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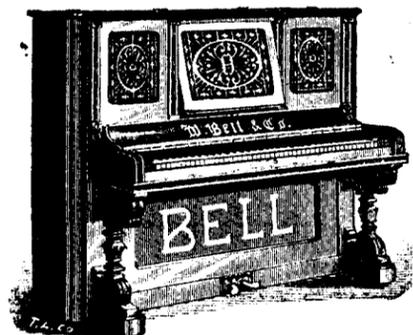
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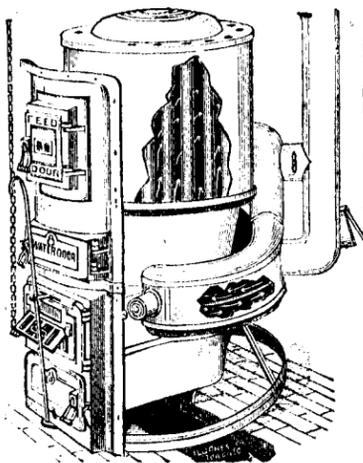
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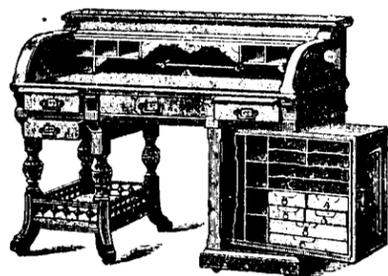
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

TO CANADIAN WRITERS.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

PRIZES of \$50, \$30, \$20 and \$10 will be given for the FOUR BEST SHORT STORIES by Canadian writers only on subjects distinctively Canadian, on the following conditions:—

1. The MS. must not exceed six thousand words and must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. It must be delivered at THE WEEK office, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto, not later than 1st November, 1890.
3. Each competing story must bear on the top of the first page a motto and be accompanied by a sealed envelope marked with the same motto and the words PRIZE STORY COMPETITION, and enclosing the name and address of the writer.
4. All the MSS. sent in to become the property of THE WEEK.
5. THE WEEK will award the prizes and will be judge of the fulfilment of the conditions.

Owing to a generally expressed desire THE WEEK has decided to accept MSS. sent in for the Short Story Prize Competition whether typewritten or not.

APPOINTMENTS are at last announced to the vacancies which have existed in the Ontario Cabinet since the general election. A good deal of complaint has been made by Opposition journals of the long delay in filling these places, though we are not aware that any public interest has seriously suffered in consequence, while possibly a little public money has been saved. At any rate the practice of withholding such appointments to suit the convenience or political exigencies of premiers is too common to be regarded as a very serious grievance. If it involves any violence to the letter or spirit of the Constitution; that Constitution must be now pretty well accustomed to the strain. Of the newly appointed Ministers it can only be said, in advance of the tests that time and trial only can apply, that they are all men of good character and ability, and that each seems tolerably well adapted to his special department. It is more than doubtful whether the membership of the Legislature contains another as well fitted to watch over the agricultural interests of the Province as Mr. John Dryden, M.P.P. for South Ontario. The duties of Provincial Treasurer are much more arduous, and, though Mr. Richard Harcourt, M.P.P., is not wanting in either talent or industry, it would be less safe to predict with confidence his success, or that of any other untried

man, in the management of the finances. It is in the least degree probable that he will manage them to the satisfaction of the Opposition, though it is to be hoped that he may be accorded the justice of a fair trial. Though the practice of the Dominion Government, and of the British as well, may be quoted in favour of the appointment of Ministers without portfolio, it is not easy to understand the precise advantage expected from the accession of Mr. E. H. Bronson, M.P.P. for Ottawa, to the Provincial Cabinet, in that capacity. The suggestion that the Province may thus gain the benefit of his counsel and experience in matters affecting the lumbering business, in which he is largely engaged, raises the question whether it can be satisfactory or even quite fair to other persons whose capital is embarked in the same industry, that a rival in business should have the ear of the Government and a voice in all its arrangements. Special knowledge is always valuable, but Cabinet advisers should be in a position to use it with the utmost possible disinterestedness. We hope it is unnecessary to add that not the slightest reflection upon the high personal character of Mr. Bronson is intended. We refer to the objection simply as a question of political principle. The designation of Mr. Thos. Ballantyne for the Speakership will, we have no doubt, give as much satisfaction as is, in the nature of things, possible in such a case. The amenities of party politics are so few that it would have been specially pleasing had the chief organ of the Opposition seen its way clear to be a little more generous in its references to both the retiring and the incoming Ministers. One non-personal criticism is, it must be admitted, not without point. The President of the recent Trades Union Congress at Liverpool cautioned his hearers, in his opening address, that if they did not take care they would escape from a landlords' Parliament only to fall into the clutches of a lawyers' Parliament. Canada seems in some danger of being given over to Cabinets of lawyers. Not that there is anything necessarily demoralizing or dangerous in the study of Coke and Blackstone, or in practice at the bar, but on the general principle that the tendency of every profession is to impart a peculiar mental—we are not sure that we might not add "and moral"—bias to its votaries, such as needs to be, in high official positions at least, counteracted by the special biases of those accustomed to other ways of looking at things.

