist in colour exhibits the characteristic methods observed in the studio of the sculptor. The portraiture in this department of the art is susceptible of more animative, and to most sensibilities becomes, with its fidelity to tone and colour, the truer to nature. Admiration is not so much heightened here as enjoyment and delight. It is one of the curious idiosyncrasies of painters where the most eminent that they have favoured tints and hues which they are sure to reproduce continually. Where the ancient painter delights in reds, moderns have felt its flaring effects even to the degree of finding the brilliant scarlets of nature distasteful, as in the tulip or the poppy. Some such have affected the tanny and tan shades with fine effects, as in the satins of drapery and other accessories.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

#### THE GRAND.

CLEVELAND's clever band of minstrels entertained a large audience at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening last, when, startling as it may appear in these days of semi-effete minstrelsy, some new witticisms were actually dispensed for the delectation of the apparently highly-amused audience. Mr. Leonard Somers is the possessor of a round, full baritone voice, which he uses without forcing. Mr. Harry Leighton, a male soprano of great sweetness, sang the pretty ballad, "Sitting in the Twilight," most effectively. The choruses and orchestral accompaniments were fairly well done, the company having evidently been dismembered recently. Mr. Frank Cushman gave several very good imitations of negro, Irish and Dutch characters, which were loudly applauded by the less discriminating portion of the audience. Mr. Cane, who has a sonorous bass voice, was very acceptable in the concerted numbers.

#### THE ACADEMY.

THE St. Alphonsus Club appears this Friday evening at the Academy of Music in the New York success, "Esmeralda," with a strong local cast of amateur aspirants for Thespian honours. The stage management is in the able hands of Mr. H. S. Clark.

#### MR. EDWARD LLOYD.

THE reappearance of Mr. Edward Lloyd, the famous English tenor, in a concert of sacred song in the Metropolitan Church, on Monday evening, June 7, and for which the plan is now open at Mason and Risch's Music Store, King Street West, should be the signal to crowd this spacious structure to the doors. Sacred music has always been Mr. Lloyd's forte, in which he has for years past succeeded in drawing vast audiences in England, including several Handel festivals.

## THE ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE CONCERT.

THE Concert given last Thursday evening in the Lecture Hall of the Normal School by the pupils of that flourishing institution, the Ontario Ladies' College, drew a large number of friends and patrons to the prettily-decorated interior, well lighted and comfortably appointed, which has taken the place of the old bust-bedecked "theatre." Music and recitations formed the chief attractions of a most creditable performance, testifying to the varied accomplishments of the students who are pupils of that accomplished teacher and musical director, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Bayley, Mrs. Bradley and Miss Graham. In the hands of Rev. Dr. Hare, who is so well known as instructor and Principal, the College is sure of a brilliant future, and will shortly be greatly enlarged and furnished with a suitable music hall. Among our numerous educational institutions the spacious building at Whitby stands very high in public regard. The Knabe piano was used at this concert.

## ASSOCIATION HALL.

MISS HILLARY'S Ladies' Choral Club gave a benefit to St. John's Hospital on Tuesday evening to a fair audience, when most of a former programme was repeated in a very satisfactory manner. Miss Hillary gained an encore for her sympathetic singing of "The Meeting of the Waters." Mrs. Adamson also gave her valuable assistance in a violin solo.

## THE PAVILION.

THE Conservatory School of Elocution, Principal, Mr. H. S. Clark, gave its closing exercises last Tuesday evening. Several young lady students gave some interesting recitations, being the result of work extending over two years, and highly creditable to their instructor, Mr. Clark. The second part of the programme was devoted to a series of "Poses Plastiques," in which several striking tableaux were displayed, many of the groups exhibiting classical subjects, and awoke the enthusiasm of the audience. Mr. Harold Jarvis sang two solos during the evening in his usual artistic style, being heartily received. Miss M. Shipe presided at the Knabe piano throughout the evening.

THE Chamber concerts, announced to be given in the Hall of the Normal School on June 2nd and 3rd, will prove a delightful variety in the musical season, and lovers of this class of music will doubtless take advantage of the opportunity offered. The programmes embrace quintettes, quartettes and trios by Beethoven, Schumann, Jadasohn, Hummel, together with novelties for strings. The pianists and vocalists are students at the Toronto College of Music. Tickets for these concerts may be obtained at Messrs. Nordheimer's, and Suckling and Sons. No tickets will be sold at the door.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS. By William P. Trent. Price, \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1892.

This volume forms one of the Series of American Men of Letters, which is being brought out under the editorship of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner. The book is well written and pleasant to read, but we do not quite see the reason for its appearing in such a series. We venture to say that, prolific as Mr. Simms seems to have been as a novelist, not one in twenty, or perhaps a hundred, of our readers has ever read one of his works; and, although he was successful and able as a journalist, that hardly gives him a place among men of letters. A friend of his has given an estimate of him which seems thoroughly just. "A really great author (whether in prose or verse) Simms emphatically was not, and there is no use in maintaining so fulsome a proposition. But his talents were splendid, and his whole life seems to me noble, because of the 'grit,' the perseverance, the indomitable energy which it displayed." The italics are not ours. It should be added that Simms was an earnest maintainer of the Southern right of secession, and the part of the book which tells of his sufferings from the war is very pathetic. Simms is a man quite worth writing about, and Mr. Trent has done his work well.

