

# THE WEEK:

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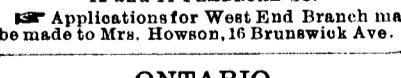
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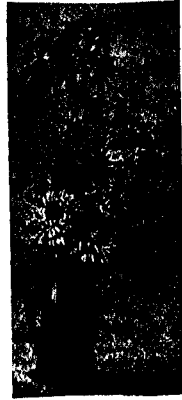


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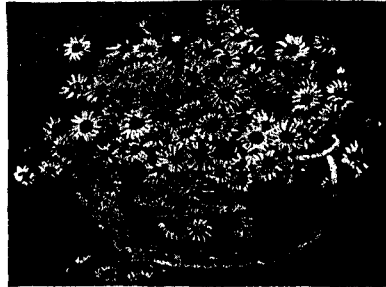
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

A CIRCULAR from the Chairman and Honorary Local Secretaries of the Royal Society of Canada informs us that the next annual meeting of the Society will be held in the city of Montreal, on Wednesday, May 27th, 1891, and that it is anticipated that the meeting will be attended by many distinguished persons, eminent in Literature and Science, from Europe and the United States, as well as from the Dominion of Canada. The ordinary sessions of the Society will be held in the buildings of the McGill University, and the popular evening lectures will be delivered in the Queen's Hall on St. Catherine Street. The museums and art galleries, with the educational, industrial and other institutions of the city, will be opened to visiting members and associates. These various provisions for the indulgence and cultivation of literary, scientific and artistic tastes, combined with the various social entertainments which will no doubt be liberally provided by the citizens, and the attractions offered by the scenery and historical associations of the neighbourhood, should ensure, at that delightful season of the year, a large attendance of the educated and scholarly classes for whom the Society is designed to cater. Though we have never been able to admire or approve the principles on which such societies are based, or to admit the right of any self-constituted and close corporation to assume, to the extent seemingly implied in so ambitious a title, either to represent or to gauge the learning and culture of the Dominion, we, nevertheless, gladly recognize that good literary and scientific work has already been done by the "Royal Society of Canada," and we wish it every success in its efforts to stimulate the intellectual life of Canada. Could the members some day see their way clear to so liberalize the constitution, and broaden the sphere of the Society as to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of a larger proportion of the best literary talent and scholarship of the Dominion, it might, we conceive, secure both a more thoroughly representative standing and a wider usefulness than it can hope to attain along its present restrictive lines on this democratic hemisphere.

THE stand taken by Mr. Mowat and his colleagues against Mr. Whitney's Bill to amend the Election Act by providing for the more rigid punishment of corruption, must, we fancy, have been disappointing to many of the Premier's admirers. We have in a former number commented on the amendments proposed by Mr. Whitney. The two most important of these were that imprisonment was to be made a necessary consequence of conviction, and that the county attorney was to be required to attend Election trials and prosecute guilty parties summarily. The gist of Mr. Mowat's argument in justification of his opposition to the Bill was that it would defeat its own ends by greatly increasing the difficulty in obtaining proof, which is even now the chief obstacle to the enforcement of the law. There is undoubtedly force in this argument. It cannot be doubted that beyond a certain point the severity of the punishment tends to render it more difficult to obtain proof of the crime. The only question in this case is the practical one, as to whether Mr. Whitney's proposals went beyond that point. As the present law makes imprisonment optional it does not seem likely that the reluctance to testify would be very greatly increased by the proposed change. On the other hand, the educative influence of that change would, it seems to us, be very valuable, though we do not remember that this was mentioned in the discussion. To make imprisonment the invariable punishment of corrupt acts would at once stamp those acts as crimes, while to many minds the imposition of a fine suggests only the idea of a misdemeanour, more or less pardonable. The objection to the punishment by fine, that it discriminates against the poor man, which was strongly urged by Mr. Whitney, is simply unanswerable. To the man of means the payment of a fine may be no punishment whatever, while for precisely the same offence the poor man may be lodged in gaol, to take his place among criminals. This is a glaring injustice, such as no enlightened people should commit or tolerate. Mr. Whitney's suggestion that the procuring of proof might be facilitated by doing away with the penalty for the taking of bribes should commend itself to Mr. Mowat's consideration, as directly in line with his argument, though from other points of view it is open to grave objections. The smallness of the Government majority, coupled with the fact that one or two of its supporters voted for the Bill, should encourage Mr. Whitney to persevere. Evidently the principle of his measure is making headway.

THE debate in the Ontario Legislature on the motion to refer the charges of election frauds in East Hastings to the Committee on Privileges and Elections was on the whole able and dignified. Premier Mowat's amendment affirming that the reference proposed would be "contrary to usage and precedent since the transfer of election trials to the courts, and would serve no useful, legitimate purpose which would not be better accomplished by the ordinary tribunals provided by law, or by a commission, etc.," was of course carried by the party majority. The justice of this decision and the conclusiveness of the arguments urged by Mr. Mowat and others in its support seem to us to depend entirely upon the question whether under the circumstances the courts are accessible for the correction of the alleged fraudulent artifices. On this point the authorities of the Premier and the Leader of the Opposition were at variance. Assuming the correctness of Mr. Mowat's views on this point, most thoughtful persons will agree with him that the courts constitute a much better tribunal for the investigation of all such questions than any that can be afforded by a Committee of the House. It would be unfortunate to establish a precedent in favour of going back to the old system of having such election disputes decided by a committee of interested politicians. There should be, it is true, great force in Mr. Meredith's protest against the implication that the judgments of honourable members could be swayed by party considerations. But why should the members of the House composing such a committee be less liable to be influenced by such considerations than the House itself, and we do not suppose that anybody but a modern Apella could believe that, e.g., the division upon Mr. Mowat's

amendment touching this very matter represents the honest convictions, conscientiously and independently reached, of the individual members. It would be an extraordinary coincidence, indeed, that, if unbiassed, the supporters of the Administration should invariably come to one conclusion and the members of the Opposition to the opposite, on such a question. But, on the other hand, it is of primary importance that Government officials should be placed under the heaviest possible bonds for the impartial discharge of the duties of their offices in all such matters, and that a ready and effective means of investigation and redress should be open to all responsible persons who are ready to prefer definite charges of irregularity or wrong doing. In fact, when such accusations as those made by Mr. Hudson are openly presented, a thorough investigation is due to the officials themselves no less than to their accusers, and the Government, it seems to us, should feel in honour bound to see that such investigations are promptly made.

ONE of the most interesting debates of the session in the Ontario Legislature was that of the 15th inst., on Mr. Wood's resolution in favour of abolishing the system of paying sheriffs, registrars and certain other classes of public officials by fees instead of by salaries. That the system of payment by fees, as at present operated, leads to serious disparities and anomalies was very clearly shown by Mr. Wood and other speakers. This is specially apparent in the case of the registrars, of whom there are at present, according to Mr. Wood's figures, sixty-three, who receive as the net proceeds of their offices about \$100,000, an average of about \$1,600 each, for the performance of duties which make no demand upon the official beyond that of being a fair business man and an honest one. If all these officers were fully employed and the salaries somewhat evenly distributed, the remuneration could hardly be deemed excessive, but this is not the case, as the salaries range from \$726 to nearly \$9,000. The result is that a number of these officials derive incomes greater by fifty to seventy-five per cent. than that of the Premier himself. The question is, however, as Mr. Mowat said, one of the proper mode of remuneration, rather than of the proper amount of the salaries paid. The Premier joined issue on this question and maintained that the fee system is, on the merits, the better system. Some of his arguments in support of this position were, to say the least, curious. For instance, he argued that when paid by salary the officer confined himself strictly to office hours, while when paid by fees he would work up to twelve o'clock at night, if necessary. One would have supposed that in such a position there would be a certain amount of work to be done, and that the honest officer would hold himself responsible for doing it. If the question were one of employing assistants, the amount of income would be a pretty safe guide to the work to be done, and neither Government nor people would wish a public servant to be overworked. On the other hand, the desire to retain the position would usually suffice, even if higher motives failed, to secure a faithful and economical performance of duty, as it does in the case of the many officers who are remunerated by salary. A still more puzzling argument was the Premier's statement that under the salary system the receipts would be very much less than they are now. As Mr. Whitney put it, how the payment by salary would prevent John Doe or Richard Roe from selling his property and registering the deed is hard to understand. In fact Mr. Mowat's opinion on this point was well adapted to give force to the suggestion of another speaker, that the fee system presents temptations to abuse in the direction of making unnecessary and excessive charges. The sum of the matter seems to be that the fee system gives the Government an opportunity to reward political services with fat offices, seeing that, as a matter of fact, there are at present a number of incumbents of such offices enjoying large salaries for which they actually render comparatively little service, the bulk of the work being done by employees whose labours are but scantily remunerated. The system which produces such results is not only unfair and unjust in itself, but injurious to political morality. It should be speedily amended.

WE have pleasure in placing before our readers this week, in advance of publication, the concluding chapter of a work by Mr. Oliver Howland. Judged by this sample the work promises to do credit to Canadian authorship. Our readers will, we are sure, be glad of the foretaste thus given them of the forthcoming volume. Even those, and they will we dare say be many, who may fail to accept the author's opinions, or to admit the conclusiveness of his reasonings, will, nevertheless, be pleased with the nervous energy of his style, and the breadth of view which characterizes his outlook. Special interest attaches to the chapter now before us from the fact that it deals with a subject which is of living interest at the present moment. While we cannot but hope that the author, in the fervour of his patriotism, considerably overestimates the importance of the pending affair, we have read with special interest his analysis of the present temper of the French Republic. This temper, whatever its cause, certainly precludes all hope of the solution which would, in a calmer mood, present itself to France, as it does to the other parties concerned, as the only satisfactory one, viz., a revision of the Treaties, with a view to the removal of the "covenant" which is at the base of the trouble, on equitable terms of compensation. Just here, however, we venture to suggest that Mr. Howland has lost sight of one chief factor of the problem which he is discussing. We refer to the well-known fact that the continued occupation of Egypt by the British forces, in spite of France's remonstrances and protests, has probably more to do with the stubborn resolve of the French Government to insist upon its full pound of flesh, than any of the remoter causes which Mr. Howland has so graphically described. Nor can it be denied—even admitting that the best interests of both Egypt and England, and indeed of all Europe, France alone excepted, demand the continued presence of the latter in that distracted country—that the French have some reason for regarding Great Britain's course in indefinitely prolonging her occupation, as at least a serious straining of the spirit if not the letter of her promise. The knowledge of this fact—that, viz., of the relation of the Egyptian complication to French aggressiveness—has undoubtedly much to do with the obstreperousness of the Newfoundlanders themselves. To the dispassionate onlooker, with British sympathies, their conduct in the matter seems unpardonably selfish, and their apparent inability to understand and make allowance for the Mother Country's difficulties, utterly ungrateful and unfilial. As some one has expressed it, they seem ready to burn the Imperial House in order to roast their own chestnuts. But on the other hand, the Islanders no doubt regard themselves as being sacrificed to the ambitions or political exigencies of the Mother Country in regard to Egypt. It is far from improbable, we think, that the British Government will so far recognize the force of this contention as to counterbalance the French Government's bounty to French fishermen by a similar bounty to Newfoundland fishermen. There is little doubt that on some such basis a settlement of the difficulty will be reached with the colonists, while the arbitration will dispose of some of the points in dispute with France. Surely the stability of the Empire is too great to be seriously endangered by so small a matter.

NOT a little discussion, without as well as within the Province, has been caused by the Resolution of sympathy with Newfoundland, introduced by Premier Fielding and adopted by the Nova Scotia Legislature. We cannot admit the force of the argument that, as the matter of the refusal of bait to Canadian fishermen is one that comes constitutionally within the purview of the Dominion Government, the Nova Scotia Legislature went beyond its sphere in trying to bring its influence to bear upon Newfoundland. As a matter of fact it is probable that Nova Scotia has more influence with the Island, by reason of its closer business relations, than all the rest of the Dominion. It is also true that Nova Scotians suffer more than all other Canadians from the present spiteful course of the Island Government. This will appear from Mr. Fielding's statement that there are at the present time not less than 200 Nova Scotia vessels, containing 2,000 fishermen, awaiting a settlement of the bait question, and that the continuance of Newfoundland's policy of refusing bait to Canadians would mean absolute ruin to all those fishermen. At the same time the wisdom of the form in which the Nova Scotia Legislature, under Premier Fielding's lead, undertook to bring its influence to bear may be fairly open to question. They have too much the appear-

ance of an attempt to coax a petulant child into a better mood. Be that as it may, we cannot believe that Newfoundland will long persist in its present revengeful policy. Whatever cause its people may have, or think they have, to feel themselves aggrieved by the interference of the Dominion Government to prevent the ratification of their proposed treaty with the United States—a treaty whose benefits they are now discovering would have been extremely small—they should not forget that of which the *Empire* does well to remind them, viz., that in all past arrangements, such as the Washington Treaty, the fishery award, etc., the Dominion has treated the interests of Newfoundland as identical with its own. We are confident that the good sense and right feeling of the people of Newfoundland will not long permit the existence of the present state of affairs.

THIS is the season for official reports, and our thanks are due to the various Government departments at Ottawa for the blue books, and to those at Toronto for the brown books, which have been kindly sent us. These contain much valuable material for analysis and comment, but for the present we must content ourselves with culling a few facts of special interest.

The Report of the Postmaster-General always affords one of the best means of estimating the general progress of the country. The number of registered letters which passed through the mails in Canada during the year ending 30th June, 1890, is estimated at 3,280,000, as against 3,649,000 the preceding year. The falling off of 369,000 is of course due to the increase from 2c. to 5c. in the registration fee. If we add to this difference 100,000, which is about the average yearly increase, it will still be found that the change has resulted in an increase of about \$89,000 in the revenue from this source. To this sum must be added, to show the full effect of the change financially, the proceeds of an increase of 50,000 to 60,000 above the average of preceding years in the number of money orders issued. Another advantage derived from the special measures for securing safety in transmission which the increase enabled the Department to make is seen in a falling off of from 243 to 149 in the number of reported cases of abstraction of contents, or portions of contents, of letters. The gross postal revenue for the year was \$3,940,695.59, the total expenditure \$3,223,614.63. The excess of revenue over expenditure was thus \$717,080.96, about \$45,000 less than that of the preceding year. It is not expected, probably not desirable, that the receipts should balance expenditures in this department. Has not the time nearly come when the experiment of cheaper letter-postage should be tried?

The Report of the Minister of Agriculture consists largely of details respecting immigration and the operations of immigration agencies. In this there is, it must be confessed, a regrettable disproportion between the care and labour expended and the results. The total number of immigrants who arrived during 1890, including both those who were reported with settlers' goods by Custom Houses and those who were reported by agents as having stated their intention to settle in Canada, was 75,067, less than that of any preceding year, save 1886, within eight years. The total *per capita* cost of these was, not including customs, \$3.06; or, including customs, \$1.69. Unfortunately—for it would be desirable to know the exact facts—no reliable figures can be given or obtained concerning emigration. Some of the trade statistics of the year are more encouraging, e.g., the increase of more than \$1,200,000 in the value of cattle exported.

The Report of the Department of Indian Affairs is very voluminous. A few facts only can be now given. Many will be surprised to learn that "the Indians of the seven Provinces of the Dominion, and those of the District of Keewatin, may be described as being, as a rule, self-supporting." Notwithstanding the severe penalties which may be inflicted, the facility with which Indians can obtain spirituous liquors leads often to disastrous and deplorable results. Measures are being taken by the department to secure a better enforcement of the law in this particular. The number of Indian children of school age in the Dominion is given as 14,963. The daily average attendance at schools of all classes is only 3,833. Of this number only 836 are attending industrial schools. The Report says, "It would be highly desirable, if it were practicable, to obtain entire possession of all Indian children after they attain the age of seven or eight years, and

keep them at schools of the industrial type until they have had a thorough course of instruction, not only in the ordinary subjects taught in public schools, but in some useful and profitable trade, or in agriculture, as the aptitude of the pupil might indicate." We have often urged the desirability of providing school accommodation for all Indian, as is now supposed to be done for all white, children of school age, and making attendance compulsory. We are glad to see that the Department now recommends this course, so far as the Indians of all the older Provinces are concerned. That this much is feasible and most desirable can hardly be denied. Nor do we see why the same system might not be judiciously introduced in connection with the North-West reserves. Such a policy would settle the "Indian Question" in a generation. At the present rate of progress, encouraging as it is shown to be in many respects, it will hardly be settled in a century.

RAILWAY matters were foremost in the Manitoba Legislature during the Session which was brought to a close on the 18th inst. This is not surprising. It is the natural outcome of the circumstances of a new agricultural country, in which the first and indispensable condition of prosperity is access to the centres of population and to the world's markets. A good deal of unfavourable comment has been called forth by the action of the Legislature in promising a large bonus to the Winnipeg and Hudson Bay Railway Company, for a complete line, fully equipped and in operation. The amount so voted may seem large in proportion to the population of the Province and its ability to bear the heavy burdens already laid upon it, but we have no doubt that the prospect of the grand results which would follow the successful opening up of this new and short route to the British grain market is such as may well make the people of the Province willing to undergo a pretty heavy strain and to take some serious risks in order to test the feasibility of the scheme. Looking at the question from the point of view of the North-West settler, we cannot resist the conclusion that the action of the Legislature is wise. A reasonable expectation of great and lasting gains may sometimes warrant unusual efforts and large ventures of a legitimate kind. The measure adopted to secure the extension of the Canadian Pacific to the Souris coal fields can scarcely fail to bring excellent returns, not only to the sections of the country immediately affected but to the whole Province, in the reduced cost of fuel—a matter of very great importance in a prairie country. The chief matter of surprise in connection with the arrangement is the wonderful change it indicates in the attitude of the Government and Legislature, and the people they represent, towards this great monopoly. Probably the true interests of the railway itself, as seen by its sagacious managers, even more than any provisions that may have been made in the agreement, may afford sufficient guarantee against any injurious results from this considerable extension of its already great powers which the company has secured. At the same time it may be hoped in the interests of the settlers that the rumoured purchase by the Canadian Pacific of the competing lines of the Northern Pacific in the Province, which were secured with so much trouble, may prove incorrect. It is undesirable from every point of view that the powers of any corporation should be so extended as to give it virtual control of the destinies of a whole country.