AN interesting discussion took place before the Railway Committee of the Privy Council at Ottawa, on Friday last, between the solicitors of the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways and the representatives of the City of Toronto. The matter at issue was the question of liability for the erection and maintenance of gates at the points where these railways cross the city streets. The necessity of these for the protection of the lives and property of citizens has been too often sadly demonstrated within the last few years, and is now generally admitted. While consenting to erect and maintain gates at two or three important points at their own expense, the railways contend that in all other cases the municipality should bear one half of the burden. The question is really a very serious one for the railways, since, if they are held liable for the whole cost for the city, the same principle will, of course, hold good for the whole Dominion. As an illustration of the serious consequences involved in such a decision, Mr. Bell, on behalf of the Grand Trunk, pointed out that there are at least 300 level crossings on the route of that road between Toronto and Montreal, and that, in the case of at least 100 of these, the protection of gates would be demanded, involving the company in an expense of \$100,000 a year. Mr. Wells, solicitor for the Canadian Pacific, still further developed this argument by stating that that railway has not less than 1,000 and the Grand Trunk not less than 2,000 level crossings in Ontario; consequently the adoption of this principle might eventually mean an annual expenditure of two millions of dollars for the latter and one million for the former road. That, of course, is terribly overstraining the argument, as the applications for gates would still have to come, in each instance, before the Railway Committee, and the order in each case would be granted only on the merits of the individual application. Unless the population of the Province increases much more rapidly than it has hitherto done, many years must

elapse before gates could be shown to be necessary at one in a dozen of the country crossings. Should the population so increase, the railways would be well able to afford the additional outlay. But, as will appear on a little reflection, the amount of expense to be entailed upon the railways does not in the least affect the principle involved. The whole matter seems simple enough in the abstract. The railway companies run their lines across the roads and streets for their own benefit, not for that of the municipalities. By so crossing they create a certain danger to the lives of citizens. To guard against this danger a certain protection is necessary. Can there be any doubt in a disinterested mind who should be required to furnish this protection? If it be urged, as the representatives of the road did strenuously urge, that the municipalities are benefited by the railways, the reply is easy. The benefit is mutual. Every prosperous factory established in a municipality is a benefit to the municipality, but that does not prevent the latter from holding the owners of the factory responsible for using all the appliances necessary to protect the lives of the citizens from any danger that might otherwise result from their operations. Mr. Wells incidentally observed that the principle of subways or overhead bridges adopted in England was not enforced by Canadian legislation. The city's representatives might have thanked him for giving them that hint. There is room for question as to the propriety of permitting level crossings at all, at least in the vicinity of towns and cities. The gates at crossings are obviously but substitutes for the more expensive arrangements, and should be required as a condition of the favourable legislation which permits the level crossings.