THE IDOL OF THE HOUSEHOLD. By Marie Bernhard. Translated by Elise L. Lathrop. Illustrated. New York: Worthington Company.

In this story we have no wearisome descriptions, no elaborate unravelling of motives, no puzzling, psychological studies, but a clear, straightforward, reasonable narrative in which the movement never drags and the reader's interest is carried on, without pause or digression, to a satisfactory and natural conclusion. The scene is at first in Rome, but soon changes to Hamburg. A young sculptor is mortally injured in the collapse of a modern Roman "palace." Restored to brief consciousness by a powerful potion, he tells to his dearest friend, a brother artist—the painter, André—of his secret betrothal to Stella Bruhl, the lovely daughter of a Hamburg merchant and senator. He had lavished all his art and genius on a life-like bust of his betrothed, which he entrusted to his friend to convey to her; and, in the presence of his physicians, designated her as his "heir"—heir to the happiness he had fondly hoped for himself—and expired. The dead sculptor's betrothed was "The Idol of the Household," clever, fair, but selfish and utterly heartless. André accepted the trust—it was impossible to refuse.

How he endeavoured to carry it out and with what success we must leave our readers to learn from this latest and welcome addition to the Worthington's "International Library."

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE ALGONQUIAN LANGUAGES. By James Constantine Pilling. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1891.

This large octavo volume, of 614 closely-printed pages, is a monument to the patient, laborious studies of the Chief Clerk in the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology. Mr. Pilling has already done similar duty by the Eskimo, the Dakotan or Sionan, the Iroquoian, and other groups of aboriginal American languages, and has thereby earned, or, at least, deserves to have earned the gratitude of all true philologists. The Bibliography of the Algonquian language is, however, *magnum opus*. It contains no fewer than eighty-two fac-simile engravings, chiefly of the title pages of old and rare books printed in the Algonkin tongues or relating to them, from Smith's "History of Virginia in 1624" to "Lacombe and Cree Syllabary in 1886." Mr. Pilling expresses his indebtedness to several Canadians, including the Rev. Father Jones of St. Mary's College, Montreal, the Rev. Fathers Beaudet and Hamel of Laval University, Quebec, and Prof. A. F. Chamberlain of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., formerly of the University of Toronto. As indicating Canadian activity in this line, the letter "C" gives Campbell with seven entries, Chamberlain with nine, Champlain with five, Charlevoix with eight, Chone, Coquart, and Crespien, with one each, and Cuog with twenty-three. A glance over the whole work shows that a similarly large proportion of entries under each letter, from Allouez to Wilson, are credited to Canadians. No reference library can afford to be deficient in respect to this most complete and elaborate work, for which its industrious author will unfortunately never receive that fulness of credit which is his due.

DENZIL QUARRIER. By George Gissing. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. \$1.00.

An adroitly penned mystery forms the framework of this cleverly-written story. From the outset uncertainty chains the attention of the reader, causing an eager impatience for the *dénouement*. Lillian, in the Clapham house, gentle, refined and thoughtful, awaits by the firelight someone's arrival. Denzil Quarrier comes, loud voiced and boisterously self-assertive; he is evidently not intended for a gentleman. His invitation of a friend to dinner excites her apprehensions; on questioning him she finds all this friend had then been told was that they had reasons for keeping their marriage a secret. From sundry little touches the author leads us to imagine that Lillian and Quarrier are not married at all. Denzil Quarrier is restlessly ambitious; this brings sorrow to his home. He has left the navy, and now addresses himself to writing a history of the Vikings. This also he abandons, and, deciding his true bent to be politics, appears as a radical candidate for a county town. While shrinking from the public life, necessary in some degree, for the wife of a member of Parliament, and the attendant risk of exposure of her position, Lillian accompanies him on his political campaign. She endeavours by all means in her power to forward his interests. The election scenes are skilfully drawn. Here we meet Mrs. Wade, who, apparently, sets no limits to "women's rights," disastrously so for Lillian. Amidst the excitement of the elections the reader's interest is quickened by the palpable approach of a catastrophe, hastened by the overweening conceit of Denzil Quarrier, and the purposeless and treacherous conduct of his friend, Glazzard. The improvement of Denzil Quarrier is sought for by the sacrifice of Lillian. We question whether he was worth it. Although this is a fascinating and well-written novel, its moral tone is bad. It plausibly seeks to impart to things forbidden an air of freedom from guilt—a somewhat fashionable mode nowadays, but none the less immoral and reprehensible.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. By Edward Spencer Beesly. Twelve English Statesmen Series. London: Macmillan and Company. 1892.