MANY of our readers have no doubt followed with some interest the singular case which occupied for a time so large a place in the attention of the public as well as of the courts in England, and which was recently settled, at least for the present, by a judgment of the Court of Appeal—the case, viz., which arose out of the act of a Mr. Jackson in regaining possession of his wife by violence, and attempting to retain her in his home by force. Popular sympathy was, we believe, pretty evenly divided between the husband and the wife, and it is not unlikely that they may have shared, as often happens, about equally in the blameworthiness. All personal issues were, however, quite overshadowed by the far-reaching import of the principles involved in the judicial decision. The judgment pronounced by the Lord Chancellor and his colleagues has finally dispelled a notion which has been long and tenaciously held, seemingly by a large majority of the English people, touching the extent and absoluteness of the husband's legal power to control the wife's movements. The appeal was from the decision of the Divisional Court which, interpreting the law as it had been established by old-time precedents, had affirmed the right of the husband

forcibly to regain and retain the society of his wife. The law, as settled by the Court of Appeal, is, in effect, that, unless under very exceptional circumstances, the husband has no more power over the personal liberty of his wife than over that of any other woman. As the *Morning Post* says "the theory that the wife is the property of the husband—part of his 'goods and chattels'—to be dealt with as he pleases, so forcibly expressed by the leading character in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' is no part of the law of England. The summary remedy of *habeas corpus* has disposed of the question in a most satisfactory manner." All the leading English papers, so far as we have observed, are agreed that the principle laid down by the Lords of Appeal is, as the *Times* admits, "in harmony with modern feeling and with modern legislation." It is conceded to be reasonable and right that a man and a woman cannot be compelled to live together against the will of either. But several influential papers, including the *Times* and the *Chronicle*, denounce as a flagrant injustice, as well as a legal absurdity, the fact that while the husband is thus liable to be deprived in perpetuity of his wife's society he is still bound to regard himself as her husband, responsible for her debts, and to some extent, perhaps, for her actions. The question thus raised is, in fact, that of the justice and propriety of an extension of the law of divorce. "If," says the *Chronicle*, "a man and a woman cannot live with each other, and if the courts refuse to compel them to do so against their will, why should they be doomed to celibacy till one or the other dies?" Clearly it is among the possibilities of the near future that the decision pronounced by the Court of Appeal may give rise to a successful agitation in favour of making desertion by either party a ground for divorce. There is undoubted force in the argument. It is easy to conceive of cases of great hardship and injustice as the outcome of such a state of the law. But most general laws, however salutary on the whole, bear hard in individual cases. Before either the British people or their Parliament enlarge so greatly the scope of the law of divorce they will be likely to count the cost a good many times. Especially will they consider seriously the effect which making the terms of separation so easy would be likely to have, on the one hand, in multiplying hasty and ill-considered marriages, and, on the other, in lessening the force of the many weighty motives which are now brought to bear for the promotion of mutual kindness and forbearance in the conjugal relationship. So practical a people will scarcely be able to shut their eyes to the great train of social and moral evils that would inevitably follow in the train of divorce made easy.

THE defeat of the British Government in the House of Commons, and the passing for the first time, by a majority of thirty, of Mr. Pease's annual motion for the suppression of the opium traffic in India, was a very significant, and to those who believe that the love of righteousness should be the supreme motive in the Parliament and in the nation, a very hopeful event. Notwithstanding the heartless sneers of the *Times* and the *Standard* at what the one is pleased to call "a spasm of cheap puritanism," and the other "the demand of a coterie of fussy sentimentalists," it is impossible for any one who has a knowledge of the facts, and in whom the ethical sense is not utterly torpid, to deny that the policy and practice at which the resolution is aimed are iniquitous in a degree which language can scarcely exaggerate. The history of the series of utterly unjustifiable wars, or butcheries, by which the British Government forced the Chinese Empire to open its gates to the opium trade, is, undeniably, one of the foulest blot upon the annals of that or any other Christian nation. And the manner in which the advantages gained by those wars are to this day utilized by the Government of India, with Great Britain's consent and approval, is, as any impartial mind must admit, not a whit less iniquitous. The whole business affords a most striking and painful example of the extent to which the conscience of even a Christian nation can be narcotized by revenue considerations. The Indian Government's monopoly of the manufacture of opium in Bengal brings in an average annual revenue of about 2,725,000 pounds sterling. In order to secure this, the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India becomes, in the words of Mr. David McLaren, J.P., "probably by far the largest manufacturer in the world; and that of an article not one grain of which dare be sold in her home territories, even for medicine, without being marked POISON." And yet about 90,000 chests, of about 140 pounds each, of this drug are shipped annually to China and the Straits Settlements. The whole

of this amount is not, it is true, manufactured under the Government monopoly in Bengal. A considerable part of it is the product of the Native States of Central India. But before this *Mahwa* opium, as it is called, can reach a port of shipment it must pass through British territory, and the Government derives its revenue from this in the shape of a heavy transit duty, which brings in an annual income of about 1,825,000 pounds sterling. Thus it will be seen that the suppression of the traffic would mean a loss to the Indian Government of more than four and a-half, or as stated in round numbers by Mr. Smith, Government Leader in the Commons, about five millions of pounds annually. This deficiency would probably have to be made up by the British Government. It would no doubt be very hard on the British tax-payer, but the law of righteousness compels a nation as an individual to atone for past iniquities. It would be unnecessary, even had we the space, to attempt a description of the results of this traffic both in China and in some parts of India. The testimony of merchants, travellers, physicians, missionaries, Government ambassadors and officers, Chinese statesmen, in a word, of observers of all classes, is that the effects are awful beyond all description. Once the taste is formed, the craving becomes so irresistible that the smoker will stop short of no crime to appease it. A noble business this, truly, for a great Christian nation to be engaged in! And yet those who would have Great Britain wash its hands of it are "fussy sentimentalists," affected with "a spasm of cheap puritanism." The kind of sentimentalism and puritanism which poured out millions of British gold to purchase the freedom of African slaves throughout the Empire may be trusted, at no distant day, to wipe out at still greater cost this crying national iniquity.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND CASE—THE CRISIS OF THE EMPIRE.\*

CHAPTER V.

EVENTS move fast; and what an hour ago was a speculative possibility, the next seems to convert into an imperative necessity. While these pages have been passing through the Press, the Newfoundland crisis has come up over the Imperial horizon like a tropical cloud.

The case of our Newfoundland fellow-colonists, in some respects, is strong. The rights claimed by a foreign nation upon the "French shore" of Newfoundland, not only in the expanded form now sought to be given them, but even as hitherto enjoyed, are becoming an intolerable anachronism. The Island of Newfoundland is no longer, as it was at the date of the Treaties of Paris and Utrecht, a mere landing-place of European fishermen. In law, it cannot now be regarded as it was once termed—"A British ship anchored in the ocean." It has become a peopled colony, with its Local Government and its native British subjects, feeling, like other colonists, their citizenship and their rights.

At the same time, Newfoundland's case illustrates the difficulty of applying the broad modern doctrine of Colonial rights to comparatively small and isolated Provinces. They are preoccupied with local interests, and regard them wholly from a local point of view. It was to a great group of colonies, formed into the Canadian Confederation, that the privilege of intervention in foreign diplomacy was first conceded, which in that case at least has grown into an indefeasible right. When acting together in large masses, varied and extended interests require to be considered. A regard for proportion and relation—the statesmanlike habit of mind—is enforced upon such a Government. Combined action will therefore represent, not only multiplied force, but a more probable assurance of prudent consideration, if not of justice.

The most vexatious privileges which French subjects enjoy upon the Newfoundland littoral are not secured by territorial *grant*. They rest upon a form of engagement that, following the analogies of private law, would be termed "a personal covenant" of the King of England. It was introduced into the Treaty of Versailles (1763) by way of rider upon the clauses of the Treaties of Utrecht and Paris. The form of this article was the cause of great debate between the French Minister and the English Plenipotentiaries. The French Government strenuously demanded a *grant* of an exclusive right in the shore. They reluctantly accepted as a compromise the *covenant* that was actually given. The French Government well understood the distinction. A *grant* would have been permanent, irrevocable, and directly enforceable by the arm of the French Government. The *covenant* gave no territorial footing. It did not even amount to the creation of what might be called an easement. The *covenant*, as it is, is one which no international court, if it existed, would undertake to enforce specifically. It would only adjudge circumstances for non-fulfilment, in money or otherwise.

Circumstances have so changed since this *covenant* was given that it becomes a question whether this option,

implied by substituting the form of *Covenant* for the form of *Grant*, ought not to be availed of. The inconvenience in modern times of anything resembling an *imperium in imperio*, and the somewhat galling manner in which the French have overstrained their privileges, call for their extinction, in the interests of peace and good government. Compensation, to be adjudged if necessary by arbitration, is all that equity demands.

What is just, however, is not always expedient. To enforce a revision of the Treaties of Utrecht and Paris and Versailles at the present time might be to precipitate events that would not merely affect the welfare of the Empire and all its provinces, but would put the progress of Civilization in some peril. The present temper of France, strained with the burden of protracted armaments and burning with revenge delayed, is a constant danger to the world. *Chauvinism* in that country is an element as misanthropic, and almost as strong, as the Fenian influence was in the United States, until Mr. Gladstone drew its sting, first by concluding the Treaty of Washington, and afterwards by carrying through the Irish Church disestablishment and the first Irish Land Bill: whereby he entitled himself to the everlasting gratitude of the English race.

This state of mind in France is shared by nobler men than the Chauvinists. It has its inspiration in a true, though (as we may judge) misdirected, patriotism. Terrible and heartbreaking was the humiliation which fell upon the French nation in 1870. It was not merely the dissipation of its overweening dream of pride, fed upon the memories of victorious periods, when all the military genius of Europe seemed to be concentrated in its generals. It was not merely the absolute loss of the border provinces, once torn from Germany by the fortune of war, and now by the fortune of war restored to her. There was much more than this in the memories of Sedan and of the siege. In the eyes of Europe and in her own, France felt herself to be not merely unfortunate but disgraced. The revelation of corruption, weakness and incapacity, made by the war, depreciated her before the world and threatened to destroy the self-confidence of her own people. Her patriots did not lose their self-confidence. They felt, and continue to feel, a burning indignation against the injustice of the *Fate*, which first subjected France for twenty years to a villainous usurpation, the fruit of a midnight crime: which undermined her strength by a generation of that corrupting rule, under an Emperor, maintained by bayonets, but unredeemed by the one virtue of military usurpers—capacity: and thus having assiduously prepared defeat, flung the Country into the humiliations of 1870, with anticipatory boastings that made her fall ridiculous. Loaded with debt, with diminished territories, a perpetual monument of disgrace, a proud people was plunged into depression. There was reason to fear that the spirit of the nation might be broken. The hope of revenge became a saving tonic. France has recovered herself in reorganizing for the continuance of the *Vendetta*.

Unfortunately the Chauvinistic direction of the reviving spirit of France has received an impulse from an unexpected quarter.

European militarism and American protection are sister spirits. They show their kinship, when under the influence of the one the United States imitates the objects of the other. A false pride in the numbers covered by the flag of a nation, rather than in the common cause of human happiness—of which Governments, in their various spheres, are properly but the Ministers—this is the essential motive of European militarism. It is this which keeps the women of Central Europe at a plough, while the men are absorbed in maintaining the burden of their intolerable armaments.

Is not the same reactionary spirit shown when a great Government, on this continent, seeks to draw a line of *industrial exclusion* between America and Europe—when it sacrifices the industrial rights and interests of two neighbouring communities to a narrow and jealous trade policy—to the desire to compel an universal adoption, if not of one flag, at least of an unnatural trade system, based on political rather than on industrial considerations?

American humour was at fault when it invited the nations of the world to commemorate the Discovery of America, under the *ægis* of the McKinley Bill. The protective systems of Europe (like that of Canada) are but olive plants, arranged around that mighty parent tree, which throws its shadow over the United States. Such has been the example of America to Europe. Such, for almost a generation, has been the influence of the New World upon the Old. Should the storm clouds that hover over Europe eventually crash together in the most awful of modern wars, will not some part of the guilt of that disaster to humanity rest upon the head of the United States?

The chief grievance under which Newfoundlanders are becoming annually more restive is the French bounty system: the practice on the part of France of subsidizing her fishermen on the Banks, to the ruin of their native competitors. This is a legitimate abuse of the rights given to France by the Treaties. It is an injustice of the same nature as that to which (I have elsewhere pointed out) the United States desires the Nova Scotian fishermen to submit. Both foreign Governments claim for their subjects an equal right of fishing with the natives. Both make a very unjust return for this equal right. One Government, by protective duties, gives its subjects an exclusive command of its own market. The other, by bounties, enables its fishermen to undersell all others in

\* This is the concluding chapter of Mr. Oliver Howland's forthcoming work entitled "The New Empire," the proofsheets of which, through the courtesy of the publishers, we have been favoured with.

common markets. Both of these unjust arrangements are inspired by the same views of industrial policy, the same narrow mediæval spirit, which, largely through the example of the United States, now prevails even in the Western world.

The Empire, remaining united, is destined in the end to deliver a death-blow to this system, now so prevalent in the world. Bridging oceans and uniting continents, it will shatter forever all the dreams of isolation and exclusion.

A declaration of the unity of the Empire at this moment may produce a very marked result. When the lines of the British Empire are at last permanently settled, and its future destiny as a girdle around the world established, it will be something that one of the great uncertainties of policy will have been set at rest. The event will be a triumph of the principles which must ultimately work for a general international commercial peace.

Is not the logic of events reinforcing Canada's appeal to Newfoundland to add the coping stone to the work of the North American Confederation, by uniting the North American Colonies, from West to East, into one grand and logical whole; and thereafter joining with Canada, and let us hope with Australasia, in a general declaration of the unity of the Empire?

The present action of Newfoundland imperils common interests. By abandoning her isolated position and temporarily waiving her local interests, she will establish a claim upon the common gratitude. Newfoundland's rights to the complete freedom of her territory will become a first charge upon the diplomacy of the New Empire. The assertion of these rights, Newfoundlanders may be assured, if more timely and temperate, will be not less firm and imperative.

Newfoundlanders need not fear that French-Canadian race sympathies will be found adverse to the interests of the Dominion in any just dealings with France. The inhabitants of Lower Canada are not so much French as they are *Canadians*. A section of the French people, separated in the Seventeenth Century, and already to a great extent abandoned, in the formative period of the previous century—neglected by their mother country, and flung off at the last, like an unvalued jewel—they have grown to be a people, as distinct from that from which they sprang, as the New Englanders of the American Revolution were distinct from the English of the Eighteenth Century. By long isolation, by religion and constitutional experience, they have become a distinct race. Hence, time will find them as united upon the integrity of Canadian interests against France as against every other foreign country. They will be as firm in resenting French abuses upon the coasts of Newfoundland, as if they were attempted on the coast of Gaspé.

It is useless to negotiate with a country at a time when it inclines to desire war rather than peace: when it will concede nothing of its extremest pretensions to mere justice and equity, because it rather cherishes opportunities to quarrel than desires to avoid them.

French Chauvinism now, perhaps, begins to recognize, with unconfessed despair, that—unless a desperate effort is made at once, by any alliances however uncivilized, by any means however savage—the “lost Provinces” are lost indeed; that slowly but certainly they are re-merging into the Germany from which they were first torn, and to which, by race, language and religion, they naturally belong. Disappointment turns an acrid patriotism into fury. Mad with revengeful passion, it is ready to fasten upon the nearest hand.

France is furnishing a lurid illustration of the correctness of a diagnosis quietly recorded a quarter of a century ago by a philosophical observer, himself belonging to the French race, and writing in that language.

“Liberty,” wrote Amiel, in his famous *Journal*, “is not possible without free individuals. Liberty in the individual is the result of a foregoing education. To preach liberalism to a population Jesuitized by education is to press the pleasures of dancing on a man who has lost a leg. How can the abdication of individual conscience lead to the Government of individual consciences? Ultramontane Catholicism never emancipates its disciples, who are bound to admit, to believe and to obey as they are told, because they are minors in perpetuity, and the clergy alone possess the law of right, the secret of justice and the measure of truth.”

Galled by the overstrained bit of Catholicism, a formidably large element in France has flung off altogether the reins of morality. Ungoverned passion is its law. In one direction the flood of Pander literature is its delight (a vile reservoir that has overflowed its native bounds, and now poisons once purer streams on every side). In the political world, Napoleon I. is still its ideal. Thus, the mood of this part of the French people is evil and dangerous.

To keep this undisciplined, impatient mass within bounds is the constant difficulty of French Governments. It threatens their stability. It menaces surrounding Europe. It is almost as near savagery as it was in 1793, when it burst upon surrounding Europe in an inundation of fire and blood.

At such a time the statesmanship of every country owes a duty to humanity. It is no fit moment for presenting irritating claims, however just. The situation resembles that which existed in the United States in 1871, in the presence of which Canada waived the Fenian claims. Diplomacy is once more obliged to respect the difficulties

of a Republican Government, dominated, for the time being, by semi-civilized elements.

Now let us consider what is the moral position of the Empire, at the time it is required to undertake a perilous task in the interest of a single province. Does it supplement its comparative deficiencies as a military power by the prestige of its ultimate prospects? With what authority does Great Britain, our mouthpiece, stand clothed before armed Europe? May she declare herself to be at the head of a vigorous, united and expanding Empire, firmly bound to perpetual mutual constancy, and resolved upon a deliberate and consistent policy?

Or is not the following a truer picture of the facts? Newfoundland, at the moment she is pressing her high demands, is interlarding them with threats of asserting the right of secession from the Imperial Union. Canada, in her temporary agony under the torture-screw of a hostile tariff (applied by the United States, in the true mediæval spirit, to coerce her conscience or extort her wealth), impatient also under her own overstrained tariff (vexatiously administered and attended with rumours of corruption), has just barely escaped flinging her prosperity and independence—in all probability her portion in the future of the Empire—at the mercy of the honour and good faith of the United States. Australia, on the point of forming another great combination of provinces, the foundation-stones of another new nation, debates at the same moment whether the following step shall be towards consolidation with the Empire, or towards complete separation from it.

And what of India? The loyalty of its princes and populations has been growing from year to year. It has been manifested on recent occasions with signal effect. But, even more than the loyalty of the colonies, is it a loyalty of reason and expediency. How would it stand in the presence of a general disintegration? What must be the effect upon it of a universal desertion of Old England by the nations of England's own blood? Will not the first to step out shatter a magic circle? So precarious a thing, before the eyes of European statesmen, must our Imperial Union appear. These are the conditions the Empire presents at the time it is being moved to press upon France the demands of Newfoundland, for the revision of the Treaties of Paris and Utrecht, and the rescission of the Treaty of Versailles!

