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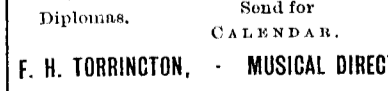
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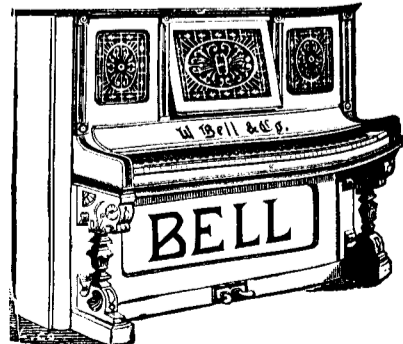
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"THERE is," says a writer of a former generation, "no more pleasing exercise of the mind than gratitude." There certainly is none more subduing and elevating in its influence on character, individual or national. In gratitude we all instinctively feel to be one of the basest of crimes. And if gratitude between man and man for kindness bestowed is a most natural and becoming virtue, how much more is such tribute due from man to his divine benefactor, the supreme Creator, Upholder and Ruler of the universe. Nor is there in this matter any logical middle-ground between the place of the devout worshipper and that of the avowed materialist, or atheist. Time was, not so many years since, when the minds of students of a certain class seemed to be in danger of losing their logical balance. In the exuberance of their joy at the discoveries that were being made in the realms of natural science, many for a time were betrayed into the folly of mistaking the *how* for the *why* and the *whence* of things, of failing to distinguish between mere discoverable order and sequence and true causation. Happily the reaction which calmer minds foresaw must soon set in against so shallow a phase of scepticism has long since begun, and the scientific investigator who now finds, or supposes himself to find, in the invariable and unerring order whose presence he delights to trace in all the phenomena of nature and of life, any disproof of the existence of an omnipresent and all-directing divine Intelligence, would be hard to find. During the season now closing the genial sun and the abundant rain have worked together in Canada to cause the land to bring forth bountifully its kindly fruits, thus supplying food for man and beast. Our minds are so constituted that the causeless is unthinkable. Somewhere behind the more or less complicated and intricate chain of secondary causes which has given us the rich harvest, there is either an intelligent, benevolent, personal First Cause, who has been "causing His sun to shine on the evil and the good," and sending His rain upon the just and upon the unjust, or there is—what? an unthinkable, an unfathomable abyss of nothingness, out of whose womb must proceed all those wonderful phenomena of nature and of human life whose origin the materialist and the atheist are unwilling to ascribe to an omnipotent God.

There is, as we have said, no tenable third supposition. Every thoughtful mind must choose between the two conceptions, hence, every one who is unable to satisfy his reason and conscience with the miserable negations of the agnostic or the atheist, is bound, if he is logical, to unite in heart, if not in voice, with all devout Christians in "praising the Lord for His goodness and His wonderful works to the children of men." The custom of setting apart a day for harvest thanksgiving is shown by its almost universal prevalence in some form among all nations and in all ages to have its origin in the reason and conscience of mankind. Within reasonable limits it seems fitting that it should be observed as a day of feasting and gladness. All must admit that the year's harvest has brought to Canada much reason for heartfelt and joyful celebration, and must desire to see the day observed with the mingled heartiness and decorum which are appropriate to all Christian worship.

THE crisis at Ottawa may, we suppose, be now considered past, seeing that it has been officially announced that Mr. Chapleau is not to receive the coveted portfolio of the Department of Railways and Canals, and yet is to remain in the Government. Whether this is wholly a victory for Premier Abbott remains to be revealed. Should the event prove that Mr. Chapleau has simply waived his claim on condition that his influence in Quebec affairs shall be paramount, that he shall, in other words, be virtual premier for that province, it is doubtful whether Mr. Abbott's position will have been improved by the compromise. If, on the other hand, as is scarcely likely, Mr. Chapleau has simply succumbed to the influences brought to bear, and consented to take whatever portfolio may be awarded him in the coming redistribution, the Premier is to be congratulated, but the Secretary of State will have made his own position uncomfortable, not to say ridiculous. It is but fair to await the publication of the letter which he is understood to have given to the press, but of which no version has yet come to hand, before pronouncing opinion upon his course and statesmanship. The only other step which has been made, so far as announced, in the direction of re-construction, is the admission of Lieut.-Colonel Ouimet to the Cabinet. The appointment of Mr. Ouimet, while not one to create much enthusiasm in the Government ranks, or to strike much terror into those of the Opposition, is nevertheless a fairly good one. Mr. Ouimet's reputation as a man of integrity and honour is, we believe, unsullied. This is a first and indispensable consideration. His abilities as an administrator remain to be proved. It is not likely that he is destined to receive the portfolio of railways and canals, which is just now, for obvious reasons, deemed so important, and if Mr. Abbott can but succeed in securing a Minister of high standing and first-class ability from Quebec—for this office is, it seems, deemed a Quebec perquisite—he may congratulate himself on having come well out of his difficulties, so far as that province is concerned. The question of Ontario still confronts him, however, and it is a question of no small magnitude. It is by no means likely that this province will much longer be content with the secondary, or rather tertiary, position which has been accorded her for so long a time, and notably since the death of Sir John A. Macdonald. The list of Conservative representatives in the House from this province does not contain many names of special prominence, and, if it did, the task of replacing those of its Ministers whose resignations are now *pro forma* in the Premier's hands must be one of no little delicacy. It cannot be said that Premier Abbott's strength, sagacity and skill in the work of cabinet building have as yet been fully demonstrated, but it is possible that he may so use the present opportunity as to meet Parliament at the next session with a stronger Government than has existed at Ottawa for many years. Whether his hesitancy is due to the vacillations of weakness or the cautiousness of wisdom is yet to be determined.

WE are right glad to know that a University Extension Society has been organized for Canada. The meetings in this city on Thursday and Friday last in connection with the movement were fairly representative of the Universities, and the action taken by the representatives present

seems to indicate that all these institutions are prepared to join in the work, though some are more enthusiastic and hopeful than others. We are glad, too, to see that the action is taking the shape of an independent organization, rather than that of a mere offshoot of the Universities. It is essential that the Universities should be in full sympathy with the movement, since, whether the new Society seeks special corporate powers for itself or not it will naturally devolve upon the chartered institutions to give recognition and *prestige* to the work done by extension students. At the same time it is even more desirable that the outside public should be interested and enlisted in the project to the greatest possible extent. For this reason as well as because of the special fitness of the appointment on the grounds of merit, we are glad that the secretary chosen is Mr. William Houston, M.A., who is not a member of any University staff. We have, we think, on a former occasion pointed out that it would be a mistake to suppose that the lecturers or conductors of the classes to be formed must necessarily be University professors. The work done must be in the main real teaching, largely on the Socratic plan, if the largest amount of good is to be done. In many cases, though happily not in all, the habit of formal, stand-off lecturing, which is, we think mistakenly, deemed the correct thing in the class-room of the University, quite unfits the professor for the more familiar, individualizing inductive methods which are best suited to the classes of students that may be expected at the extension centres. There are, we feel sure, scattered all over the provinces, masters in the high, and even in some of the common schools, and educated men engaged in other professions and pursuits, whose services could be enlisted and who would do excellent work in conducting the extension classes. That this variation of method in teaching necessarily implies any sacrifice of efficiency or thoroughness by no means follows. On the contrary we venture to prophesy—and the experience of University Extension workers in England makes the prophecy safe—that the average of work done by those who seriously undertake it and persevere to the end in the town and village stations, will be found to be quite up to the level of that ordinarily done within college walls. We are glad to learn that after full discussion it was resolved to depend wholly upon local and other voluntary sources for the funds required. We earnestly hope that this principle will be rigidly adhered to from the outset. Though a Government grant might probably be secured, and would no doubt be found very convenient, we are persuaded that in the end it would retard the movement. Our people are already too much in danger of learning to depend upon legislative or municipal aid for every such service and of thus weakening through disuse the faculty of self-help which is essential to all high success in educational development. It would, moreover, be unjust to appropriate from the public funds more money for higher literary culture while so little provision is made for instruction in the technical arts, which afford a more legitimate sphere for Government assistance. If rightly appealed to, we feel sure, the enlightened self-interest and the enlightened philanthropy of the Canadian people will together be found equal to the task of supplying all the necessary funds for a vigorous prosecution of University Extension work.

THE election of the McCarthyites candidate in Cork by a plurality of more than 1,500 votes over his Parnellite opponent shows how completely the Parnellite faction is doomed to extinction. It is likely that the sanguinary conflicts said to have taken place in the streets during the progress of the canvass have been a good deal overdrawn, for it is highly improbable that the authorities, with ample military as well as police forces at their disposal, would allow the faction battles to be carried to the extent indicated by the tale of broken heads reported by cable. Be that as it may, it is clear that Ireland is still Ireland, and that Cork is still Cork. The revelation thus given of the peculiarly Irish way of carrying on political contests will be variously interpreted, as to its bearing upon the fitness of the natives of the Emerald Isle for the Home Rule to which they are now looking forward. At first thought the events of the last week or two, or for that matter, of the last year, can scarcely have impressed any

one with a conviction of the readiness of this population for self-government. The ready retort that seems open to the English advocate of Home Rule is, that if this is the result of centuries of training as an integral part of the Empire, it is surely time to try some other educational method. Whether the *penchant* for the use of the brick-bat and the shillalah is ineradicable in the Irish blood, or has been superinduced by political discontent and social hardship operating through many generations, it may be difficult to say. It would be easy to quote numerous instances of the great achievements of Irishmen in politics and statesmanship and in positions of authority, abroad, and to cap them all with the case of Lord Dufferin, just now made Warden of the Cinque Ports, in addition to other positions of honour and emolument too numerous to mention, but it may still be argued that these are but the exceptions which prove the rule. In any case the triumphant return of the McCarthyite augurs well for the progress of the Home Rule movement. What effect the recent change in the office of the Secretary of State for Ireland may have upon the situation remains to be seen. Mr. Jackson, who has been appointed to succeed Mr. Balfour, is said to be strongly opposed to everything looking or supposed to look in the direction of a separation of Ireland from Great Britain. Whether this means that he will not favour a generous measure of local self-government, as proposed by Mr. Balfour, is not clear, though it is probable that there will be no change in the Government policy.

FOUR naval cadets were, a few weeks since, dismissed from the English training ship *Britannia* for the reprehensible practice of "fagging money." The last two words are the euphemism used to describe a practice which had grown up among the cadets and simply mean the forcible appropriation by the senior boys of the money and valuables of the new-comers. We are indebted to the circumstance as having furnished occasion for a lengthy article in the *Spectator* on "School Fagging." This article, while admitting that in the special form of appropriating valuables, the thing is hardly defensible, is nevertheless an elaborate defence of the practice of school "fagging." By most of those who have been born and bred in the democratic atmosphere of the New World, the *Spectator's* course of reasoning will be followed with curiosity, not unmixed with amazement at the way of looking at human nature and its rights which it seems still prevails in Old World circles and even in the editorial rooms of a Liberal-Unionist newspaper of the highest standing. The writer defines fagging as "the right exercised by the older boy to make the younger do what he likes, and what the younger one generally dislikes." This right (?) when abused, naturally turns into "bullying," which is, of course, a reprehensible thing and not to be tolerated. Unfortunately we are not taught where to draw the line which separates between "fagging" and "bullying." We are not even left quite sure whether "fagging money"—which the *Spectator* does not exactly approve, though it confesses to feeling more sympathy for those who were expelled for practising it than for "the victims of their childish villainy"—is to be regarded as a species of bullying or not. We should have supposed that there are to an English boy at school some things worth more and to be more sacredly cherished than money, and that his right, or what we have always supposed to be such, to bodily freedom so far as other boys are concerned, was one of these. Of the two things, we feel sure that the average Canadian school-boy would rather give up his watch or his purse, than surrender his personal liberty so far as to become a slave to the whims of another, simply because that other was older and bigger. But we did not mean to argue the case but only to quote, as an argumentative curiosity, a few sentences from the *Spectator's* article. "One of the best ways to prevent its abuse ('fagging' is the use, 'bullying' the abuse) is for the authorities openly to recognize it, and to make their own limits as to its exercise." Fagging, we are assured again and again, "cannot be abolished." Given a community of some two hundred boys or so, of different ages and of different sizes, it is inevitable that the natural law will assert itself among them and that the stronger will seek to impose their will upon the weaker. The thing must be, and cannot possibly be helped." And so, after half a column of similar reasoning from the inevitable, the next step is, of course, to show that the whole thing, within limits which no attempt is made to define, is beneficent: "The fond mother may exclaim in horror at the idea of her own boy performing such menial

offices as brushing the clothes or preparing the breakfast of another; but then she has no idea of the benefit of that discipline." We should think not! "It is the making of some unruly and unlicked little cubs, who would otherwise have grown up into the most unpleasant kind of young men; and the responsibility of the authority is very often quite as beneficial to those who exercise it." But why then should not the discipline of losing his money and his watch be equally beneficial to the smaller cadet on shipboard, and the responsibility of carrying the former and spending the latter be equally beneficial to the bigger one who so magnanimously loads himself with that responsibility? Some of our readers may, perhaps, like ourselves, have a notion or tradition that yielding to brute force and accepting a position of involuntary servitude is the very thing to take the spirit and manliness out of a boy, and that the assumption and exercise of despotic authority, by virtue of might, not right, is equally well adapted to take that regard for the rights and liberties of others, which is one of the attributes of the highest manliness, out of boy or man. But then we are only colonists, and cannot be expected to understand these things.

THE result of the elections of last week in several States of the Union is pretty clearly, as we inferred from the scanty data at hand last week, what is called in sporting parlance, "a draw." The Republican success in Ohio is to some extent, though not fully, offset by the Democratic victory in New York. Moreover, there is evidently some truth—just how much it is impossible to determine—in the Democratic claim that the silver coinage, not the tariff question, was the chief factor in defeating their candidate and producing McKinley's large majority. If the moral result of the contest, which has undoubtedly been to give fresh courage and hope to the Republicans, should be likewise to convince the Democrats of the necessity of casting aside secondary issues and working together for their best man and best measures, their chances will still be perhaps about even in the Presidential elections. Meanwhile the educational discussion of the Tariff question will still go on. The independent, or "Mugwump," element will probably grow stronger month by month, and increase the uncertainty of the situation. Much, almost everything, in fact—when other things are so nearly equal—will depend upon the men selected by the respective parties. Such selection is always one of the great difficulties and dangers of the parties under the American system, and the attitude of the Mugwumps tends to make it more and more a critical question.

THOSE who have followed with sympathetic interest the fortunes of the Congressional party, which seems really to have been the Constitutional party in Chili, through and since the civil war, will be glad to learn of the complete triumph of constitutionalism in the recent Presidential election. The presence of a Provisional Government or ruler, no matter how justifiable or necessary, is always an element of danger to freedom in any State. The election of Admiral Montt by a sweeping majority restores the Republic to its normal position and places the choice of the people at the head of the nation. Under the restored Constitutional Government and after the discovery and defeat of the plot to attempt its overthrow, it seems altogether probable that the difficulty with the United States Government will be peaceably adjusted. If it be true, as is very likely, that the victorious Congressionals have not forgiven the United States for the pursuit and capture of the vessel which was violating their neutrality laws, a little further reflection must convince President Montt and his advisers that the Washington Government merely did its duty in that matter. If, on the other hand, it be true, as the officers of the British ship *Champion* are said to have declared, that the United States steamer *Baltimore* acted as a spy on the movements of the Congressional forces, and reported them to the Balmacedists, the U. S. Government will surely not hesitate to call Minister Egan to account and replace him with a Minister who better understands the duties of his office. It cannot be that he so shamefully violated the laws of neutrality with the knowledge and consent of his Government. The slaughter in this fratricidal struggle was horrible, but the Chilians have unquestionably many of the elements of which strong nations are made, and as the party now in power stood for freedom and self-government, against despotism, one can but wish them a long season of peace, good government and national prosperity.

THE first onset in the prosecution of Professor Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary, of New York, for heresy, has terminated in favour of the accused. The Professor began the proceedings with a defence in which, while admitting the jurisdiction of the court, he urged many and cogent objections to the charges and specifications, on legal grounds. This was followed up with a denial of the substance of the charges themselves, Professor Briggs declaring especially that he had never "made any statements or taught any doctrine that in the slightest degree would impair what he had ever regarded as a cardinal doctrine, that the Holy Scriptures are the only infallible rule of faith and practice." On the conclusion of the reading of the paper which embodied this defence, a motion to dismiss the case was made and carried by a majority of 94 to 39. It would seem that Dr. Briggs' defence must have produced a powerful impression, for it was not expected that any test vote would show any such majority in his favour. It is probably incorrect to infer, as some journals have done, that the result may be accepted as showing that "two-thirds of the Presbyterians of New York city are adherents of Dr. Briggs," though it is probably true that two-thirds of them are opposed to trying him for heresy on the ground of what he said in the famous inaugural address. It is believed that the case will be carried to the Synod, and, in any event, an appeal is pretty sure to be taken from the Synod to the General Assembly. The full statement made by Dr. Briggs has not yet come to hand, but it seems impossible to doubt that he has made a very strong point in maintaining that the statements of belief which he did and does actually make, to which exception is taken, are none of them denounced as heresies in the standards of the Church, to which alone, and as they stand, the appeal must be made. The charge can be brought home to him, he maintains, only by a new interpretation of the meaning of the Standards, and that would be equivalent to the construction of a new creed for the occasion. Such we understand to be the substance of his legal argument, and, as we have said, it must have had great weight with the Presbytery. When we go further and enquire into the merits of the case, apart from any question of the meaning of Church standards, there can be no doubt that very many of the more intelligent and liberal-minded of the Presbyterians who will meet in Synod or Assembly, though perhaps not a majority of them, are opposed to the trial on principle, as tending to fetter the minds of the devout scholars of the Church in their search for truth. The matters in question, as *e. g.* that touching the authorship of the Pentateuch, or of the latter part of Isaiah's Prophecy, are, they say, merely matters of evidence, to be decided solely on historical and critical grounds, and do not involve any cardinal truth of revelation. It would, therefore, be opposed to the whole spirit of Christianity, and of the age, for any ecclesiastical court virtually to decree that any scholar under its jurisdiction who may enter upon such studies, however honestly and devoutly, must do so with a sword of ecclesiastical censure hanging over his head, ready to descend the moment he reaches a conclusion differing in any respect from that reached by the scholars of the Church who have preceded him, though with greatly inferior means and facilities for arriving at truth. This course of reasoning is certainly cogent, if not unanswerable.