At the opening of this little volume Mr. Beesly has complained of the lack of space to adequately chronicle the records of a reign which lasted more than forty years. That he is right in his complaint, no one who has read his attempt to compress into 240 pages the records of the politics of the Elizabethan period, will be for one instant inclined to deny. Mr. Beesly restricts himself to Elizabeth's political relations; the literature, arts and social progress of the reign are not even hinted at. Even with this limitation the book is little more than the tracing of a connecting line through the manifold events of the reign, and much is omitted. Irish affairs are only hinted at in connection with Essex's misadventure, and yet they are an important portion of the history of the reign. Again, religious affairs are consigned to nearly as great neglect—are indeed scarce mentioned—after Elizabeth's change of religion has been described from its political standpoint. It is nothing but a manual of Elizabeth's political position and relations, and within these narrow lines it is clear and readable.

The names of Elizabeth and Mary are still the rallying cries of opposing partisans, and it is necessary first of all to know what side an author takes. In this case the

question is soon answered. Mr. Beesly is an admirer of Elizabeth. With the moral side of her character he does not greatly concern himself, except in relation to her policy, and then he regards her as a woman of intellect, untrammelled by scruples or the ordinary rules of morality. This view of Elizabeth's character enables Mr. Beesly to give a very clear account of the long duel between the two Queens. Elizabeth, cool, patient, wary, rather timid than otherwise in action, triumphs over the equally shrewd and able and more daring Mary, by virtue of her freedom from obscuring loves and hates, and by the false moves arising from her rival's strong personal feelings. In the matter of the execution of Mary, Mr. Beesly takes the side of Elizabeth. His account of the Spanish Armada, while making no effort at vivid description, yet puts some matters in a new light. On the whole, it is a good sketch of an important reign, and should furnish the student with a clear idea of the ground on which to base future study.

PIONEERING IN THE FAR EAST, and Journeys to California in 1849 and to the White Sea in 1878. By Ludvig Verner Helms. London: W. H. Allen and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

One usually expects to find in a book with a "pioneering" title a spice of adventure, with a certain amount of description of novel incidents in out-of-the-way places, and among strange people and surroundings. Though Mr. Helms says in his modest Preface that "the experiences of a life spent in mercantile adventure hardly seem to contain sufficient interest to warrant their being made the subject of a book," yet every intelligent reader of this excellent and instructive volume of over four hundred clearly-printed pages will heartily thank its author for the pleasure and profit he has obtained in its perusal. The adventurous youth who in September, 1846, left his native land, Denmark, to seek his fortunes in the world, little thought that he would become one of the founders of British trade in the East, and a personal friend and comrade of Rajah Brooke of Borneo. Mr. Helms has written an account of a life devoted to mercantile pursuits, but spent for the most part in strange places and among savage people. The very scenes and surroundings of his enterprises, and the circumstances attending their conduct and development, present in themselves an interest at once unusual and striking. The barbaric customs of the native tribes with whom he dealt, the jealousy with which they regarded each other, their suspicion of foreigners, and the ease with which strife was caused, and bloodshed, and too often devastating war followed—undoing in a few short hours the long and patient labours of years—give to the narrative the spirit and movement of romance. But we must refer our readers to the graphic pages of our pioneer who with becoming modesty, but with unflinching clearness and impartiality, and often with fine descriptive power, tells his tale. As might be expected the information on all matters commercial is concisely and lucidly given. The writer's apprenticeship on the Island of Bali with Mr. Mads Lange; his speculative visit to California in 1850; his venture as a trade envoy to Cambodia and Siam; his appointment in 1852 as "agent of a commercial firm to buy up antimonial ore, and generally to develop the trade of the country in Borneo;" the long years of successful enterprise, adventure and misadventure, the detailed account of Rajah Brooke's fortunes and misfortunes; and the visits to China, Japan and as a mining agent to the White Sea—form the burden of the book. There are added a number of illustrations from original sketches and photographs. While this volume will prove of unusual attraction to all who are interested in the rise and progress of British commerce, it will interest the scientific reader as well—and its modest, clear and impartial statement of observed facts and the absence of colour and exaggeration in expression greatly enhance its value. The account of Rajah Brooke's government at Sarawak, of the Chinese insurrection, and of the relations between the Rajah and Captain Brooke will prove of unusual interest.

THE FINE ARTS. By G. Baldwin Brown, sometime Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, and Professor of Fine Arts in the University of Edinburgh. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Copp, Clarke Company.