Great unions cannot be effected without some mutual sacrifices. But is not the occasion well worthy of sacrifices? Has not the time arrived when it has become a duty to strengthen the hands of the Empire? We stand at a critical juncture: at a crisis (I think it may be said without exaggeration) not only in the history of the Empire, but in the fate of civilization. These young nations may be serving that great cause by intervening at this moment to confirm the prestige of our Empire.

Shall we wait through more idle and hesitating years, till suddenly a disastrous juncture arises for the Mother Country—till a calamitous war, perhaps, has overwhelmed her prosperity and is putting her existence at stake? Then shall the Colonies fling their young fortunes into the gulf of her ruin? That would be romantic!

Or shall we evade such risks: not declaring ourselves until some golden moment when the sun of England shines clear and securely at a zenith of power and prosperity? May we hold ourselves ready either to desert or confirm our alliance, as circumstances may invite? This would be the opposite extreme. If one course might be Quixotic, would not the other policy be grovelling? Canadians, I believe, would blush to think of their country deliberately preparing to become a *Vicar of Bray* among nations.

The middle course is more consistent alike with honour and with reason. Let us make our election now. Let us at once assume our place beside the Mother Country, at a time when the future is not free from uncertainties nor wholly unclouded with perils; but when our very decision must help, in some measure, towards a right solution, and may lead to a happy issue from all those possibilities that menace interests more general than our own. Is not this the action which wisdom would advise and which our honour and our duty to humanity seem to command?

Our choice of the right may not fail even of material rewards. The life blood of population, capital and enterprise, which has turned aside from the narrow and shifting courses of colonial existence, may gladly pour into the straightened channel opened within an assured Imperial Union.

England, tired of scattering her annual millions over dishonest states and half-civilized republics, will yet find vast openings (for certainly not more precarious investments) in the almost untouched development of Canada, Australia and British Africa. At the present time, a large proportion of England's foreign investments are unprofitable. Were the worst to happen—were an equal proportion of loss to result from colonial investments—would it be no consolation to know that every sovereign not immediately returned with usury may indirectly have helped in establishing some son of England in a more prosperous home without deserting his native flag, or adding to the force of nations whose policies are hostile to the prosperity of the Motherland, and to the cultivation of benevolence between nations?

If in 1792 the New Empire, securely launched upon the duties of another age, is able to celebrate the crisis of its history successfully passed, I believe that the sister Republic will not stand jealously aloof. It will rather join in the rejoicings of its kindred union over the con-

summation of the work of a century. It will recognize the final ripening of greater destinies, that Time has had still longer in preparation.

May not an impulse be communicated to the whole current of English life? Europe may witness the revival of the spirit of Elizabethan England, that has not been dead but sleeping. The united people of the New Empire may spring like a young lion from its slumbers, shaking off the follies of idleness, the vermin-brood of scandals and infamies that have preyed upon its immobility. May an enlightened enthusiasm of patriotism become an inspiration to conduct. May insincere ambitions of politics, defilements of literature, debasements of the stage, all be expelled, like diseases by the reviving vigour of the blood!

#### PARIS LETTER.

AFTER sixty years of occupation the French do not emigrate to Algeria. After sixty years of conquest there are only 215,000 Frenchmen in Algeria, and as many foreigners. Why is this? An authority in the *Temps* explains that the intending emigrant, besides a free grant of land, expects the Government to stock, work it, and feed him for some years. The successful emigrant in Algeria is he who has purchased the concession of a free-holder and depends on himself. When he has put a portion of his capital in the fee simple of the land, he has an interest to develop his property. No means are taken to make known Algeria to the French, as in the case of English emigration societies. No publicity exists; no “Tracts for the Times” distributed; no “Word in Season” uttered. Algeria has Deputies and Senators in the home Legislature, elected by the French inhabitants and officials, not by the native population; and that is claimed to be colonial representation! The hatred of the natives against their conquerors, and the dread of a rising, make Frenchmen prefer the safe asphaltum of the Boulevards.

One of the most natural curiosities of the 1889 Exhibition was the Senegambian king, Dinah-Salifou. He had his highest seat in all the Synagogues, and he called the Shah of Persia his “cousin.” He was got up regardless of expense. A rich, gold, embroidered alb, once the property of a Spanish prelate, but with the arms of the cross picked out, was purchased and given to the nigger king; his walking-stick was a gilt-headed Bumble staff; he wore patent leather shoes, scarlet stockings, a cow-boy's hat with a cataract of multicoloured ribbons, and had an *en tout cas* in the form of a tent-umbrella. He out-interested the Eiffel Tower when he promenaded in the grounds. This was the intelligent foreigner who dropped into our age of telephones, eight hours a day work, profit sharing, and universal suffrage.

On his return to his kingdom he appeared in his Paris costume to his subjects. They instantly bolted at his “apparition,” beat drums, and set the praying machines at extra speed to exorcise the “Evil Spirit.” Dinah killed his brother, being unable to brook a rival near his throne. He was ambitious to build a palace like that of Versailles; next he wanted to conquer like Napoleon I. This was too much for the French, so a few weeks ago he was invited to visit the Governor General of Senegal. On arriving at St. Louis, Dinah was placed in a barrack and told that it and the grounds were to be his residence for life, as if an Ab-el-Kader or a Burman king. Such is the hero and the victim of the Exhibition of 1889. He ought to study French to be able to read Bossuet on the nothingness of royal grandeur.

People are surprised that Prince Napoleon has only remembered his son Louis in his will. However, the total amount of his property, under three million francs, is not worth squabbling over. But the omission of his wife's name in the will is considered odd; he always treated the Princess Clothilde kindly, while estimating her no higher than a baby; he never interfered with her piety, and familiarly alluded to her as “the family praying machine.” The public takes no interest in the “young Napoleon.” He made great efforts to dodge a reconciliation with his father; he sat in the drawing-room adjoining the sick chamber, and when a visitor's foot was heard, he rose, pretending to be leaving his father's sick room, or going to enter it. And all this comedy was visible to the permanent crowd stationed before the hotel windows. To be equitable, the public is equally indifferent to the Duc d'Orléans, whether he be in Paris acting as a light porter to a star songstress or studying the petroleum Geysers at Baku. The French are soured, if agriculturists, at the weather, and disheartened, if traders, at the paralysis of business. In presence of the coming ultra tariff, foreign shop-keepers and the representatives of foreign firms are preparing to depart by giving landlords notice to quit for business premises and residences. The latter, if in the suburbs, will be difficult to get rid of, being either held on lease or as the property of the occupier.

The new humane law on Conditional Punishment has just come into operation. When an accused is condemned for theft, etc., the sentence will not be executed if during five years there be no relapse into crime; nor will the condemnation figure in the police biography of the convicted, an important concession for those truly desirous of rising again to the social surface. In case of relapse the first sentence becomes operative, and will be doubled for the new misdemeanour. On being liberated the gaol-bird must reside during ten years in a district fixed by the authorities. That ought to lessen recruits for the army—60,000 strong of recidivists. Senator Béranger is the author of

## A NEW HUMORIST.

this salvation code. It has been already dramatized as the scene where he detects his wife being kissed by a strange gentleman. The sinning lady in defence claims the right to commit a "first" fault. With this privilege and the Clitheroe-Jackson liberty of a wife to quit her husband when she pleases, even Mrs. Caird ought to be satisfied at the weaker becoming the stronger sex. Punch's advice about matrimony is sagacity itself—"Don't."

Since the Sofia assassination, opinion in Paris has taken fright that the Balkan blaze is at least going to burst out. Germans and Austrians see, in the attempt to "remove" Mr. Stambouloff, another Pan-Russo plot, of which the ultimate aim is to hang Prince Ferdinand as high as king Haman, on "a sour apple tree." Then early spring is the favourite period for opening a European campaign. With a dual, as well as a triple alliance, claiming to be the guardians of European peace, the continent ought to be tranquil. No sovereign has up to the present indulged in the annual prediction that there would be no war in 1891. What a pity the opposition alliances cannot be allied? It is rumoured that when Prince Ferdinand shall have been re-invested by the silent Turk, as Vice-Sultan of Roumelia, he will be betrothed to his cousin, the Princesse Henriette of Orléans, the jilted fiancée, by that other cousin familiarly called "Gamelle," Duc d'Orléans.

The Surgical International Congress has just opened, and the members will take stock of their "operations" during the last year. The assembled "Knights of the Bistoury" are all famous specialists. There is Dr. Labbé, who extracts forks and spoons from stomachs. Dr. Péan takes swords out of throats that have been swallowed the wrong way. There are others who will graft on new skin and replace an old splinter of bone by a fresh morsel. Surgeon Horseley trepanns skulls, and satisfying himself the patient has brains, puts them to rights. As for Surgeon Lawson Tait, he thinks no more of sectioning abdomens than opening his carriage door. What a pity French surgeons do not speak English, even if not as well as their English and American—especially the latter—confrères reel off a few *parlez-vous*.

An editor, M. Charles Margat, and his lady have just celebrated their silver wedding. That ceremony was followed by the marriage of their two daughters.

M. Bocher asserts that the French navy department is to-day administered on the lines laid down by Colbert, a seventeenth century statesman. M. Bocher's idea to leave it optional with parents to will their property as they please is largely connected with the future of France.

M. Flammarion believes, with the sincerity of an early Christian, that Mars is inhabited, and that the people are chiefly occupied in cutting Panama canals. With the new telescope of the Paris observatory, the valleys and the mountains in the moon are very visible; there is no sunrise or sunset there.

## HORACE: CARMEN VII., LIBER IV.

The snow-banks have vanished from earth, and the grass in the meadows is springing;

Burst are the buds on the trees;

The New is born from the Old, while the lessening torrents are bringing

Freshness that floats in the breeze.

Graces and Nymphs lithely dancing are tripping the round of the chorus

Zoneless and free as the light,

While the hour-rapt day and the seasons show naught that's eternal before us:

Change is as certain as night.

Zephyrs are chasing the frosts; the spring slowly blooms into summer,

Fated to vanish away

When autumn, full-fruited, appears: soon winter, the laggard last comer,

Enters with sluggish delay.

Swift-winged moons in their heaven grow pale but to burst into beauty;

We, when we wither and fade—

Or wealth-gilded Tullus or Ancus; Æneas, though perfect in duty—

Only are dust and a shade.

Whether the high gods shall add the sum of to-day to the morrow,

Who in his wisdom can say?

Heirs from their covetous clutches begrudge thee with malice and sorrow

All that thou spendest to-day.

Once thou hast fallen, Torquatus, and Minos has weighed thy deserving—

Just are his judgments, and right,

Birth nor eloquent words, nor merit of goodness unswerving

Bringeth thee back to the light:

Shades wrap Hippolytus still—Diana in vain to deliver

Pleaded with Pluto beneath;

Nor Theseus could wrest off the bands from Pirithous, fast by the river

That laves the pale province of Death.

J. EDMUND BARSS.

MANY persons, no doubt, will regard the assertion implied by the above heading with strong suspicion, if not with positive incredulity. That there should appear at this late day a really fresh member in that thinnest rank of authors, the humorists, cannot but seem highly improbable. Wit, or what passes for such, we still get enough of and to spare; but humour—true, real humour—surely there must be some mistake. No, I venture to say I can make good my implication; and what is more can disclose not only a new humorist, but a veritably new species of humour. It has nothing Aristophanic or Rabelaisian in it. It does not remind one at all of Sterne; scarcely at all of Mark Twain. It is altogether *sui generis*. Its most noteworthy feature is the supreme imperturbability with which it can give utterance to the thing that is not, or to the thing that to the veriest child obviously and palpably is and must necessarily be. All the arts of literary composition are utilized with the most consummate skill and ingenuity to give the appearance, and to intensify the effect of this pretended unconsciousness of the ludicrous. But it is a mistake to cloy the hungry edge of appetite by vainly endeavouring to characterize its peculiarities; let me proceed at once to give specimens from the book itself.

Its title is simply the single word "Gentlemen," and this is perhaps the most quintessentially humorous thing on or between its two handsome cream-coloured covers. There is not even a note of exclamation or an interrogation point after this title—by which already the writer gives evidence of his possession of that excellent quality of restraint nowadays almost everywhere in literature so sadly lacking. The work is printed anonymously at New York by the De Vinne Press, and is copyrighted by "the Simplex Munditiis Company," wherein perhaps lies concealed another point, too fine for us, until we know more of the author, to perceive. The book is dedicated "to all who admire perfect dress and correct social habits, in the hope that the principles it teaches may promote strict observance of the usages of society." The tables of contents are a little disappointing: one feels that the author might have chosen a higher theme for his intellectual powers. He has certain mannerisms also: a man is always a "gentleman," a woman a "lady," and he evinces a strange partiality for the word "attire," e.g., "sleeping attire," "English rain attire," "English hunt attire"—though possibly this is of a piece with his curious felicity in choice of words.

But to return to the contents. Part I. contains, amongst other topics, Underclothing—The art of Dressing the Collar—Walking-Stick and Umbrella—Suspenders—Uppers—Monocle—Dress Shields. Part II., which deals with "Essential Customs for Gentlemen," is divided into "Actions Indoors" and "Actions Outdoors," and amongst these are conversation, kissing, familiarity, proposing, etc. Let me now quote from the body of the work, leaving the reader for the most part to enjoy the humour undisturbed; only let me ask him to pay particular attention to the literary style.

"A gentleman should . . . never leave his room without complete attire, as it is essential that he present the same appearance before a servant as a lady. The same rule should apply when he risks encountering an unknown gentleman." Those four last words seem, I confess, to me delicious. The idea of "risking" an "encounter" with an "unknown gentleman" in one's shirtsleeves! And the demure disregard of all meaning and grammar in the first sentence, too! Never before, probably, was ungrammaticalness impressed so ingeniously into the service of humour. "The body-coat should never be removed in the presence of ladies, no matter how ready they may be to approve of the act." "The pockets of either coat, vest, or trousers should never be bulged out." When calling, "if the lady seats herself upon a sofa, do not place yourself beside her without first obtaining her consent. If you take the seat, be careful of your position, and do not appear too easy and at home, and, above all, do not cross the legs." (I give up all attempt to analyze the subtle power which these sentences possess of exciting the most inextinguishable laughter.) "Take care not to upset or run into ornaments, or stub the toe against them." (Note the happy use of the definite article—"the legs," "the toe.") "Do not attempt to speak when the mouth contains food. When spoken to, a motion of the head will be sufficient to convey the reply intended, and at the same time to acquaint your questioner with the fact that he has spoken inopportunistly." (How effective the change to a vocabulary in which polysyllabic romance words preponderate! How weak the old-fashioned "Don't talk with your mouth full" sounds beside it! A still better example is seen in the following sentence:) "Never remain astir after the host or hostess, or both, have retired, but ascend to your own room coincidentally with them, and retire immediately." (On the other hand, his simple, direct monosyllabic style, with the deliberate lapses from grammar and sense, shine conspicuously in—) "Have the drawers fit tight or the trousers will set ill." (This is, perhaps, the gem of the book. I cull the following at random: the humour of each has its own peculiar flavour:—) "Evening dress—this is the culmination of grandeur in the dress of a gentleman." "Afternoon dress—here is the chance for the greatest amount of display." "Sticks are worn in summer and winter." "The umbrella—this worn only in doubtful or wet weather." "Do not . . . wear a scowl." "At a dance always take the inside arm

of a lady while promenading. Repeatedly ask after her thirst, and never allow her to approach the refreshment table, but bring the glass to her on your kerchief if there are no doilies." "The hair should be carefully brushed." "Never use the eyes in a flirtatious manner." "Do not . . . hum to yourself in company." "Yawning should be confined to your own presence strictly." (That is beautiful.) "Do not stretch in the presence of ladies." "Dress shields.—It is placed over the linen bosom while *en route*." (One can actually see the gentleman in the cab with the dress shield over the linen bosom while *en route*. O Herr Teufels-dröckh, would thou couldst have read that ere thou hadst penned thy clothes-philosophy!) "Kissing is a pleasure which is not to be indulged in except among dear relatives, the family, wife, or your fiancée. Never kiss or embrace a person outside of these exceptions, no matter how old friends they may be. No lady would allow such a privilege, and if she should so far forget her standing as to permit the act, you would be rude, exceedingly so, and no gentleman, to take advantage of her forgetfulness." (Ah, unknown author, be not too strict with us, draw not your lines of conduct too hard and fast; there are some of us who, if with a lady who would permit the act, would . . . would, I much fear, be rude, exceedingly so, and no gentlemen. But I forget; the intensity of his humour makes us forget it is humour, as excess of light proves darkness. Truly, this is most excellent fooling.) "How to propose—Remember that you are a gentleman, and success will be yours if the lady possesses any love or affection in her heart for you." "When you propose, never do so unless alone with the lady." "If she speaks favourably of any one of your fascinations [what are a gentleman's 'fascinations'?] then on that foundation you may attempt to build your future happiness." "Always stand when proposing." "When accepted it is left to the option of the suitor as to what mode of procedure will best express his delight and happiness. But perhaps for those of timid and bashful nature it is advisable to suggest a standard course of action, viz.: when the lady replies affirmatively, immediately clasp her in your arms; this is not, for true lovers, a very embarrassing position." (What consummately simulated naïveté, what exquisitely pretended ingenuousness! Taken all in all, I know of nothing in the whole history of English prose literature quite so funny in its own way as these suggested modes of procedure.)