AS we anticipated when going to press last week, Senator Hale's and Senator Sherman's resolutions looking towards reciprocity failed to commend themselves to the United States Senate. As they were not discussed it is not easy to guess, in the face of a good many contradictory statements and opinions, what amount of support they would have received had an opportunity been given for debate. That which seemed to us almost beyond belief did, however, come to pass, when the Senate voted in favour of a provision which empowers the President, at his own sweet will, to impose or remit taxes on foreign goods to an extent involving fifty or sixty millions of dollars annually. This and other indications of the growing tendency to enlarge the powers of the Executive may scarcely warrant the predictions of those American journals which are beginning to speak of the coming empire or dictatorship, but they certainly indicate very serious defects in the system of self-government which makes it necessary to entrust such autocratic powers to the "first citizen." It is quite possible, however, that the House, which has voted "non-concurrence" in the Senate amendments, may refuse to sanction this extraordinary arrangement. A question of greater interest to Canadians is that of the real meaning of the various reciprocity proposals which are being urged in one shape or another upon the attention of Congress. Are these really so many movements in the direction of freer trade, or are they, as Mr. Blaine and some of his supporters claim, but the logical complements of a thorough-going system of protection? There is much truth in the remark of Professor Bryce, to the effect that reciprocity treaties are not in themselves favourable to free trade. Strictly speaking they are but enlargements of the sphere of protection, and may have the effect, which Mr. Blaine's proposals are probably designed to have, of checking a free-trade movement, by doing away with some of the causes of discontent. Granting this, it is still significant that it should be found necessary, in a protected nation of such dimensions as the United States, to attempt to checkmate free-trade influences even by extending the area of protection. It is, moreover, quite on the cards that the people, should they find their prosperity increased by limited reciprocity, may be led to ask why, if a little extension of trade is so good, a larger extension should not be better. And reciprocity treaties, sufficiently extended and enlarged, would be free trade to all intents and purposes. On the other hand, the higher taxation of the McKinley Bill, in so far as it increases cost of living and promotes discontent, may drive the people to

the same conclusion by another route. Hence those who at the same time call the McKinley Bill "protection gone mad," and describe it as "the entering wedge of free trade," may not be involving themselves in a dilemma after all, as some of the protectionist papers insist. It is becoming tolerably clear that there is a great stirring-up of thought on this question amongst our neighbours, and unless they prove much less shrewd and practical than is their wont, the thinking will crystallize into action at no very distant day.

WHATEVER may be our opinion of the political system, tariff-legislation, or other characteristics of our neighbours, it cannot be denied that they have a perfect right, in the ordinary acceptation of that word, to consult their own tastes and interests on all such matters. It may be unfortunate or deplorable that nations should feel themselves under no obligation to act on other than utterly selfish principles in legislation, but where is the one that is in a position to cast the first stone? Canada cannot do it, for the Canadian Government and Parliament make no pretence to consult the interests of their neighbours, either in tariff-making, or in any other kind of legislation. The statesman would be scouted who should propose to act on altruistic principles in such things. By the same token, if the Congress of the United States chooses to pass the McKinley Bill, or even another doubling the rate of taxation that thorough-going measure imposes, Canadians have no right to be angry, or to hurl charges of unfriendliness, seeing that they act on precisely the same principle. If they can, by any process of reasoning or expostulation, consistent with their own dignity, induce their neighbours to change their policy and reform their tariff, they have, of course, a perfect right to do so. High tariffs between contiguous nations tend naturally to irritation and hostility, and for that, if for no other reason, it is a pity that the double walls along our borders should be deemed necessary. But the fact that these tariffs exist and create danger of ill-feeling should certainly be but the stronger incentive for both parties to guard against unnecessary offence in word or act. Whether Canada and the United States enlarge or restrict their business intercourse, the unalterable fact remains that they share between them the virtual empire of the Continent, and that their territories lie side by side throughout their whole extent. This fact makes it a matter of policy, to say nothing of the stronger motives springing from a common origin, language, literature and religion, that they should avoid all needless irritations, and cultivate, as far as possible, feelings of mutual respect and good will. That there are influences at work, especially in certain of the newspapers on both sides of the line, which tend in the opposite direction, is but too obvious. All representative Canadians have, it may be hoped, sufficient breadth and tolerance to rise above petty jealousies, and to treat their neighbours and their neighbour's flag, on all occasions, with the courtesy and hospitality which are the outcome of true self-respect.