BRAZIL bids fair to be the next South American Republic to be shaken to its centre by civil war. As it was for a time with Chili, so now in regard to Brazil, it is difficult to get a reliable view of the situation. A recent special to the New York *Herald*, from Rio Janeiro, represents the action of President Fonseca as generally approved in that city. But as Janeiro is in the hands of the President—now a self-constituted Dictator—and as martial law has been proclaimed, the despatches from that city may well be taken with a large pinch of salt. In ancient Rome a patriotic citizen was sometimes made dictator for the salvation of the Republic, with good results, but it is to be feared that Cincinnatuses are scarce in South American republics. Dictator Fonseca, moreover, seems to lack the very essential qualification of a call from the people to that high office. In his manifesto he launches serious charges of conspiracy and treason against the members of the late Congress, and other alleged enemies of the Republic, assumes full responsibility for the dissolution of Congress and assumption of arbitrary power, and "guarantees free elections, a constitutional government, with peace and good order." There will be, he declares, no alteration of existing laws, except, as he significantly adds, in cases

where they are opposed to the common good and the safety of the Government. His opponents, could they be heard, would no doubt tell a different story. It is very suggestive that the contest in Brazil, like that in Chili, is between the President with the army, on the one side, and Congress and the people on the other. Unfortunately for the latter, the President in this case has probably control of the navy as well. When, on the abdication of the Emperor, Dom Pedro, General Fonseca was chosen by Congress as provisional head of the Republic, it was no doubt the intention that the arrangement should be but temporary. There is evidently a fascination in the exercise of great power, and General Fonseca seems to have felt it and to have decided to retain the position as long as possible. While he complains that his administration was constantly embarrassed by the reactionary projects of Congress, the latter, on the other hand, accuses him of having used the veto power in a way which prevented the inauguration of governmental and financial reforms. The result was that his measures were voted down, in retaliation, and he finally deprived of the veto power. Of the two stories, that of his opponents has certainly the more verisimilitude. There is great reason to fear that the country is on the eve of a prolonged and bloody conflict, the issue of which may be seriously complicated by the presence and influence of those, probably not few in number, who would be glad to see Dom Pedro brought back and the monarchy restored. Much depends upon the extent to which the President can count upon the loyalty of the army and navy, but if the struggle comes, and it is not easy just now to see how it can be avoided, it is not unlikely that the forces on the side of freedom and constitutional government may triumph in the end, for at the first tokens of success the popular sympathies are pretty sure to gravitate in this direction.

WE had occasion to refer last week to an important obligation which interferes to some extent, or should do so, with the freedom of the Canadian Government to make "purely domestic regulations," in the shape of differential tolls on her canals. The English papers which came to hand last week deal with a situation in some respects analogous—if we may compare small things with great—in their discussions of the passage in Mr. Gladstone's Newcastle speech referring to the Egyptian occupation. The whole tenor of the discussion is changed according as that passage is or is not interpreted in the light of the pledge given by the British Government at the time of the bombardment of Alexandria, ten years ago, that the occupation should be but temporary. The *Times*, *St. James' Gazette* and other influential Tory journals dwell eloquently upon the great and undeniable blessings which a decade of British justice, humanity and energy have brought upon that previously ill-fated land. Says the *Gazette*:—

They (the few score of quiet Englishmen, who are the virtual rulers of Egypt) have pushed back barbarism into its deserts, and kept it there; they have lightened the taxes of a people ground down for centuries by the infamous Eastern revenue system; they have abolished the slavery of the *corvées*; they have made the life and property of the peasant secure, have irrigated his fields and drained his towns, and fought the cholera-fiend for him, and are saving his handful of grain for him from the pasha, and his pittance of salt from the tax-collector. He is no longer cut to pieces by the Kourbash; no longer plundered by a greedy gang of officials and left to rot among the unimaginable horrors of an Eastern gaol, if he does not pay. He enjoys such peace and safety as perhaps he has not known since the days of the Pharaohs. We are treating him like a man and making a man of him. If all this is not literally true, there is at least so much truth in it that no genuine Englishman would consent, if it were possible to refuse without perpetrating a greater wrong, or bringing a greater evil, to have the British troops withdrawn from Egypt without ample security being had against possibility of relapse into barbarism. But not even all this would excuse a sacrifice of the national honour, or the adoption of any course which could justify the epithet "perfidious," which her enemies have so often striven to attach to the name of Albion. In view of all that English occupation has done and is doing for Egypt, it surely should not be difficult to reach some agreement with the Great Powers for securing the continuance of the work of reform and progress before the final evacuation of the country. It is not impossible that a statesmanlike agreement for its permanent occupation, or annexation, might be reached. But, when one recalls the solemn obligation of the pledge, and the growing resentment of France, it does not strike one that there was anything so very startling in Mr. Gladstone's expres-

sion of a hope that Lord Salisbury, before he dissolves Parliament, may be able to make arrangements for a final withdrawal of the British troops. In view of Mr. Gladstone's general support of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, it is by no means impossible that the latter may have seen in the words, as the *Daily News* suggests, an offer of contingent support in an effort to find some solution for a very grave problem, involving the national honour. Nor can we refrain from the thought that great as are the blessings conferred upon the Egyptians by British rule, the ultimate test of their value must be the raising of the natives to a position in which they will be capable of continuing the system, and thus perpetuating the blessing for themselves. That would be a vastly greater boon than permanent occupation.

THE REORGANIZATION OF THE CABINET.

FIFTH ARTICLE.

THE announcement made at the close of last week that the Chapleau difficulty was at an end lifted the curtain on the Reorganization. *Le Canada*, which certainly often gets very trustworthy information, says Ouimet will become Secretary of State, Chapleau Minister of Agriculture, and Angers, Minister of Railways. It is not unlikely that it was always intended to give Angers the Railways and the Public Works to some Ontario man. Whether Chapleau goes to the Department of Agriculture or not we do not know; but it is clear the three French-Canadian Ministers are to be the men named. It is said Meredith is coming in from Ontario; but the object of these articles is not political gossip, but to discuss the principles on which the reorganization should proceed.

As the *Hamilton Spectator* says, the people expect Mr. Abbott "to strengthen the Cabinet, not to weaken it," and "to call to his Councils the best talent in the party." In forming a Cabinet—(and to reorganize is to form)—the grand aim should be a strong Government. This will depend on the power in the House of Commons and in the country of the men comprising it, and this again will have a strict relation to their integrity and ability. To be more particular—a Minister should be capable of discharging the duty of his Department. This is a truism, and it would be ridiculous to state it, did not the history of administrations in all countries furnish many instances of the grossest official incompetence.

When the Directors of the C.P.R. wanted a head to manage their road they chose a man of experience, of energy, of resource. Unfortunately special knowledge is rarely to be had among the men from whom a Premier must select his Ministers. Yet in most Departments that special knowledge must either be possessed at starting, or must be acquired, if the Minister is to be efficient. It would take at least one year of careful application on the part of a man ignorant of printing before as Secretary of State he could pretend to play the part of head to that function of his Secretariat—the Printing Bureau. A man of energy, capacity for detail, will, can master any Department. If he cannot or will not do this he is simply a figure head, a mockery, a *roi fainéant* and the Deputy head is the real Minister. Fancy Mr. Shaughnessy unable to answer Van Horne on any subject without calling in some subordinate officer. Yet what is the spectacle frequently witnessed when Ministers are putting through their estimates? Those who have presided over the North-West and Manitoba, or who were with one exception otherwise incapacitated, and the blunders of that Department it has taken nine years' fighting to rectify, and they are not all gone yet. At the head of the Department of Agriculture for some time was the late John Henry Pope, a man of great native ability who had a good knowledge of farming. But the cares of party management, to some extent, rested on him, and he never gave the full force of his mind to solving the great problem for Canada—*how to secure suitable immigrants and enough of them*. Besides he was hampered by the imbecility of the Interior closing up the Mile Belt and Southern Manitoba. He was followed by Mr. Carling, who in one important wing of his Department has been singularly successful. But the immigration wing was clipped and paralyzed with a vengeance, until two sessions ago, when under pressure from outside the Government woke to a sense of its desperate shortsightedness and in this particular, treason, to Canada's future. In an architect, or an engineer, who had the political qualifications, we should find the fit man for the Public Works; but for hardly any Department can we get experts. Hence the necessity of minds so trained as to be able to master new subjects; a lawyer, nominal or real, always fills the Justice portfolio.

If a Minister is unfit it is treason to the people of Canada not to dismiss him. In England a premier will let an incompetent colleague drop if he cannot provide for him, and a new leader of a party feels himself in the least bound to the colleagues of his immediate predecessor because of belonging to the same party. In Canada if we have an incompetent Minister, forced or foisted or intrigued, no matter how, into the Ministry, he cannot be got out except by giving him a palace and from \$7,000 to \$10,000 a year for five years, with "pickings," and in his new position at the head of the Provincial Society the

regulation thing is to entertain about once a year and salt down the cash.

But to return. Suppose Van Horne could not employ men on their merits or could not dismiss an incompetent officer unless he could pension him—what a difference there would be in the showing of the C.P.R.! Shaughnessy is a great railway man. No doubt the moment Van Horne's quick, mind-reading glance rested on him, he knew his man. If the principles of politics obtained, before the Manager-President could procure his quick abilities for the road, he would have to consider the tender feelings of some one or other; then what church he attends; then perhaps find out whether he was orthodox on some irrelevant question like—for illustration—the return of the Jews to Palestine. Meanwhile Shaughnessy would be growing old. Good years and good service would be lost, a Department be disgracefully mismanaged, and the hypothetical political Van Horne would have imperilled his immortal soul and fretted himself to a shadow.

A Minister should be able to explain what is going on in his Department. He ought to be able to defend it. Better still, he should so run it that it would be above defence. He should be a strength on general questions in and out of Parliament. He ought to be able to evolve some fruitful idea—read the history of administrations—from how many Ministers has one new idea, one wise plan, ever emanated? Sir Francis Hincks has been lauded to the skies for a little contrivance by which he drove light-weight Yankee silver out of the country. He deserved praise. But he is responsible for a superannuation act by which the people of Canada now pay nearly a quarter of a million annually and receive about \$60,000 a year! Those who have vested rights should not be touched. But is it not time that a good actuary were called in and this matter placed on a sound basis? One of the great achievements of nearly every new Minister, Grit or Tory, has been the billeting of new clerks in his Department, generally relatives, sometimes not relatives and yet curiously related.

To have a strong Government you must have, to use the language of the theatre, a strong caste. Laughter from pit, boxes and gallery is invited when "supers" play leading parts. Nothing stamps Sir Robert Peel more truly as a great man than the band of Peelites, with Gladstone at their head, he left behind him.

At the present moment that part of the power of the late leader which no ability can seize, and the loss of which must be provided for, should be remembered. When Pitt resigned in 1801, Mr. Addington took into his Cabinet some of his predecessor's men. But he did not feel bound to take all who would come in—an instance of a certain strength of character. Yet, being a man essentially mediocre, he never realized the enormous gap the absence of Pitt's personality and eloquence made. Anyway, he utterly failed to fill or minimize it. With a Titanic strife going forward in Europe, and Napoleon preparing to invade England, he entrusted the War Office to Mr. Yorke, and the Navy to the feeble hands of Earl St. Vincent. He was well supported by Pitt's Parliament, and, on going to the country in 1802, he secured a House of Commons in which he was sustained by an overwhelming majority. Yet the weakness of the Government in talent was so palpable that large votes could not hold public confidence, and the majority went down to fifty, then to thirty-seven, and the Ministry, feeling that the heart of the country had turned against it, ignominiously pronounced its own demise. It faded away before the wide-spread perception of its debility, and this deep sense of its weakness was mainly caused by having a blockhead, like Lord St. Vincent, at the head of the Admiralty—the Admiralty being equal in importance, relatively speaking, to one of our great Departments. What may be done by ability in a Government and in a Department was shown by the contrast between the vigour and decision of Mr. Pitt and the helplessness of Addington, by the rapidity with which Lord Melville restored the Navy from decrepitude and decay to such efficiency that, at the close of the first session, the King was able to congratulate Parliament on England's high state of preparedness for war. Had Pitt acted on Canadian principles he would have kept Earl St. Vincent at the Admiralty, let the Navy go to the deuce, and the Corsican vulture redder his beak in the blood of Liberty. Pitt took some of Addington's men, among them Lord Eldon. Take another Tory reorganization, not without in some respects a parallel, we hope, of happy omen to the crisis of a few months ago, which calls for reorganization with us to-day. On Mr. Percival's death in 1812 Lord Liverpool formed an administration, retaining a large number of the former Ministry, among them being Palmerston (Secretary at War), Marquis Wellesley, Lord Eldon, Castlereagh. But look at the men with whom he reinforced his Cabinet—Mr. Robert Peel (afterwards Sir Robert, the great leader and Parliamentarian), George Canning, one of the greatest of orators and statesmen, Viscount Melville, F. J. Robinson, W. Huskisson, Mr. Plunkett.

Again, on the death of Mr. Canning, in 1827, Lord Goderich took the reins of government. Mr. Huskisson was to lead in the Commons. But difficulties arose and Goderich resigned without meeting Parliament. "He took with him from office," says a competent critic, "a high and honourable character, but he left neither his king nor his country impressed with any high idea of his energy and decision, or of his power and skill to grapple with difficulties or control jarring spirits." In the band of adventurers who placed Louis Napoleon on the throne of France many were able and his earlier Ministers were character-

ized by capacity. But as these fell away he replaced them by weak men, and the world knows the result. The Mackenzie Government in Canada, sustained though it was by large majorities in the House, was soon felt to be feeble by the country, which declared its opinion on the first opportunity.

Sir John Macdonald's name had come to be regarded as a synonym of success. His prestige was the growth of half a century. At least three generations of Conservatives had grown up, trained to believe in "John A." He had done great things. He had overcome all his foes. He had again and again led his party to victory. His power of inspiring confidence was phenomenal. No leader ever surpassed him, few ever equalled him, in inspiring affection among his followers. This, indeed, was one of the master notes in the native greatness of the man. The love for him, of those who knew him well, was filial, and unfairness, cruelty, ingratitude, were unable to wholly shake their attachment. He loomed larger than he was, as Tennyson describes Arthur, as he moved through the misty night to his mysterious, shadowy doom, and his prestige was an intangible but effective power. He could hold the public mind under conditions no other leader can ever hope to do in Canada. His very mistakes were taken as strokes of genius, and the sinister means, soothing to the envy of the mass, to which he at times resorted, came to be regarded as the necessary adjuncts of statesmanship. From his failings, his virtues, in the "general censure," took no corruption. The magic of illusion was over him, and, happy in all things, he passed away before the nimbus of popular consecration was dispelled. To form a strong Government is therefore not only a duty but it is the only means of counterbalancing his stupendous loss as a popular force.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

P.S.—In the fourth article of this series two printer's errors occurred. In the sentence "if swept away, we might hope that a Government would be formed, whether Bleu or Rouge we care not," the printer had "Orange" for "Rouge." And again, "demonstrated that boodling, even when astute and daring, does not combine among its seductions the allurements of ultimate success," instead of "seductions" the printer had "deductions." N.F.D.

PARIS LETTER.

"I WAS ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population." So said the Vicar of Wakefield. Just now the French are all "talkee, talkee" respecting the decadence of the population to the extent of nearly 40,000 during 1890, and that after an era of peace and material progress, to say nothing of the immigration of foreigners. Evidently the Gauls are a dying-out race when compared with the Anglo-Saxon, the Slav and the Teutonic races, whose fecundity is remarkable. In presence of this onward but not unexpected stride in Malthusianism the explanatory causes adduced are amusing. The *Temps*, the sober ministerial journal, attributes the dwindling away of the inhabitants to the phylloxera. The monarchal press traces the evil to the progress of Godlessness; the Bonapartists and Orleanists to the republican constitution; the philosophers to the revolution, which has crushed out the principle of respect in the nation and enthroned selfishness and materialism.

Is the British evacuation of Egypt bound up with the dismemberment of Morocco? Many here think so, and this is why the French expedition against Touah may result in the annexation of the oasis of Figuig. The latter is now touched by the provincial railway of Oran. Spain will not rest indifferent to any slicing of Morocco; unfortunately all the European powers are also resolved to secure a footing in that naturally rich but barbaric realm.

The railway employees have concluded their congress. It is not very clear what progress they have reported; they claim to be still engaged in the gestation of syndicating, and when all that shall have been effected the groups hope to be in a position to press home their reforms on the companies. A night meeting was devoted to try the founder of the syndicate—in his absence—for some missing postal order of fifty francs. The discussion did not enhance the business capacity of the meeting, nor impress the impartial observer with a high sense of justice and gratitude. The railway companies apparently are not in any dread of ever having to face a universal strike. The public expected that the proceedings would at least touch on a subject they are sensibly interested in, the cause of the terrible accidents, of late so common. There was no allusion to that matter. The Minister of Commerce has appeared as the guardian angel of the railway public; he has appointed a staff of ambulatory inspectors who will be always on the "road," and whose attention is to be particularly fixed upon the punctual departure and arrivals of the trains.

The possibility of the new prohibitive tariff converting Spain into another Italy, with its ultimately drifting into the Triple Alliance, has produced a great sensation. Every country is up in arms against the exclusive protectionism of France, that neither the Government nor moderate opinion supports. The demanding of an additional twelve months to calmly negotiate reciprocal treaties with several nations is a gain for common sense commerce. The protectionists will certainly kick, but they dare not vote out the Ministry, as Cabinet stability is reported to be the *sine qua non* of the Franco-Russian Alliance, an alliance that

Deputy Lockroy, as well as others, would give their eyes to know if such really exists on paper. A hostile Spain on the flank of France would change the chances of the latter most profoundly in her complications with the Triple Alliance.