Professor Brown is well qualified to make the contribution embodied in this volume to the series of University Extension manuals. The foundation of a broad and liberal education is an essential equipment for the specialist in any department of knowledge. This is especially the case in one who fills a professional position, and aims at teaching with authority, in the light of modern research, and along the lines of modern method. Though it is said that "the aim of these manuals is to educate rather than inform," we will defy any intelligent reader to carefully peruse such a book as that before us without adding to his stores of information as well as broadening his education. In the Preface the author says: "The book is not intended to furnish outlines of the history of the arts, nor is it a technical manual; its aim is rather to discuss briefly and in a simple manner some of the more important facts and laws of artistic production, which should be familiar alike to the historical student of art and to the practical worker." A division is made of the subject into three parts. The first considers "Art as the Expression of Popular Feelings and Ideals," and is subdivided into

chapters on "The Beginnings of Art"; "The Festival, in its Relation to the Form and Spirit of Classical Art," and "Mediæval Florence and Her Painters." The second part deals with "The Formal Conditions of Artistic Expression," and these are considered under the headings: "Some Elements of Effect in the Arts of Form"; "The Work of Art as Significant," and "The Work of Art as Beautiful." The third part dwells upon "The Arts of Form," and the respective sub-headings are: "Architectural Beauty in Relation to Construction"; "The Conventions of Sculpture," and "Painting Old and New." Speaking of painting, Professor Brown says: "There is nothing so rare in ordinary procedure as that beautiful and thoroughly artistic treatment of Nature in which she is apprehended as light-and-shade and colour only, the form being nowhere insisted on, though nowhere inaccurately rendered. In such work the subtle transitions, the play of tone and tone and colour combined, over the face of Nature, the mystery and enchantment of beauty in which her aspect is veiled, are all reproduced again for us upon the canvas, and the sharp lines and mapped-out appearance of ordinary painting give place to a suggestion of forms which is, after all, their truest delineation. Such rendering of nature we see in landscape under the brush of Turner and Corot, in figure work in Correggio, Velasquez and Rembrandt, in John Phillip and Millais among the moderns. It is in the mature work of such masters of the painters' craft that we find that truly painterlike, yet in the best sense accurate, treatment noticed above." Professor Baldwin's treatment of his subject is ripe with knowledge, philosophic in method, apt in illustration and clear and engaging in style. We know of no better manual of its kind, and give to this our heartiest commendation. The book is appropriately illustrated.

THE *Art Amateur* for June has three colour plates: "Waiting," by Jeanne Greyon; "Rocks by the Sea," by Rhoda H. Nicholls, and some decorative designs in Boucher style, as well as the usual well-varied letter press and other art illustrations.

THE Hon. J. X. Perrault does not mince matters in his urgent opening article entitled "Now or Never: The Commercial Union of the British Empire," in the May number of *Greater Britain*. There can be no doubt that the present is a very important juncture in the relations of England and Canada.

THE illustrated catalogue of the exhibit of the Ontario Society of Artists gives in miniature an idea of what the exhibit presents at large upon its walls. There are forty pictures represented; the officers, committees, honorary and professional members are also included by name. Even the advertisements display artistic treatment and ingenuity. This venture of the Society shows commendable enterprise, and we hope that it may prove as profitable as it is ornamental.

THE *Illustrated London News* of May 14 and 21 contained an admirable series of illustrations of the pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy. The number for the 28th May is a Jubilee Number of that favourite and famous journal, which was founded on the 14th May, 1842. Articles brimful of reminiscent matter; reproductions of celebrated sketches by early artists, and a series of portraits of leaders of England in 1842 and 1892, and of "Our Artists—Past and Present," make up a memorable number, which is of unusual interest and value.

IN Cassell's *Family Magazine* for June L. T. Meade's pleasant story, "Out of the Fashion," comes to an end. A new serial, "Formed for Conquest," is begun. "In Picardy and Artois" is by James Baker; the title suggests its contents. "A Triplet of India Tales" will amuse many readers. "An old piece of stitchery" will find lady readers, and the boys and girls will enjoy "Expression in Animals." "How We Fared in Manx Land" treats of the land of tailless cats. There are several short stories as well as other interesting matter. Portraits of the "lady prize winners in story competitions" are given in this number.

THE *Popular Science Monthly* for June opens with "The Retreat of Theology in the Galileo Case," by Dr. Andrew D. White. Mr. George L. Kilmer's article on "First Actions of Wounded Soldiers" is interesting. "The Ancient Civilizations of America" is treated by Prof. J. S. Newberry. "The Yucca Moth and Yucca Pollination" is a scientific subject clearly explained by Prof. C. V. Riley. "The Survival of the Unfit," by Dr. Henry D. Chapin, is a very important article on a wide-spread evil. "The Relation of Biology to Sociology" is demonstrated by Lewis G. Janes. This number also includes a sketch with portrait of Dr. William Huggins, President of the British Association in 1891.

*Two Tales* is the title of a comparatively new publication, published by the "Two Tales" Publishing Company, of 8 Beacon Street, Boston. Number 12, of Vol. I., has "A Friend of the Family," by Geraldine Bonner, which is an amusing description of the extremely business-like way in which the plutocrat Sheehan disposed of his daughters; and in "Ali," Edith R. Crosby paints with oriental colours the tragic death of one Eastern donkey at the hand of another. Several favourite short-story writers have contributed to the pages of *Two Tales*. In No. 5 we notice the name of Duncan Campbell Scott. The next number will be a welcome one to Canadian readers; it will contain a new story from the clever and facile pen of E. W. Thomson.