I think, then, that I have made good my promise, and more than my promise, for few books will give their readers such unmixed mirth. Let us hope the author will continue to publish. Will he permit the suggestion that, since his "Gentlemen" can so intensely amuse us, his next subject should be "Ladies"? ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

## A VISIT TO J. G. WHITTIER'S HOMES.

THE New Englanders are a people of oppressively early habits, and when we paid our congratulatory birthday visit to Mr. Whittier, we started before 9 a.m., in order however, I feel bound to say, to allow for a railway run to Amesbury, where my companion understood the poet would receive his visitors. This town is an annoying little place to get to from Boston, as the trip involves a change of trains and consequent delay at Newburyport; so in spite of our early breakfast it was midday before we heard the porter's welcome call "Amesb'y!" A short drive from the station brought us to a very unpretending white frame house with green shutters, as like its neighbours on the outside as men of genius are like to more prosaic mortals. This is one of Mr. Whittier's residences, for he has another not far away in Danvers, and here we learned to our dismay that he had left the previous day for the latter place to spend the rest of the winter. My friend, who is very intimate with the family, showed me through the lower part of the house, however. Its simplicity is charmingly characteristic of the owner, its few decorations very suggestive. In the parlour hang two or three family portraits, all bearing that air of decorous gravity combined with gentle kindness which one imagines characteristic of the sober, peace-loving Quakers, to whose society the Whittiers belong. Passing through the dining-room, which is severely plain, we came to the poet's own study. Here in delightful contrast to the cold desertedness and formality of the other rooms reigned warmth and life. The well-filled bookcases, the picture hung walls, the writing chair drawn up to the desk, all seemed to breathe of busy mental activity, while a bright outlook over the garden afforded a pleasing change after the darkened rooms at the front of the house. The grass and flower-beds, if such there be, were hidden under snow at that time, for it was the 17th December, and the trees were bare; but in summer it must be a shady and refreshing spot to which to turn the eyes wearied with work at the writing table standing by the window. It was gratifying to observe among the pictures adorning this sanctum the portrait of a distinguished Englishman, General Gordon. I asked the housekeeper, who accompanied us, whether Mr. Whittier was a great admirer of the General, and was gravely answered: "Mr. Whittier admires all that is noble." Evidently his household all admire and love him.

A man's personality has a subtle power of impressing itself upon his inanimate surroundings, and by the time we left the house I was already conscious of a certain sense of familiarity with the mind and soul, which had found their partial expression there—a sense vague indeed, yet strong enough to have impelled me to an effort much

To act with common sense according to the moment is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy is to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and to despise affectation.—Walpole.

greater than that actually required, in order to gain a more intimate acquaintance with their possessor. Under the circumstances the only effort needed was another railway trip, which was quickly decided upon. But, learning that there would be no train till half-past one, we agreed *en attendant* to satisfy our inner man at a bakery, approached by a tall flight of steps hard by the station, it having been first recommended to us by the proprietor of a furniture shop next door, whose aunt owned and kept it. The good man, with true New England courtesy, showed us the way himself, and introduced us to his elderly relative. She, in reply to our modest petition for "some lunch," promised us a "meal." As the event proved, this must be the American abbreviation for a full course dinner all the way from tomato soup to apple pie and cheese. The charms of the good spinster's cooking and conversation made us forget all about the train till it dashed into the station. We were then only saved from losing it by the impetus gained in our toboggan-like descent from the tall "stoop."

Back again to Newburyport—another wait in the station, and at last we found ourselves in a "local" jogging lazily across country to Danvers. The weather though cloudy had so far favoured us, but now the rain began to fall in torrents, and we reached our destination in a deluge to find neither cab nor conveyance of any kind at the station. A lanky man of doubtful countenance "guessed we might get suthin' at the livery." On learning, however, that the way to the livery was "out the station, turn to the right, then to the left, then down the lane and through the archway," we requested our friend to order a carriage for us, and stimulated his ardour on our behalf by means of a quarter. He set out. We waited. We read all the advertisements and time tables on the walls of the waiting room. Time glided on. We speculated, unfavourably, on our messenger's probable character as portrayed in his face. Then we studied the railway maps and still waited. Things were becoming depressing, when at last the cab did arrive, and we occupied the drive in reconsidering the lanky man's physiognomy. Judging by our own experience and the general air of the town, Danvers has arrived at such a state of advancement that further progress is impossible. So the inhabitants have naturally no need for the proverbial American hurry.

Oak Knoll, Mr. Whittier's Danvers place, and his real home, is very different from the Amesbury residence. The house stands in grounds of very considerable extent, with well-grown trees about it, and is larger and has, to an English mind, a much more homelike air than the other establishment. On entering, the first creature to greet us was a splendid collie, who, advancing from the back of the hall, laid his nose cordially in my hand, while a gay little terrier frisked towards us, in a way which showed plainly he was accustomed to nothing but kindness from human beings. Within doors the cheery blaze of a brisk log fire in its wide old-fashioned fire-place offered a most warm and grateful welcome to anyone coming out of the wet and semi-darkness of a dull December afternoon. The rooms had been transformed into bowers of roses through the tributes of friends and admirers. Though in one instance the offering had taken the form of a basket of fruits most artistically arranged, the basket itself being almost hidden by large bunches of grapes hung over the sides, and the whole surmounted by a right royal pine apple. Amongst the guests were several "Friends," whose quaint use of the second person singular and that beautiful old word "farewell" at parting, together with their somewhat antiquated fashion in dress, made me almost forget that we were all in the nineteenth century and not many hours' run from New York city.

Mr. Whittier himself, though of so slight a figure as to suggest delicacy, seemed wonderfully active for a man celebrating the eighty-third anniversary of his birth, while his mental faculties could not have been brighter forty years ago. He discussed the present Irish crisis with interest and a knowledge of the points of the case such as few men outside our own country could be expected to possess. This he explained afterwards by saying that he had corresponded with the late John Bright for some years previous to the latter's death. Like so many of his countrymen, Whittier is a great admirer of Mr. Gladstone. Indeed his chief concern in the present political troubles seemed to be that no discredit should reflect upon the G.O.M. in the matter of the Hawarden Conference disclosures. In speaking of Irishmen he showed a keen sense of humour, and told several amusing anecdotes from his own experience, illustrative of their race peculiarities. He also appears to keep well up with the magazine literature of the day. As a Canadian, I was much gratified by some highly complimentary remarks he made about a recent publication in an American journal by one of Canada's most gifted writers, one whose name should be familiar to readers of THE WEEK. In noble proportion with the great poet's mind is a heart, whose extended sympathies are shown not only in his writings, but in his ordinary conversation and simplest actions. Even his dogs never seem to appeal in vain for a caress or kindly glance, while of all that day's experiences, the picture that remains most clearly impressed on my memory is that of the venerable old man seated in an armchair in the dim twilight, a little girl of eight nestled at his side, from whose account of her childish life and doings he appeared to be deriving the keenest pleasure.

Yet despite his interest in the questions of the day and the actions of other men, it is evident his mind is bent more earnestly upon the future world than upon this,

where he has already outstaid the ordinary limits of a lifetime. When at parting I ventured to express the hope that for some years to come we, the public, might still look for greetings from his pen, his answer might have been summed up in the words: "It were better to depart and be with Christ." His great age, his frail form and a certain air of exalted peacefulness, whatever may be the subject absorbing his attention at the moment, all suggest that it can be but a slight tie which binds him to earth, and gives one a deeper insight into—a clearer appreciation of his beautiful lines:—

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And in the winds from unsummed spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,  
I find myself, by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease  
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions  
The river of Thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last amid Thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long.

LENSAR.

#### FRENCH FICTION AND FRENCH LIFE.

THIS last winter M. Francisque Sarcey gave one of his *causeries* in what the author of "French Traits" calls the little stuffy hall, la Salle des Capucines, in Paris. Seated, and as it were in conversation with his audience, he discussed Bourget's novel of last year, "The Coeur de Femme." And *à propos* he told a story. "M. Sarcey," said a Swedish lady to me, "are you going to have the same sort of book as last time, a book full of social crime and distress? Because, you know, I find it difficult to bring my young *pensionnaires* to hear you. They have formed, from hearing of your novels, extraordinary ideas about France, French society and French life, and to hear such a *causerie* as your last confirms these ideas, which ideas indeed they soon lose when they really get to know the facts of people's existence here. And Monsieur," this lady went on, "will you tell me why your novelists so constantly treat of the exceptional, of the wrongs of life and unfaithfulness in love? I do not wonder at seeing with what astonishment my *pensionnaires* behold France and Paris as they really are: they have not reflected that a society could not exist, if it really were such as they have pictured it; but was their mistake so unreasonable? 'Ma foi, Madame, je ne Sais.' Anyway I have not to discuss whether these novelists are right or wrong, wise or foolish: I have first only to bring before you excellent qualities of books, as in M. Bourget's 'The Coeur de Femme,' startling reality in examining at least possible moments of 'dualism' in a woman's heart, and profound reflection after this close analysis; all helping us to know ourselves. As for these subjects of crime indeed I am sure I can say with you how apart from our ordinary existence such things are. I am sure I never had anything to do with such a world"—indeed the *conférencier* is a comfortable easy-looking old gentleman—"and I never knew anyone among my friends who had. As has been said, '*les Français Sont fanfarons de vice*,' and our ordinary bourgeois life, if it does not talk so much about its virtue as do other nations, is certainly no worse than they are, perhaps it is better; and the epithets *upright, honest, faithful, laborious* belong to our hardworking classes as much as to any."

This *fanfarons de vice* partly explains, and Dr. Newman's "Oh! the power of a pre-conceived opinion" explains the rest. As M. Hatevy says, in *L'Abbé Constantin*, "Our poor country is cruelly maligned by certain novelists who give crude and outrageous pictures of its life." And M. Jules Simon, in *Le Temps*, protests in the same way against a journalist, giving accounts of crimes and treating them carelessly and brutally, sitting there and writing about what he knows nothing of, unless that it is the hideous criminality of classes with whom he and his wife and family and friends have no possible point of contact. Then behold the sympathetic understanding and unprejudiced logic of the countrymen of the London throat-cutter and mutilator or of the worst Lynch lawyer. These, they say, is Paris, is France. It is no wonder Parisian journals turn round and say: there is your real beastly Englishman beneath his hypocrisy; there is your real barbarous American beneath his common sense. How absurd it all is. What is the truth? That M. Hatevy, of course, is right about many novelists, though no doubt he was thinking of the baser sort, who have little else than baseness, and not of the novelists of the standing of M. Bourget, who, whatever faults are found

in him, has a right to claim from his readers attention to Ruskin's "read a book for what is in it, not for what is out of it." Is it not true what Ruskin adds, that the folly of a weak book, however "good," depraves the taste and debases the intelligence; and is it not further true, with Ruskin's divinity, Sir Walter Scott, that it is not the plain spoken book with strength and intelligence which does nearly as much harm as the really lewd book, false in sentiment, false in action and in reflection? Are there none such admitted to English readers to whom Bourget is refused? I wonder if the Swedish young ladies have any, in their northern country of sentiment, with extraordinary statistics of immorality.

But even admit that the best novels would be even much better by not maligning their country, in suggesting that the exceptional is a rule; admit that, and leave them; and even still there is "the power of a preconceived opinion." English, so-called "Anglo-Saxon," opinion has settled certain things about French; and these things are so. The French have settled things too about the English; but that is not our business. But "we know the French are cruel, unfit to govern themselves, fickle, frivolous, immoral. Mr. Browning indeed said: 'the English have a way of calling the French light,' and added: 'the lightness is in the judgment'; but Mr. Browning (even for those who read him) had a bias of anti-patriotism. It is not an opinion of ours; we feel it; it is a sentiment; and '*les opinions se discontent, les sentiments ne se discontent pas*.' The French have a knack of saying things, we allow that; but they can't have any solid qualities."

That is just it, *les sentiments ne se discontent pas*; you can't argue with a man about his feelings, his instinctive enthusiasms for home or country, his affections for some, or about his prejudices. A good many men perhaps are really like C. Lamb: "How could I hate him if I did know him?" But not all, not nearly all: "Knows" him or them—hated individuals or disliked or despised nations—strengthens prejudice. Knowing them? He cannot know them. In a humble way, like M. Bourget, it is worth noticing facts. And so just look back to well-known events in the past. Was not James II.'s throne shaken by the persecution of French Protestants, though the indignant English supported a worse penal code against Catholics, with this difference that, in Ireland any way, it was "an indictment against a nation," while in France all estates of the realm, and the majority, high and low, applauded? Was it not the execution of Charles I. which was in men's minds in France when they executed Louis XVI.? but how indignant above all was the nation that set the example. What people but the French would burn their capital? When? Just a hundred years, gentlemen, after the Lord George Gordon Riots, was it not? But these rioters cannot have been English, if only in this century we could say they were the foreigners in London; or they were Papists, as at the Fire. In truth anything is possible when you get into this world. So to-day English and American tourists who "love Paris," do not they abuse it when they get to their own Puritan bourgeois homes? "Homes, yes; that is the real thing to love. Paris is all very well, but there are no homes!" Is not the fact rather that the French make the entry to their homes too difficult, that in a sense they are not hospitable? There can be no doubt that some of our tourists think the French live as they do; in the morning, drive sight-seeing, eat and drink, sight-see again, drink, idle at cafés, dawdle about, go to theatres, public balls, and so on, and so on till they reach entertainments of the baser sort, supported largely by foreigners. That is what they think of "France when industry, sobriety, measure, good sense, hold remorselessly unremittent sway." Does Mr. Brownell in his "French Traits" exaggerate? To be sure, they say, we hear the workmen work on Sunday as well—how idle as well as wicked!—that girls are brought up more strictly than with us, that there are schools, and that some English ladies are doing a great deal of good. But we have seen the general idleness and frivolity and badness.

What have you seen in your own city of London, for example, when, as the *Morning Post* admits, you see more public licentiousness in one street than in the whole of Paris? But those *tu quoque's* are idle. What have you seen at Paris, or rather what have you not seen? You have "done" Notre Dame and La Madeleine in a Baedeker "day," seen a tricolour flag over a *lycée*, seen Christian Brothers and Sisters of Charity, and perhaps wondered superstition still went on, and, being so hardworked yourselves, moralized for a minute over French idleness.

Have you seen a congregation of thousands of men only at Notre Dame, and hundreds at Lent *conférences* in many other churches? Have you seen Communions made by hundreds of young men, clerical and lay, when going to serve in the army? Have you seen all classes without mutual insolence or imitation attending free evening classes for technical teaching in sciences in agriculture, in handicrafts, classes in music, literature, drawing, and sculpture; have you gone to cheaper seats at theatres and found real sensible criticism among the poor, and intelligent approval of excellence both of acting and sentiment? Have you been to Parisian crowded libraries and reading rooms? Do you know French at all? Did you ever reflect what the French mean by comedy? Would it be a paradox to say it is the most serious dramatic literature in existence, as serious, more serious than most tragedy, and demanding even too much of the didactic, and too much criticism of life?



APRIL 24th, 1891.]

But no, the tourist who uses Paris for a moment and abuses it, he is no real friend of France. What would it mean to him if France disappeared? And yet if he is of the English-speaking people, France, real France, is just what he wants and needs. "We have forgotten the lost art of gaiety," Hawthorne said. We are sinners by omission; and the man without a generous impulse, and living in a barbarous individualism, thinks total abstinence, pedantic truth-telling and a sloppy sort of vulgar flirtation, the *ne plus ultra* of civilized morality. Now the French do not; they are irritating by their interest in humanity, if not; but at least, as Heine said, "they aim at bringing justice and sympathy to all men, and my countrymen think only of themselves." They have, more than we, a positive enthusiasm for a society not bounded by themselves. And in what civilization will you see simple virtuous life more often or more constantly and almost naively brought before you? Where will you find a more ready response to noble ideals?

W. F. STOCKLEY.

## TO MISS

Das Ewig-Weibliche  
Zieht uns hinan. —Goethe.

A GIRL at last, a girl unspoiled,  
As Nature wills her girls should be.  
Mid vapid throngs, all fashion-soiled,  
I turn for rest to thoughts of thee.

In but not of the world: how few  
Of these, His own, our vision bless;  
Keeping their souls unspotted through  
The perils of this wilderness.

And happy they who recognize  
These forms too few and far between,  
And on them rest their weary eyes  
With faith renewed in good unseen.

Type of that blessed influence,  
Deemed by Germania's mighty seer  
The saving power that lifts us hence,  
Toward our spirit's native sphere—

Gazing upon thy face, I deem  
I read his meaning written fair;  
And many a dim but blissful dream  
Finds its interpretation there.

Ottawa, April 14, 1891.

T. C.

## THE RAMBLER.

WHATEVER else the compiler of the C. P. R. guide-books may be, he is not a pessimist. His intentions are, that nothing that can possibly be said shall be left unsaid, and if his glowing perorations do not bring settlers galore to Alberta and Assiniboia, nothing will. The "advantages," under the several heads of minerals, coal fields, climate, natural gas, building materials, and the "Manitoba Hard," are graphically depicted in the words of an artist of the pen, but it is perhaps when our enthusiast reaches the flora of the North-West that his full power asserts itself. We are told that the first of the prairie flowers is the pale lavender crocus, "which in nature's floral book is the opening leaf." I should like to know the botanical name of the prairie crocus. In July he finds the pale anemone and the cyclamen, and is moved almost to tears over the contemplation of that "elegant floral gem," the orange red lily. The laburnum and sunflower are both represented, and the classic bank whereon the wild thyme grows.

It is usually the poets who excel in floral enumerations, often getting the facts deplorably wrong. Thus—lilies of the valley are found growing all over the universe, quite irrespective of climate or soil, wherever there is a valley, in fact, and are frequently bound up with the heroine's flowing tresses. Anything more uncomfortable than the large and slightly stiff leaves and stems of the lily of the valley worn in the hair can hardly be imagined. Then the rose and the lily are often mentioned as growing in the same place and at the same time—botanically impossible. Any white flower is a lily, any pink one a rose. The snowdrop, too, is a "property" flower which serves to be worked in anywhere and everywhere. So is the heartsease, and the pansy, and the marguerite.

All this in the face of the modern scientific poetry of Tennyson and others. The careless generalization of a Thomson or a Cowper should be laid aside forever. We are heirs of better things and expect—not data giving habitat and all information—but at least accurate description and allusion. The forget-me-not of science and the forget-me-not of sentiment are separated by a vast and awful chasm which not even generosity can bridge over.

But I must not be botanical. It is, they tell me, unpopular. I took a young lady into my house the other day and showed her four or five blue hepaticas for which I had gone five miles, and her contempt was too genuine to be affected. She could not understand my reasons for undertaking so long a walk, and I think—I am not sure—but I think she despised me. However, I mean to go for

some other and larger specimens this week, and I will not ask her to be my companion. A child, or a score of children, would be better, livelier, more interested and interesting. We will skirt the valley of the Don, passing Drumsnab on our right, and return—not laden, for the blooms are not many yet—but still with something to show.