There are 50,000 dangerous criminals in Paris whom the Prefect de Police and the magistrates cannot convict or expel owing to a defect in the law due to the philanthropists. Public opinion exacts that the law be amended *au galop*, so as to enable the Prefect to commence the moral cleansing of the capital, where the tide of crime is rising, rising. Paris was purer when the police had the power to compel suspicious denizens, loafers and waiters on providence not to reside within a distance of forty miles of the capital. That was the exile line. Napoleon I. condemned troublesome political adversaries—Madame de Staël for example—not to cross it on pain of having to pass over the border. In time of war foreigners are also requested to leave Paris and camp outside the line for the suspicious.

M. Wilfrid de Fonville, the well-known publicist, has delivered before the Association Philotechnique a lecture on the discovery of the telephone, which is making a noise. The lecturer maintained that the discovery of the idea of the telephone is due to a Frenchman, M. Bourseul, who expounded his "find" immediately after the execution of the 1851 *coup d'état*, when public opinion was absorbed in any but scientific studies; now Bourseul had only electricity, not an electro-magnet, to aid his experiments. His idea in time was taken up in Frankfort and completed by a poor schoolmaster, who exhibited the apparatus thirty years ago. But the German savants entered on the scene, and claimed, at the 1864 congress, the telephone to be the invention of southern Germany. It was at this stage that Graham Bell gave another form to the apparatus. In thus perfecting the instrument he became a millionaire, while the real inventor, as ever, died of poverty and despair.

The prosecution of the Archbishop of Aix for employing insulting language in a letter addressed to his superior in functionaryism, the Minister of Justice and of Public Religion, will not be pushed to extreme lengths. The unpleasantness arose out of the misconduct of some French pilgrims at Rome. Public opinion is dead against opening up religious strife, and the French Government does not desire to annoy either the Vatican or the Quirinal. The belief still haunts the French that Italy can be weaned from the Triple Alliance, and that stroking the Italians down the grain, executing a fair commercial treaty with them, etc., might, aided by M. de Giers, effect this harmony between the Latin Sisters. If Russia and France tempted Italy with Tripolitania and a morsel of Morocco, that would sorely try her Triple Alliance allegiance. It must be remembered that it was the influence of France which decided Italy not to join England in the occupation of Egypt when France repudiated her bond. And it was the seizure of Tunisia only that turned Italy against France.

As a political institution, Free Masonry is very powerful in France; it has become identified with republicanism and free thought. The Jews form an active and potential element in the craft. Between the Masons and the Vatican there is no love lost; perhaps it was the phrase, "Free Masonry, that oldest daughter of Satan," which the Archbishop of Aix employed in his letter as a taunt to the advanced republicans, that led to his prosecution. The Free Thinkers have just held their congress; they protest against "the clerical party"—"the Trojan horse" being admitted into the republic; they demand, in a word, that everything religious connected with the working of the republic be extirpated and replaced by science and laical morality; they urge the Italians to sweep away the Quirinal, and that no one in France be entrusted with any state appointment, however humble, who has been educated in a Jesuit's Seminary. That does not look like "peace on earth and good will towards men."

The general lines of the current Budget have been voted; the majority of the deputies accept it as all right; the republican minority, led by the clever Pelletan, assert it leaves much to be desired. The total annual expenditure of France is rapidly running up to four millions of francs; the more money extracted from her the more she appears to possess. The Minister of Finance made the extraordinary assertion that although France had a national debt one-third higher than any other country, Americans claimed at one time to have run up the biggest national debt—still the taxation was less in France than elsewhere. In theory that may be; but in practice the tax-gatherer's bills destroy all poetry on the subject. I remember when the midget republic of San Marino was groaning under the weight of its national debt—21,000 frs.—and that a financial cataclysm was nearly produced when it was proposed to wipe out the debt by slices of 4,000 frs. yearly.

Z.

Generosity is the flower of justice.—*Hawthorne.*

It is stated that the highest place in the world regularly inhabited is the Buddhist monastery Halne, in Thibet, which is about 16,000 ft. above sea level; the next highest, Galera, a railway station in Peru, which is located at a height of 15,635 ft. Near it, at the same level, a railway tunnel 3,847 ft. in length is being driven through the mountains. The elevation of the city of Potosi, in Bolivia, is 13,330 ft.; Cuzco, Peru, 11,380 ft.; La Paz, Bolivia, 10,883 ft.; and Leadville, Colo., 10,200 ft.

IMMORTALITY.

If grains of sand could watch their own advance,
From rock—through flower or fire—to ether skies,
Despair and Death, in their unreasoning eyes,
Would make each change of seeming fate or chance;
Yet through each phase—to man's prophetic glance—
Their substance still endures,—whate'er the guise,
Eternal, indestructible, it lies,
The plastic slave of life and circumstance.
If then the atom knows no loss,—shall Life,
The Master, Former, Mover of the clod,
Decay or Die? Annihilate the soul!
The Angels, Death or Darkness, wield no knife
Whose power can cut from man the germ of God,
Or hurl his life from the eternal whole.

ARTHUR COX.

PROMINENT CANADIANS—XXXVIII.

SKETCHES of the following Prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Louis Honoré Fréchette, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander McLachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapple, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sandford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir William Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., Rev. Principal MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., George Paxton Young, M.A., Hon. Auguste Real Angers, Principal Caven, D.D., William Ralph Meredith, LL.D., Q.C., M.P.P., Sir William Pearce Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., Senator the Hon. John Macdonald, the Hon. John Hawkins Hagarty, D.C.L., Chief Justice of Ontario, Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison, Sir Antoine Aimé Dorion, His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, Charles Mair, F.R.S.C., Chief Justice Allen, Sir John Thompson, K.C.M.G., Archibald Lampman, John Cook, D.D., LL.D., and Grant Allen.

EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART, D.D.

THE Rev. Dr. Dewart is a marked personality. For many years he has been a prominent factor in the literary life of Canada and in the councils and work of the Church of which he is an honoured member. While nearly the whole of his life has been devoted to the service of his adopted country, he is a native of the green island to which Canada is indebted for so many of its most valued citizens. He combines, by heredity, the qualities of three countries, as his paternal ancestors were originally from Scotland, and his mother was born in England. Moved by the impulse to seek more favourable conditions of life in this new country, his parents came to Canada in 1834, and settled in the county of Peterboro', Ont. Here young Dewart spent twelve years in that school of practical activity, a bush farm. Few conditions are more favourable for developing sturdy energy and manly self-reliance than his youthful environment, as the history of so many country-bred boys, now our foremost citizens, attests; of these results Dr. Dewart is a conspicuous example. The educational advantages of rural Canada in the "thirties" were very defective, but young Dewart made the best of what there were. All education worth anything, however, must be largely self-education. "The true university of these days," says Carlyle, "is a collection of books." And Hartley Dewart eagerly devoured all the books he could lay his hands on in the whole country side. Among these were many of the English classics with which he stored his mind, and from whose "wells of English undefiled" he derived largely his strong, clear, literary style. We have heard him quote page after page of Milton, Young, and other stately poets whom he deeply studied in those early days.

The most potent influence, however, we judge, in his mental development was that noblest of all classics, "the English Bible." Its stately rhythm, its moral sublimity, its religious teachings more than anything else served to mould his character and train his mind. The noble forest scenery and the varied pageant of the seasons also profoundly impressed his poetic imagination, and in many of his later poems his love of nature finds strong expression.

In his fifteenth year, under the earnest preaching of a faithful Methodist missionary, the late John Williams, he was roused to a sense of his relations to the unseen and eternal, and underwent the great moral crisis which we call conversion. With every religious awakening there comes also an intellectual quickening; and young Dewart more ardently than ever embraced every opportunity for improving his education. It is not wonderful that as he approached manhood he should hunger after ampler means for intellectual culture.

In his nineteenth year he resolved to seek the best preparation that could be obtained for the career of the public-school teacher. One November day in 1847, therefore, with characteristic energy he set out to walk all the way to Toronto, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, to attend the Normal School. We have heard him say that when he crossed the Don bridge, foot-worn and weary, he observed that the people on the street walked at a more rapid pace, and unconsciously found himself imitating their gait. It was an augury of his future life. He has kept pace with the march of the times.

Into the studies of the Normal School he threw himself with ardour, and still speaks with gratitude of the wise influence and kindness of the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, then Minister of Education, and of Dr. Ormiston, then a leading spirit of the school.

For a few years, three or four, he followed the profession of teacher, in which he was highly successful. His

THE MEANING OF THE WORD
"TORONTO."*—I.

THERE has been a long continued tradition in these parts of two interpretations of the Indian word "Toronto"; how or when these interpretations began to circulate amongst us, I cannot recall. I certainly heard of them from the earliest moment of my residence here. They were generally understood to be meanings given by Indian interpreters of a former period, and certain reasons were usually assigned for the explanation of the word in the two several meanings given to it.

"Place of Meeting" was supposed to refer to certain gatherings of the Indian bands or tribes at this spot periodically, for purposes of traffic, or for hunting expeditions, or it may be for hostile excursions. "Trees in the Water" on the other hand was imagined with considerable plausibility to be a reference to certain trees which aforesaid used to appear here and there along the whole length of our island, or peninsula, as it then really was, which trees must have been notable land marks for canoes, or other small craft then coasting about on the edges of our lake. Indians, we know, everywhere made use of landmarks of this sort from a kind of necessity.

We, white people, formed from Indian expressions euphonious and poetical local names, but to the Indian himself the native term was a simple matter-of-fact designation, employed for practical purposes; there was no such special sentiment in the word to him, as it seems to possess in our minds at the present time.

Years ago when I first became acquainted with these interpretations, no semblance of authority could be produced beyond that to which I have alluded for either of them; they were held to be simply the allegations of ordinary Indian interpreters, and these were well known to be generally men of no very high qualifications, but simply possessing an acquaintance with their own dialect, or that of perhaps one or two neighbouring tribes; and it was remarkable that uncertainty very often characterized their own explanations, and on giving one meaning another would subsequently be added, which the word might bear, if a slight change were made in its form or sound. It was thus that the two several meanings of "Toronto" were regarded as the alternative so often proposed to the hearer's acceptance by Indian interpreters.

The first person, if my memory serves me, who in my hearing expressed opinions more intelligently than usual on this question, was the late Hon. H. J. Boulton of Holland House, Toronto, who took an especial interest in the name Toronto, at the time when it was seriously proposed to restore its use as a designation of this locality, instead of "York," which for some forty years had been made to do duty for that purpose.

For this happy recovery of a fine Indian local name, the country was indebted in a great measure to the exertions of Mr. Boulton, who had much to do with the passing of the Provincial Act of Parliament in 1834, which authoritatively changed the name of the place from York to Toronto, and my impression is, that in the interpretation of the word he gave the preference to "Place of Meeting"; but I do not remember ever hearing any early documentary evidence quoted in the discussion of the question. The case is very different now—early French documents are accessible to us through reprints, and also early French maps, which amongst ourselves, here in Upper Canada at all events, were scarcely known to exist in 1834, when our city assumed the name of Toronto. These documents and maps of course throw great light upon the subject; we learn from them at once that somewhat more than two hundred years ago the name "Toronto" did not belong to the spot where it is now indelibly fixed. It was applied to a region, waters, and bands of Indians at a considerable distance to the north of the present Toronto, thickly inhabited by Hurons; whilst the site of the present Toronto was then known by the name of *Teiaiaagon*.

Thus we have in Pierre Margery's "Memoires et Documents," Vol. II., p. 115, the following extract from a letter written by the famous La Salle, dated August 22, in the year 1680: "To take up again the course of my journey—I set off last year from Teiaiaagon on the 22nd of August, and reached the shores of Lake Toronto on the 23rd, where I arrested two of my deserters."

From this we see that on August 22nd he was at Teiaiaagon—that is to say the locality known afterwards as Toronto, and the day following he arrived on the banks of Lake Toronto, as he very distinctly speaks—that is to say on the banks of Lake Simcoe, as we should speak, where he arrested two men who had been plundering his goods. We thus see that "Teiaiaagon" and the shores of Lake Toronto are two different localities, distant a day's journey one from the other.

This same Teiaiaagon is again referred to by La Salle in his remarks on the proceedings of Count Frontenac, forwarded by him to the authorities in Paris in the year 1684 (given in the documentary History of the State of New York, Vol. IX., p. 218).

He there speaks of Teiaiaagon as a place to which Indians from the North, to whom he gives the general name of Outaouacs, came down to traffic with people from the other side of the lake, that is New Englanders; and he stated it as an advantage accruing from the existence of Fort

* A paper read before the Pioneer and Historical Society of the County of York, Ont., October 6th, 1891, by the President, the Rev. Dr. Scadding.

Dr. Dewart has been also an able contributor to the *Methodist Quarterly Review* of New York, and has struck off from time to time vigorous pamphlets on questions of current interest. He is a sturdy antagonist in controversy, but he never hits below the belt nor takes an unfair advantage, although his friends sometimes think that he is needlessly polemical. But he considers himself set for the defence of the truth, and boldly strikes at error, or what he conceives to be such, wherever he finds it.

About his strong and stalwart character, nevertheless, mantle some of the lighter graces of life, like a vine about the sturdy oak. He is an impassioned lover of poetry. One of his first literary services to his country was a volume of selections from Canadian poets, with critical and biographical notes and a valuable introductory essay. This book, now we are sorry to say out of print, though often asked for, brought conspicuously before the reading world many of our native singers. Dr. Dewart himself has written and published a volume of excellent verse. His poems are chiefly of the thoughtful and introspective sort: "Songs of the World Within" and "Songs of Home and Heart," as he calls them. His "Songs of the World Without" breathe an intense sympathy with nature, and his patriotic poems thrill and throb with fervour. Let us try a few stanzas of his strong "Ode to Canada"—

God bless our noble Canada!
Our broad and free Dominion!
Where law and liberty have sway;
Not one of all her sons to-day
Is tyrant's serf or minion.

Fling out our banner to the breeze,
And proudly greet the world
With words of amity and peace;
For never on more halcyon seas
Was freedom's flag unfurled.

And all that England boasts we claim
By right which none denies,
Her valour and undying fame,
Each noble deed and kingly name,
That o'er oblivion rise.

The rich inheritance of thought,
Which golden fruitage bears,
Achievements hero-hearts have wrought,
Freedom by bloody battles bought,
Are ours as well as theirs.

Our fathers fought on gory plains
To vanquish Albion's foes;
And, though between us ocean reigns,
We are no aliens—in our veins
The blood of Britain flows.

His poems are also suffused with a deeply religious spirit, and some of them have found an honoured place in the hymnology of our Church. In a noble poem in Spenserian verse, entitled "My Study," the following stanzas occur:—

As some slight fissure in the time-worn rocks
May open into caverns deep and wide,
Where endless passages, with creeks and lochs
And wondrous sights, in sunless darkness hide;
So this small room to me has oft supplied
A gateway to a new and boundless clime,
Where, led by some immortal guide,
I have with joy explored those streams sublime,
Whose waters fertilize and bless the fields of time.

What transport in my kindled bosom sprang,
As fancy wandered through long-vanished years,
Homer and Milton in their blindness sang—
Shakespeare provoked to laughter or to tears;
Now Luther thunders truths which Leo fears;
Bacon shines forth, the courtier and the sage;
Bunyan portrays a pilgrimage of tears;
Wesley rebukes the errors of his age;
Or Fox and Chatham write their names on England's page.

Dr. Dewart's last volume is entitled: "Jesus the Messiah, in Prophecy and Fulfilment." Like everything which he writes, this is a clear, strong, cogent setting forth of his mature judgment. It is one of the best expositions of the conservative, and, as many deem, the correct, views of modern scholarship with which we are acquainted. This volume has received very high commendation from the leading reviews.

Dr. Dewart is not now heard in the pulpit as often as his friends would like, though he is in frequent request for educational and anniversary sermons. As a preacher, he appeals to the intellect rather than to the emotions, and his sermons have a firm grip on the conscience. He has been all his life a strong and aggressive advocate of the temperance reform, to which he has rendered, by tongue and pen, important service. Some of his early laurels were won in the championship of the temperance cause. He is an independent thinker, a man of clear and strong convictions, which, when once formed, he holds tenaciously and proclaims without fear or favour. He has always been a man of wide views and of progressive spirit. An illustration of this is found in his lecture before the Theological Union, of Victoria College, on "Progress in Theology"—a liberal, not to say advanced, discussion of this important question. In religious and intellectual enquiry his guiding principle is expressed in the apostolic injunction, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

W. H. WITHROW.

THE influence of a powerful will in arresting or retarding the progress of a disease apparently fatal, is one of the most wonderful of all mental phenomena. A person of feeble frame, but of a determined and hopeful spirit, sometimes keeps death at bay for several weeks, months, even years, and finally, in defiance of the physicians who have sat in judgment on his case and pronounced it utterly hopeless, recovers and returns to his customary vocations.

moral earnestness and marked ability in public address led to his being called by the authorities of the Methodist Church to essay the duties of the Christian ministry. He began his life work in the vicinity of St. Thomas, Ont., and after the usual probation of four years was received into full connection and ordained as a Wesleyan Methodist minister. During his nineteen years in the itinerancy he had a wide and varied experience in ministerial labour in St. Thomas, Port Hope, Thorold, Dundas, St. Andrews on the Ottawa, Odelltown, Montreal, St. Johns, Que., Collingwood, Toronto and Ingersoll. Beginning with a rural charge, his conspicuous ability led, notwithstanding periods of ill-health, to his appointment to some of the foremost churches in Canadian Methodism.

The greater part of Dr. Dewart's ministerial career, however, has been spent as editor of the *Christian Guardian*, the official weekly of the Methodist Church. It was no light task to succeed such men as Drs. Ryerson, Richardson, Evans, Jeffers and James Spencer, in the management of the oldest and most widely-read religious paper in the Dominion. This position he has held for twenty-two years, a much longer incumbency than that of any of his predecessors. Under his management the *Guardian*, now in its sixty-second year, has grown in influence and strength, and has been a very powerful agent in stimulating the intellectual life and promoting the religious work of the Church of which it is an organ.