THE June *Atlantic* opens with an article on "The Education of the Negro," by Dr. William T. Harris. In the "Emerson-Thoreau Correspondence," Janet Ross has an interesting paper on her grandfather, John Austin, one of the greatest of English writers on jurisprudence, and an associate of Mill, Brougham. Ernest Francisco Fenollosa writes "Chinese and Japanese Traits." W. H. Bishop continues the series, "An American at Home in Europe," dealing in this number with Southern France, Algiers and Spain. Olive Thorne Miller contributes a pleasing bird story about "The Witching Wren." In "The Discovery of a New Stellar System" Arthur Searle describes the star Algol and its variations of light. Miss Preston and Miss Dodge continue their account of "Private Life in Ancient Rome." There are two additional chapters of "Don Orsino," and poems by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr and Mrs. Moulton, and an essay on Walt Whitman.

IN the June *Forum* ex-Secretary Bayard writes on the "Democratic Duty and Opportunity," and Senator George F. Hoar on "Reasons for Republican Control." Mr. E. O. Leach, director of the U. S. Mint, deals with the subject of the relation of silver to gold since a record of the ratio has been kept. Mr. Leach favours international bimetalism as the only solution of the silver problem. Professor John B. Moore explains a needed reform in naturalization. "The slaughter of railroad employees" is forcibly treated by Prof. Henry C. Adams, Statistician of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The startling number of deaths and accidents to railroad employees and others is alarming and calls loudly for public action. Dr. S. Weir-Mitchell, under the caption "A New Poet," writes with warm appreciation of the sonnets of Charles Leonard Moore. Two very interesting education articles are "Education for Women at Yale," by President Dwight, and "The Training of Boys at Eton," by A. C. Benson.

THE *Magazine of Art* for June has for its frontispiece a fine etching by F. Krosterwitz, after a painting by Adolphe Schreyer, "On the Road—Wallachia." In the opening article the editor writes of "The Royal Academy, 1892." A paper on "Press Day and Critics" gives portraits of some of the best known art critics in England. Among them are Mr. Humphry Ward, the husband of the author of "Robert Elsmere," Mr. Frederick Wedmore, of the *Standard*, Edmund Gosse, who writes for the *Saturday Review*, that genial satirist Andrew Lang, G. A. Sala, the veteran of everything in the journalistic line, J. Forbes-Robinson, father of the family of actors, Claude Phillips and Ashby-Storry, the London correspondent of the *Book Buyer*. There is an appreciative article on George Du Maurier, "Romanticist," with illustrations from "Peter Ibbetson." A paper on "Game-Birds and Shooting Sketches" is based on a volume on the subject, written and illustrated by John Guille Millais, F.Z.S., the son of Sir John Millais. There are other interesting and instructive articles in the number.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SIR ALFRED LYALL is writing a volume on "British Dominion in India."

MR. RIDER HAGGARD is still busily engaged writing a story of Mexican life.

A LETTER written by Martin Luther was sold in London a few weeks ago for \$130.

MR. GILBERT PARKER has written a story, "Mrs. Falchion," for serial publication.

THE novelist Tolstoi's oldest son has composed a symphonic poem, and the Russian critics speak highly of it.

GEORG BRANDES, the eminent Danish essayist, recently delivered twenty-three lectures on Shakespeare in Copenhagen.

BERNARD QUARITCH has issued a "Lexical Concordance to the Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley," by F. S. Ellis.

MR. JAMES PAYN's new novel, "A Modern Dick Whittington," is to be published by Messrs. Cassell during the course of the present month.

MR. WILLIAM WINTER, the dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune*, has ready for early publication a series of essays on contemporary dramatic affairs. The work will bear the title of "Shadows of the Stage."

WORTHINGTON COMPANY, 747 Broadway, New York, announce for immediate publication as No. 27 in their International Library "The Erl Queen," by Nataly von Eschstruth, translated by Emily S. Howard, and illustrated.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMOND's descriptive and autobiographical volume, "Our Life in the Swiss Islands," will soon be issued by the Macmillans. The same publishers have nearly ready "The Central Teaching of Christ," by the Rev. Canon Bernard.

THE third edition of Mr. Barrie's "Little Minister" is already nearly exhausted. A fourth edition is now printing, which will be ready in a few days. The colonial edition has also been reprinted to meet the large demand for the work in the colonies.

THE author of "Obiter Dicta" has a new volume of essays in print to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock shortly. Mr. Birrell is a son-in-law of Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, the London poet, his wife having been the widow of Lord Tennyson's son, Lionel.

THE great work on Persia, upon which Mr. George Curzon has been engaged for the past three years, is pro-

mised in about a fortnight's time. It is to consist of two volumes of 600 to 700 pages each, with one hundred illustrations, ten new maps and statistical tables.

PROFESSOR SCHURMAN, who has just succeeded to the presidency of Cornell University, is another instance of Canadian ability and success. A Nova Scotian, he was educated at home and abroad. He was formerly connected with both Acadia College and Dalhousie University, and has only been on the staff of Cornell a few years.

THE Cassell Publishing Company announce an authorized edition of "The Writings and Speeches of Grover Cleveland," which they will issue immediately. The collection has been made with the ex-President's permission by Mr. George F. Parker. Mr. Parker has kept a complete collection of Mr. Cleveland's speeches and writings, and from these he has chosen those best suited to the purposes of a book.