A LEADING English journal hopes that not more than a reasonable diplomatic interval may separate Lord Salisbury's last despatch on the Behring Sea question from Mr. Blaine's acceptance of the arbitration therein proposed. We confess that we are not sanguine in regard to any early settlement of the dispute by the means proposed, albeit that seems to be the only means now available. It is true that if current reports be reliable, which represent the season's take of seals by the Company which now holds the lease, as almost equalled by that of the so-called "poachers," the present situation must be far from satisfactory to the U. S. Government. Nevertheless, it is not unlikely that, in view of the position taken in his latest despatches, Mr. Blaine may prefer indefinite delay to a final pronouncement by any competent tribunal upon his misty claim to exclusive jurisdiction in Behring Sea. By the time a board of arbitrators could be appointed, a proper investigation made, and a verdict rendered, the next presidential election will be looming on the horizon. If, as is popularly supposed, Mr. Blaine still dreams of a term in the White House, he would be very loth to run the risk of such a loss of prestige as would result from a decision unfavourable to his contentions. It is very likely, therefore, that he will prefer a policy of indefinite delay and "masterly inactivity," such as may still leave room, when occasion arises, for playing upon the anti-British prejudices of a well-known class of American voters. Such a policy of delay, too, always carries with it the chance that something may occur capable of being turned to advantage by the procrastinating power.

TOUCHING the future of arbitration it is to be hoped that not many representative Englishmen or Americans are disposed to endorse the opinions of the *Saturday Review* which regards arbitration at best as "but a foolish thing." "By resorting to it," says the *Review*, "two nations show that one does not care, or that both do not care, enough about the matter to fight. It is, therefore, not wholly unreasonable for the arbitrator to give it to the one that does care, or that evidently cares most." As a sample of cold-blooded cynicism this could not be easily surpassed. It utterly ignores the possibility that moral considerations should have something to do with the reference, and apparently assumes that fighting is the most natural and proper thing in the world, as a means of settling international difficulties. The writer's notions in regard to what England may and what she may not submit to arbitration are equally striking:

It may, however, be admitted that the question is different when Great Britain asserts a right to something which somebody else says is his, and when somebody else claims something which Great Britain says is hers. In the latter case arbitration should never be accepted for a moment; in the former it perhaps may, though we like it not even then.

The intimation that arbitration may thus be used only when it is deemed certain that it will secure a favourable verdict is not the best adapted to bring it into general favour. No doubt it is usually much easier to hold on to that which is already in one's possession than to get hold of that which is in possession of another. But it surely does not follow according to any exalted code of morals, that the motto: "Keep what you have by the sword, and get what you can by diplomacy, regardless of ethical considerations," which is seemingly the corollary drawn by the *Saturday Review*, would be worthy of a great nation. There is good reason to hope that, notwithstanding past failures, the eyes of the people in Christian lands are turning more and more towards arbitration as the hope and pledge of future "peace with honour." It is quite possible that those admitted failures in the past have been the outcome of the faulty constitution of the tribunals which have been created, rather than of anything inherent in the system itself. A Board composed of an equal number of partisans of each nation, with a single representative of some other nation to act as virtual umpire, is not the body most likely to inspire absolute confidence or to render absolute justice. It should surely be possible to obtain a full board of disinterested and dispassionate judges to settle such a dispute as that to which we are referring. To secure the fullest presentation of its case, each nation would of course be represented before such a tribunal by able men of its own choice. If right and justice are the things sought, it can scarcely be denied that such a court would constitute the best means human wisdom has yet devised for securing those ends. It would, at least, for obvious reasons, be one incomparably better than a struggle, in which the issue would depend upon the brute strength or financial resources, or military prowess, or even the physical bravery and endurance of the respective combatants. We are glad to see some indications that the Christian churches may be at last about to take up the question in earnest. Had their influence hitherto been brought to bear uniformly and unitedly on the side of peace and righteousness, war, as a means of settling international disputes, would long since have disappeared from Christendom. Here, surely, is one great end worthy to engage the energies of a federation of all the churches.

THOSE who have been fancying that they could discern some tendency towards a better understanding between capital and labour must feel not a little disappointed at the turn events have lately taken on both sides of the Atlantic. The recently published correspondence between Mr. Powderly, President of the Knights of Labour, and Mr. Lee, the local leader responsible for the abortive strike on the New York Central, is far from reassuring. Mr. Powderly's letters show, indeed, that he used all his influence to prevent the ill-advised strike, but that he did so as a matter of tactics, not in the interests of peaceful industry. His position was like that of a commander-in-chief who tries to hold back the too zealous officers in command of detachments of the army from desultory attacks in order that their strength may be reserved and the whole army organized for a general engagement under more favourable circumstances. His plan, as revealed in these letters, was to have everything in readiness for a grand assault, either during the Presidential Election in 1892 or during the World's Fair in 1893, as might hereafter be determined. The necessity of the political leaders