The Methodist Church has conferred upon Dr. Dewart almost all the honours within its gift. He has been three times Financial Secretary of his District; he has been a Delegate to every General Conference of the Methodist Church; he has been President of the Toronto Conference, and was appointed, in conjunction with the late Dr. Nelles, a delegate of the British Conference to perfect the details of the Methodist Union of 1874. He has also been a member of the Ecumenical Conference in London in 1881, and of the recent Ecumenical Conference in Washington, where he presented a valuable paper on the religious press. In addition to the discharge of his editorial functions Dr. Dewart has taken part in the chief religious movements of his church. He was one of the leading spirits in bringing about the union with the New Connection and Maritime Conferences, and in shaping the legislation which grew out of that union.

He was not in full accord with the proposed basis of the last union of the Methodist Church of Canada with the other Methodist denominations of the country, but when that union was carried into effect, he loyally gave his support to perfecting the organization of the new Church, and in carrying out its policy. He has also been for many years a member of the Senate and Board of Regents of the Victoria University, and is a member also of the Senate of Toronto University. He was one of the most effective leaders in the recent movement for the federation of Victoria University with the University of Toronto.

For many years Dr. Dewart has been a conspicuous figure in the Annual Conference. A very Rupert in debate, he won his spurs in that large legislative assembly, the Annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, embracing all the Wesleyan ministers in Ontario and Quebec. And a brilliant assembly it was, with such stalwart debaters as Drs. Ryerson, Jeffers, Nelles, Green, Williams, Rice, Elliott, Sanderson, Ryckman, and other men of mettle. Great and grave questions came before that Conference: questions effecting the Educational Policy, the Missionary Policy of the Church, the question of Lay Delegation, of Methodist Union and other important issues. In those days, when a somewhat formidable and dignified platform of "grave and reverend seigniors" used to overawe the younger members of the Conference on the floor of the House, it needed a somewhat audacious spirit to break a lance with those veteran champions; but Dr. Dewart had always the courage of his convictions and in him the doughtiest debator found a foeman worthy of his steel.

Dr. Dewart was in those times considered to be somewhat radical in his views. We well remember the brilliance of some of his addresses, and with what enthusiasm he carried with him a large part, especially the younger part, of the Conference. A man holding an official position and bearing official responsibilities, such as Dr. Dewart now shares, cannot be such a free lance in debate as a full private; but in General Conference debates and in the meetings of the Annual Conference his words have great weight, and his counsels generally prevail.

Dr. Dewart's ministerial duties and official life have not absorbed all his energies. He has been a wide reader of the best books, and has kept abreast of the intellectual movements of the times. In addition to his strong, clear, cogent editorial writings, he has published a number of valuable books and pamphlets on questions of vital importance. One of these is his volume entitled "Living Epistles, or God's Witnesses in the World," a book which grapples with some of the gravest religious problems of the times. It discusses with keen analysis the causes which weaken the influence and retard the progress of religion in the world. With keen scalpel it dissects some of the main causes of doubt and misbelief. The successive chapters are a close wrought argument, as firmly linked as armour of chain mail. Its grace of style is no less conspicuous than its strength. Appropriate imagery sparkles like the gilt chasings on a knight's shield. This book received a very cordial reception from the press, both of Great Britain and the United States.

Frontenac, that this trade was thereby stopped and drawn to Fort Frontenac.

What is here stated (by La Salle) corresponds with the testimony of Lahontan, a French officer in charge of Fort St. Joseph, on the western side of the southern entrance to Lake Huron (afterwards Fort Gratiot), as given in his book and in the large map which accompanies it.

Referring to his map on p. 18, Vol. II., Lahontan says: "One sees at the south-east of this river (French River) the Bay of Toronto." This is evidently a portion of the Georgian Bay, including Gloucester and Matchedash Bays, certainly not drawn with the precision of a modern hydrographic survey. "A river empties itself there," he continues, "which proceeds from a little lake of the same name, *i.e.*, Toronto, forming several impracticable cataracts, both in going up and descending"; this is evidently the Severn. "The man's head," Lahontan adds, "that you see on the map on the edge of this river designates a large settlement of Hurons, which the Iroquois have laid waste. From the source of this river," he continues—"this would be the head waters of the Holland River—one can go into Lake Frontenac (or Ontario) in making a portage as far as the River Tanaouate which empties itself there."

"You can remark on the south shore of the Bay of Toronto," he continues, "the proposed fort which I mentioned to you in my 23rd letter." Thirty leagues from there towards the north one finds the country of the Theonontates (this latter term according to Drake was probably a synonym for the Hurons themselves), which the Iroquois have almost entirely depopulated (the country about the modern Goderich and River Maitland). Lahontan, we may observe, does not give Teiaiaagon, but he gives an Indian name for the river along which the trail or portage from Lake Toronto passed southwards to that landing [which river is evidently the Humber]. We also observe on Lahontan's map in the Huron region the expression Toronto Gueronons (*i.e.*, Toronto Indian tribes). The name "Tanaouate," which he gives, I cannot translate. Lahontan's map corresponds with the statements here given, which map was certainly constructed more than 200 years ago, and was no doubt based upon earlier maps. Thus we have again documentary evidence that the word "Toronto" at this period indicated places and tribes far removed from the shores of the present Bay of Toronto.

Hermann Moll's map, printed in London, 1720, gives the same testimony as to the Georgian, Gloucester and Matchedash Bays, being styled Bay of Toronto, etc.

Delisle's map, published at Paris in 1703, places Teiaiaagon where Toronto now stands, at the same time giving Lake Toronto in the Huron region to the north. Teiaiaagon appears like wise on Charlevoix's map. This map, which is to be found in Vol. III., p. 276, Paris, Quarto, bears the late date of 1744, although the letters of Charlevoix himself are of an earlier date. Here Teiaiaagon is plainly marked on the site of the present Toronto, and the lake to the north is again marked Lake Toronto.

We now come to a period when Teiaiaagon disappears from the face of the maps, the word Toronto taking its place. Exactly five years after the last mentioned date, the trading post, recommended by Galissoniere, was erected by Jonquiere, his successor. The name of this trading post became Fort Toronto. The name officially given to it had been Fort Rouillé in honour of the Colonial Minister of the day at Paris (1749), Antoine Rouillé, Comte de Jouy; but the popular name soon became "Fort Toronto," from the fact that the locality here had been for years known as Toronto, *i.e.*, the "Toronto Landing" on the shore of Lake Ontario, for traders and others bound for the region round what we at the present day call Lake Simcoe, but which region was wholly depopulated and laid waste by invading Iroquois.

The term Teiaiaagon, I have authority for stating, meant simply a landing place, and this accounts for the appearance of the name on some maps at what we should now call Port Hope, where from time immemorial a trail, or much frequented water-way, coming down from the Huron region, terminated. D. W. Smith, first Surveyor-General of Upper Canada, in his *Provincial Gazetteer* notices this fact (1799).

Thus far we have met with no translation into French, or English, of the Indian word "Toronto," in any early document, printed or otherwise; we have been left altogether to one or other of the two traditional explanations already referred to, resting upon the assertions of unknown early Indian interpreters. We now come to a printed work in which we find a translation into French of the word Toronto, and the meaning seems to me decidedly to favour the "Place of Meeting" theory. I refer to Gabriel Sagard's *Dictionnaire de la Langue Huronne*, published at Paris by Denys Moreau in 1632, nearly 260 years ago. Sagard was a missionary in the Huron region, and mastered the language of the natives there. He compiled likewise from personal observation a book, made during his labours in the region as a missionary, entitled "The Great Journey towards the Freshwater Sea (Lake Huron) and extreme confines of New France called Canada, issued in Paris by the same publisher in the same year (1632).

Sagard's dictionary is not so much a regular vocabulary of Huron words as a collection of sentences and phrases in the French and Huron languages, calculated to assist the missionary in his intercourse with the natives of the

Huron region. In a set of expressions under the head of *war, killing, attacking*, we light upon the sentence "Toronto S. ahouyo," "Il a tué beaucoup de S."—that is to say, he has killed a goodly number of enemies, doubtless of a hostile tribe, whose name began with an *S* (for brevity's sake perhaps Sagard does not give the name, but simply writes *S*); it may have been some of the Sonnotouans (*id est*, Senecas), who with other Iroquois from the south side of Lake Ontario, had been making one of their customary unnatural raids on their Huron kinsmen—raids as we know which finally proved fatal to the whole Huron region.

In Toronto, here I take it to be self-evident that we have the Huron word "Toronto" with a final *n* attached to express the common Indian nasal sound of a termination. Sagard translates it by the French word "Beaucoup," and prefixes it to the letter *S*, meaning certain savages who had been slain; he makes the two together signify a goodly number of those savages. It is thus clearly a noun of multitude, as the old grammarians used to speak, expressive when used in connection with human beings of numerousness, and it is thus in harmony with the idea of the gathering together of a great number of persons.

In another instance of the use of the word, food is referred to, and a large quantity of it is implied thereby. My theory is that, aforesaid, during the heyday of Huron prosperity the French took especial notice of the frequent use of the sonorous syllables Toronto by the Hurons when speaking of the populousness of their country, its abundance of food products, and the number of convenient trails or water-ways leading up to it from the East, South, West and North, in a certain tone of boastfulness. It was Toronto this and Torton that. The French accordingly took hold of the expression and made out of it a kind of proper name for their Huron friends. We certainly see *Toronto-Gueronons*, (*i.e.*, Toronto native tribes), in Lahontan's map inscribed across the Huron track.

The French, we know, were wont sometimes to give a name of their own to Indian tribes taken from sounds that caught the ear, or some feature that struck the eye. These names were used among themselves probably, in the first instance, in a jocose sense, but afterwards as a convenient distinction. Iroquois was a term thus manufactured by them from some forms of expression to be frequently heard in the speeches of certain Indian orators. (This we learn from Charlevoix.) Huron itself is a French not an Indian word, originating, it is said, in a grotesque style of wearing the hair, which gave the appearance of a Boar's head—"Hure"—to the head of a Huron warrior.*

When the hostile incursions of the Sonnotonons and others of the Six Nation tribes, to which allusion has just been made, had wrought their final effect upon the Huron region and its people, the word Toronto naturally ceased to be applied to the small inland lake and its surrounding native bands in that quarter, and the bay of Lake Huron which once bore that name, and it accordingly disappears from the maps where in 1680 and onwards it was plainly to be seen. It ceased to be applied to that region, but we find it soon afterwards appearing on the shore of Lake Ontario, as I have already remarked, and attached especially to the spot which had been previously known as Teiaiaagon, and marked then by that name.

After the establishment of the trading post at Teiaiaagon, the idea of the meaning of the name "Toronto" as a place of concourse or meeting together of a goodly number of persons would continue as before. The only frequenters of the north shore of Lake Ontario at this time, however, it is to be remembered were Missisagas, that is to say Otchipways. These, of course, would be among the natives who gathered together, along with others, at the trading post for purposes of busy traffic. That this miscellaneous crowd should be the assemblage of persons now referred to would seem natural enough.

By and by, however, some over-wise Indian interpreter from the Iroquois side of the lake comes to the spot and says: "Oh, you're all wrong." Toronto is an Iroquois word and means not "Place of Meeting," but "Tree or Trees in the Water." Look down there upon the peninsula below you; see there are the trees in the water referred to. Your word "Toronto" is all wrong, it ought to be "Karonta" or Garonta, which, with the addition of an *o* means in my dialect, as employed down in the Mohawk Valley, "Tree or Trees in the Water," and there can be no doubt but that some one speaking this dialect years ago visited this spot and designated it by the name Garonta-o, which you have corrupted and barbarized into Toronto.

Meanwhile other persons not actuated by considerations connected with the language of the Six Nations began to try their hand on the word Toronto. These were persons who were acquainted to some extent with Italian or maps of Italy, and the idea took possession of them that Toronto was a corruption of the name Tarento, which occurs in the maps of Italy. Hence in some documents, and occasionally in an early map, we have Toronto figuring as Taronto, Toronto, Tarento, Taranto, or some such word. Thus had the Mohawk interpreter's theory prevailed in 1834, when the name of York was removed by Act of Parliament, we should have had as an appellation of the capital of Ontario, not the beautiful and now world-noted name "Toronto," but some such fantastic title as Garonta-o, Karonta-o, based on a blunder in geography and history; or if the

* In A. Boyer's Royal Dictionary, 1783, "Hure" means the head of a wild boar, or a bear, or a wolf; also a shaggy head of hair.

theory of the other innovators had prevailed it might possibly have been one of the hybrid forms, part Indian, part Italian, just alluded to: Taronto, Toranto, Tarento, or Taranto. What an escape!!

H. SCADDING.

A NORTH-WEST PASTORAL.

THE bronchos are fed, and watered, and saddled, this dewy summer morning, and as we trot gaily out of town the heavy spade bit and jingling Mexican spur make a pleasant musical chiming, which would have charmed the lady of Banbury Cross. No reason to apply armed heel to quivering flanks, for as our steeds snuff the morning air, and feel the summer dancing through their veins, they stretch themselves in a rousing gallop, which soon takes us through the environs of our little western town out on to the prairie beyond. Leaving the black and winding trail we brush through the rustling grass, scattering dew drops from the rose petals as we go. A flock of wild ducks rise from a wayside slough, and a fox steals away ahead, followed by a rattling "Gone Away!" which quickens his gliding pace till he disappears over a rise in the ground, which shortly after opposes to us its green and grassy round, like the swell of a mighty wave, and on its summit we pull up a moment to take in the prospect and breathe our horses.

The morning air is still, for no wind has yet awakened, and from a distant farm house, tree-hidden from our gaze, a cock-crow comes, clear and defiant; we can hear a dog bark very far away, and nearer at hand a farmer shouts to his team; the long shadows stretch away from the lately risen sun across the rolling prairie, and away in the distance is the long blue line of the Pipestone Valley. That is our destination, and, rousing our horses, we dash across the prairie towards it, through a beautiful country, gemmed with scarlet tiger lilies and golden asters, the champaign broken here and there by clumps of the universal poplar, which give a park-like look to the scenery. An hour's ride brings us out on a vast and silent valley, which, doubtless, once, ages ago, during the subsidence of the waters, held a mighty river. Now the stream has dwindled sadly to a winding and lazy brook, fringed with soft maple and clumps of grey willow. What a lonely valley this has been for many centuries, lonely without any touch of habitude! A vast, and probably shallow, sea covered all this land, which knew not the upper air, save through the floating shadow of an iceberg, or from some great boulder, plunging silently down from its melting ice vehicle through the mystic twilight of the waters. Slowly the land rose and the water drained off to the great lakes and greater seas, cutting, amongst others, this great valley, which once held a huge and turbid river to its brim. All the land, then, must have been a weltering chaos of mud, swept by rain storms, unlovely, lifeless waste. Let the scientist tell, if he can, how it grew to the beauty it now presents, and has presented for many thousand years. Enough for us that its beauties are now spread for our delectation after all these years, during which the only sounds that broke its stillness were the bark of a fox from the hill, the peal of summer thunder overhead, the wail of a hawk poised in the blue. Perhaps, at long intervals, the wandering Indian pitched his smoke-stained teepee on its banks, or even roused its echoes with his war-whoop; but, stained the waters of its stream with human blood; but, in the main, the valley has waited silently for the white man, and has garnered up rich stores for his behoof through many years; waited while two mighty old-world nations struggled for its possession, knowing it not. From our place at the top of the bank the valley slopes sharply downward in one foaming, smooth cascade of snowy petals, broken here and there by an island knoll of tender blue flax flowers. Far below the brook loses itself in many a backward curve, here grey in shadow, there a sabre's gleam.

The sketch our little party of three (three, for Mrs. Grundy rules even in these far wilds) has come to seek has been in progress for some time, and as I turn from my idle pipe and wandering thoughts to the sketcher, I see a charming picture. The place where we sit is a very bower of beauty. Graceful hop-vines cling to the slender tree stems, the golden rod and a (to me) nameless starry blue flower mingle in wild profusion. Overhead the quivering poplars whisper to the summer breeze, which now begins to breathe, sighing to the long grass the secret the trees whispered to it as it passed. My companion sits with her head bent slightly forward, her soft wide hat fallen at her feet, and her profile turned to me stands out clear cut as a cameo against the shadow of the wood; a wand cutting a sunbeam against the shadow of the leaves touches her hair with a lambent glory; her eyes are dark in the shadow of drooping lids, and she sits so still, for the moment, she might be cut in stone, save for the rise and fall of her breast, gently stirred, by the beauty of the scene before her.

There never was a paradise sacred to the intrusive beast, and ours is invaded of course. Not by the serpent this time, but by a wild bore (I beg everybody's pardon) of a farmer. He has the condescension to approve of the sketch, but not of the subject thereof. He laments that the valley cuts up so much arable land, and only tolerates it at all for the timber on its farther bank. Thank heaven! he looks upon us as poor idle creatures losing a working day, and, after a hospitable enough invitation to share his meal, he leaves us at last at the promptings of

hunger, for the sun has now risen toward the zenith and his dinner hour has tolled.

It is a relief after this Philistine infliction to sit in the shade of the wood, watching the opposite bank quiver through the heat, rejoicing in the contrast of our *dolce far niente* with our late visitor, hot labour, and hotter pork and beans and green tea.

As I lie dreaming in my hammock (we each brought one strapped to our saddles) I can see that my companions have really fallen asleep, and not to let the artist be the only one to show her appreciation of this lovely day, by her sketch, I am moved to lip in numbers :—

DOLCE FAR NIENTE IN A HAMMOCK.

Boast not of southern seas and groves of palm,
Nor of the magic of the Orient ;
Here in the land of labour let me lie
And dream away the hours, gently rocked
By winds of summer ; for my lullaby
The multitudinous murmur of the leaves,
Like to the languid sound of summer seas
On far Ionian islands ; let the sun
Chequer the page with glancing light and shade.
The gold alyssum and anemone,
The king and queen of this fair sylvan court,
Make gorgeous pageant with their white and gold ;
The hop-vine clasps the aspen, and above
Blue tender peeps the heaven through the green.
Speak not to-day of labour, leave the plough
Half buried, and the idle steer to graze
For one long day of summer ; only to be
Is't not enough, is't not enough—my soul ?

The lengthening shadows, and the finished sketch, warn us to be gone, back to our fellow-men in the little hive of industry. The bronchos have had an idle time all day in the rich grass, and step out briskly towards home.