HARPER AND BROTHERS will publish immediately "An Edelweiss of the Sierras and Other Tales," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "Stories and Interludes," by Barry Pain; "The Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky," by James Lane Allen; "The Earl of Derby," by George Saintsbury, a new volume in "The Queen's Prime Ministers Series"; and "James Russell Lowell," by George William Curtis, illustrated with portraits.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND COMPANY will soon publish a cheap edition of Mr. Joseph Hatton's novel, "A Modern Ulysses," an exciting tale dealing with the life and adventures of Horace Durand. It is said the story is told in the same graphic and realistic style that marks all Mr. Hatton's novels, and which has contributed so much to the success of his Russian novel, "By Order of the Czar," of which the twelfth edition is now being issued.

LITTLE differences of opinion are not confined to the Art critics. Just now Mr. Rudyard Kipling is contributing a series of sketches to the *Times* on his present trip round the globe. He declares that the New Yorkers think lightly of human life, buy and sell justice openly and without shame, and keep their streets in a disgraceful condition. The Government of the city is, he says, "a despotism of the alien by the alien for the alien, tempered with occasional insurrections of decent folk."

AMERICAN authors, as well as their English brethren of the pen, sometimes suffer for the sins of the printer. It appears that a line, written by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, read: "A potent medicine for gods and men." It was misprinted "a patent medicine," etc. It is reported that the same poet's equanimity was disturbed on another occasion because, in a serious mood, he wrote in one of his poems: "Now the old wound breaks out afresh," and was horrified to read that he had said: "Now the old woman breaks out afresh."

THE *New York Critic* tells an amusing anecdote of the late Lord Houghton: It is said that the late Lord Houghton was present at Lady Knutsford's one afternoon when Clifford Harrison was reciting, and during the entertainment fell asleep. One of his own pieces was on the programme, and Mr. Harrison determined that it should be the next. When he had recited it, and while the audience was applauding, Lord Houghton awoke, and rising from his chair exclaimed: "One of the best things I have ever heard. Who wrote it? Is it published?"

WE learn from the *Boston Gazette* that Mr. Ignatius Donnelly has just been obliged to pay his publishers over five thousand dollars by way of remuneration for expenses incurred in publishing the bulky volume in which Lord Bacon was claimed as the author of the Shakespearean plays. When the publisher began to cipher up his losses, he had more certain foundation on which to work than had Mr. Donnelly with the Baconian cypher. The worst of it all is that there remain some stiff-necked people who are yet to be convinced that Bacon was not Shakespeare. Never mind! Mr. Donnelly was the nucleus of a blaze of glory, evanescent though it proved to be.

THE *London Literary World* says that for some years past the novel with a plot has been rejected in favour of the analytical novel, but there are signs that the influence of this latter style is on the wane. Mr. Fergus Hume's new three-volume novel, "The Island of Fantasy," which will be published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran and Company, is not the only novel in theme, but contains an elaborate plot, which sustains the interest of the reader until the last page. The duologue novel of "his" feelings and "her" feelings is getting a trifle wearisome, and Mr. Hume's forthcoming volume will be full of incident and dramatic episode, which will prove a pleasant change of fare to that now offered to the novel-reading public.

"THE Last Words of Thomas Carlyle" is the title of an important book by Carlyle, which will be published immediately by D. Appleton and Company. It contains Carlyle's only novel, "Wotton Reinfred," which was left among his papers. According to Froude and Leslie Stephen, some characters in this novel were drawn from Coleridge, Irving, Thackeray and others of Carlyle's contemporaries. The book also contains another unpublished manuscript, entitled "Excursion (Futile Enough) to Paris," a characteristic description of a journey with the Brownings and a visit to Lord Ashburton. There is also a collection of unpublished letters from Carlyle, describing the preparation of his Frederick the Great, and there are several letters from Mrs. Carlyle. This important addition to Carlyle's works is the first of his books to have an American copyright.

## ONTARIO'S GREAT SUMMER RESORT.

THE Fraser House, Port Stanley, Ont., is now open for the season of 1892, and is universally recognized as, in all respects, the best appointed summer hotel in Western Ontario. Every attention to guests that can be suggested by long experience and a thorough comprehension of the public wants is ensured from the fact that it has been conducted since its establishment, twenty-two years ago, under the proprietorship and management of Mr. W. Fraser. It is situated most pleasantly upon a lofty hill, commanding a magnificent view of the beautiful scenery surrounding it on every side, and overlooking Lake Erie from a height of 150 feet. The air is always pure and exhilarating; the balmy breezes from the lake diffuse a thoroughly delightful coolness around, while the lawns, walks and drives are most inviting. The pleasure grounds, shaded with umbrageous trees, extend over 50 acres, and access to the smooth sandy beach is obtained by means of a tram railway and stairs. Comfortable bathing houses, with efficient attendants, are provided for ladies and gentlemen, under the direct supervision of the House.