The Royal Society announces its annual meeting in Montreal May 27th, the session lasting one week. In the words of the preliminary circular, which has been mailed to me: It is anticipated that the meeting will be attended by many distinguished persons, eminent in Literature and Science, from Europe and the United States as well as from the Dominion of Canada. The ordinary sessions of the Society will be held in the buildings of the McGill University, and the popular evening lectures will be delivered in the Queen's Hall on St. Catherine Street. The Museums and Art Galleries, with the educational, industrial, and other institutions of the city will be opened to visiting members and associates. Local excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood will be arranged for, and receptions, garden parties, and entertainments of various kinds will also be provided. It is also proposed to keep a Directory, wherein the names and addresses of all those attending the meeting will be registered, and thus members and associates will be enabled to communicate one with another without delay. The Committee are engaged in the preparation of a Hand-Book, for gratuitous circulation among intending visitors, which will include an historical account of the Society, together with other interesting scientific and local information, a copy of which will be sent on application. Sir Donald A. Smith is Chairman, and J. A. Beaudry, C.E., and W. J. Smyth, Ph.D., Honorary Local Secretaries. All persons interested in Literature and Science may become Associates for this meeting, and are cordially invited by the local committee to be present thereat.

A very pleasant feature of literary New York is the "Authors' Club" and the "Authors' Reading Association." A correspondent of mine was present at a recent reading for the benefit of the Young Women's Christian Association. Mr. Gilder, of the *Century*, presided. The readers were R. H. Stoddard, H. C. Bunner, F. Hopkinson Smith, John Habberton and Frank Dempster Sherman. There will be another reading shortly, at which Mark Twain, H. H. Boyesen, John Kendrick Bangs and others will read, and Frank Stockton may also appear.

I wish I could present my readers with a proper portrait of Mrs. Louise Sheldon who has just left for Central Africa, with a large shipment of sewing-machines, portable baths, clocks, and stockings and underwear for the female natives. She is to travel through the dark continent in a palanquin of stout wicker, which is a new kind of special car and is to be propelled by coolies. By the side of this heroic woman the exchanges tell us Mrs. Judson's memory will quickly fade. Mrs. Louise Sheldon has an array of pots and pans and hats and rifles and primers and charts and needles and tape and ink-bottles and brooms—in short, she is a kind of moving *caravanserai* of army and navy stores and cannot fail to impress the Zulu wives and mothers. She has been photographed in her forage cap and accoutrements and her portrait is in most of the London and New York windows. But we need not pine. Before very long she will be passing through "the Canadas" at the rate of six thousand dollars per night under the care of Major Pond. Oh! Major Pond—what becomes of the immense sums you net yearly with your big, big fish mostly caught abroad and brought over here at enormous expense for the benefit of us aborigines?

*Apropos*, here is a sample of British opinion and a new light on Russian customs as well: Dr. F. W. Baedeker, of Weston-super-Mare, who left England last April, and who has just travelled across Siberia, taking the Bible to the prisoners there, thinks the prisoners in Siberia are treated with kindness by the Russian officers, of whom he speaks highly. "I have travelled much in Russia," he said, "and most of the criminals sent to Siberia are better off there than in their own homes. If a convict behaves well, he may become a free labourer and receive wages; and in course of time he may become an independent farmer and even accumulate wealth." Apart from the convict life, the Doctor speaks enthusiastically of Siberia as a *second Canada*, possessed of immense resources, which might be turned to profitable account if the Russian Government were only more liberal in its policy of development.

HE who determines to love only those who are faultless will soon find himself alone.—*Vihishti*.

CHARLES LAMB, the essayist, was awakened early one Christmas morning by a noise in his kitchen, and on going down to that apartment found a burglar doing his doings up in a bundle, says *Harper's Magazine*. "Why d-do you s-s-st-t-teal?" he asked. "Because I am starving," returned the housebreaker sullenly. "Are y-you re-re-ally ver-very h-h-hung-hung-gug-gery-hungry?" asked Lamb. "Very," replied the burglar, turning away. "Pup-pup-poor fuf-fuf-fellow!" said the essayist, "h-here's a l-l-leg of L-L-Lamb for y-you." And so saying, with a dexterous movement of his right leg he ejected the marauder into the street, and, locking the door securely, went back to bed. The burglar confessed afterward that he didn't see the joke for six weeks.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. EDWARD HARRIS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The firm Will to persist in a reasonable course of action once chosen, and a manly courage to assert the Right in the face of dominant Wrong—conduct pure and noble and just, with no desire to be relieved from labour—are the constituents of the best specimens of modern civilization."

Very good indeed, my dear sir, for the subjective view of the case; but let us not quite forget the objective! All reforms have their relative order in importance, in life-values and in money-values.

Now, all Christian economists know that the life-values should be considered *first*, and that money should be viewed chiefly in its power to promote human welfare, the welfare of our fellow-citizens taking the first place, while maintaining the individuality of the man who earns.

When we are doomed in horror to behold the body and bones, the muscles and nerves of our fellow-citizens being needlessly crushed and rent asunder, we should leave for the moment our studies of the happiness of the greatest number, and rush to the rescue of those citizens. Such tragedy is what is almost daily happening, in one form or another, in connection with the railway systems of the northern continent, the United States being the great offender, Canada following in the same lines.

While we in Canada are far from wishing to become one with our neighbours in Government, there is, necessarily, a strong action and reaction of these two adjoining railway systems upon one another. The roads themselves are connected, and the methods followed in each country exert a strong influence upon the other.

While we wish to see the railway managers of the United States following the newest and best models (as, indeed, when money is not in the way, they very often strive to do) for the protection of life, our first duty as Canadians is to attend to our own railway operations, and to root out defects—defects so murderous in their nature and results upon the social life of the land we inhabit.

When your perfect statesman is found his hands will be tied, if he be not supported by his fellow-citizens in his efforts for the common good. The model citizen in his in such a case only be wringing his hands and glancing up to Heaven for relief. Whether the first idea of saving a life upon a railroad has ever occurred to Mr. Blake, in this department of effort, no more than others.

A "sea of mountains" left in their primitive wilderness would save us all trouble. Those great enterprisers, Sir George Stephen, Sir Donald Smith, and the others of a like courage, have *not* left the mountains to themselves. It is imperative upon them and us, and the General Government, that the great work of communication should be followed by earnest and immediate work for the public safety.

X.

## DR. BOURINOT'S "COMPARATIVE POLITICS."\*

THE people of Canada are greatly indebted to Dr. Bourinot for the interesting and scholarly works which during the last few years have appeared from his pen. He has, continuing the work of Dr. Todd, by his writings given to our system of government a literary status; for now everyone who treats upon questions of constitutional government is compelled to notice what has been done and what is still being done here in those profoundly important problems which are being worked out by free communities everywhere. In this, his last work, Dr. Bourinot points out that Canada is "the heir of all the ages," for on our soil the free individualism of the Teutonic races meets and flows along with the stately order of the Roman civil polity. We, who live so near, are apt to overlook that fact. The interminable belittling of our own country, in which so many think it patriotic to indulge, blinds us all to the fact that our statesmen of all parties—even those very men upon whom the political press has delighted to pour whole dictionaries of oburgation—have been compelled by the peculiar history and racial conditions of our country to handle questions which have taxed, and are still taxing, the resources of the most eminent statesmen in Europe. That they have performed their tasks creditably is evidenced by the interest shown all over the world in their work, and it is here where Dr. Bourinot's writings have been especially valuable.

The present work is divided into three chapters. In the first the author insists upon the fact that our system is based upon English, not upon American precedents. In the second he develops the contrasts and similarities between our federation and that of the United States; and in the third he compares with both the system finally adopted in the history of confederation of the Swiss people. The subject of this last chapter has not before been presented to the Canadian people in any easily accessible form. Our minimizers have rung infinite changes upon the fact that a large proportion of our people are French and Roman Catholic. We are weary with the reiterated assertion that a "wedge," fatal to our unity, is driven in between the eastern and western fragments of the English

\* "Canadian Studies in Comparative Politics." By J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L. Montreal: Dawson Brothers; Toronto: Rowell and Hutchison.

race in Canada. Dr. Bourinot's monograph shows us that Switzerland—the historic home of European freedom—has existed since the year 1307; has existed free and independent, despite the attraction of great adjacent nations, kindred in race, religion and language. If we take the Swiss people by religions, they are Roman Catholic and Protestant in nearly the same proportions as in Canada. The Protestants are Lutherans, Zwinglians and Calvinists. Taken by races the Swiss are German, French and Italian; and in the languages of these three races are all the laws published, while there exists also a small fragment who speak the Romansch tongue, an interesting, though fast fading, survival of the old Romance language of Southern Europe. Here then is a nation, surviving and still vigorous, which, to borrow the metaphorical stalking horse of our minimizers, is all "wedges." Let us forgive the Province of Quebec for being a "wedge," in the belief that it will wedge the Dominion tighter to that Crown, under whose care its freedom and political rights have been for a century respected.

Our author does not digress into what may seem to be current politics; but the facts are given and suggest necessarily such digressions as these. This is the value of his book; that it bears on living questions. Mr. Dicey (p. 20) is shown as supporting the thesis, through three editions of his work, "that it is quite clear that the constitution of the Dominion is modelled on that of the United States." There is the perennial fountain of error for the English radicals. They are dazzled by the power and success of the United States, and they can see nothing of value to be learned from the Colonies; whereas the Colonies are now in the van of the free communities of the world. Sir Charles Dilke has seen that, in his "Problems of Greater Britain," because he has travelled and talked face to face with the men, outside of the British Islands, who are making the history of free nations; he is not a politician of a school; which those who, from London, survey the whole universe are apt to be. Our author combats Mr. Dicey's notion with success. There are great and essential differences between the Canadian and United States systems of Government, and the kernel of the distinction lies in the Cabinet responsible to the people which the United States does not possess. The Washington Cabinet is nominated by the President from among his outside party friends; the Ottawa Cabinet is nominated by the Premier from among the chosen representatives of the people. The Washington Cabinet is responsible to the head of the Executive, the President; the Ottawa Cabinet is the servant of the House of Commons, and might be swept away at a moment's notice by an adverse vote. This difference is profound, and reaches out through the whole body politic. Mr. Dicey sees only the surface analogies. Let any one attend the sessions of the Ottawa and Washington Senates, and he will see at once the difference. Mr. Bryce, another travelled student, thinks the United States Senate more important than the popular House. In Canada the Senate is being slowly stifled—not that such ought to be the case here, but such could not possibly be the case in the United States. The truth seems to be that, while the American people is English in its social organism and inner life, its political structure is a written constitution framed in essential points upon the lines of 18th century speculation in France; and, just to that extent, it is wanting in the flexibility of the English constitution. That which is English in the United States is to be found in the State Governments, which inherited the old Colonial traditions and charters, and in the English common law which still keeps the people English in their social life.

Now these, and such-like questions, are worth the close attention of our young men; and in Dr. Bourinot's "Comparative Politics" they will find the materials for forming an independent judgment. The institutions of Canada, as Dr. Bourinot shows, are derived from the whole area of Western European civilization; for, while the political life of the province of Quebec is English, its social life is French and Roman. Speculations as to what might have happened if the Quebec Act of 1774 had not been enacted have often been hazarded; but to have attempted the Anglicizing of Canada by law would to commence with have been wrong and therefore inexpedient. Then, if Great Britain had been able to retain the country, she would have had another Ireland across the Atlantic discontented and rebellious; so that, whether it be looked at as a matter of justice or expediency, the Quebec Act seems to have been the best policy open at the time.

Senator Hoare, in a very interesting letter to the author, which has been published in the *Globe* and *Witness*, points out that the British system adopted by Canada was a development which had not fully taken place in England until after the American Revolution. Our system is framed upon the latest practical adaptations of free government to the changing conditions of modern society. Let those who suppose our institutions to be American imagine our Governor General exercising a veto such as the American Presidents constantly use; and this veto, which would set our country in an uproar, is complacently calculated upon by the better class of American people as its safeguard against the professional political class. The American system is so full of checks and counter-checks against wrong-doing in government that right-doing, in the shape of positive enactment, is very much more hindered than with us.

Such points as these, supremely interesting to us, are discussed at length in Dr. Bourinot's admirable treatise. This is the age of federations and the principle of feder-

ation seems capable of infinite extension. It seems possible to apply it even to nations; and, after the great nations of Europe shall have utterly exhausted themselves in the next great general war, some such system on a grand scale may be suggested. In the meantime no political idea is better deserving of study; and we in Canada are well placed for such a study. In reading these "Canadian Studies of Comparative Politics," we have before us the political principles and the leading political facts of three great federations ranged side by side for comparison from a standpoint with which we are familiar. The work was originally prepared for the Royal Society of Canada, but copies have been printed separate from the Transactions for the use of students of political history who may not be able to procure the larger volume.

S. E. DAWSON.

#### MADGE.

SHALL I whisper when she passes?  
She? Sweet Madge, you know.  
See! she comes there—ah, you've missed her!—  
With her cheeks aglow.

Madge! Ah, Madge is love and summer,  
Sunshine, happiness.  
Heaven it is to meet her merely,  
Such her power to bless!

Eyes she has that mock the sapphire,  
Cheeks that shame the rose;  
In her face, as in love's mirror,  
Beauty's image glows.

Beauty's? Ah, yes—love and beauty,  
Wit and wisdom she.  
Proud? Nay: garlanded with goodness,  
For sweet Madge loves me!

J. H. BROWN.

#### RENAN'S PEOPLE OF ISRAEL.\*

WE have now three-fourths of the whole work which M. Renan is dedicating to the history of the chosen people. The volume recently published, the third, brings the history down to the restoration from Babylon. The final volume will take it down to the destruction of Jerusalem. We confess that we shall look forward to the publication and the history of the closing scenes with the expectation of more pleasure than we have derived from the previous portions.

In a former notice of M. Renan's book we remarked that we could almost prophesy the manner in which he would treat any particular incident in Jewish history. If we have any careful readers of these notices, they will also be able to predict the character of our comments on M. Renan's so-called history. It could not be otherwise. A certain consistency must be conceded to this brilliant writer—the consistency of one who will hear nothing of the supernatural, and therefore is willing to accept no more of the Scripture Story than can be made to square with his own theory. But the result is very curious. We find, for example, whole sections of the Biblical narrative given as undoubted history, whilst other parts are dismissed with airy facility, although, to the ordinary reader, the one part seems inseparable from the other.

Upon the whole, we think this is not a book which we can commend to the "general reader." Careful students of the Old Testament in the original, those who make a point of reading all that appears on both sides of the questions here raised, will, of course, not neglect M. Renan; although we cannot say that there is anything new here, except the dress, which is charming. So also it will doubtless be the duty of apologists to make themselves acquainted with that form of attack upon the supernatural character of the Old Testament which is most likely to become general public property. But for ordinary students of Scripture or of History, we cannot say that they will be much helped by M. Renan's labours.

In speaking thus we have no manner of wish to deny the author's Hebrew scholarship, or his extensive learning, or his charming power of lucid and elegant expression. These are great endowments, and they must be conceded to him. But the inveterate prejudice with which he approaches these studies, and the want of real critical insight which nearly all his labours betray, make those other gifts not merely unserviceable, but, in our judgment, mischievous.

We have marked so many passages for notice, in the course of our perusal of the volume, that we almost shrink from making a beginning with them. But, although we must leave numerous important passages unnoted, some of them must receive a measure of attention. For example, at p. 215 we have an intimation of his view of the Law (Thorah) and of the God of Israel as proclaimed therein. "The Jehovah of the Thorah which was born under Josiah [not Moses at all], like that [Jehovah] of Jeremiah, is at the same time the God of heaven and earth, and the God of Israel. He is, at once, the Universal God, and as such absolutely just, and a provincial God supremely unjust. When it is a question of His people, He is egoistic,

immoral," and so forth. It would be easy to answer this kind of flippant talk, and to show that the existence of a privileged people is not inconsistent with universal benevolence; nay more, that a narrow religion was the only possible preparation for a wide and deep and universal one; but it would take too long.

Sometimes we light upon passages which are not only bright, or even brilliant, but illuminating and indicative of nobler vision. For example, at p. 180 we read: "Already, it is true, the genius of Greece made its appearance in the rational order and was in course of creating reason as it had created beauty. The great principle of the fixity of the laws of nature was discerned in Greece by several chosen spirits, Thales of Miletus, Pherecydes of Syros, who probably received their inspiration from Phœnicia, which in its turn had received it from Babylon. The superiority of Greece over the East was a fact indicated, if not accomplished. The germ from which science and philosophy will spring forth for the whole human race is clearly visible. Solon and the seven sages, such as they now appear to us, across the charming childishness of their legend, have certainly more intellect than Jeremiah. But in all that concerns social questions, and the question of life beyond the grave, the Jewish sages had an immense advantage. In no Greek city did the struggle against idolatry, against self-interested priests, against rich oppressors, proceed with the same force as at Jerusalem. In short, the battle of humanity was waged, for the moment, in this small city, the name of which was not to be heard throughout the world for a thousand years to come."

There is a great deal here which is true and well said. But it might surely occur to a fairly-balanced historical mind that here is a remarkable phenomenon which is not explained by any theory of development.

The ninth chapter on the "great anonymous prophet," the "great unknown," as Kuenen calls him, the Deutero-Isaiah, has many striking passages. For a moment the writer seems to forget his own theories in admiration of those closing chapters (XL.—LXVI.) which modern criticism generally refers to a later author than Isaiah. So also we have some remarks on the Gospels which mean more to us than they do to M. Renan: "The Gospels are anonymous. It would not occur to any one to say that St. Matthew had talent. Does any one know who composed Homer, or the imitation of Jesus Christ? François de Sales has made the right remark on such books: 'Their true author is the Holy Spirit.'"

Although M. Renan's point of view is purely naturalistic, it must be conceded that he often shows a real insight into the historical relations of human thought, life, development; and this is shown in the closing words of his present volume, when speaking of the return of Judah from the captivity in Babylon. "If," he says, "the return had not taken place, Judah would have had the fate of Israel; it would have been merged in the oriental world; Christianity would not have existed; the Hebrew writings would have been lost; we should know nothing of those strange histories, which are our charm and our consolation. The little band which traversed the desert bore indeed the future with it; it founded definitively the religion of humanity."

#### THE NEW SCIENCE OF MEDICINE.

AT the fifteenth anniversary of the opening of Johns Hopkins University, on Feb. 23rd., Professor William Osler delivered an address on the progress that has been made in the study of medicine, which is deserving of note as not only clearly showing the benefit that humanity had obtained from the advances made, but also the more rational ideas diffused among the profession upon the treatment of disease. Fifty years ago it was the reproach of medicine that it was obscure and enigmatical, while surgery had made brilliant advances. This is no longer so. The empirical practice of medicine has merged into a positive science, and in spite of the delicate nature of the problems involved the advance in the study of pathology has been equal to that in any other department of science.