or of the travelling public was to be the workman's opportunity. To some extent the same spirit has been manifested during recent struggles in England and in Australia. The painful thing about all these movements is, not that the labourers should deem themselves entitled to a larger share of the fruits of their labour, as they probably are, nor that they should combine in order to obtain this, which they certainly have a right to do, but that it should be tacitly assumed that their ends can be attained only by force—that the chronic relation between labour and capital is to be one of war. We may freely admit that there is much in the organization and attitude of both capital and labour to favour this conclusion, but that fact does not make the prospect of continuous industrial warfare any the less dismal to contemplate. We confess, too, though many of our readers may not agree with us in this view, that to us it seems certain that, in the end, labour must prove itself the stronger force. It is but a question of time, of more complete organization, of better tactics. Every failure, as well as every successful struggle, is but a step in the educational process leading up to these results. What the final outcome may be, and through what stages of struggle and possible anarchy it may be reached, it is, of course, impossible to predict. Nationalization of land, of mines and minerals, and of railways was the panacea which seemed most in favour at Liverpool. One thing is clear. The hope of the right solution, whatever that may be, is in peace rather than in war. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that, if a peaceful solution is reached, it must eventually be found in some union of financial interest, some proportionate distribution of the products of combined capital and labour between the capitalists and the labourers. Some progress is being made in this direction, but the wonder is that it is so slow. Any and every arrangement, which tends to give the labourer a direct and tangible interest in preserving the peace rather than in going to war, is a step in the direction of a permanent good understanding. Whether either party will come to see this and assent to it in time to avert disaster remains to be seen.

RECENT statistics showing on good authority that there are nearly three times as many telephones in use in the United States and Canada as in England must have caused not a little surprise to many who are not accustomed to think of the Mother Country as a laggard in the adoption and development of scientific appliances. Some clue to the explanation of England's slowness in the use of these conveniences, and more especially of electric lighting, may be gathered from the address of Sir Frederick Abel, President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at the recent annual meeting of that body. The cause, as more than hinted at by Sir Frederick, is to be found, so far at least as the electric lighting is concerned, in the anxiety of Parliament to protect the consumer against oppressive monopolies, while the same effect has been produced in the matter of telegraphic and telephonic communication, according to the *Times*, by the grasping policy of the Post Office. Sir Frederick suggests that these impediments have had indirectly beneficial effects, by deferring the general use of these comparatively modern conveniences while time has been afforded for the development of practical details, and that they will, therefore, be likely, on the whole, rather to increase than to diminish the comfort of future generations. Many, nevertheless, will be of the opinion of the *Times* writer, who finds it difficult to repress some feeling of envy for the present advantages which have been secured, not only in the United States, but in such countries as Italy and Switzerland, by the greater freedom which has there been accorded to persons who were willing to expend capital in supplying the wants of their fellow-citizens; and thinks that "it would probably, on the whole, have been better to have had electric lighting more or less tentative in its character, and to have enjoyed the pleasure of watching its gradual improvement, than to have been left entirely dependent upon oil or gas, while patiently waiting for the full perfection of the appliances necessary for the new method." It is pretty clear that the British Parliament has been rather too paternal in the matter. At the same time, if it be true, as sometimes alleged, that useful and important improvements are bought up and laid aside in the United States to prevent their superseding some patented monopoly, there is some possibility that the British tortoise may yet reach the goal before the American hare. That will not, however, make good the loss which has been inflicted during the years now gone beyond recall.

ON September 4th the Republic of France reached its twentieth anniversary. It has, therefore, lasted longer than any previous form of Government since the Revolution. And better still both for the nation and for the peace of Europe, it is likely, so far as present indications may be trusted, to last many years longer, if not *in perpetuum*. The recent Boulangist revelations show that it did indeed pass through one great peril, and that on that memorable night after Gen. Boulanger had been elected for Paris, and when he was being pressed by M. Naquet to try a *coup de force*, its fate was trembling in the balance and was finally determined by the lack of nerve, or, if we may be more charitable, by the lingering patriotism of that one ordinary man, whom the popular imagination had transformed into a hero. But the very fact that that crisis is past, and the other fact that the Republic has even survived the removal of its President by the Assembly become now hopeful auguries. The French, though lacking sadly the Anglo-Saxon genius for constitutionalism, have proved themselves capable of self-government for a score of years, and through periods of considerable trial. Meanwhile they are learning the art, and being schooled in self-control year by year. Two years hence, as the *Spectator* points out, every man in barracks will have been born under the Republic, and ten years hence every young man in France will be in the same position. The glories of the Monarchy will become to the masses more and more a fading tradition; the consciousness of self-rule more and more a source of pride and a sense of power. Unless, goaded by the undying smart of the defeat which robbed them of the border provinces, they should suffer themselves to be beguiled into a Russian alliance and a European war—an event, which, while always possible, seems daily to become less probable—there is no apparent reason why France should not reach the acme of her power and prosperity under her present mode of Government.