A bus runs to and from all trains and steamers. Boats and carriages to order. The commodious public pleasure grounds, dancing hall, etc., are open, as hitherto, to excursion parties free of charge.

The handsome Dining Room of the hotel has a seating capacity for 200 guests. A large new dining hall adjoining the House, which was erected for the convenience of picnic parties, will accommodate 300 people, and meals are served there at popular rates. A wash-room and other conveniences are also provided for guests. There is an ice cream saloon upon the grounds. A new and commodious pleasure steamer, the "Joe Milton," will be in constant service for the convenience of excursionists and pleasure seekers near the coast, at nominal charges. The Steamer will also make weekly trips to Cleveland during the summer, leaving the Port Saturday morning, and returning on Monday in time to connect with trains for London and St. Thomas, and points east and west.

All these, in conjunction with numerous other advantages, as well as the ease of access from all lines of railway, give the "Fraser" unrivalled facilities as a summer resort, and render it the most attractive place in the western portion of the province for those who desire to pass the warm months in a delightful manner, away from the oppressive heat and turmoil of the crowded cities.

Three Grand Trunk Railway trains leave the Port daily, connecting at London (24 miles), and at St. Thomas (9 miles), running east, west and north to all important points.

## "German Syrup"

**A Cough and Croup Medicine.**

For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as children's troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Boschee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine. ☐

## SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Therapeutic Gazette* says that the German physician is absolutely unprotected by the government since the introduction of *Gewerbefreiheit* (i. e., trade-freedom, meaning liberty to carry on any trade or profession whatever). The government prosecutes all those carrying the title of "doctor" or "physician" illegally, but allows every barber or huckster to practise medicine.

Two international scientific congresses are to be held at Moscow in August, as we learn from *Nature*. One will relate to anthropology and archaeology, the other to zoology. There will be exhibitions in connection with both congresses, and appeals have been issued for the loan of objects which are likely to be useful and interesting. Among the things wanted for the Anthropological Congress are phonograms of the language and songs of different races. French will be the official language of the two meetings. The more important papers will be printed before members come together, so that discussion may be facilitated.—*Science*.

DWELLINGS increased in number more rapidly than population in the last decade, according to the census returns, and there were only 5.4 persons to an occupied building or house in 1890; in 1880 there were 5.6 persons. There has also been a decrease of the number of persons to a family from 5.04 in 1880 to 4.94 in 1890. The number of dwellings in 1890 was 11,483,318 for the United States and the number of families 12,690,152—leaving an excess of 1,206,834 families over dwellings, or 10.5 per cent., which is less than in 1880, when there was over 11 per cent. more families than dwellings.—*Springfield Republican*.

SCIENTISTS and business men are examining into the feasibility of using Niagara's water power. It is asserted that a preliminary survey is about to be made of the Canadian side of the river, where a tunnel will be constructed. It is the intention of a Canadian company to develop electrical or pneumatic power by means of the Canadian tunnel for transmission to large manufacturing centres. To show how much more cheaply this power can be produced on the Canadian side than on the American, it is roughly estimated that a tunnel 800 feet in length over there will produce as much power as an American tunnel 7,000 feet long.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE subject of warning colours in butterflies and moths has been discussed by a Russian naturalist, Pootchinsky, in a treatise on "Bright Marks and Ocellated Spots, their Origin and Development." He shows the distinct manner in which the colours which attend the inedibility or unpalatability are displayed by the insect when it is disturbed. He thus explains some of the cases of "shamming death," which are so well known to entomologists (the other cases being explained by the necessity for concealment). The female of *Spilosoma mendica* possesses black and yellow legs, and when disturbed, it folds its limbs and drops to the ground, generally falling on its back so that the contrasted colours are displayed.—*New York Independent*.

A NEW piece of machinery to expedite the delivery of armour plates for the new war ships will shortly be added to the great steel plant of Carnegie, Phipps and Company, at Homestead, Pa. It is a steel saw, weighing 110 tons, that will cut a nickel-steel armour plate as an ordinary saw cuts a plank. These armour plates range in weight from eight to thirty-eight tons, and reach a length of twenty feet and a thickness of twenty inches. In finishing the plates for fitting they have to be bevelled along the edge where they fit together. This has been done heretofore with the planing machines, which, slowly and laboriously, a shaving at a time, cut them down to the required shape. This saw has a blade seven and one-half feet in diameter, geared from above and revolving horizontally. The armour plate is placed on a tilting table, which is adjustable to any angle, and presented to the edge of the saw endwise. The forward motion of the carrying table thrusts the plate steadily against the teeth,

and an angular slab of cold nickel-steel weighing perhaps a dozen tons is taken off like the slab of a pine log. It will be used also for cutting plates into any desired dimensions. This saw will be the first of its kind used in this country. It is an improvement on a similar tool used in the Krupp Works at Essen, Prussia. It cost about \$35,000, and will be set up early next month.—*Philadelphia Record*.