The almost inevitable result of a hot day is apparent. Huge and sullen and nigrescent the thunder-clouds are embattled in the west, all fringed with fire from the setting sun, and moving nearer and higher with a slow majesty which is very awe-inspiring ; but where we are the air is still serene, and the birds are not yet aware of the storm, which will soon send them to their leafy coverts and hush their song. A rice bird sits on a bulrush, his scarlet epaulets showing up vividly against his black uniform ; a bob-link sings his evensong from a spray, and a yellow-throated meadow lark trills back responsive ; a grey plover walks hurriedly away with mincing steps, walking delicately, like Agag, and bowing as he goes ; the bittern booms his deep bass from a distant marsh ; from overhead comes the warlike clarion of a passing flock of wild geese hastening from the wheat fields to their nightly quarters.

We have loitered, watching these many friends of ours, until the storm is really at hand. The wind, which before blew gently from the east, now drops, and anon springs up again and blows stronger from the opposite quarter. We know that sign, and it hardly needs the muttered roll of the thunder, and the pale phantom of a flash, to make us rouse our horses to a hard gallop. The west is a sombre black, lit now and then by the lightning ; the sun has gone down ; but lo ! there in the exquisite blue of the east, as yet uninvaded by the storm, trembles a star.

BASIL TEMPEST.

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR OF 1775.*

IN a previous communication I drew attention to a singular incident, unrecorded in Canadian history, and occurring in this interesting collection of German letters, from officers serving under General Burgoyne, in the War of the American Revolution, 1775-83, and recently translated by that indefatigable searcher of the past, Wm. L. Stone, the American historian, relating some quaint social customs, observed by these distinguished military men during their stay at Quebec in 1776-7. A striking incident, and so far mentioned by no Canadian annalist, was the punishment publicly inflicted on eight French Canadians, charged with being "annexationists" ; these letters, nineteen in number, cover 250 pages of Mr. Stone's elegantly printed volume, and contain some spicy tid-bits of historical information. They acquire additional value from the fact that being written on the spot, and recording what their authors had actually heard or seen, offer many guarantees of impartiality, which one would in vain seek for in the heated opinions of the English and American contemporary writers. These letters are from Quebec, Staunton, Philadelphia, Savannah, New-Port, Cambridge, Boston, New York, Brooklyn, and from other parts of New England and Canada. Some of the descriptions of the leading engagements, penned by these highly educated eye-witnesses, throw quite a new light on the military operations of the period. They are, in general, too long and too circumstantial to be quoted *in extenso*.

In default of one of those stirring military despatches, which the eminent staff-officers were so freely sending to their German relations beyond the sea, I subjoin a short, quaint epistle, written by the chaplain of a Hessian regiment, to his brother in Germany :—

LETTER FROM A HESSIAN CHAPLAIN.

"BROOKLAND, near New York, Sept. 7, 1776.

"I have put some posts in the ground, and laid a board on it for a desk, upon which I will write and tell my dearly beloved brother that upon the other half of

* Letters of Brunswick and Hessian Officers during the American Revolution. Translated by William L. Stone, author of "The Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart.," "History of New York," etc.

our globe I am in health, happy and grateful to God. I also walk out every pleasant morning and admire the beautiful clouds which ascend from the valleys to the heavens overhead.

"Notwithstanding I have seen such solemn and majestic scenery upon the ocean, I am inexpressibly glad to set foot on Staten Island. Scarcely can I restrain myself from kissing God's earth. Is she not our mother ? Our loved Hessians assimilate themselves to their surroundings in all things ; and I remember them in my sermons and in my prayers during the still hours of the night while on my bed, that they may be strong in Christian courage. The delay of the English generals makes them impatient, while the offensive look cast upon the Germans by the English excites still more ire. This state of feeling caused, lately, a bloody affray. A subordinate officer of the Yagers, to whom an Englishman said, while drinking, 'God damn you Frenchmen, you take our pay,' answered calmly, 'I am a German, and you are a S——' Thereupon both of them whipped out their swords, and the Englishman received such a gash that he died of his wounds. The brave German was not only pardoned by the English general, but the latter issued an order that the English should treat the Germans like brothers. This will be done the more readily, as the intelligent German has already begun to speak a little English.

"Our first movement forward was an attack against the rebels, who defended themselves more poorly than one would have expected from persons who had the stimulus of a love of freedom. The slaughter was horrible, more especially by the English troops, upon whose ranks the Germans drove the rebels like sheep. O friend ! it was to me a terrible sight when, the other day, I went over the battle-field among the dead, who mostly had been hacked and shot all to pieces. Many of these were Germans, which gave me the greater agony. We have taken many prisoners, who would mostly have taken service with us had they not been prevented by the English.

"The Indians, many of whom are in our vicinity, are not like those which Rosseau (Rousseau ?) and Iselin have described. On the contrary, they are all very obliging, friendly, and used to work, supple as the deer of the forest, and not without a belief in God. When I hold up my right hand towards heaven, they fold their hands upon their breast and bow themselves low to the ground," p. 185.

The exulting tone of the reverend gentleman was destined to undergo a marked change ere many months were over : Saratoga and Yorktown were looming in the distance.

J. M. LE MOINE.

Quebec, Oct., 1891.

THE RAMBLER.

THERE is a phrase current just at present which suggests a few reflections. We are hearing a good deal about the "minor poets." As all our poets in Canada are major ones I cannot hurt anyone's feelings by the lucubrations which follow. But I fancy that the word "minor" used in the patronizing inflection dear to the reviewer causes many a shiver to the sensitive versifier. Mr. Andrew Lang, recognizing the importance of a school of magazine poets, has lately attempted a parallel between the minor poets of Greece, who, as he remarks, would undoubtedly have sent verse to magazines had the magazines been in existence at that age of the world—and the minor poets of to-day. The result of the parallel is certainly to impress us with the richness of the thought and the grace of the expression in that far distant day. The Greeks were beyond everything lovers of nature, and their utterances, in which remnants of the half-pagan lore of a mythical age are insensibly combined with human phases seeking expression, are not unlike some of the modern poetry which finds so good a market in leading periodicals. Mr. Lang, in specifying "brevity" and "objectivity" as two important features of such poetry, is, as usual, completely right. But it might also be noticed that whereas poetry was once expected to rouse emotions or suggest thoughts, much of the verse to-day abounding in journals and magazines, and known as "fugitive" or "occasional" verse, does neither. It simply causes us to see. Our perception is aroused—nothing more. In its way this is a good thing, a very good thing, but it is not enough. To the Peter Bells of this world, such verse should come as a revelation, although I am afraid it does nothing of the kind ; but to those whose perceptions are already keen it comes as nothing. Is, then, poetry no longer a fine art, or is it only now becoming an art, the time of inspiration being past ? This is a delicate and difficult question, which my readers may ponder on in solitude. But this much is clear. The greatest poets are those who combine both objectivity and subjectivity. The Laureate owes his present position to this wonderful union of qualities. There never was a finer objective picture in all verse than that of the lonely Moated Grange, superior in Pre-Raphaelite touches of realism to anything he has done since, and yet the grange

* The animosity between the Germans and the French was well known, so that the English soldier mentioned in the text probably used the epithet "Frenchman" designedly as a term of reproach. Duponceau, one of Baron Steuben's aides, writing of his journey with that General, says : "I remember that at Manheim, the Baron, with a significant look, pointed out to me, at the tavern where he dined, a paltry engraving hung up on the wall, representing a Prussian knocking down a Frenchman in great style ; underneath ends the following appropriate motto : 'a Frenchman to a Prussian is no more than a mosquito.'"

is not only a grange, but has added to it the charm of being the place that shelters Mariana. The human interest centred in passages of rare objective fidelity creates a great poet. Again, these high qualities must be held in just balance. The subjectivity of Byron weakens him. The delirious egotism of Rossetti unmans him. The too ever-present *eternal feminin* of Mrs. Browning becomes fatiguing. Reaction, if not revulsion, sets in. Here is a comparison of methods. The purely objective poet is telling us, for instance, about a sunset he has seen, and takes exactly fourteen lines to describe how the grey changed to green, and the green to saffron, and the saffron to rose ; how the steel grey of the water reflected the roseate tints, and how one white gull, beating high up against the clouds, showed blood-red as it circled over the top of the leafless, black branches of the distant forest. The subjective poet, on the contrary, condenses as much as possible and probably paints the scene in two such lines as these :—

The broken splendours of the burning west
Held a white life on fire, while I, etc., etc.

The advantage of the subjective method is, you observe, that the poet is privileged to drag himself in on any pretext and almost upon every occasion. The advantage of the objective method is that you usually know what the poet is talking about. His popularity is, therefore, certain. Busy people, with a taint as of Peter Bell about them, are not going to rack their brains for an hour trying to find out what a "white life on fire" means. The inventory style of the objective poet suits them better.

Extremists are always in danger, and while subjective poets may the oftener fall into ridiculous use of the *ego*, objective poets should also take warning as to the excessive employment and recurrence of mere images. In true poetry there must be life-blood and backbone. Images must be used as symbols—not always—but often enough to persuade us that there is something over and beyond and above the cloud-capped towers and the gorgeous palaces of rosy and jasper cloud which meet our eyes at day-rise and day-set. In short, our poets must command for us the Ideal. Without Ideality a literature may live, but it does not take a leading place in the ages.

That nothing succeeds like success is true of Pietro Mascagni. The *Spectator*—I think—points out that he is the son of a baker, while Dvorak is the son of a butcher, and Verdi's father certainly sold candles, if not a candlestick maker. Art, verily, is no respecter of persons. Are we sufficiently democratic yet—for, let me tell you, a colony is ever the most exclusive of places—to appreciate genius should it burst suddenly upon us from some plebeian home ? I doubt it. Mascagni is indeed a fortunate fellow, but he is no founder of a new creative school. His absorption of other men's ideas, says a contemporary, is extraordinary, and his power of combination inexhaustible. The initial performance in London under Signor Lago, of "Cavalleria Rusticana" was disgraceful, owing to lack of rehearsal and inefficient singers. *En passant*, the Canadian Society of Musicians brings on De Pachmann for its forthcoming convention. This should prove a great attraction, for De Pachmann, although a supremely egotistical artist is a finished performer and exponent of Chopin's mysteries chiefly. The Canadian Institute held its inaugural meeting with much success last Saturday evening, Nov. 7.

The decadence of Ideality is an idea prevalent among our best thinkers. Hear what Mr. Gladstone has to say on this subject : "The conviction which possesses my mind is that the main operative cause which has stimulated the growth of negation is not intellectual, but moral, and is to be found in the increased and increasing dominion of the things seen over the things unseen." Further, he asserts that we cannot wage too general an "indictment against modern civilization and the enormous development of luxurious enjoyment. We have altered the standard of our wants, multiplied the demands of appetite, established a new social tradition, created a new environment, of which we are doomed to be the creatures." "Is it wonderful," he asks, "that in a self-indulgent age a creeping palsy should come silently over the inward life, or that the devotee of doubt passes naturally into spiritual atrophy ? Under the name of the so-called 'inquiry' of the day, we become the mere victims of assumption, due to prejudice, to fashion, to propensity, to appetite, to the insidious pressure of the world power, to temptation in everyone of its Protean shapes."

I did not attempt any analysis of Bernhardt's acting last week because I thought I had said enough about the stage of late. But I have since heard several such remarkable utterances on the subject that I wish now I had had my say as well as *ces autres*. People who ought to know better will compare her with "the Devenport," and commit similar blunders. As if the shuddering house were not vindication enough, triumph enough, testimony enough ! Whatever else she is, she is intellectually passionate, subtle, refined, with less personality than one has imagined, but more force. There was nothing in the least remarkable either about her clothes, *messieurs et mesdames*, you, who, if you went to see her "gowns," must have been disappointed. She wears her things as Rosina Vokes wears them, because she has to ; otherwise, one imagines she does not particularly think about them. At least she does not advertise them. What surprised critical people most was her subtle trace of comedy in the first and second

acts; she was the petulant, spoiled, generous, passionate *prima donna* to perfection. M. Duquesne as Baron Scarpia pleased me at least immensely; a benign villain after all, and perhaps not quite vicious enough. Any way he manifested great restraint in the third and fourth acts. The audience held many Presbyterians, Dissenters and sober Church people of all denominations. Art for once was victorious over convention.

LA FARFALLA.

Bright little butterfly, mounting at morning
Over love's garden of sweet delight,
Heedless of harm and the honey-bee's warning,
Bent upon pleasure in pain's despite;
Gaily thou flutterest, gaudily flaunting
All thy fair charms to the winds that kiss,
Like a soul in Elysian happiness haunting
New meadows of bliss.

When the first grey beam of the dawn uplifting
Shadows of sleep from a world of dreams,
From sea-marge to mountain and meadow-land drifting,
Lighted at last on thy wing's bright gleams,
Kiss'd thee and waked thee and whispered thee hasten
To herald the sun where it might not smite
In the deeps of dark dells where white flowers wasten
And languish for light.

Arising to welcome the flushing Aurora,
And greet the red sun as it leaps o'er the hill,
Thou hast stirr'd in their sleep the fair children of Flora
With fast fann'd of thy flutter the lark and the linnet;
Till they rouse from a rest that hath been too long,
And look for the coming of morn and begin it
With service of song.

Thou hast bathed in the sun flashing spray that arises
From ripples that laugh on the brook's fair face;
Thou hast gazed in the mirror that Nature devises
For Beauty's delight in her own sweet grace;
Thou hast basked in the heat of the noon-tide splendour
When crickets piped high in the grass beneath,
And the blossoms that carried thy burden so tender
Were crown'd with a wreath.

The heart of each flower as it knew of thy presence
Thrilled out through the petals that round thee play'd,
Till the rare exhalations of passion's quintessence
Enriched the bright air with the perfumes they made;
Some sought to entrance thee and hold thee for ever,
Bright beauty like thine they had seen none such;
And others to seize thee made madding endeavour,
Yet swoon'd at thy touch.

The lily grew pale as thou pass'd its perfection;
The violet bow'd in a passion of grief;
The daisy had hope of thy gracious election;
The blue-bell despaired of its heart's relief;
The hyacinth spreads all its beauties before thee;
The marjoram blush'd as it caught thine eye;
The mignonette flung its sweet fragrances o'er thee;
But thou pass'd them by.

Light was thy heart, and the pleasures thou scattered
Were pure as the flowers on which they fell,
Till the red rose sought thee and caught thee and flattered
With promise of love thou has known too well;
All the long hours till the low sun glamour'd
The bright blushing petals to kiss and to toy
Thou paus'd in thy flight, for thy heart enamour'd
Drank deeply of joy.

The blossoms that droop'd in the dark and were sighing
For tidings of light thou wert bidden to tell,
Lay down in despair, dreading death and yet dying,
And great was the grief in the deeps of the dell;
For thou had'st forgotten the message of morning
And the work of the day thou wast given to do,
For the love of the rose and the honey-bee's scorning;
But thy love was true.

Poor little butterfly! dying so sadly
At the rise of the moon o'er the ripe-gold grain,
Dost thou rue of the pleasure thou tasted so madly?
Would'st thou take back thy love to take life again?
Ah! no—Love is sweeter and meeter than duty
And shall hold thee in joy till the last breath beats,
Till thou liest at rest—a dead marvel of beauty
Surrounded by sweets.

SAREPTA.

LOVE, like the opening of the heavens to the saints, shows for a moment even to the dullest man the possibilities of the human race. He has faith, hope and charity for another being; perhaps but the creation of his imagination; still it is a great advance for a man to be profoundly loving, even in his imagination.—*Arthur Helps.*

A HOUSE built on sand is, in fair weather, just as good as if builded on a rock. A cobweb is as good as the mightiest chain cable when there is no strain on it. It is a trial that proves one thing weak and another strong.—*Beecher.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

A KIND WORD.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Old subscriber and constant reader as I am and have been of THE WEEK, I was never more convinced of its merits than by your last number, which I should readily offer to any supporter of the *Fad* that we have no Canadian literature in proof of his error. Nor was I ever more sensible of its good fortune in the list of its contributors, and (don't be blushing) of its editor. To begin with the ladies: we have Emma C. Read, giving us a touch of Thomson and Niobe in her beautiful but mournful verses on the "Passing of Autumn," and wielding the sceptre of the poet of the seasons as his worthy successor in a realm where the Salic law does not prevail. Fidelis, ever tender and true, full of faith in the divine goodness, but sympathizing with Whittier in his aversion to theological rigidity, and the Shibboleths of ecclesiastical divisions, and his preference of the Sermon on the Mount to the Athanasian creed. Alice Jones, discoursing in language at once religious and poetical on "All Saints' Day" and the land of the great departed, the silent dead, in consonance with this period of the falling leaf and the death of nature. Seranus, she with the masculine name and sense, and the light hand and delicate touch of *fleur de Lis*, whose birthday book has given us, from Canadian poets, graceful memorials for our several natal days, and entertains us as a Lady Rambler with the strange doings of Paris, the processions of genius from Boston, the War of Sarepta, the lord (or lady, for his or her sex is a mystery to me) of Sonnet, and to whose muse we owe many excellent specimens of this favourite form of poesy, and a most interesting article on Philomela, whose sex has been so strangely dealt with by the poets who imagine that all things beautiful and lovely must be feminine, and so would certainly assign that gender to your said able contributor.

I have not much room left me to speak of those of the sterner sex as they deserve. I make my bow to them and acknowledge my indebtedness to them, and to you for enabling me to know them and benefit by their labours. Mr. N. F. Davin especially deserves our gratitude for showing us so clearly *what* our coming Canadian Ministers ought to be; but would not that gratitude have had a firmer *raison d'être* if he had also told us *who* they ought to be? The great teachers who have sought to direct our studies and tell us what they ought effect, have given us lists of the books we ought to read; would it not have been well that Mr. Davin should give us a list of the gentlemen who should form our Cabinet? How can he refuse to do so? Does not his article prove that, as he says of Mr. Abbott: "He is a man of judgment; he knows the opinion of Parliament, the necessity of the situation, the sentiments of the country." And has he not shown himself able—"The applause of listening senates to command?" Let him tell us the names of those whose advice to power we must pray for, and endeavour to secure?

On the principle laid down by the wise and peace-loving Chancellor of Queen's University, it would seem that a Government, like a Parliament, should be formed of able and honest men taken in *due proportion* from both sides of the House; and Mr. Abbott might consult Mr. Laurier as well as Mr. Davin in choosing them. The plan seems Christian and wise, but it would make a *coalition*, a form which does not suit the lovers of the loaves and fishes, or the spoils system. Yet a coalition Government abolished the Seigneurial Tenure and settled the Clergy Reserves question.