A BLUE-BOOK giving a concise official account of the year 1888 is summarized in the *London Times* of the 3rd inst. A few of the more suggestive facts may be of interest to our readers. Public order, for instance, is guaranteed in India by an army of 140,000 police and 500,000 village watchmen, besides 18,000 police in Upper Burmah. The crime list showed an increase in murders and other offences against the person, but a large decrease in dacoities, or gang-robberies. The total number of persons coming before the magistrates was 1,400,000, of whom half were convicted; of these sentences to imprisonment, some seventy-two per cent. were for terms under six months. On the other hand, the number of capital punishments was 484—figures which point to a much freer use of the rope than is now the practice in England or America. This was, we suppose, to be expected, and may be necessary in the present stage of civilization in India. The number of women prisoners is steadily decreasing and amounts to less than 3,000 for all India—a gratifying fact of which one would like to have the explanation. The total debt of India is about £200,000,000, of which about £91,000,000 are for railways and £26,000,000 for irrigation works. "Thus more than half the debt is for productive expenditure, and not for money spent in long-past wars, as is the case in almost every European country." Some £50,000,000 of four per cent. stock were converted during the year into three-and-a-half per cent. stock, a very tangible saving in interest. The general land revenue of the country—*i.e.*, the rent paid to the State as landlord—amounted to Rx. 22,375,000; the salt revenue to Rx. 7,675,000; and the opium revenue to a little under six millions of tens of rupees. The consumption of liquor has declined, owing, probably, to the large increase of taxes and excise duties. The area of land under cultivation, exclusive of Upper Burmah, was increased by more than 1,500,000 of acres during the year, and the total area cultivated, calculated for about two-thirds of British India, now amounts to about 150,000,000 acres, of which 130,000,000 grow food crops and 10,000,000 grow cotton. The Government irrigated 12,000,000 acres in 1888, an increase of 1,500,000 acres over the preceding year.

THE Emperor of China has issued a proclamation which can scarcely fail to produce serious results in British India. We refer, of course, to his legalization of the cultivation of opium in the Empire. This, as is well known, has hitherto been strictly forbidden in China. The change of tactics is politically shrewd; we do not know that it is even morally reprehensible. The Government of China has done its best, as most dispassionate observers admit, to

save its people from the terrible degradation of the opium habit. More than a hundred years ago the pernicious character of the drug was recognized and its use as well as cultivation absolutely prohibited. The edict was, it is true, only partially effective, but it will be an indelible stain upon the page of British history that half a century ago England forced the Chinese at the mouth of the cannon to admit the drug into her ports from India. From that date the struggle has been hopeless. All laws forbidding the cultivation of the plant at home were useless in view of its free admission from abroad. It is now computed that of China's four hundred millions of people, at least one hundred and fifty millions are addicted to the use of opium. It is no wonder, then, that the Government has at last come to the conclusion that it might as well permit its own subjects to grow rich by pandering to the depraved appetites of their fellow-countrymen as to let the opium-growers and traders of India reap all the profits. We do not know whether the soil and climate of China are as well adapted for opium raising as those of British India. If so, there can be little doubt that the revenues of the latter will be seriously affected. The wonder is that the shrewd Celestials did not hit upon this mode of checkmating England long ago. Another and greater wonder is that, while the forcing of the Treaty of 1842 upon China has long been condemned by the moral sentiment of the British people and the almost unanimous voice of its historians, no statesman has ever come to the helm with sufficient moral courage to attempt to undo the iniquitous transaction.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