While the discoveries of modern science have been great, equally rapid advance has been made in the prevention of disease. A study of the conditions under which epidemics are developed has led to important reforms in sanitation. The watchword of the medical profession is "cleanliness;" and clean streets, good drains and pure water have in many towns reduced the mortality from certain diseases fifty per cent. Methods have been devised for checking the advance of contagious diseases and for preventing their communication from one member of a family to another. The intelligent co-operation of municipal authorities and of the public has added medical science in this work, and improved sewerage, water supply and ventilation, not only in private houses but in schools, factories and hospitals, have been the natural growth of modern medical discovery.

Professor Osler points out that the researches showing the relation of special microscopic organisms to special diseases are likely to lead to the most important results. A new world of investigation has been revealed by the germ theory and its application to contagious and miasmatic diseases. The cultivation of the germs of disease outside of the body enables the investigator to study the products of their growth and to obtain in some instances

\* "Histoire du Peuple d'Israël." Par Ernest Renan. Tome Troisième 7f. 50c. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1891.

from them material which, when injected into an animal, acts as a protection against the disease itself.

To the argument of the householder that children contract diseases just as they did fifty years ago, Professor Osler replies that this may be perfectly true, but that to-day the risks of a fatal termination of such diseases have been reduced to a minimum, and that the chances of children reaching maturity have been enormously increased. Dieting and nursing have, in a great measure, supplanted bleeding and physicking. It is now acknowledged that a majority of febrile affections run a definite course, uninfluenced by drugs; and the great fact is being daily recognized that disease is only a modification of the normal processes of health, and that there is a natural tendency to recovery.

A desire to take medicine is really one of the features which distinguish man from other animals; and why this appetite should have developed and grown to its present dimensions is an interesting problem. Now that physicians have emancipated themselves from a routine administration of nauseous mixtures on every possible occasion, there is a prospect that superstition and credulity, quackery and charlatany will pass away.—*Philadelphia Record.*

#### ART NOTES.

MR. RUSSELL STURGIS is delivering before the Brooklyn Institute his course of lectures on "The Sources of Modern Art."

THERE is a great exaggeration in our recent and sudden passion for Japanese art. In twenty-five years it is quite possible we shall think differently. It is true that the art of Japan is very excellent from certain points of view, but from certain other points it is inferior. Let us give due thanks to the Japanese artist for having steeped himself in nature and having delivered us from the tyranny of regularity. Let us not forget, however, that the Japanese want to establish when they please themselves by forgetting that two and two make four. This liking for Japan has caused the Europeans to treat unjustly the unfortunate Chinese. Nevertheless, the Chinese, at least equal the Japanese in sculpture, surpass them in porcelain, go beyond them in bronze, laugh at their *cloisonné* enamels, and know how to make furniture, something which the Japanese do not know.—*Paris La Lecture Retrospective.*

I HAVE been privileged, by the kindness of a certain Royal Academician, to visit the Art Schools of the Academy. This is a privilege granted to very few outsiders. I do not think that people generally understand the daily work that goes on under the galleries where the pictures are shown. First of all, an R.A. attends every morning—they take turns for a month at a time—to go round the schools and superintend the work. Of course there are other teachers also in daily attendance; but the students look to the Academician for management and advice. There are some hundreds of students, young men and girls, working in separate rooms. They paint or draw from the living model or from statuary, or from groups of objects arranged for them by the director. They were principally engaged in drawing the head when I went round. Formerly any one was allowed to attend the schools. Now no one is allowed to be a student after five and twenty. Up to that age they may attend daily. They pay nothing at all for the best teaching in the world; they are provided with models, with good, well-lighted rooms, with cards, with everything, in fact, except canvas and paints, which they must find for themselves. It would be rash to speak of the promise and resolution there can be no doubt. Art will be taken very seriously in this country so long as they live. And, oh! the beautiful bibs that the young ladies wear!—*Walter Besant.*

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

SIR GEORGE GROVE is recovering from his recent accident, and is able to get out again.

HENRY IRVING has received the great compliment of election to the Marlborough Club, his proposer having been the Prince of Wales.

THE great violinist (Joachim) is giving concerts in England. He lately played at the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, a new violin sonata by Dr. Harford Lloyd.

THE great French master, Gounod, passes much of his leisure time in playing dominoes—certainly a harmless amusement, and not so wearing to the brain as chess.

IBSEN'S "Ghosts" has been produced in London, only to meet with general execration. It is deemed both dull and scandalous—two qualities which usually do not exist together.

THACKERAY, in his letters to Mrs. Brookfield, wrote of the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral as a "charming, harmonious, powerful combination of arches and shafts, beautiful whichever way you see them, developed, like a fine piece of music." An excellent comparison, which suggests quite a technical insight into what really constitutes a fine piece of artistic music.

SIR CHARLES HALLÉ in his genial speech at the Westminster Orchestral Society's Banquet, in testifying to the

progress of music since he first came to these shores, said: "You never hear a lady talking now when music is going on," an assertion which savours rather more of gallantry than of truth. Regular attendants at concerts, even of the high class type, could tell a very different tale.—*Musical News.*

THE death of Mr. Charles F. Chickering, the head of the family of that name, occurred at his residence on Fifth Avenue, New York. He passed away peacefully in the midst of his family. Mr. Chickering's name is associated permanently in the minds of musical people with one of the best musical instruments that was ever made. He was a man of the strictest integrity, and won the respect of everyone who came in contact with him.

It is understood that "Ivanhoe" will not have so long a run in London as the public anticipated. It will probably be withdrawn in the autumn, and the next production at the Royal English Opera will be a French work—that is to say, the opera "La Basoche," which has for some time past been running at the Paris Opéra Comique. In this work Mr. Oudin will play the "King." There is, it is said, an idea eventually to run "La Basoche" alternately with "Ivanhoe."

ONE of a series of closing concerts was given in the Toronto College of Music last week. The College halls were filled to their fullest capacity by a very appreciative audience. A number of selections, vocal and instrumental, from the works of eminent composers, were given by various pupils with fine effect. The performances were greatly enjoyed by the audience, and gave evidence of the intelligent and careful training enjoyed by the students of this popular and successful institution.

THE husband of Adelaide Ristori, the great actor, is reported to have died in Paris a few days ago. He was the Marquis Julian Capranica del Grillo, and fell in love with her in the early days of her stage life, before she had achieved fame, and his father had him confined in the castle of Santo Severa, near Rome, to cure him of his passion. But Ristori left her triumphs to be near her lover, and they were married in 1847, when she was twenty-six years old; for several years after she only played in private theatricals. The old marquis surrendered, and in 1849 the marriage was again celebrated with much social display. They have had several children.

THE "Australasian Nightingale," Miss Amy Sherwin, who is now under a three months' engagement with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, has definitely decided to remain in England for the future. This will be matter for keen regret all over Australasia where the gifted songstress is beloved and admired of all who have ever known or heard her. Miss Sherwin is, as is well known, a native of Tasmania, and she made her *début* in Melbourne, some years ago, in "Lucia." She sings Sir William Robinson's songs divinely, and, if a woman might be President of the proposed Federal Australasia, Miss Sherwin would be elected first President without opposition.

AN evidence of the growth of musical taste and culture was seen in the large and thoroughly appreciative audience that attended the quarterly concert given by the Toronto Conservatory of Music in Association Hall on the evening of Saturday last. Every available seat was occupied, and several went away unable to secure entrance. The concert was one of decided excellence and was greatly enjoyed. The programme was varied, and comprised selections from eminent composers, affording excellent means for testing the proficiency of the pupils who performed on the occasion. The following took a most creditable part in the proceedings: Miss Lizzie J. Schooley, Miss Anna Hamilton and Miss Bertha Dixie, Miss Mary and Mr. Bruce Bradley, Miss Charlotte Smyth, Mrs. B. Emslie, Miss Annie Forbes, Miss Sophie Foad, Miss Franziska Heinrich, Miss Clara Code, Mr. E. J. Ebbels, Miss Ethelind G. Thomas, A.T.C.M., Mr. D. Edwards Clarke, Miss Kathleen Stayner, Miss Lillian Littlehales, Miss Susie Herson.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE MODERN RÉGIME. By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, D.C.L. Oxon. Translated by John Durand. Vol. I. Pp. 359. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

"The Modern Régime" is the third and concluding part of the "Origins of Modern France," the parts already published being the "Ancient Régime" and the "French Revolution." The task undertaken here is "more dangerous and difficult" than that so successfully ventured in the preceding parts. "For," as we are told in the Preface, "the Ancient Régime and the French Revolution are henceforth complete and finished periods; we have seen the end of both and are thus able to comprehend their entire course. On the contrary the end of the ulterior period is still wanting; the great institutions which date from the Consulate or the Empire, either consolidation or dissolution, have not yet reached their historic term; since 1800 the social order of things, notwithstanding eight changes of political form, has remained almost intact. . . . Thus far four acts only have been played; of the fifth we have only a presentiment." In the present volume M. Taine analyzes the political and social system imposed by Napoleon on France. A second and final volume will deal with the Church, the School, and the Family, thus presenting a comprehensive survey of French institutions as they exist under the modern régime. It is a work that will modify many popular but erroneous impressions respecting

democracy in France and the machinery by which it is moved, and one that must prove exceedingly useful, if not indispensable, to the student of French politics.

The first book, or about one-fourth of the volume, is devoted to a study of the genius and character of Napoleon Bonaparte; and while very little absolutely new about him is presented, the opinions of his ministers, his marshals, his secretaries, court dignitaries, diplomatists, and others who had opportunities for observing him closely and studying him under the most diverse circumstances, are so skilfully collocated that we have a very complete and quite unique representation of the most remarkable man of his own or of any age. The key to his intellectual and moral character is found in his *race*. "Evidently he is not a Frenchman, nor a man of the eighteenth century; he belongs to another race and another epoch; we detect in him, at the first glance, the foreigner, the Italian, and something more, apart and beyond these, surpassing all similitude and analogy." His contemporaries regarded him as "singular and of an unique species." Madame de Staël and Stendhal went back to the rights of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. What was, however, in their opinion "a chance analogy, a psychological resemblance" was really and historically "a positive relationship." He is a descendant of the great Italians, the men of action of the year 1400, the military adventurers, usurpers, and founders of life-governments; he inherits in direct affiliation their blood and inward organization, mental and moral." Transferred to Corsica, "where the tragic and militant régime is permanently established," the vigorous mediæval Italian strain is preserved and transmitted, and, uninfluenced by three centuries of "social discipline and peaceful habits and hereditary discipline" which completely changes the race in its old home, ultimately develops a scion resembling and surpassing the original stock. Napoleon is "the great survivor of the fifteenth century" in whom all the energies of his Italian ancestors reappeared with intensified vigour. He is akin, not only to the military and political chiefs, but to the intellectual princes of mediæval Italy. He is "a posthumous brother of Dante and Michael Angelo; in the clear outlines of his vision, in the intensity, coherency and inward logic of his reverie, in the profundity of his meditations, in the superhuman grandeur of his conceptions, he is, indeed, their fellow and their equal. His genius is of the same stature and the same structure; he is one of the three sovereign minds of the Italian Renaissance. Only, while the first two operate on paper and on marble, the latter operates on the living being, on the sensitive and suffering flesh of humanity."

A friendly diplomat used to call him "the little tiger." "His contemporaries, who saw or heard the curt accent or the sharp, abrupt gesture, the interrogating, imperious, absolute tone of voice," felt, "the moment they accosted him, the dominating hand which seizes them, presses them down, holds them firmly, and never relaxes the grasp." "The first impulse, the instinctive action," is, with him, "to pounce on people and seize them by the throat; we divine, under each sentence and on every page he writes, outbursts of this description, the physiognomy and intonation of a man who rushes forward and knocks people down." Thus he treated Berthier, who, in a crowded drawing-room, had offered inopportune congratulations, and Volney, who had expressed an unwelcome opinion. He has no liking for politeness. In his opinion "it is an invention of fools who want to pass for clever men; a kind of social muzzel which annoys the strong and is useful only to the mediocre." Good taste, too, he disdains, and instinctively throws it off—because "it interferes with the uncurbed, dominating, savage ways of the vanquisher who knocks down his adversary and treats him as he pleases." In his intercourse and correspondence with sovereigns and in their representatives he disregards all the traditions and decent formalities of diplomacy. "His attitude, even at pacific interviews, remains aggressive and militant; purposely or involuntarily, he raises his hand and the blow is felt to be coming, while in the meantime, he insults. In his correspondence with sovereigns, in his official proclamations, in his deliberations with ambassadors, and even at public audiences, he provokes, threatens and defies; he treats his adversary with a lofty air, insults him often to his face, and charges him with the most disgraceful imputations."

His *egoism*, which increased enormously as his fortunes advanced, was apparent in his childhood and youth. At Paris, in the struggle between the Monarchists and the Revolutionists he attached himself heartily to no party, ranged himself loyally under no leader. "Among the contending factions and fanaticisms which succeed each other he keeps cool and free to dispose of himself as he pleases, indifferent to every cause and concerning himself only with his own interests." Ready to lead the sectionists against the Convention, a few hours later "he takes 'three minutes' to make up his mind, and, instead of 'blowing up the representatives,' he shoots down the Parisians like any good *condottiere*, who, holding himself in reserve, inclines to the first that offers and then to who offers the most, except to back out afterwards, and finally, seizing the opportunity, grabs anything. Likewise, a veritable *condottiere*, that is to say, leader of a band, more and more independent, pretending to submit under the pretext of the public good, looking out solely for his own interest, centering all on himself, general on his own account and for his own advantage in his Italian campaign before and after the 18th of Fructidor, but a *condottiere* of the first class, already aspiring to the loftiest summits,

'with no stopping place but the throne or the scaffold,' making playthings of ideas, people, religions, and Governments, managing mankind with incomparable dexterity and brutality, in the choice of means as of ends, a superior artist, inexhaustible in prestiges, seductions, corruption and intimidation, wonderful, and yet more terrible than any wild beast suddenly turned in on a herd of browsing cattle."

Having tasted in Italy the sweets of command, he finds it impossible any longer to obey. "In his eyes the fleet, the army, France and humanity, exist only for him, and are created only for his service." "On the throne as in the camp, whether General, Consul, or Emperor, he remains only the military adventurer, and cares only for his own advancement." "Soldiers," he said, "I need your lives, and you owe them to me." "You are not a soldier," he exclaimed to Metternich; "You do not know the impulses of a soldier's breast! I have grown up on the battle-field and a man like me does not care a— for the lives of a million men!" "The aspiration for universal dominion is in his very nature; it may be modified, kept in check, but never can it be completely stifled." "Unquestionably, with such a character nobody can live; his genius is too vast, too baneful, and all the more because it is so vast; war will last as long as he reigns; it is in vain to reduce him, to confine him at home, to drive him back within the ancient frontiers of France; no barrier will restrain him; no treaty will bind him; peace with him will never be other than a truce; he will use it simply to recover himself, and, as soon as he has done this, he will begin again; he is, in his very essence, *anti-social*." This became the profound conviction of all Europe, and led to the powerful combination against which his genius struggled in vain.

Napoleon's military enterprises and triumphs bulk so largely in history that his achievements in practical statesmanship are apt to be lightly considered if not absolutely overlooked. His genius shone as brightly in the Cabinet as on the field; but while the fruits of his splendid victories were quickly lost, the political system he devised for France still remains. "By virtue of his instinct, which is despotic; by virtue of his education, which is classic and Latin, he conceives human associations not in the modern fashion, Germanic and Christian, as a concert of initiations starting from below, but in the antique fashion, pagan and Roman, as a hierarchy of authorities imposed from above"; and it is therefore on the model of the Roman Empire that he reconstructed France. "This does not mean that he copies—he restores; his conception is not plagiarism, but a case of atavism; it comes to him through the nature of his intellect and through racial traditions." Space will not permit us to enter upon an examination of the system of civil government established by Napoleon. Its principal feature was political and administrative centralization. "Despotic traditionally, and monopolists through their situation," the Bourbons accepted, "with no regrets, the systematic demolition effected by the Constituent Assembly, and the systematic centralization instituted by the First Consul." "They slept in the bed of Napoleon." Even nowadays, "three-quarters of the municipal councils, for three-fourths of their business, hold sessions only to give signatures. Their pretended deliberations are simply a parade formality; the impulsion and direction continue to come from without and from above; under the third Republic, as under the Restoration and the first Empire, it is always the central State which governs the local society; amid all the wranglings and disputes, in spite of passing conflicts it is, and remains, the initiator, proposer, leader, controller, accountant and executor of every undertaking; the preponderating power in the department as well as in the commune."

We have not had an opportunity to compare Mr. Durand's translation with the French text, but without doing so it is possible to form some opinion as to whether the work has been done well or ill. If we cannot judge of its merits as a translation, we may at least judge of its quality as English prose. Now, in reading this book, one gets at once and always the conviction that it is a translation, and one frequently comes across expressions and sentences that are certainly not good English. Some such expressions and sentences may be found even in the passages we have quoted: p. 2, "Apart and beyond these"; p. 15, "inclines to the first that offers and then to who," etc.—the whole passage is very clumsily constructed; p. 17, "charges him with the most disgraceful imputations." Then, on p. 341, we find "salaried functionaries and other benevolent amateurs," and on p. 342, "still greater influence or production on labour and on business." We find, also, some unusual or unwarranted words, and words improperly used: p. 128, "honorific" for honorary, or, more likely, honourable; p. 226, "healthier" for more wholesome; p. 294, "locative" for local, and p. 350, "parasite" for parasitic, are a few of those we have noted. In the note, p. 16, the date of Murat's desertion is given as "1824," an obvious mistake for 1814.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER. Translated by George Herbert Palmer, Alford Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1891.

So long as men read Greek—nay, so long as they read anything at all in the way of literature properly so called—so long will they read Homer. And so long as they read Homer, so long will the majority of grown-up readers

prefer the Odyssey to the Iliad. There is too much of bloodshed and battle in the Song of Troy to suit the taste of ordinary readers. It is all very well for boys who love tales of thrilling adventure to gloat over the deeds of prowess of the Achæan and Trojan heroes, but the middle-aged reader will find far more to interest him in the wanderings of the essentially human Ulysses, and the faithfulness of the womanly Penelope. Professor Palmer's book is, in one sense, a disappointing book to the critic. There is very little to lay hold of—no introductory essays, for instance, broaching startling theories about the authorship of the Homeric poems, such that the critic can use them as a text for a sermon displaying his own learning and critical acumen. The translator's aims have been limited to giving a faithful rendering of the Odyssey, "to report, in all their delicacy, the events which Homer reports, . . . to employ persistently the veracious language—the language of prose—rather than the dream language, the language of poetry; and still to confess that the story, unlike a bare record of fact, is, throughout, like poetry, illuminated with an underglow of joy."