And now, sir, allow me, with all possible deference, to say a word to you. I know that you are as stern an opponent of annexation as Sir John himself, but wish, as he did, and as I do, for the most friendly feeling and the closest intercourse between the Canadians and their American cousins consistent with the honour of the Dominion, its control of its own tariff and its relation to the Mother Country, and that you would like, as I should, that travellers might pass across the line either way, and over or under the St. Clair River, without being stopped by custom officers and asked for the keys of their trunks, or searched for contraband goods; but you seem to think, with Mr. Wiman, that this might be effected, without violation of the conditions above mentioned, under Unrestricted Reciprocity; and I believe many of its supporters think so too. Doctor Goldwin Smith says that Unrestricted Reciprocity would abolish the custom houses, but he evidently must understand the term in a larger sense than our Opposition members admit. They limit it, I believe, to the productions and manufactures of the two countries respectively, with which limitation the customs officers must remain, and have the very difficult duty of ascertaining the origin of each article carried across the line. The two countries must have corresponding tariffs if the system is to work effectively and fairly, and as they could hardly remain unaltered forever, some provision must be made for changing them on occasion, and a change may involve taxation which should be accompanied by the consent of the party taxed. The United States would hardly consent to Canada's lowering the duty on British manufactures, and so spoiling the Canadian market for American. I do not say that Mr. Wiman has no plan for obviating these objections, but he has not told us what it is; and you and he must pardon me if I have ven-

tured to differ from you; but I believe *you* and I agree. Your poets, *genus irritabile* as they are supposed to be, seem to have no jealousy among them, and your critics, if you have any, are very mild. I have heard neither growl nor squeal from either, and I have, now and then, been a contributor to your columns in verse and prose. W.

Ottawa, Nov. 3, 1891.

NOTE.—Our high opinion of our venerable and accomplished contributor has overcome our innate modesty, and led us to publish his very kind and generous letter.—Ed.

OUR PAUPER POPULATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—While the question of national, municipal and individual assistance rendered in supporting the charitable institutions of the country is now engaging the attention of so many minds, it may be well to notice one particular phase of the subject that has not yet been brought before the public. Judging from their numbers, this Province would appear to afford a congenial home, and the Government of Ontario to legislate as much almost for the infirm, diseased and poverty-stricken classes of the community as for those who labour and have to pay for the support of this non-producing and pauper population. I do not include in this category either insane or criminals. As society is now, and has been, these are inevitable, and their care and safety becomes a necessity. But it is those large and increasing classes who, either unable or unwilling to contribute towards their maintenance, find a home in some of the non-charitable institutions of the Province. It is not for the non-humanitarian motives that the "unable" and the "unwilling" are ranked together. So far as being a burden on the State, they are alike; and their presence and numbers in a country so young as Ontario are simply a calamity, if not for the sake of the State then for their own sakes. However, as they are but the most part of foreign birth, it should require but little legislation to stop their importation.

Their presence in our midst has given birth to another and perhaps a more costly mistake. It is true they should be provided for in some form. On whom should such provision devolve? On charitably disposed individuals or societies, or upon the State? As this duty is at present performed, the work in Ontario is partially, and perhaps wisely, borne by each. State supervision is a necessity by reason of the proportions the work has assumed. The mistake, however, is in the number of the institutions erected for the care and treatment of these classes. In Toronto there are twenty-one charitable institutions, supported by the contributions of the public and assisted by a grant from the Ontario Government; in Ottawa, a city of about one-fourth the size of Toronto, there are thirteen institutions, and the same condition of matters is true more or less all over the Province. It is a question, indeed, whether the finances of the Province should be thus disbursed. The scene has changed from the time when legacies or annuities were bequeathed by well wishers of humanity for the erection of buildings to shelter the worthy in need, and it has now become the popular action for wealthy men to associate their donations and names with the building of charitable institutions with the hope of bringing to themselves fame. In many instances these become denominational or class institutions in their management and system of admission, and accomplish but little real good. Men of wealth with a penchant for such work seem to have been forgetful of the necessity or utility of such buildings, and of their cost of maintenance. This latter is frequently inadequate, and a spirit of jealousy exercised towards their more fortunate neighbours is one of the results. The principle is wrong. There is no urgent demand in Toronto for twenty-one homes of this class. Those who are admitted therein are not so varied in age, habits nor in sex, nor so fastidious in their tastes as to require any such a number of buildings in care for them. A less number of institutions means a reduction in cost of building, in the cost of management and equipment, and a greater expenditure to devote to scientific care and instruction of the inmates.

Even now the advisability of withdrawing the usual annual Government grant has been mentioned, and if such a step be carried out (and, in view of the burden being so great on the Province, this may yet be a necessity) such a decision will doubtless be a check to the unreasoning rage for building, and assist in securing the greater benefits already mentioned. I. R. A.

Toronto, Oct. 27, 1891.

ART NOTES.

Comic editors differ widely, one of their few points of similarity being that they are themselves seldom comic. The editor of *Waggery* is a short, stout man, but, nevertheless, a man with a "certain presence," a sharp eye, and a good hard head for business at a pinch. And he needs his hard head, for, what with proprietor, advertisement-canvassers, printers, advertisers, publisher, office-boys, engravers, correspondents, the public, and literary and artistic staff, he has enough to do. He is the buffer between the advertisement canvasser and the Jones type; between the artists and the engravers; between anybody and everybody else. The artists' constant wail is that the engravers will "improve" instead of reproducing their

work. Gray, the cartoonist, Jones, and Brown complain that an engraver whose sense of beauty whispers to him that a face drawn by one of them does not look well with the pug nose it possesses will not hesitate to substitute a Roman feature—a course which, they hold, is distinctly detrimental when portraiture is in question. Some of the engravers are in favour of Roman noses, they say, while others lean toward the pug type; and the difficulty is to get a drawing into the right hands. The artists loathe the printer, too; he is always using ink that is a dirty brown, or too thin, or too thick, or otherwise spoiling their work. The printer is nearly always mad with Green and Jones, because they write so illegibly; and with Russet and Pink (two other writers), because they are always late, and compel him to "lift" whole paragraphs at the last moment. *Waggery* is a fair example of the average comic paper, not of the highest nor of the lowest type. The present *Punch* is a development of and improvement on the *Waggery* type, having better art, a better tone, and, in some few instances, better prose contributions. The *Chuckler* takes a lower level. Its fun is of the robust, and often questionable, type; it deals largely with the inferior class of "masher," and has all the latest slang at its finger-ends; but it is often smartly written, and, in some cases, cleverly illustrated. There are few comic artists who have not had, at one time or another, to produce caricatures of public men; and cartoonists are, of course, constantly called upon to give the presentments of such persons, though their version is not necessarily required to be a caricature. Having been taught, for example, to expect an enormous collar and nose in connection with Mr. Gladstone, a vast eyeglass where Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is concerned, and all sorts of impossibilities in the case of Lord Randolph Churchill (including a terrier's body, a child's frills, or a mouse's tale), the observer feels that there is something missing—an aching void—when confronted with a carte-de-visite of the personage in question or with the man himself.—*Magazine of Art for November.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

No better character could well be selected by Mlle. Rhéa to disclose her immense store of histrionic power, or to rouse the deepest emotions of the woman's innermost sensibilities than that of *Catherine*, the enslaved Queen of Peter the Great, the quondam *amoureuse* of Count Sapieha, and finally after the tragic death of Peter, Catherine I. of Russia. Mlle. Rhéa's costumes were elegant, and regally magnificent, and her supporting company all artists of merit, even the statuesque maids of honour spoke mutely their unwritten parts. Large and interested audiences greeted this superb presentation with their presence and unstinted applause. "Ben Hur," by 150 society amateurs, is filling the Grand this week in the cause of charity, and, judging from the response made by the public to the cry of the little ones, the Infants Home should receive a substantial addition to its much needed funds. Next week, the Duff Opera Company, under the management of Mr. Fay, brother of Mr. Fahey of this city, (and whose talented niece, by-the-bye, is announced to appear at Mr. W. Edgar Buck's concert for the Children's Aid Society on the 26th) will no doubt reinforce their previous succinct successes in "The Queen's Mate" and "Paola."

THE ACADEMY.

FARCE-COMEDY at this popular house has given way to a nautical-comedy entitled "Eight Bells," which presented many pleasing and startling situations during the first part of the week, to be followed on Thursday and succeeding nights by a melodrama called "After Twenty Years." Next week, beginning Monday, November 16th, will be presented to the patrons of the Academy a comedy-drama, "The Last Word."

MR. BUCK'S CONCERT LECTURE.

At the novel Concert-Lecture on "The Voice in Speech and Song," already announced to be given in Association Hall, Thursday, Nov. 26th, by Mr. W. Edgar Buck, in aid of the funds of the Children's Aid Society, several large anatomical charts will be used; these were specially constructed to illustrate this lecture when delivered at the Crystal Palace and other musical centres in England, thereby more deeply interesting the audience in the subject matter in hand. The lecture will also be diversified by vocal numbers, sung by local amateurs, and a choir of thirty-five ladies' voices. His Honour the Lieut. Governor has given his patronage and a subscription. J. K. Kerr, Esq., Q.C., will preside.

THE PAVILION.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY had their perennial gala night at the Pavilion, on Thursday of last week, when Herr Schuch provided a delectable entertainment for the "Dragon Devotees," who constantly expressed their satisfaction by unerringly re-demanding almost every number on the programme. Miss Leadley has a pleasing contralto, strong in the chest register. Mr. Schuch himself was in fine voice, and his rendition of "The Battle of the Alma" gained him a well-merited encore. In Mr. Bird's rendition of "Tom Bowling," he departed from the traditional rendering (a grave error for so young a singer to commit), he introduced a high penultimate note, which his voice could not sustain, marring the effect of the finish,

yet the encore fiend was to the fore again. Miss Gaylord has a pretty soprano voice, showing careful cultivation, though her *Staccato* is susceptible of greater finish. This young vocalist gives promise of good things to come. Miss Jessie Alexander recited Tennyson's "The First Quarrel," almost as if she had enacted the scene herself in real life; though this talented lady showed even to better advantage later on in several humorous scenes. The opening quartette, "Rule Britannia," was to many, one of the most acceptable musical numbers on the programme, being sung with great spirit and pointed effect. Mr. Dinelli presided at the Mason and Risch grand piano-forte in his well-known, able manner.

ASSOCIATION HALL.

MISS IRENE GURNEY, than whom Toronto possesses no more charming piano executant, gave a very interesting recital last week, for the worthy purpose of augmenting the funds of the Homœopathic Hospital, which must have been materially aided thereby. The large and fashionable audience testified their high appreciation of the fair pianiste's superior talents, most demonstratively. Miss Gurney, it is understood, will grace the Pavilion concert stage at the first concert of the Toronto Vocal Society, Thursday, December 17th.

COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

MR. BOSCOVITZ gave another of his very interesting pianoforte recitals at the College of Music on Saturday afternoon, to an audience composed chiefly of ladies. This gentleman improves considerably upon acquaintance, for the very favourable impression he created upon his first appearance a few weeks past was, if anything, enhanced by his refined and delicate interpretations of Liszt and Chopin upon this occasion.

THE GRUENFELD BROTHERS.

THE renowned musicians, the Gruenfeld brothers, have made a highly successful debut in New York. The local press speak in glowing language of these Viennese artists, giving the palm, however, to Alfred the pianist, who is said to have fairly made the Knabe grand pianoforte speak in musical tones under his magical touch. Heinrich, his brother, is no less a great violincello virtuoso.

THANKSGIVING concerts are in order this month, some preferring the 12th, the day set aside by the Governor in Council to be observed, and others preferring some other day. This variety of preferences is the outcome of the day that was originally set aside as one of prayerful thanks-offering to the Giver of all good things, having gradually become a field-day for our soldier-citizens, attracting thousands from the city churches, and instigating other out-door sports and amusements to be sought after. There is a screw loose here.

At last the piano manufacturers of the United States have awoke to realize the fact that high-strung tension of strings does not mean brilliancy, which latter depends upon the performer chiefly. At a meeting of the makers in New York, November 6th, it was decided to establish the same pitch used in Austria, France and other countries, namely, about 520 vibrations per second for middle C, and several thousand forks have been ordered from Europe, to be distributed all over the country. This is a reduction of seventeen vibrations, down to that selected in Boston some ten years back, when the writer was associated with Karl Zerrahn, Dr. Louis Mass, Lyman Wheeler and three others, selected by the musicians and musical instrument makers of the modern Athens to decide upon a suitable pitch, 520.4 was pitched upon as the standard. Mr. Henschel, then the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, at once ordered this pitch to be adopted by his orchestra. Vocalists can now rejoice and save their too sorely tried larynges from premature destruction.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

MY DANISH SWEETHEART. By W. Clark Russell. Toronto: William Bryce.

Mr. Russell's pen is a busy one, and all the busier since the publishers have got him to add to the task of writing fascinating sea stories that of writing perhaps not quite so fascinating biographies of sea heroes. "My Danish Sweetheart" all who like "The Wreck of the *Grosvénor*" will also like—and these will be many. It is perhaps a trifle too extended, for the plot is anything but a complicated one; but lovers of sea-scapes, painted absolutely faithfully, yet with the imagination of a poet writing in simple prose, will not grumble at this—besides, the novel first came out as a serial!

It would be interesting to enquire and to find out whether that living master of a certain style of prose narrative, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, amongst the many readers whom he has enthralled, has not also had some influence upon Mr. W. Clark Russell. Is there not perceptible a tincture of the author of "An Inland Voyage" in the opening sentence of "My Danish Sweetheart"?

On the morning of October 21, in a year that one need not count very far back to arrive at, I was awakened from a light sleep into which I had fallen after a somewhat restless night by a sound as of thunder some little distance off, and on going to my bedroom window to take a view of the weather I beheld so wild and forbidding a prospect of sea and sky that the like of it is not to be imagined.

However, Mr. Russell has no need to be influenced by any one, and no doubt his last completed work will delight as many thousands as have all his others.

ELSKET AND OTHER STORIES. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is the title of a book that is very readable, even though there be nothing very new in it. The first story, "Elsket," is only the old story of "by the blue Alsatian Mountains" told once again. The scene is laid in Norway, and the word-painting is very vivid. Such stories will have a plaintive interest of their own while men and women remain as they are. The three following stories are tales of Southern life, and some scenes in "George Washington's Last Duel" are almost irresistibly comic, indeed throughout, the humour is everywhere very humorous, as the pathos is very pathetic. The stories, of course, are simply sketches; and no moral is anywhere obtruded; but a moral, and that a very high one, runs like a vein through them all and will insensibly affect even a careless reader. Attention too is drawn to the heroism that often animates outwardly uninteresting and commonplace personalities, and the silent tragedies which sometimes crush apparently uneventful lives—tragedies which might have been averted by a little timely understanding sympathy. Mr. Page perceives the good there is in human nature, and teaches his readers how to find it out.

THE *Queries Magazine* for November has its usual complement of prose and poetry. The department which we fancy attracts most of its readers, is that, which gives it its name.

THE Architects and Builders Edition of the *Scientific American* contains a number of illustrations bearing upon the above subjects, together with descriptive and detailed articles relating to them.

A MASTERFUL face is that of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, on the first page of the *Illustrated News* of Nov. 7th. An earnest thinker and a forceful leader of men should he be who has such a countenance. The fine double-page illustration of "Canadian North-west Farming; Reaping the Harvest in Manitoba" will gladden Canadian eyes and inform European observers.

NOT the least interesting of the articles in the *Scottish Review* for October are in the group comprising "Gaelic Historical Songs," "The Norse Discovery of America," and "Beginnings of the Scottish Newspaper Press." A very interesting historical article is that on "Witchcraft in Scotland," by Mr. F. Legge; in which he concludes, that it was "Science rather than rationalism or humanity which brought about the downfall of the belief in witchcraft."

"THE BOYHOOD OF HAWTHORNE," in the November *Wide Awake*, is by his relative, Mrs. Richard Manning, of Salem, Mass. It is full of family anecdote and gives a photograph of the first portrait painted of Hawthorne. The closing chapters of Margaret Sidney's famous Peppers serial, and "Nolan," a ballad by Mrs. Laura E. Richards, giving the tragic story of the bearer of Raglan's despatch to Lucan's "Light Brigade," when they made the famous "charge" at Balaklava, are very interesting.

Lippincott's Magazine for November devotes sixty or more of its pages to the "Duke and the Commoner," a complete story, by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow, which is cleverly written, and contains some interesting tragedy. "The Return of the Rejected," by Octave Thanet, is a tale respecting contributions to magazines as the name suggests. Annie H. Wharton has a pretty sketch of "Some Colonial Love Letters." J. Howard Cowperthwaite writes on the deep subject of "The Evolution of Money and Finance," and John A. Grier discusses "The Restoration of Silver."

MR. STEAD'S able and candid estimate of the German Emperor is the chief article of the *Review of Reviews* for November. The fine full length portrait of the Emperor and the minor illustrations add zest to the article. A useful and informing contribution is that from the pen of Mr. William B. Shaw, in which he gives a popular summary of "American State Legislation in 1891." Professor John R. Commons presents "A New Plan for Minority Representation." The interest in "Experimental Psychology" is shown by the article "A Census of Ghosts." Other interesting contributions and well-filled departments complete a very attractive number.

THE *Forum* for November leads with an article from the pen of Prof. Edward Freeman, "Dangers to the Peace of Europe," in which, after reviewing the situation, he concludes with a denunciation of Lord Salisbury and a panegyric of Mr. Gladstone. On the same important and engrossing subject, Wm. R. Thayer writes under "The Armed Truce of the Powers." Herbert Walsh is severe on "The Degradation of Pennsylvania Politics." Senator Morgan points out certain "Dangers of the Farmers' Alliance." Chief Justice Zane, of Utah, anticipates "The Death of Polygamy in Utah," claiming that that State is climbing the hill of progress. C. H. Cramp writes on "American Shipbuilding and Commercial Supremacy." Wm. L. Merry on "Commercial Future of the Pacific State," and Josiah Quincy on "Regulation of the Lobby in Massachusetts."