WE may well excuse Plato for crediting the legend that the letters of the alphabet were disclosed to man by the gods themselves. Certain it is that down till to-day we have reached no positive data as to their origin. It appears that the old notion that the Phœnicians discovered them must be abandoned. Dr. Eduard Glaser, whose long and arduous researches into the epigraphy of Southern Arabia promise to throw an unexpected light on a large tract of ancient history, expresses himself (in *Das Ausland*, December, 1891) quite positively that it is in Arabia we must search for the beginnings of this marvellous invention, and probably in Southern Arabia. There, perhaps nearly three thousand years B.C., the ancestors of the Mineans and Sabeans appear to have developed several related phonetic alphabets, from some one of which the so-called Phœnician was descended. Dr. Glaser has obtained copies of some of these as yet undeciphered inscriptions, probably more than four thousand years old. What seems sure is, that though the early Egyptian hieroglyphic writing may have suggested the alphabet, the Egyptians themselves never developed it. What is more remarkable, and it seems to me has not received sufficient attention, is the gradual degeneration of the early Egyptian phonetic hieroglyphic system into one mainly ideographic and symbolic in the late demotic writing. The signs in the latter have often no more relation to sound than have the symbols of Chinese script. Thus, three points between two vertical lines, | . . |, means, in the demotic, "man;" but it was in no way understood to represent the sounds which were in the word, *roemt*, man, in the spoken dialect. This degeneracy gradually arose from changes in the phonology of the tongue, while the hieroglyphic signs were continued unchanged. It is of course nothing new to Egyptologists; but to the ethnographer and the historian of the arts it is a noteworthy instance of retrogression in one of the most useful and highly prized inventions ever made by man, and that in a country of continuous and unbroken culture.—*Dr. D. G. Brinton, in Science*.

AFTER the Grip Hood's Sarsaparilla will restore your strength and health, and expel every trace of poison from the blood.

A GOOD camel will travel 100 miles a day for ten days.—*Public Opinion*.

AFTER THE GRIP and after typhoid fever, diphtheria, pneumonia, or other prostrating diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed to restore the strength and vigour so much desired, and to expel all poison from the blood. It has had wonderful success in many such cases.

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

DIRECTIONS FOR COLIC IN HORSES.—Contents of small bottle Pain Killer in quart bottle, add pint warm or cold water, sweeten with molasses, shake well until all mixed, and drench well. Give about half at once, then balance in ten or fifteen minutes, if first dose is not sufficient. This will be found a never-failing remedy. 25c. for a large bottle.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Sirs,—I was formerly a resident of Port La Tour and have always used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my household, and know it to be the best remedy for emergencies of ordinary character.

Norway, Me.

JOSEPH A. SNOW.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

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

## That Tired Feeling

Prevails with its most enervating and discouraging effect in spring and early summer, when the days grow warmer and the toning effect of the cold air is gone. Hood's Sarsaparilla speedily overcomes "that tired feeling," whether caused by change of climate, season or life, by overwork or illness, and imparts a feeling of strength, comfort and self-confidence.

Editor Rowell Talks Common Sense.

"Every one living in our variable climate, particularly as we Americans live during the winter, eating meat, especially fat meat, needs something to cleanse the system and

Free a Clogged Liver

in the spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla completely fills the bill as a Spring Medicine. After taking two or three bottles I always feel a hundred per cent. better, yes, even five hundred per cent. better. The brain is clearer, the body in better condition for work, sleep is sweeter and the little troubles of life pass by unnoticed."—A. S. ROWELL, Editor *Lancaster Gazette, Lancaster, N. H.*

## Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Where other preparations fail. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is Peculiar to Itself.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache.

THE electric motor is not only crowding out other sources of power in street railway traction, but is opening competition with the steam locomotive in a field which has heretofore been the exclusive property of the latter. The high speeds attainable will eventually make it a winner for long distance work. A few months ago we described an electric locomotive put into operation near Boston for shifting freight cars. We have just learned that five of the great railway companies of the country have been inspired with sufficient confidence in electric traction to come into consultation, with a view to its adoption for handling the suburban traffic of the large cities, and one of them, the Southern Pacific, has placed an order with the Walworth Manufacturing Company for trolley poles to install such a plant on its lines. This is the entering wedge in what will ultimately result in a general application of the electric motor to railroad work, and, after a short period of service for suburban traffic, engineers will be called upon to design a system for inter-urban traffic. The adoption of the electric motor would be a boon to a community like Chicago, where the smoke from the numerous locomotives of a score of railroads centering at that point hangs like a pall over the blighted city. To the railroad companies this step means reduction of operating expenses, a style of appeal which brings certain conviction of its merit. In lieu of a hundred different fires and boilers, with the great attendant waste necessarily incident to development of small power units, a single generating plant can be used; the saving of fuel under such circumstances will be considerable. It will also enable more work to be handled without increasing the pay roll of employes. The fireman now necessary in each locomotive can be transferred to other work.—*Electrical Review*.

## NASAL BALM

It is a certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING. Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, loss of sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. NASAL BALM is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and \$1.00) by addressing

FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

## CATARRH

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.