He has distinctly succeeded in attaining the modest and yet difficult object which he set before himself. The translation which he has published reads like very good prose, and that precisely for the reason that it is so very poetical, and that the "underglow of joy" is so distinctly marked. We will quote one extract from the return of Ulysses to Penelope in the twenty-third book:—

"As he spoke thus, her knees grew feeble and her very soul, when she recognized the tokens which Odysseus exactly told. Then, bursting into tears, she ran straight toward him, threw her arms round Odysseus' neck and kissed his face and said:—

"'Odysseus, do not scorn me! Ever before, you were the wisest of mankind. The gods have sent us sorrow, and grudged our staying side by side to share the joys of youth and reach the threshold of old age. But do not be angry with me now, nor take it ill that when I first saw you I did not greet you thus; for the heart within my breast was always trembling. I feared some man might come and cheat me with his tale. Many a man makes wicked schemes for gain. Nay, Argive Helen, the daughter of Zeus, would not have given herself to love a stranger if she had known how warrior sons of the Achæans would bring her home again back to her native land.'"

This is a fair specimen of the eminently readable style in which the translation is written.

It is a difficult thing satisfactorily to use prose as a medium for translating a poetical work. It has, however, this advantage over a versified translation, that greater accuracy is attainable. We have gone through one or two books, carefully comparing the translation with the original, and we can testify that in point of accuracy of scholarship, Prof. Palmer's book leaves us very little to be desired.

A CAPITAL sketch of Captain Stairs by the Editor appears in the *Young Canadian* of the 15th inst., which will prove of genuine and patriotic interest to every young Canadian reader.

LUMBERING in Canada is well presented by letter press and illustration in the *Dominion Illustrated* for the 18th inst. There are also a portrait of the veteran Nova Scotian, Admiral Sir Provo W. Parry Wallis, G. C. B., and some pleasing representations of Canadian scenery.

THE *Queries Magazine* for April has an excellent photogravure of the ruins of Kenilworth Castle as its frontispiece, and a pleasing little sketch of James Russel Lowell opens the number. We very much regret the serious loss sustained by the publishers in the recent destruction of their offices by fire.

THE *Magazine of Poetry* for April has a fine frontispiece portrait of Robert Buchanan, the poet, dramatist and novelist. The portrait mentioned, together with those of Lord Lytton, Sir Edwin Arnold and Sir Walter Scott are the noticeable features of this number, not to mention the many interesting biographical sketches and poetical selections.

*Good Health* for February continues the International Health Studies by Dr. Felix Oswald. This number contains also a study of the Fiji Islands. Other articles of interest are: "Diet in Relation to Health and Longevity;" and "The Eye: Its Structure and Hygiene." The paper on "Health, Grace and Beauty" contains some very good suggestions. The "Relation of Diet to Purity" is well worthy of serious consideration.

ACROSS sea contributors occupy places of honour in *Post Lore* for April. L. M. Griffiths, of Bristol, England, opens the number with a fine literary portraiture of Shakespearean qualities of "A King and No King," that well-known play of Beaumont and Fletcher. "Fairy Lore: Midsummer Nights Dream" is gracefully and adequately treated by Miss Ethel Skeat of Cambridge, England. There are a number of other able and interesting contributions to this excellent number.

THE *Quiver* for May opens with "A Chat with Girls." The serial "Waiting to be claimed" ends with the tinkling of wedding bells. "The Shield of Faith" in the series "Shield, Sword and the Battle" is followed by an amusing article, "The Booking-Clerk Worries." "A Sprig of Rosemary" is concluded, and the serial "On Stronger Wings" is continued. "The Culture of the Heart" is an admirable paper by Rev. Alfred J. Bamford, and then we turn to a story for children, called "Two Tiny Pilgrims."

"The Service of God and the Service of Man" is an article appropriate for Sunday reading. Other interesting matter concludes a very fair number.

IN anticipation of the meeting of the Royal Society of Canada to be held in Montreal on the 27th of May next, the Local Committee have with praiseworthy zeal compiled a "Hand Book" for the use of members and visitors, giving the rules of the Society, its history, and a historical sketch of Montreal, with places of interest in its vicinity. This publication will be very useful to the many visitors who will attend the session of the Society. It is understood that many persons who have achieved distinction in literature and science in Europe, the United States and Canada, will be present. We hope that every year will show increased interest by the public in the excellent work that the Society is doing for Canada.

THE *Magazine of Art* for May has for its frontispiece a photogravure of Sir Everett Millais' painting, "Jephthah's Daughter," one of the most striking paintings of this popular artist. The opening article is on Benjamin Constant. There is a portrait in red crayon of Benjamin Constant, by himself, and there are reproductions from his most famous pictures, and a page is devoted to showing the artist in his studio. "The Crucifixion in Celtic Art" is discussed by Romily Allen. The second paper on "Lord Armstrong's Collection of Modern Pictures" is profoundly illustrated. A paper on Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier is by Walter Armstrong. A striking accompaniment to this article is a sketch of Meissonier at work in his garden, during the last year of his life, drawn by A. L. Parys. There is a page devoted to a reproduction of the famous "1814." A paper by Claude Phillips on the "Modern Schools of Painting and Sculpture." "Some Recent Irish Laces" are described by Alen S. Cole, and are carefully illustrated.

ONE of the distinct gains to Canada from the Royal Society is not only the preparation and reading of a series of able papers on a variety of important subjects by the members before the Society, but their publication as well. In our last issue we referred to Sir Daniel Wilson's "Vinland of the Northmen." We have before us now another very able and interesting contribution by another distinguished member of the Society, Mr. Charles Mair, on "The American Bison; Its Habits, Methods of Capture and Economic Use in the North-West, with Reference to its Threatened Extinction and Possible Preservation." Mr. Mair truly says: "There is perhaps no fact in the natural history of America which brings such reproach on civilized man as the reckless and almost total destruction of the bison." The references of the early writers to the bison are first noticed, and it soon becomes evident to the reader that Mr. Mair from his long residence in the North-West, his keen interest in and observation of the fauna of his northern home, as well as from long and patient enquiry, has acquired a great deal of authoritative information on the subject. The description of the habitat of the bison, its appearance and habits, its value to the Indian, the ravages of the hide hunter, the mode of its chase, its economic use and suggestions for its preservation, are all fully and graphically presented. The gifted author of "Tecumseh" has given to a stately Royal Society Paper the sprightliness, the charm and the interest of a story. And it is indeed the story of the splendid animal who at one time filled the northern prairies with his countless herds, but whose scattered bones are now the grim and silent witnesses of the wasteful brutality of man, and the improvident savagery that squandered one of the noblest gifts of Providence.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

RUDYARD KIPLING will contribute to the forthcoming number of *Harper's Weekly* a new story of life in India, entitled "The Last Relief."

WORTHINGTON COMPANY, 747 Broadway, New York, announce for immediate publication "Her Playthings, Men," by Mabel Esmonde Cahill.

THE Presbyterian News Company of Toronto have been appointed sole agents in Canada for the publications of Messrs. T. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh.

LIEUT. J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, U. S. N., writes of "The Ship's Company" in the *Scribner* series on "Ocean Steamships" in a very interesting way.

JAMES LANE ALLEN's new book, "Flute and Violin, and Other Kentucky Tales and Romances," is announced as ready for immediate publication by Harper and Brothers.

THE Rev. Mandell Creighton vacates the editorship of the *English Historical Review* on his appointment to the see of Peterborough, and is succeeded by Mr. S. G. Gardiner.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER's article on the Canadian political situation will appear in the May number of the *North American Review*. The title of the article is "The Wiman Conspiracy Unmasked."

MR. JAMES HANNAY, of St. John, N.B., in the May number of the *New England Magazine*, of Boston, takes up the history of the Loyalists from the beginning of the troublous times of the Revolutionary War.

WALTER BESANT will contribute to *Harper's Magazine* for May a causerie entitled "Over Johnson's Grave," in which he will say some entertaining things concerning the famous doctor and his friends, their ways and their times.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

APRIL.

THE editor of the delightful "Letters of Dorothy Osborne," Mr. Edward Abbott Parry, has written a life of Charles Macklin for Mr. William Archer's series of "Eminent Actors," and Longmans, Green and Company will publish it.

THE *May Atlantic* will print from the unpublished journal of the late Richard H. Dana, "A Voyage on the Grand Canal of China," which is said to be quite as graphic as any of the extracts contained in Mr. Adams' very interesting "Life of Dana."

"THE History of Separate School Legislation," by J. G. Hodgins, LL. D., published by the Copp, Clark Company, Ltd., in addition to what may be called the official side of the question, will contain much material of special interest to public men.

THE REV. PROFESSOR CAMPBELL, of Montreal, the learned author of "The Hittites: Their Inscriptions and Their History," paid us a visit recently on his way to his summer home in Muskoka. Seldom do we find culture and geniality so happily combined as in Professor Campbell.

A STORY of unusual power and strange plot begins in the *May Cosmopolitan* and run through three numbers: The story of a man, who three times in his life undertakes to paint our Saviour. The author, Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen, thinks he has given the best work of his life in this singular story.

IN curious contrast with Kennan's papers the *Century* begins in May a brief series by the late George Miffin Dallas, United States Minister to the court of the Czar, in which are described the magnificence and luxury of the court of Nicholas I. A frontispiece portrait of Nicholas accompanies the first article.

ADMIRAL SIR PROVO WILLIAM PARRY WALLIS, G.C.B., "the father of the British navy" and head of the active list, celebrated his one hundredth birthday on the 13th inst. He was a lieutenant on board the *Shannon* at the time she captured the American frigate *Chesapeake* in 1813. Admiral Wallis is by birth a Nova Scotian.

ROUND about Dorking, near which picturesque town the great novelist, George Meredith, lives, he is greatly liked, and one man who does much work for him, said of him the other day: "Ah! sir, Mr. Meredith is clever, I dare say, but I don't think so much about that, 'cause he's always so pleasant." What a bitter, though unconscious, satire upon the generality of so-called "clever people."

MR. H. K. COCKIN, the well-known Canadian poet, has recently been induced to prepare a series of lectures on subjects of literary, national and general interest. All who have heard Mr. Cockin speak are aware that he possesses no small share of oratorical ability. The careful and elaborate preparation which a lecture requires will, no doubt, enable Mr. Cockin to present in a most suitable manner to his hearers matter that will be instructive as well as entertaining.

LT.-COLONEL G. T. DENISON delivered an able and forcible lecture on a very important period in our history on Friday evening, the 17th inst. In dealing with the subject, "The Opening of the War of 1812," the lecturer read a proclamation of General Brock, which has been recently discovered by our indefatigable archivist, Mr. Brymner. The authentic records of the time prove that the invasion of Canada was brought about mainly by the false representations made by traitors in Canada to the press and people of the United States—that the bulk of the Canadian people desired annexation. Colonel Denison strongly urged the view that had the people of the United States been aware of the real sentiment of Canada the invasion would never have occurred.

GRANT ALLEN, the distinguished Canadian scientist and novelist, has at present five tales disposed of or in the publisher's hands. One in *Tid Bits* "Bred in the Bone" (this is the \$1,000 prize story); one in *Chamber's Journal*, "Dumaresqu's Daughter"; one in *The People*, "The Scalawag"; one being written for the *Graphic* and another for Arrowsmith, the Bristol publisher, besides a number of scientific articles. Mr. Allen has been spending the winter in the south of France. His home is "The Nook," Dorking, Surrey. It is gratifying to know that his health is at present excellent. Such men as Grant Allen prove to the world that, though Canada is young, yet now and then she sends forth a son who achieves high distinction in competition with the best intellects of his class in the older lands. We have had the pleasure of a recent visit from Mr. J. A. Allen, the genial and accomplished father of Grant Allen.

PERHAPS no novelist has ever been more talked about than the versatile and effusive Ouida. She is so daring, so original, so brilliant—and, occasionally, so silly—and her personality is so strongly and prevailingly present in her books, that it is natural for people to talk of and wonder about her. Ouida, in private life, is fond of gorgeous things, and visitors to her, when she stayed at the Langham Hotel in London, were likely to find her attired in some brilliant colour—probably light-blue satin, with satin shoes—and her hair in disorder, her fingers loaded with gems, and, altogether, looking very unlike an ordinary individual. In conversation she is witty, pungent, and sometimes bitterly sarcastic. But, for all that, she has a tender heart, though it is not everyone who can find it out, for Ouida hates, above all things, to "give herself away." She likes human beings—some—but she loves all dogs, and, if she had her way, would rather the universe should be bitten than that one of her favourites should be forced to wear the degraded muzzle.

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey. *The Sister's Tragedy*; and *Other Poems*. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

Earl of Carnarvon. *Chesterfield's Letters to His Godson*. Vols. I. and II. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E. *Landmarks of Homeric Study*. 75c. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

Houston, Wm. *Constitutional Documents of Canada*. \$3.00. Toronto: Carswell & Co.

Keltie, J. Scott. *The Statesman's Year Book, 1891*. \$3.00. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

Keary, C. F., M.A., F.S.A. *The Vikings in Western Christendom*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

Oman, Chas. W. *Warwick, the Kingmaker*. 60c. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

Prudden, F. M., M.D. *Drinking Water and Ice Supplies*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

Ribot, Th. *The Diseases of Personality*. 75c. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

Stephen, Leslie, Lee, Sidney. *Dictionary of National Biography*. Vol. XXVI. \$3.75. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.; London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Taylor, Belle Gray. *The Sardonix Seal*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

The Duc de Broglie. *Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

Yeats, W. B. *Representative Irish Tales*. Vols. I. and II. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

MACKAY AT UGANDA.

HE was equally at home in mechanical and spiritual work. But the mechanical was always subsidiary to the spiritual. His employments were very miscellaneous. At one time he would be making a road, at another building a boat or constructing a waggon; now he would be rearing a house, or again making a lock, or repairing a rifle for the king. His smithy was the resort alike of chiefs and slaves. Forge, anvil, lathe, vice, and grindstone were objects of great interest, but especially the grindstone, as they could not understand how "the wheels go round." Knowing something of medicine, he could give a little help from time to time in that department. At other times he would be found equally diligent translating parts of the Bible into the native tongue, and helping to print them; then teaching the natives the old, old story, and during persecution encouraging them to steadfastness amid their fiery trials; and in those dreadful times much of his work had to be done at night, for the people were terrified to be seen entering his tent in the daytime. Teaching the natives was his delight, yet he did not grudge the time for such a task as erecting a huge flagstaff for the king: it gave him influence, and paved the way for spiritual work, and in that wild and wicked community there was need for every means that could be devised to conciliate blood-thirsty tyrants. When he first went to Uganda, Mtesa was king. His vanity and ignorance of the world were amusing. "Mackay," he said once, "when I become friends with England, God in heaven will be witness that England will not come to make war with Uganda, nor Uganda go to make war on England? And when I go to England I shall take greatness and glory with me, and shall bring greatness and glory back again. Every one will say 'Oh, Mtesa is coming!' when I reach England and when I return, 'Oh, Mtesa is coming back again!'"—*Professor W. J. Blaikie, in the Quiver*.

THE NEW PROFESSION.

CHIMNEY-SWEEPING is no longer to be the function of a villain class. The art is to be raised to the status of a profession. Not only so, but the gentlemen who follow it are bent upon establishing certain tests which shall create and maintain such a standard of efficiency as shall accord with their idea of the dignity of their calling. For there are professions and professions. In the army, the navy, the church, or the stage, many well-known gentlemen are "practising" by reason of qualifications which frail humanity outside their mystic circles may be pardoned if they are unable to define. On the other hand, law, medicine, chemistry, accountancy are all accessible by a certain and definite way, more or less narrow. It is among this latter class of close professions that the profession of sweeping chimneys is to be numbered. The sweep, in short, desires that all who aspire to twirl the sable brush shall first be duly graduated, certificated, and registered. In this he is only following the lead of the plumber. That he will take no other leaf from the plumber's book must be the earnest wish of a humble nation periodically at his mercy. Fancy a state of things in which the professor first sent an assistant to look at the hearth; possibly came himself, in a fortnight to make a personal inspection; and then adjourned *sine die* until the fortunate season when an attendant appeared with his bag and brushes. Should it be the intention of the gentlemen with dusky faces and persevering voices to emulate the methods of the gasfitter, we shall all learn too late how worse than a washing day it is to have a chartered sweep.—*Manchester Examiner*.

A GIGANTIC pendulum has been suspended from the centre of the second platform of the Eiffel Tower at Paris. It consists of a bronze wire 380 feet long, with a steel globe weighing about 198 pounds at the end. Its object is to exhibit the rotation of the earth by the Foucault method.

WHILE others hug the fire, I gladly go,  
Blown along beneath April skies to one broad path  
That winds away from the town and drops below  
A rude plank bridge, to glades that soon shall glow  
With violets velvet sheathed, op'd full rath.

April—the opal month of all the year,  
With pearly skies, and blue, and sudden snows—  
The opal April of my thought is here,  
And I am happy when a star doth peer  
From the brown bed of leaves wherein it grows.

I would not touch one downy drooping bud!  
The fingers of the wind, alone, have power  
To give such life, and soon its peers shall stud  
The greening bank that now is caking mud.  
I go, return, and wait that magic hour.

The eager children throng about the glade,  
They do not know the signs, they falter—doubt  
There will be flowers, mistrust the cooling shade  
That meets them on the sward's edge, note the fray'd,  
Crisp curl'd last winter's leaves the wind still rout.

Indeed, it asks for faith, when all the road  
Is furrow'd deep in slowly drying ruts,  
And farmers gently urge with sparing goad  
Their morning teams, conscious of pressing load,  
And squirrels count their yet full store of nuts,

And frosty films on tree and sward are cast,  
And rivulets run cold, nor yet too free,  
And the old grass is sodden, lump'd and mass'd  
On either side the fence, while a March blast  
Blows April's trumpeter in triumphant key.

Afar stretch fields exeeding grey and wan,  
Of sterile stubble; here are flying leaves,  
And clouds of dust the wide highway upon.  
It seems some mid-October morn; all gone  
The splendour of the gay autumnal sheaves,

And only left, the longing for the snow  
To veil defect and compensate for loss.  
But not a blossom ever seeks to blow  
Until the time be ripe. Let rains but flow,  
And stumps shall cushion'd be with emerald moss,

And every bank shall wear a coronet  
Of azure stars and yellow bells; pale plumes  
Of slow uncurling green be rootwise set,  
And higher, where the forest parapet  
Its fringe of faint new foliage assumes.