ONE by one the great men who have illustrated the nineteenth century are passing away; and soon that century, with all its achievements and failures, will be the historian's material. One poet and one statesman alone remain of the great names which made history before some of us were born, and soon the Laureate of England will have joined the singers who have gone before, will rest with Shakespeare and Milton and Wordsworth; while his friend of two generations will be past the call of party and the fever of ambition—will have exchanged the storms of the Parliament for the near and solemn repose of Westminster Abbey. And in another field of thought and labour which suggests topics of more sacred *timbre*—here also the great ones are gone before. Of the leaders of the evangelical school, the men who had shared in the great revival of the last century, few lived into the next age. Newton and Cecil hardly saw the dawn of the new century. Wilberforce, the champion of liberty and piety; Hannah More, teacher and example of Christian simplicity; Henry Venner, third in generation of an honoured family—these survived to witness the painful reaction towards worldliness and spiritual deadness, and to realize the new forces which, from different sides of the field, endeavoured to fight the battle of truth. But even these later champions of the new causes have in their turn passed away. Whately's sterling sense, Arnold's catholic spirit, Thirlwall's philosophic insight, Kingsley's burning sympathy for suffering and indignation against wrong, and Maurice, to so many the prophet of his age, all these have passed away and left the speaking witness of their words and works. And in that other camp, so different in claims and conclusions, so powerful for good or for evil in our century, the great ones are also at rest. Keble, the sweet singer of the church, is joined to the choirs invisible; and his friend, Pusey, after a life of controversy, leaving behind the censures of opponents and the enthusiastic praise of partisans, has entered into peace.

Last of all, there has passed away in these days one who was endued with many talents, talents in their combined scope perhaps unequalled, blessed with that supreme magnetism of character which forces admiration from foes, and love—almost adoration—from friends; and yet one whose career, viewed now as a whole, leaves on the mind an impression of splendid failure, of solutions sought with every sacrifice and never found, of a personality which conquered as with a magician's charm, but which has spoken no message that could teach the world, and has left no example to give it strength.

Although the life of Cardinal Newman has but lately closed, we are in a better position to judge it than in the case of many men long after death. For nearly a generation he had passed from the scene of active affairs—and of the early period, when his name was on every lip and his career seemingly the very crisis of English Church history; of this epoch we have almost a literature at hand, and, above all, the autobiography of the central figure himself.

When John Henry Newman came into the world, wars and rumours of wars overpowered every other cause and claim. Religious questions seemed cast into the background. The old antagonism of the parties in the church had calmed. If any theological influence can be said to have been then effective, it was that of the evangelical revival, still claiming some of its famous representatives and still speaking forth its great message with something of the old fervour and faith. But the gradual departure of great leaders of thought, and the weakening of definite opinion, led too surely to the preference of supposed "safe-

ness," and a moderation which was the result rather of mental limitation than of the heart's expansion. Newman did not overstate the case when, in a famous passage in his later writings, he declared: "A man who can set down half a dozen general propositions, which escape from destroying one another only by being diluted into truisms; who can hold the balance between opposites so skilfully as to do without fulcrum or beam; who never enunciates a truth without guarding himself against being supposed to exclude the contradictory—this is your safe man and the hope of the Church; this is what the church is said to want, not party men, but sensible, temperate, sober, well-judging persons, to guide it through the channel of no-meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of Aye and No." But there were still in the world those who feared not the alternative of Aye and No; and it is significant that, of these, it was Thomas Scott the once famous commentator, of whom the future Cardinal declares that "to him I almost owe my soul." The boy was deeply influenced by Scott's resolute unworldliness and by the "minutely practical character of his writings." His was a receptive mind, for we find him eagerly drawn, when a student at Oxford, to the teaching and personality of Richard Whately, and yet full of veneration for the almost opposite character of Keble. The one acute, logical almost to hardness, using irony in support of faith, and as much offending as pleasing by his humour; the other gentle, retiring, preferring the holy satisfaction of his pastoral life in the country to all that the university could bestow in honour and emolument, loved by the most opposite minds, respected by all. And yet from his lips was to proceed the first cry of the new party.*

It was a time in the history of religion that a new movement was unavoidable, was necessary. Anything is better than stagnation, for stagnation in religion means death. Anything is better, better even the crusades, or the wandering flagellants, or the barefooted friars, or the eccentricities of Shakers and Ranters, than the reign of time-servers and hypocrites, of supposed "safe men" who ever fight with the bigger battalions, who never espouse an unpopular cause, nor aspire to that special blessing which belongs to those persecuted for righteousness' sake.