THE November number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* is excellent. Ida J. Lemon's serial, "That Little Woman," is very interesting. "The Quaker Girl" is also a capital story. "Among the Scillies" is an account of a

picturesque country, which is followed by a good story called "Uncle John's Prize Chrysanthemums." A pretty poem, "The Least Frequent Way," by J. R. Eastwood, accompanies the frontispiece. This is followed by "A Forlorn Hope," a short illustrated story. "When George the Second was King" is an illustrated article setting forth the manners and customs of those days. "Mr. Smith in His New Home" is a new chapter about our old favorite. "My Sister's Secret," a short story, precedes the second paper on "The Brightening of Three Dreary Back Rooms," from which the reader will get some useful hints. There are as well other stories, music, poetry, the fashions and a well-filled "Gatherer."

THE *North American Review* for November has as its chief article "Russian Barbarities and their Apologists," by Dr. Adler, the chief Rabbi of the British Empire, which is by no means laudatory of Russian humanity. Necessarily, what ex-Prime Minister Crispi may have to say of "Italy and the Pope" is timely reading, and carries with it great weight. This article is decidedly opposed to the temporal power of the Papacy. Ex-Mayor Hart, of Boston, and the Mayors of Baltimore, Buffalo, and St. Louis discuss the question of "How to Improve Municipal Government." Other prominent articles are: "A Plea for Free Silver," by Senator Voorhees; "Our Business Prospects," by the President of the New York Chamber of Commerce; "Women in English Politics," by Justin McCarthy; "What America can do for Russia," by Sergius Stepniak; and "Public and Private Debts," by Hon. Robert Porter, Superintendent of the United States Census.

"THE WHITE COW" is the title of the beautiful frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for November. It is etched from the original painting by Julien Dupré by C. de Billy. "The White Cow" was considered one of the best pictures in last year's *salon*. It is superbly drawn, and the expression of the cow is admirably rendered. "David Murray, A.R.A.," is the subject of a sketch by Walter Armstrong which is freely illustrated with engravings from Mr. Murray's most characteristic work. Claude Phillips discusses the "Sculpture of the Year." The writer calls especial attention to the work of two American sculptors, Mr. MacMonnies, of New York, and Mr. Douglas Tilden, of California. An interesting paper is devoted to the late Charles Chaplin, by Marion Hapworth Dixon, in which we are given a number of examples of Mr. Chaplin's best work. "The Comic Paper" is the subject of this month's paper on "Illustrated Journalism," and it is from the pen and pencil of J. F. Sullivan. "Linseed Oil in Painting" is by H. C. Staudage. "Knole," by F. G. Stephens, is descriptive of Lord Sackville's seat near Sevenoaks.

"UNIVERSITY EXTENSION," the foremost educational topic of the day, has the first place in the November *Popular Science Monthly*. The article is by Professor C. Hanford Henderson. Mr. W. F. Durfee concludes his account of "The Manufacture of Steel." An essay on "Ornament among savage tribes," with many illustrations, is contributed by Professor Frederick Starr. "Do we teach Geology?" is asked by Robert T. Hill. In "Possibilities of Economic Botany," Professor G. L. Goodale describes some of the plants that might be cultivated for food if any of our present food plants should be lost. Mr. Carroll D. Wright has a second "Lesson from the Census." "The Making of Reef-knot Nets" is described, with figures, by William Churchill. There is an account by W. G. Benton of "The Ethics of Confucius." M. Lazar Popoff ascribes "The Origin of Painting" to a belief of primitive man that he could put spells upon animals through pictures of them. There is a sketch of the doings of mountain butterflies, under the title of "High Life." An account of "The Career of James Curtis Booth" is given, with a full-page portrait.

MISS ISABEL F. HAPGOOD, who has translated a large number of Count Tolstoy's books, has contributed a very interesting article entitled, "Count Tolstoy at Home," in the November *Atlantic*. There has not been a more vivid or appreciative sketch of Tolstoy yet written. Miss Hapgood, although admiring his great gifts, is not his blind adherent. It appears that the name Tolstoy with the *y* is the writer's own way of spelling his own name, and not a typographical error. There is the first instalment of a two-part story by Henry James, entitled "The Chaperon." Professor William J. Stillman's paper on "Journalism and Literature" is of interest to both literary men and journalists. Mrs. Catherwood's agreeable serial is concluded. Lafcadio Hearn has a picturesquely written paper on "Life in Japan." Louise Imogen Guiney writes about "Mr. James Clarence Mangan." There is a short story of "Italian Life," by E. Cavazza; while the solid reading of the number is further augmented by a second paper on "A People without Law"—the Indians—by James Bradley Thayer; by S. E. Winbolt's "Schools at Oxford," and by some able reviews.

THE November *Magazine of American History* is full of interest. It opens with an illustrated paper on "Judge Charles Johnson McCurdy and his Home in Lyme, Connecticut," written by the editor. An admirable portrait of the judge forms the frontispiece, and four full-page pictures grace the text—three of the old colonial house and one of the old ornate Lyme church. Dr. Patton's study, "One Hundred Years of National Life; the Contrast between 1789 and 1889," will be found to be interesting. Hon. Horatio King contributes an anecdote, "General Holt's Unexpected Reply." Rev. Dr. Stakeley

discusses the "Introduction of the Negro into the United States," and argues that "Florida, not Virginia, was the first state to receive him." Dr. Prosper Bender furnishes an exceptionally readable paper on the "Historic Games of Old Canada." There is an amusing "Anecdote of College Life at Early Dartmouth;" the "Story of a Journey to New England in 1831," by Hon. Wm. H. Seward; "Memoirs of the Siege of Quebec," by a French officer who took part in it; "A Tribute to the late Hon. Mr. Latrobe, President of Maryland Historical Society;" "President Harrison on Arbitration;" and several short articles.

Harper's Magazine for November opens with a Thanksgiving story, "The Inn of the Good Woman," written by Hezekiah Butterworth. Constance Fenimore Woolson's second paper on "Cairo in 1890" is very interesting. George Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson" is brought to a conclusion. Julian Ralph contributes "Dan Dunn's Outfit," which Frederick Remington illustrates. The series of "Letters of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins," edited by Laurence Hutton, comes to an end with a brief note dated January 27th, 1870. A paper on the character and career of the famous Confederate General, Stonewall Jackson, is contributed by the Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D. Arthur Silva White, F.R.S.E., secretary of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, presents some striking facts relating to Africa. Walter Besant's series of illustrated papers on London is continued in an account of the life, manners and customs of the people who lived in "The London of Good Queen Bess." There are also poems in this number by William Dean Howells, Amélie Rives, and Eliza Calvert Hall. George William Curtis, in the Editor's Easy Chair, pays a touching tribute to the memory of his friend James Russell Lowell.

THE November number of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* has a number of articles which discuss new ideas about American politics. In this number Mr. John E. McEvoy, of Toronto, reviews "The New Empire," by O. A. Howland; "Constitutional Documents of Canada," by Wm. Houston, M.A.; and Professor Goldwin Smith's "Canada and the Canadian Question." In this portion of his article the reviewer takes issue with Doctor Smith in his views about annexation, and quite severely criticizes the book as a whole. He characterizes it as a "clever piece of pamphleteering, executed with great literary ability, but not . . . valuable contribution to political science or Canadian history." There has been a change in the editorial force of the *Annals*. Professor F. H. Giddings, formerly one of the associate editors, has resigned on account of his many outside duties, and Dr. J. H. Robinson, of the University of Pennsylvania, has been appointed in his place. Dr. Robinson is Lecturer in European History in the Wharton School of Finance and Economy, and is author of a monograph on the "Original Features of the United States Constitution," and a work on the "German Bundesrath."

THE first number of the nineteenth volume of *St. Nicholas* contains the beginning of a serial for boys, by Brander Matthews. It is called "Tom Paulding," and deals with the search by a New York boy for buried treasure in the upper part of Manhattan Island. Local colour is given in the first chapter by the bright flames of an election-night fire. This is Mr. Matthews' first venture in writing a long story for boys. Among the most amusing things in this bright number is "The Barber of Sari-Ann," by Jack Bennett. "Launcelot's Tower" is by Marjorie Richardson, wherein fun and good counsel are equally blended. "The Dickey Boy," by Mary E. Wilkins, is a pathetic story of a country waif. C. H. Palmer, an English writer, tells the history of "The Sea-Fight off the Azores," in more detail than is permissible in Tennyson's ballad "The Revenge." Birch illustrates the article with spirit and accuracy. In another descriptive sketch, Lucie A. Ferguson relates the first trip "To the Summit of Pike's Peak by Rail," and C. T. Hill has made the journey vivid by skilful pen-and-ink drawings. Lieutenant Schwatka describes another kind of travel, "A Dash with Dogs for Life or Death," a record-breaking sledge journey in the Arctic regions to rescue a lost sailor. Sandham illustrates it. A charming poem, by Mildred Howells, suggests an equally delightful frontispiece by Birch.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S widow, who lives at Leamington, England, was recently reported as being critically ill.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY will soon issue a popular edition of President F. A. Walker's important books, "Money" and "Wages."

THE Rev. Professor Clark recently delivered a very able lecture on "Books and Reading" in the school-room of St. George's Church, Toronto.

F. W. BOURDILLON, the author of the poem beginning "The night has a thousand eyes," has prepared for publication a volume under the title of "A Lost God."

THE Rev. Alfred J. Church, the well-known author of "Stories from Homer," etc., has written a novel of the time of Nero, which Macmillan and Company will publish under the title of "The Burning of Rome."

A NOTEWORTHY feature of the December *Atlantic* will

be a paper on Shakespeare's Richard III., by Mr. Lowell, it being the address which he gave at Chicago some four years ago, and which has never before been printed.

MR. ANDREW LANG has arranged to publish shortly a volume of Angling Sketches. Encouraged by the success of the "Blue" and "Red" Fairy Books, the same author is preparing a companion volume, "The Blue Poetry Book," for juvenile readers.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce "The Lady of Fort St. John," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood; "The Abandoned Claim," by Flora H. Loughhead, and "Colonial Furniture of New England" during 17th and 18th centuries, illustrated, by Irving W. Lyon, M.D.

PROFESSOR NORTON has collected from the unpublished writings of James Russell Lowell a volume which will be published shortly under the title: "Latest Literary Essays and Addresses." It will contain papers on Gray, Landor, Walton, Milton, Shakespeare's Richard III., and some others.

ONE of the pleasantest privileges of THE WEEK is that of congratulating some old and valued contributor on his deserved promotion in life. The subject of our present congratulation is Mr. S. E. Dawson, who has recently been appointed "Queen's Printer" for Canada. We can confidently assert that no better appointment could have been made. May Canada long possess her capable, accomplished and upright "Queen's Printer."

ON Monday, the 2nd inst., Mr. Dugald James MacMurchy, B.A., barrister-at-law, son of Mr. Archibald MacMurchy, rector of the Toronto Collegiate Institute, died from the effects of an accident which occurred at Dunnville on the 21st of October last. The deceased was at one time a contributor to THE WEEK. His "Songs From the Front" and other contributions published in our columns show that he had good literary ability. His relatives are to be commiserated on their sad and sudden bereavement.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY have just published "The New Womanhood," by J. C. Fernald, with an introduction by Marion Harland. "Bird-dom," by Leander S. Keyser, "The Story of the United States," by Elbridge S. Brooks, "Gain by Loss," by Rose Porter, and the 1891 bound volume of "Pansy"; also new edition of "Cloud and Cliff," by Willis Boyd Allen; "Nursery Finger Plays," by Emilie Poulsson; "Rob," by Margaret Sydney; Charles Lamb's "Dissertation Upon Roast Pig," and a holiday binding in white and gold of Dr. McKenzie's "Christ Himself."

THE Canadian Institute programme for the present month presents many attractive features. On the opening evening of the 7th inst., Mr. Arthur Harvey, the President, delivered his inaugural address, his subject being "A Critical Review of the Enterprise of Christopher Columbus." The following papers will be read on the dates mentioned: Saturday, 14th inst., on the "Formation of Niagara River," by Mr. W. J. Smith, and on "Peach Yellows," by W. R. Shaw, M.D.; Saturday, 21st, on "Déné Roots," by Rev. A. G. Morice, O.M.I.; on Saturday, 28th, on "St. Columba, or Colum Cille," by Rev. Neil MacNish, LL.D. In the Biological Section Monday, 2nd, will be read "Report of the Ornithological Sub-Section," by Mr. J. Thurston; Monday, 16th, "Report of the Botanical Sub-Section," by Mr. C. W. Armstrong. The Ornithological Sub-Section meets second and fourth Tuesdays at 265 Yonge Street. The Botanical Sub-Section meets second and fourth Mondays at 349 Yonge Street, and the Microscopical Sub-Section meets second and fourth Wednesdays at 189 McCaul Street. In the Geological and Mining Section, on Thursday, 26th, a valuable paper on "The Silver Ores of West Kootenay, British Columbia," will be read by Mr. W. Hamilton Merritt, F.G.S., and in the Historical Section on Thursday, 19th, W. Canniff, M.D., will read a paper on "Pioneer Medical Men of Upper Canada."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Church, Rev. Alf. J., M.A. The Burning of Rome. \$7.00. New York: Macmillan & Co.
Danilevski, G. P. The Princess Tarakanova. \$2.00. New York: Macmillan & Co.; London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
Henley, Wm. Ernest. Lyra Heroica. \$1.25. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
Shaler, N. S. Nature and Man in America. \$1.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
Scherer, Edmund. Essays on English Literature. \$1.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

MECHANICAL ingenuity has long been exercised over the improvement of our means of writing. Though the fountain pen is a triumph in its way and is used by many, yet the vast majority of writers still use the ordinary pen and holder. The best combination of good qualities in a cheap form in pen and holder for general use that we have yet seen is known as the "centric" pen. The balance of this holder accords perfectly with the slope of the writer's arm and grasp of his hand, and he is freed from the strain caused by the old style of holder with pen fixed at the side. The ease, flexibility and comfort of the "centric" pen fixed in the centre of the holders' end, and the freedom with which it can be laid upon the desk, without fear of ink stain, make it an apparently perfect instrument of its kind. It is as well available for all styles of writing and for all classes of writers, from the venerable statesman to the veriest schoolboy. Messrs. Hart and Company are the Toronto agents.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

IN NOVEMBER.

The ruddy sunset lies
Banked along the west,
In flocks with sweep and rest
The birds are going to rest.

The air clings and cools,
And the reeds look cold
Standing above the pools
Like rods of beaten gold.

The flaunting golden-rod
Has lost her worldly mood,
She's given herself to God
And taken a nun's hood.

The wild and wanton horde
That kept the summer revel
Have taken the serge and cord
And given the slip to the devil.

The winter's loose somewhere,
Gathering snow for a fight;
From the feel of the air
I think it will freeze to-night.

—D. C. Scott, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

STRANGE BEDS.

THE old traveller to whom "lions" and sights have ceased to be novelties, who is not easily stirred to enthusiasm or emotion over the charms and wonders of travel, who has left off regarding journeys as contributing to the pleasure of a holiday, gets often into the habit of distinguishing the places he has visited by their beds. Speak to him of Rome, his face will not light up with enthusiasm at the remembrance of grey ruins, of historical palaces, of galleries of priceless art treasures, of associations with the history of the world for two thousand five hundred years, but he simply murmurs "pulex irritans." Speak to him of Spain, and he shudders at the recollections of nights passed in the company of foes more galling even than "pulex irritans." Allude to the South of France, and he dwells almost ecstatically upon the comfort of the Riviera bed, with its spotless drapery and its quaint, tent-like canopy, and speaks of the nightly dash beneath the gauzy curtain in order to bar entrance to, it may be, but one mosquito, whose hum, alternately loud and faint, would be a potent banisher of sleep. Allusion to mosquitoes opens the flood gates of the old traveller's memory. He will tell us how the noise made by the Hongkong variety is like the rushing of wind through trees. He will cite the mosquito of the West Indies in general, and of St. Kitts in particular, as the most irrepressible and voracious of its species; active and aggressive in broad daylight as in the stillly night, and impartial in its attentions to climate-hardened resident or juicy newcomer. From mosquitoes he ranges by association of ideas to other creatures with an affection for the human bedroom, and talks of the lizards which run up and down the walls in Singapore, of the snakes who love the Sahib's boots and blanket in India, of the centipedes and scorpions which render a barefooted journey across a Venezuelan or Brazilian bedroom a rash proceeding. As for the beds themselves, our friend, if he is not practising upon the credulity of us untravelled folk, says that he has slept upon every sort of bed which the necessity, the ingenuity, the benevolence, and the malignity of man have been able to invent. So we hear of the Japanese teahouse bed, made up in a few seconds on the mats with quilt, "futong," and that terrible wooden pillow with its roll of paper on the top, which, it may be supposed, has disappeared with the old national method of dressing the hair. We hear of the hammock slung in the stuffy 'tween deck of the South Sea whaler, of the bunk under the joshouse on the Chinese junk, of the luxurious staterooms and cabins of the great ocean liners, of beds in trans-continental emigrant cars, until we feel it time to assert ourselves and show that one need not go out of Britain in order to find strange beds. Have not all of us who have been blessed with health and strength to enjoy an average number of holidays had varied experiences of strange beds? During our peregrinations have we not made such queer acquaintances among beds that a look at the outside of an inn is sufficient for us to be able to say what sort of a bed we may expect?—*Globe*.

THE beautiful martens take up their abode in the rockiest parts of the woods and where the pines grow thickly. They are strictly abnormal in their habits; and seen among the shaggy pine foliage the rich yellow of their throats is sharply set off by the deep brown of the thick glossy fur. With us they do not make their nests and produce their young in the pine trees, but among the loose craggy rocks. Martens rarely show themselves till evening. They prey upon rabbits, hares, partridges, pheasants, and small birds; and when we say that, like the rest of the mustelidæ, they kill for a love of killing, it is not hard to understand why the keeper's hand is against them. Sometimes they do great harm in the coverts, and the old man shoots them, traps them, and does them to death with various subtle engines of his own machination. To-day the marten is rare; soon it will be extinct altogether.

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IGNORANCE is the mother of fear.—*Lord Kames*.