O! I have felt the high poetic mood  
While lingering there, far from the troubled ways  
Of duty and desire; have lov'd to brood  
For hours in the open air—my faith, my food—  
Till seemed to cling around my brow the bays!

And I have felt, too, like the vagabond,  
Who knows no duty, has but one desire—  
To keep the peace with Nature; who, beyond  
All envy, sleeps beside some cool clear pond  
And sees each morn the flaming sunrise fire

Bleak hill and budding forest—I would give  
Much, in such moods, to drop the life I lead,  
All ties, all dear expectancies and live  
As carelessly as that poor fugitive  
Of all demands which now I daily heed.

Must heed—for dreaming is not doing. Base,  
Base should I be to dream my days to death  
In this sequester'd glade, where shadows chase  
A golden phantom. To each man his place—  
He who neglects his, curses with latest breath

The trend and disposition of his life,  
For spells, dew-laden, odorous, warm and soft,  
Like these sweet April omens, purely rife  
With soothing promise of an end to strife,  
Are dangerous. No more then, high aloft,

I lift ecstatic eyes to sheer, bright blue,  
Or seek the curl'd cup beneath my foot.  
I wander homeward, longed for by the few  
Who love me, loving, too, for the work I do—  
See—I have brought them one arbutus root!

—From *Pine, Rose, and Fleur de Lis*, by S. Frances Harrison (*Seranus*).

MR. STEDMAN ON "POETRY."

EDMUND C. STEDMAN has delivered at Johns Hopkins University, this season, a series of eight lectures on "Poetry," which are most memorable events to those who have heard them, and are sure to form one of the most valuable contributions to the field of criticism in its higher sense, that namely, which is not governed by transient and particular impressions, but which rests on eternal principles of art. For of course these lectures will be published, and we trust speedily, and it can well be wished that every American aspirant to poetic honours—of whose kind there are several thousand—should read these discourses, and learn on what grounds his or her little ambition rests, as compared with the grand requirements of the Muse. The last discourse, a few days ago, was entitled "The Faculty Divine," under which general name Mr. Stedman considered first, passion; second, insight, genius, inspiration; third, faith and its modern trial and transition; fourth, what is to be the power of

imagination in the age of science. Discussing tragedy, he held that its effect is really salutary, and that to behold it on the stage "both enhances and instructs the force within each soul," that it raises the beholder "above the realistic level of a well-conceived play." He said further on this point:—

"The soul looks tranquilly on, knowing that it, no more than its prototypes, can be harmed by any mischance. 'Agonies' are merely its 'changes of garments.' They are forms of experience. The soul desires all experiences; to touch this planetary life at all points—to drink, not of triumph and delight alone—its must needs drain its portion of anguish, failure, wrong. It would set, like the nightingale, its breast against the thorn. Its greatest victory is when it is most agonized. When all is lost, when the dark tower is reached, then Childe Roland dauntless winds his blast upon the slug-horn. Its arms scattered, its armour torn away, the soul, 'the victor-victim,' slips from mortal encumbrance and soars freer than ever. This is the constant lesson of the lyrics and plays and studies of Browning, the most red-blooded and impassioned of modern dramatic poets; a wise and great master, whose imagination, if it be less strenuous than his insight and feeling, was yet sufficient to derive from history and experience more types of human passion than have been marshalled by any compeer. In truth, the potent artist, the great poet, is he who makes us realize the emotions of those who experience august extremes of fortune. For what can be of more value than intense and memorable sensations? What else make up that history which alone is worth the name of life?"

Mr. Stedman discussed in this lecture the distinction between genius and taste, for taste sometimes counterfeits genius and imposes on the world for a short time. He says: "What we term common sense is the genius of man as a race—the best of sense because the least ratiocinative. Nearly every man has thus a spark of genius in the conduct of life. A just balance between instinct, or understanding, and reason, or intellectual method, is true wisdom." How this consideration leads into what follows in the report we are quoting from does not appear clear to us, for directly after come these pregnant sentences:—

"It requires years for a man of constructive talent—a writer who forms his plans in advance—for such a man to learn to be flexible, to be obedient to his sudden intuitions, and to modify his design accordingly. You will usually do well to follow a clue that comes to you in the heat of work—in fact, to lay aside for the moment the part that you had designed to complete at once and to lay hold of the new matter before that escapes you. The old oracle—follow thy genius—holds good in every walk of life. Everything, then, goes to show that genius is that force of the soul which works at its own seemingly capricious will and season, and without conscious effort; that its utterances declare what is learned by spiritual and involuntary discovery. . . . The clearness of the poet's or artist's vision is so much beyond his skill to reproduce it, and so increase with each advance, that he never quite contents himself with his work. Hence the ceaseless unrest and dissatisfaction of the best workman. His ideal is constantly out of reach—a 'lithe, perpetual escape.'"

Mr. Stedman declared that an ounce of the original work of genius is worth a pound of comment and criticism. Very good—and why, then, did he spend a single word on the shallow utterances of Depew, the "plutocrat orator," in his lecture? Mr. Depew is of no consequence—he is a mere talking head, like Roger Bacon's, and his worldly parrottings do not deserve the dignity of quotation, much less of serious regard, in the lecture of a scholar and poet like Stedman.—*Springfield Republican*.

#### THE PAINTER AND HIS ART.

A TRUE poet and thinker of our day has defined perfect Art as Love. The reminiscence of a paraphrase in sacred teaching is undoubtedly no oversight. It was Art that overruled Creation and that made the sons of God sing together for joy when Chaos was destroyed, and all human artists have worked on this example from the beginning until now. The painter's art is the power of presenting to the spectators an image of an idea disentangled from confusing surroundings and then developed into beauty; not by falsifying the facts, which may appear very imperfect in the example chanced upon, but by study of their typical and essential elements, and putting these together in true relation and harmony, that so other minds shall feel the exaltation which the thought gave to the worker, and that it may be capable of infecting these minds in turn with the desire to extend heaven's harmonious workings among men. In other words, selections of the highest of existent elements with judicious training and redistribution. This is Art, and this is Love. But Great Love has a base double, and, whatever name you gloss it with, it is—Hate. The lust of degrading holy things and immortal hopes to the passing desire, to selfish moments and fruitlessness. The ingenuity that devotes itself to such ends is not Art, any more than devil-worship is religion—than Caliban is the high priest of divine philosophy. The influence from abroad is doing what it can to introduce such travesty of Art into England—and, indeed, it is already here. But let us hope it may yet be prevented from taking root, and that such a knowledge of the fundamental principles of Art may be spread now that the coming generation may laugh to scorn those who tell us that ignorance and carelessness in the

artist are, in fact, not such, but marks of masterliness; and that a painting is a wonderful achievement when, in fact, it is a coarse and unlovely daub. A critic will then perhaps be required to show his own drawing, and this may not strike his readers dumb with submission. Enabled thus to value the technical claims of a work justly, the public will no longer be docile in accepting as refined and elevating works of Art, those treating of facts too revolting to be mentioned in common language; such as there have been increasingly of late.—*W. Holman Hunt, in the Magazine of Art*.

#### THE NATURALNESS OF FAITH.

THE word "faith" is used in so many different shades of meaning that it is always desirable to indicate, in speaking of it, the particular significance which is intended to be conveyed. For the present purpose, let it be defined as meaning confidence in realities which lie beyond the sphere of knowledge and proof. It is in this sense that faith is defined in the Epistle to the Hebrews as "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." In a similar meaning Tennyson speaks of faith when he says:

We have but faith; we cannot know,  
For knowledge is of things we see.

It is an act of faith by which we believe in the existence of facts and truths which we cannot verify by observation or demonstrate by reasoning. We believe in these truths upon other grounds than those of experience and argument. Such confidence, however, is not without grounds or reasons. Truths which are thus believed in are not necessarily without evidence, although it is of a different kind from that which authenticates the ordinary facts of life. This evidence—or, at least, an important part of it—lies in the correspondence of the facts believed in to the needs and demands of human nature, by which the mind is assured of their reality. Now, since religion involves the recognition and assured belief of facts and truths which are chiefly of the nature described, it is, in a pre-eminent degree, the province of faith. In all religious thought and life men exercise faith in many things which they have never seen, and whose existence they could not prove to the satisfaction of a sceptical mind, or of a mind without interest or concern for religious truth. There must be some strong tendency in human nature to such beliefs, and the persistence and satisfaction with which they are cherished must be facts of deep significance. There is something in human nature which leads it to reach out beyond the bounds of the visible, and to people unseen realms with realities which, to the eye of faith, are as certain as are the forms which the senses discern. Christianity is, indeed, a religion of objective fact and revelation; but even revelation, in order to accomplish its end, must find in man the condition of its appropriation; it must meet and satisfy native wants; the certainties which it discloses must be such as man has, from impulses within himself, desired and sought to know.—*Sunday School Times*.

HE who meanly admires a mean thing is a snob,—perhaps that is a safe definition of the character.—*Thackeray*.

#### SPRING MEDICINE.

NEEDED BY NEARLY EVERYBODY.

IN the spring months the necessity of a good blood-purifying, strengthening medicine is felt by the large majority of people. During the winter various impurities accumulate in the blood, as a consequence of close confinement in poorly ventilated tenements, stores and workshops, or too high living. Therefore when the milder weather comes, the blood is unable to sustain the various organs of the body which need additional strength, and the consequence is "that tired feeling," biliousness, sick headache, possibly dyspepsia, or the appearance of some blood disorder. So popular has Hood's Sarsaparilla become at this season that it is now generally admitted to be the Standard Spring Medicine. It thoroughly purifies and vitalizes the blood, creates a good appetite, cures biliousness and headache, overcomes that tired feeling, gives healthy action to the kidneys and liver, and imparts to the whole body a feeling of health and strength. Try it this spring.

"For a good many years I have been suffering from catarrh, neuralgia and general debility. I failed to obtain any permanent relief from medical advice, and my friends feared I would never find anything to cure me. A short time ago I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. At that time I was unable to walk even a short distance without feeling a death-like weakness overtake me. And I had intense pains from neuralgia in my head, back and limbs, which were very exhausting. But I am glad to say that soon after I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I saw that it was doing me good. I have now taken three bottles and am entirely cured of neuralgia. I am gaining in strength rapidly, and can take a two-mile walk without feeling tired. I do not suffer nearly so much from catarrh, and find that as my strength increases the catarrh decreases. I am indeed a changed woman, and shall always feel grateful to Hood's Sarsaparilla for what it has done for me. It is my wish that this my testimonial shall be published in order that others suffering as I was may learn how to be benefited." Mrs. M. E. MERRICK, 36 Wilton Avenue, Toronto, Can.

#### A PERPETUAL CONQUEST.

WHAT sort of a country Holland is has been told by many in few words. Napoleon said that it was an alluvion of French rivers—the Rhine, the Scheldt, and the Meuse. With this pretext he added it to the Empire. One writer has defined it as a sort of transition between land and sea. Another as an immense crust of earth floating on the water. Others, an annex of the whole Continent, the China of Europe, the end of the earth and the beginning of the ocean, a measureless raft of mud and sand; and Philip II. called it the country nearest to hell. But they all agreed upon one point, and all expressed it in the same words: Holland is a conquest made by man over the sea, it is an artificial country; the Hollanders made it; it exists because the Hollanders preserve it; it will vanish whenever the Hollanders shall abandon it. To comprehend this truth, we must imagine Holland as it was when first inhabited by the first German tribes that wandered away in search of a country. It was almost uninhabitable. There were vast tempestuous lakes, like seas, touching one another; morass beside morass; one tract covered with brushwood after another; immense forests of pines, oaks, and alders, traversed by herds of wild horses; and so thick were these forests that tradition says one could travel leagues passing from tree to tree without ever putting foot to the ground. The deep bays and gulfs carried into the heart of the country the fury of the Northern tempests. Some provinces disappeared once every year under the waters of the sea, and were nothing but muddy tracts, neither land nor water, where it was impossible either to walk or to sail. The large rivers, without sufficient inclination to descend to the sea, wandered here and there, uncertain of their way, and slept in monstrous pools and ponds among the sands of the coasts. It was a sinister place, swept by furious winds, beaten by obstinate rains, veined in a perpetual fog, where nothing was heard but the roar of the sea and the voices of wild beasts and birds of the ocean. The first people who had the courage to plant their tents there had to raise with their own hands dykes of earth to keep out the rivers and the sea, and lived within them like shipwrecked men upon desolate islands, venturing forth at the subsidence of the waters in quest of food in the shape of fish and game, and gathering the eggs of marine birds upon the sand. . . . Now, if we remember that such a region has become one of the most fertile, wealthiest, and best regulated of the countries of the world, we shall understand the justice of the saying that Holland is a conquest made by man. But, it must be added, the conquest goes on forever.—"*Holland and its people*," by E. de Amicis.

A MAN of sense and education should meet a suitable companion in a wife. It is a miserable thing when the conversation can only be such as whether the mutton should be boiled or roasted, and probably a dispute about it.—*Dr. Johnson*.

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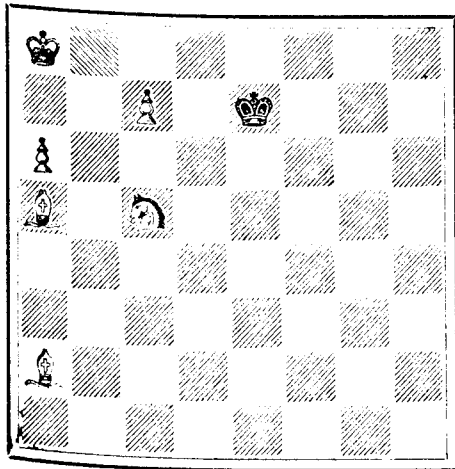
## Hood's Sarsaparilla

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 550.

By S. A. Seller.

BLACK.



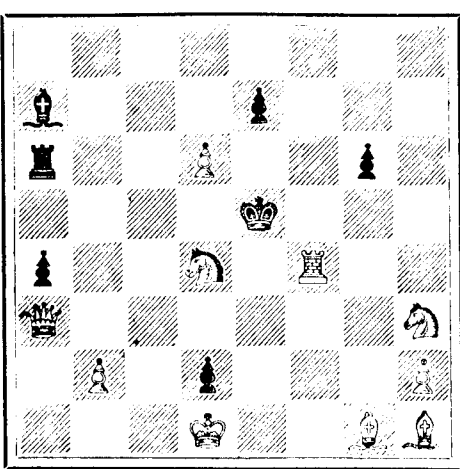
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 560.

By G. Heathcote.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 553.

- White. 1. Kt-K4 2. Kt-Q6+ 3. Q-B5 mate Black. 1. KxKt 2. K-Q4 if 1. BxR 2. KtxQ

With other variations.

No. 552.

Q-R6

CONSULTATION GAME.

PLAYED AT THE COLUMBIA CHESS CLUB BETWEEN DR. MEYER AND J. B. MUNOZ VS. NUGENT AND HEIN.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

- White. 1. P-K4 2. P-KB4(a) 3. Kt-KB3 4. P-B3 5. B-Kt5 6. Castles 7. B-K2 8. P-Q4 9. PxP 10. K-R1 11. Kt-B3 12. P-K5(c) 13. QKt-R4 14. Kt-B5 15. Kt-K4 16. Kt-Q6 17. KtxB 18. Kt-Kt5 Black. 1. P-QB4 2. P-K3 3. Kt-QB3 4. P-KKt3 5. Kt-Kt(b) 6. P-QR3 7. B-KKt2 8. PxP 9. Q-Kt3 10. Kt-K2 11. Castles 12. QKt-B3 13. Q-R2(d) 14. P-K3 15. B-Kt2 16. KKt-QB1 17. QxKt 18. QKt-K2 White. 19. B-B3 20. P-QKt3(e) 21. Kt-K4 22. Kt-B3 23. B-R3 24. QBxKt 25. BxKt 26. Q-B3 27. QxP 28. Q-RP1 29. QPxP 30. Kt-R4(y) 31. R-B6 32. R-Q6 33. KtxP 34. RxR 35. R-Q6 36. R-Q1 Black. Kt-Q4 P-B3 P-B4 K Kt-K2 K R-K1 RxB PxP K-R1(f) P-Q3 PxP Q-Kt1 R-Kt2 Q-Q1 Q-B1 RxKt R-R2 R-R1 Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) This move is not the best, P-Q4 as played by Mr. Pollock or Kt-KB3, are considered the proper moves. (b) One of W. Steinitz cramping moves which we do not approve, K Kt-K2 would have developed the game better. (c) This move cramps, still more Black's game as it shuts out the B. (d) A poor move, made with the idea of keeping the attack on the apparently weak Q P. (e) The beginning of a pretty combination which ultimately won the game. (f) The best move as White threaten Kt x P attacking the R and winning the exchange. (g) Nothing is left for Blacks after this move, as the Pawn must fall.

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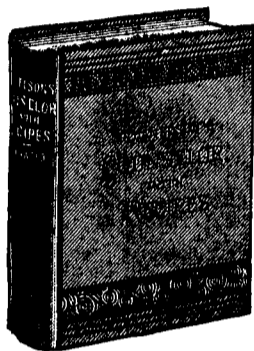
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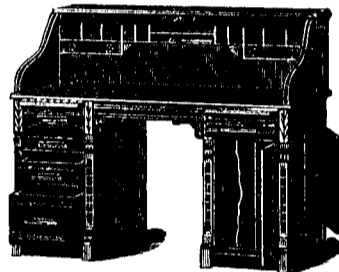
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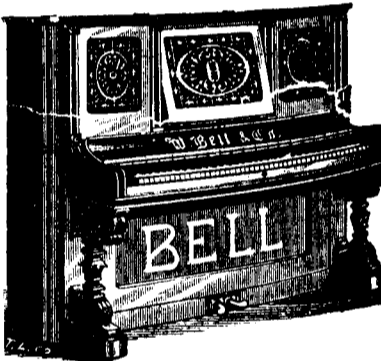


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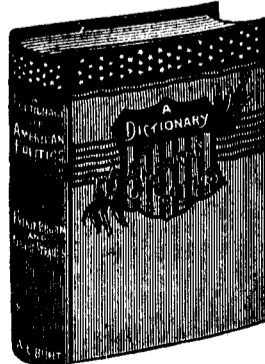
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