IN excavating at Nimroud and Kouyundjik, Layard found a number of drains covered over with pointed and elliptical arches, each layer or band of stones being built, not in a vertical plane, but slanting so that it rested on that immediately beneath it. This method of building renders a timber centre or scaffolding to support the stones until the keystone is in position unnecessary, and experiments have recently been made with it at the Columbia College, New York. Its simplicity is recommended to builders and civil engineers having long stretches of vaulting to construct. There are good illustrations of the plan in Perrot and Chipiez's "History of Chaldea and Assyria."

AT the request of the Latin-American Bureau of the World's Columbian Exposition, Cardinal Gibbons has requested the proper officers of the several religious orders of the Roman Catholic Church, both in Europe and America, to cause their archives to be searched for historical records bearing upon the discovery and settlement of the New World. It is known that every ship that left Spain, beginning with the first voyage of Columbus, carried among its crew a priest or a friar, and that these missionaries made voluminous reports to the heads of their different orders, few of which were ever published. It is believed that the archives of the church are filled with valuable historical material.

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"Spirit and tone genuinely Canadian. . . . French models of versification are successfully and appropriately imitated. The author might become a Canadian Longfellow."—*Spectator* (London, Eng.).

"The pretty French phrases and refrains come like the notes of a guitar into our Saxon symphony. As Mr. Cable brought into use the rich colouring of the French Creole regions, the Canadian poets began timidly to use the same resources among the Frenchmen of Canada, and the best fruit of the new effort is to be found in the present volume."—*New York Nation*.

"A new singer from Canada who possesses a brilliant natural voice. It is not likely that there is in America or in England another writer who could describe a woodland sojourn, naturally and without strain, by means of half a hundred villanelles."—*Boston Literary World*.

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31 & 33 King St. W., TORONTO, Canada.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

A PUSH-SWITCH similar to the push-buttons used in electric gas lighting has been invented for electric lamps. There are two buttons, the white one lighting the lamp and the black one putting it out.

An instrument called a photo-chronograph has been invented which when applied to netescopes causes the star to record accurately its time of passage across the meridian. This eliminates personal errors in the observations.

AMONG the interesting exhibits at the Frankfort electrical exhibition is that of a coach and sleigh having incandescent lamps at the end of the tongue and in the lamp-holders at the sides. The storage battery is placed beneath the driver's seat.

THE hardihood and longevity of the apple tree are illustrated by some apples in the possession of Captain Isaac Knight. They are from a tree in North Berwick, planted by the Taylor family in 1751—now 140 years old. The old tree bears some six or seven bushels this year.—Portland (Me.) Argus.

A PALSIPHONE is a new electrical musical instrument invented by a Frenchman. It is made up of a series of bells of different tones. Each bell is placed between an electro-magnet and an interrupter, and the bell itself thus becomes the medium of the electrical current. The sounds produced are said to resemble those of an organ.

LICORICE is usually brought from Asia Minor, where it is found growing in abundance all along the flat, uncultivated and almost uninhabited lands of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates. It is a small shrub, not more than three feet high, with a light foliage, and is never found far from the water. The roots are dried, carried to Bagdad, pressed into bales and shipped to London. The word licorice means "sweet root," and is of Greek origin.

ARTIFICIAL quinine, writes the Paris correspondent of the London *Lancet*, may be considered one of the discoveries of the year. The synthesis of that useful, nay, indispensable substance, quinine, has long been a desideratum, and now, thanks to MM. Grimaux and Arnaud (the former professor of chemistry at the Ecole Polytechnique, and the latter having succeeded the late illustrious centenarian, Chevreul, at the Museum d'Historie Naturelle), the chemical dream has been realized. The method adopted is as follows: The base cuprein contained in the shrub, *Remijia pedunculata*, growing in Brazil, is treated with sodium, then the combination thus obtained with chloride of methyl. The product is quinine, absolutely identical with the substance with which we are familiar, and the discovery should result in the cheapening of the drug.

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I then began taking August Flower. At that time I was a great sufferer. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. Then in a few moments that horrid distress would come on and I would have to eat and suffer again. I took a little of your medicine, and felt much better, and after taking a little more August Flower my Dyspepsia disappeared, and since that time I have never had the first sign of it. I can eat anything without the least fear of distress. I wish all that are afflicted with that terrible disease or the troubles caused by it would try August Flower, as I am satisfied there is no medicine equal to it."

As regards their capacity for conducting electricity the principal metals rank thus: Silver, 100; copper, 96; gold, 72; aluminium, 52; zinc, 26; iron, 15; platinum, 26; nickel, 12; tin, 11; lead, 7. Copper and iron are the only metals that have commercial values as electrical conductors.

THE quality of the immigrants coming into this country should receive serious consideration. Canadians are apt to look only to the numbers which come in to occupy the broad fields of Canada, and are somewhat discouraged because the population has not increased to the extent which had been hoped for. A leading medical weekly in the States, referring to the influx of immigrants there, says: It scarcely needs comment to show the enormous influence that such immigration has upon the health, welfare and prosperity of this country. It is a notorious fact that the quality of this stream of humanity has diminished within the last decade, and in just about geometrical ratio with its increase in numbers. What a change from the days when men set out across the seas to escape persecution or to secure wider civil and religious liberty to the time of "assisted" immigration, when men leave their country not for their own good, but the good of their neighbours. Can we estimate the amount of crime, ignorance and insanity that will be inflicted upon this country in the defective descendants of these wretched beings.—Canada Health Journal.

WHILE the elderly man has less capacity for some forms of exercise than the younger adult, he has no less need than the other of the general and local effects of exercise. It is in the earliest period of mature age that the most characteristic manifestations of defects of nutrition—obesity, gout and diabetes, in which lack of exercise plays an important part—are produced; and the treatment of them demands imperiously a stirring up of the vital combustion. Placed between a conviction that exercise is necessary, and a fear of the dangers of exercise, the mature man ought, therefore, to proceed with the strictest method in the application of this powerful modifier of nutrition. It is impossible, however, to trace methodically a single rule for all men of the same age, for all do not offer the same degree of preservation. We might, perhaps, find a general formula for the age at which the muscles and bones have retained all their power of resistance, and at which the heart and vessels begin to lose some of their capacity to perform their functions. The mature man can safely brave all exercises that bring on muscular fatigue, but he must approach with great care those which provoke shortness of breath.—Fernand Lagrange, M.D., in the *Popular Science Monthly* for October.

NATURE states that Herr Hufner has lately pointed out some of the biological bearings of the fact (observed in experiment along with Herr Albrecht) that long light-waves are much more strongly absorbed by water than short ones. If the lower marine animals had, like man, the liveliest light-perception with yellow rays, and a certain intensity of light were necessary to them, they must live at a less depth than if their visual organs were most strongly affected by short-waved rays. Thus, e.g., if they needed as much yellow light as that of the full moon, they could not live deeper than 177 metres (say, 590 feet). Yet they are found at all depths where food, oxygen, and a suitable temperature exist. On the other hand, the existence of plants having chlorophyll depends on light, and we might expect that the distribution of non-parasitic plants would be very limited, which is the case, no plant-organisms being found under 200 fathoms. Green plants assimilate best in yellow light; and supposing plants to assimilate in moonlight they would find their limit at the above depth (177 metres). But while yellow is here weakened to 0.000016 of its brightness, indigo blue has still 0.007829 of its original strength, and the assimilation with blue rays will be 660 times as strong as with yellow. Different coloured marine plants react differently according to the colour of light, and they have accordingly different distribution in depth.—Science.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Now let us consider sound as an agent for changing the state of things in the air. It is one of the commonest and simplest agencies in the world, which we can experiment upon without difficulty. It is purely mechanical in its action. When a bomb explodes, a certain quantity of gas, say five or six cubic yards, is suddenly produced. It pushes aside and compresses the surrounding air in all directions, and this motion and compression are transmitted from one portion of the air to another. The amount of motion diminishes as the square of the distance; a simple calculation shows that at a quarter of a mile from the point of explosion it would not be one ten-thousandth of an inch. The condensation is only momentary; it may last the hundredth or the thousandth of a second, according to the suddenness and violence of the explosion; then elasticity restores the air to its original condition, and everything is just as it was before the explosion. A thousand detonations can produce no more effect upon the air, or upon the watery vapour in it, than a thousand rebounds of a small boy's rubber ball would produce upon a stone wall. So far as the compression of the air could produce even a momentary effect, it would be to prevent rather than to cause condensation of its vapour, because it is productive of heat, which produces evaporation, not condensation. . . . But how, it may be asked, shall we deal with the fact that Mr. Dyrenforth's recent explosions of bombs under a clear sky in Texas were followed in a few hours, or a day or two, by rains in a region where rain was almost unknown? I know too little about the fact, if such it be, to do more than ask questions about it suggested by well-known scientific truths. If there is any scientific result which we can accept with confidence, it is that ten seconds after the sound of the last bomb died away, silence resumed her sway. From that moment everything in the air—humidity, temperature, pressure and motion—was exactly the same as if no bomb had been fired. Now, what went on during the hours that elapsed between the sound of the last bomb and the falling of the first drop of rain? Did the aqueous vapour already in the surrounding air slowly condense into clouds and raindrops in defiance of physical laws? If not, the hours must have been occupied by the passage of a mass of thousands of cubic miles of warm, moist air coming from some other region to which the sound could not have extended. Or was Jupiter Pluvius awakened by the sound after two thousand years of slumber, and did the laws of nature become silent at his command? When we transcend what is scientifically possible, all suppositions are admissible; and we leave the reader to take his choice between these and any others he may choose to invent.—From "Can We Make It Rain?" by Professor Simon Newcomb, in *North American Review* for October.

CATARRH indicates impure blood, and to cure it, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood. Sold by all druggists.

CHICAGO is to have an electric unicycle railroad to run from Lake Street to Jackson Park. The cars will be run at the rate of forty miles an hour.

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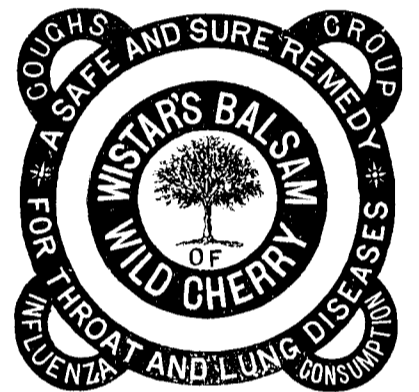
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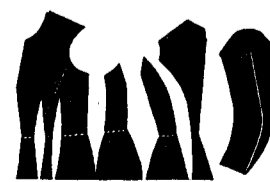
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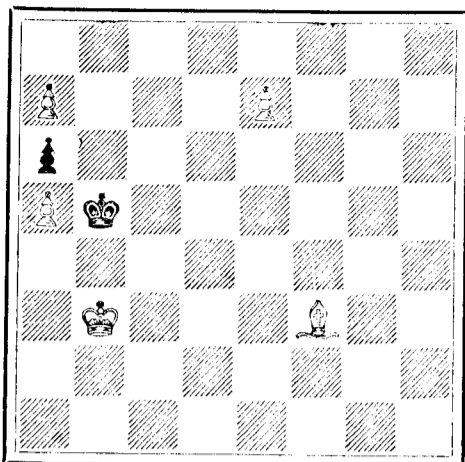
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By W. A. Shinkman.
BLACK.

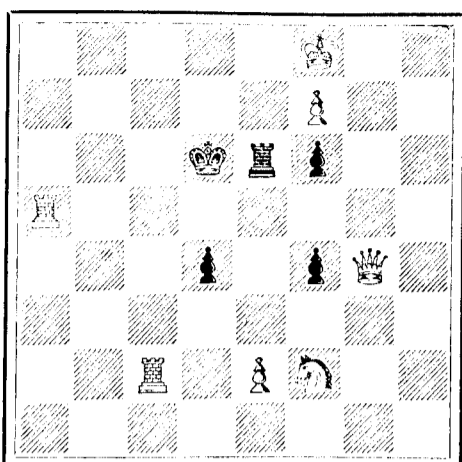


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 616.

By M. Rowland.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 609.

- | | |
|------------------|------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Q x B at Kt 6 | 1. P moves |
| 2. Q-R 5 | 2. moves |
| 3. Q x P mate | |
| | 1. B-B 7 |
| 2. Q-R 5 | 2. B-Q 6 |
| 3. R-B 8 mates. | |

No. 610.
B-K 4

FIRST GAME IN THE MATCH BETWEEN MR. BLACKBURNE AND CAPTAIN MACKENZIE, PLAYED AT SIMPSON'S DIVAN, LONDON, 25TH SEPTEMBER, 1882.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

- | | | | |
|-----------------|------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
| MR. BLACKBURNE. | CAPT. MACKENZIE. | MR. BLACKBURNE. | CAPT. MACKENZIE. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 4 | 17. B x Kt | Kt P x B |
| 2. Kt-K B 3 | Kt-Q B 3 | 18. P-K B 4 | Kt-B 3 |
| 3. P-Q 4 | P x P | 19. P-B 5 | Q-B 3 |
| 4. Kt x P | B-B 4 | 20. P-Kt 5 | Q-K 4 |
| 5. B-K 3 | Q-B 3 | 21. B-B 3 | R x P |
| 6. P-Q B 3 | K Kt-K 2 | 22. K-Kt | R-R 2 |
| 7. Kt-Q B 3 | B-Kt 3 | 23. Kt-K 3 | Kt-R 4 |
| 8. Q-Kt-R 3 | Q-Kt 3 | 24. Kt-Kt 4 | Q-K 2 |
| 9. P-B 2 | Kt-Q 1 | 25. Q-Kt 2 | K-R |
| 10. Q-Q 2 | Kt-K 3 | 26. P-B 6 | Q-K 3 |
| 11. Kt-B 4 | P-Q 3 | 27. P x P + | K x P |
| 12. Kt x B | R P x Kt | 28. R-Q 5 | Kt-B 5 |
| 13. B-Q B 4 | Castles | 29. Q-K B 2 | Q x R |
| 14. P-K Kt 4 | Kt-B 3 | 30. P x Q | B-B 4 + |
| 15. Castles Q R | Kt-K 4 | 31. Q-B 2 | R-R 8 + |
| 16. B-K 2 | Kt-B 4 | 32. K x R | B x Q |

And Mr. Blackburne resigned, as the mate is forced by 33. R-R, etc.

FOR RHEUMATISM

Which is caused by an acid in the blood, the best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Abundant testimony shows that where all other treatment fails, the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla effects a complete cure. H. P. Green, of Johnstown, Ohio, writes: "For over fifteen years I suffered untold misery from rheumatism. Physicians' prescriptions, as well as the various specifics, proving of no avail, I at length concluded to give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a persistent trial. I have used in all about eighteen bottles, and am now enjoying perfect health. The expense for this medicine was nothing compared with what I had put out for doctoring that did me no good whatever."

"About three years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to work only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to say that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease." — Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th street, New York City.

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Cures Others, Will Cure You

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3. Keep the Feet Warm.

These conditions are not so easily obtained as one would think. Why? Because without pure and healthy blood a vigorous circulation cannot be kept up, and because the food and occupation of most people tends to clog up the bowels and produce constipation. The success of B. B. B., like that of the German physician, lies in so purifying the blood and regulating the bowels, liver and stomach, that these three conditions are fulfilled easily, and disease can find no lodgment in the body.

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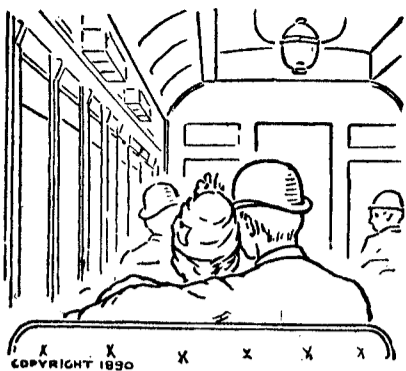
Will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing DYSPEPSIA HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS will be avoided, the food that is eaten contributes its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste and decay of the body.

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of diseases that follow a torpid liver and impure blood, nothing can take the place of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Nothing will, after you have seen what it does. It prevents and cures by removing the cause. It invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood, sharpens the appetite, improves digestion, and builds up both strength and flesh, when reduced below the standard of health. For Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Scrofula, or any blood-taint it's a positive remedy. It acts as no other medicine does. For that reason, it's sold as no other medicine is. It's *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded.

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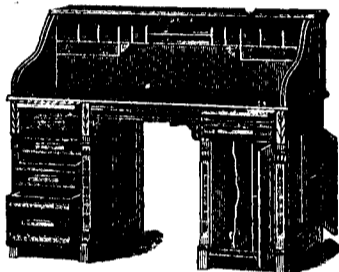
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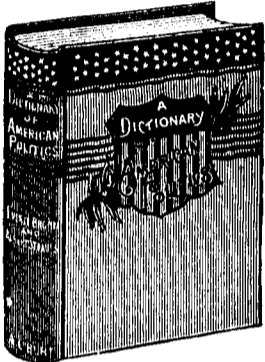
Was troubled for years with bad liver and became yellow with jaundice. Heard about St. Leon Mineral Water. Went to the Springs and got entirely well. That is four years ago, have used the water ever since and have the finest health I could desire. Never enjoyed life more, also my skin regained its natural colour.—Mrs. John Massi, Boxton Falls.

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A COMPLETE PLAY—"Harold," by the distinguished German dramatist, *Ernst von Wildenbruch*, will be given, translated into English verse, with the author's sanction, in the second double number of POET-LORE—Sept. 15th. This drama is on an English theme, is full of action, and is a marked success on the German stage (copyright applied for). A portrait of the author, and a critical and biographical account of him, will also be given.

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Magazine of American History

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1891.

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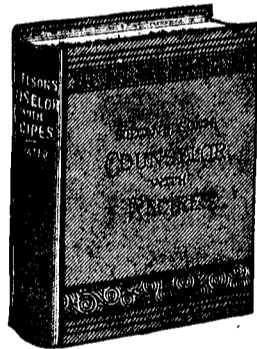
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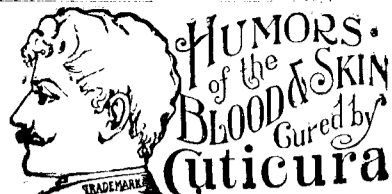
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