It was a time when neglect in the outward decency of divine service had reached a degree incredible and disgraceful; when pluralities were common; when absentee rectors lived in ease in Italy and delegated to starving curates the souls of thousands; when Bishops were appointed by the Prime Minister as a reward for political zeal, and the church seemed to be the herald of comfortable doctrine, and to furnish a passport to a rich man's heaven. The Evangelical School had witnessed against these evils boldly and unceasingly, and had in many respects mitigated them; but their efforts, concentrated upon the work of saving souls, had almost disregarded the comparatively less important matters. So, when at the memorable Conference at Hadleigh in 1833, Hugh James Rose, Keble, Newman, Froude and Perceval met to discuss the needs of the times and the action to be taken, they had a field and a work before them which might well have enlisted the combined enthusiasm of the whole church. Unhappily, it was a party and not the whole church that undertook the work, and of that party Newman was soon the recognized and absolute chief.

He had passed already through many phases of opinion. He had left behind the first evangelical influences of Romaine and Scott; he had passed beyond the sober and old-fashioned churchmanship of Hawkins, the great provost of Oriel. There was no one to whom he could look as a leader; all who inclined to the side of political liberty were his abhorrence, and yet he was to be the revolutionist of his church. Never was man so much in need of tolerance, and yet so devoid of possessing the quality. In one of his first sermons he said: "It would be a gain to the country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion than at present. In the first page of the first 'Tract for the Times,' he declared that he 'could not wish for the Bishops a more blessed termination of their course than the spoiling of their goods and martyrdom.' Not even Torquemada could have improved upon another statement, that the 'Heresiarch should meet with no mercy . . . to spare him a false and dangerous pity.' And these views were expressed with a vigour that alienated friends as much as it inflamed adversaries.

Hurrell Froude, one of the leading spirits of the movement, denounced the Reformers of the sixteenth century as miscreants. The whole Reformation had been a fractured limb so badly set that it needed to be broken again. There was no conscious approximation to Rome as yet. Newman himself still believed the Pope to be anti-Christ, and wrote and spoke bitterly of Rome for many years, indeed nearly till the great surrender itself! So little do we know our future.

But, for a time, it seemed that a halting place and firm ground was reached. It seemed that the Church of England could be proclaimed the *via media*, removed by an impassable chasm from Rome and Protestantism. There had been bishops of the church, like Andrewes and Laud, who had believed this possible and logical. It needed only some industry and much boldness. It needed only to ignore the History of the Reformation and the writings of the Reformers. It needed only to construct a patchwork theology, composed of *this* fragment from the Homilies,

*The famous Assize Sermon on "National Apostasy," preached at Oxford, July 14, 1833.

and that from the Prayer-book, ignoring all that went before and beside, and after; it needed only to select from illustrious writers the passages which agreed, and to omit the context. And so Newman, when at this stage of his development, could claim (as he says) "with Bramhall, the right of holding a comprecation with the Saints and the Mass, all but transubstantiation with Andrewes, or with Hammond, that a General Council, truly such, never did or shall err in a matter of faith, or with Thorndike that penance is a propitiation for post-baptismal sin." That is, that the *obiter dicta* of these writers, speaking without any other than personal authority, could override the direct teaching of the Articles and Prayer-book, the clear-voiced custom of three centuries of Anglican practice, and could furnish a satisfactory groundwork for reasonable men. That it was not sufficient, even for its upholders, the issue of the Tracts proclaimed. The earlier numbers of this famous publication excited little suspicion, for nothing was asserted beyond what the Prayer-book, especially the Catechism and Ordination services of our church, maintained, nothing contrary to the Articles. Bishops rejoiced over the proclamation of an apostolic succession, and the representatives of the old High Church party applauded the attacks upon evangelical views which they had vainly discouraged.

In vain the Evangelicals raised a warning cry that this new "Middle Way" was only the road to Rome. But in the beginning of the year 1836, the theories of the new school found expression in practice and opportunity of testing their strength. The strenuous, though futile, attempt to convict Dr. Hampden of heresy, and later to hinder his appointment to a bishopric, showed the extent of the movement and its acquired force.

Arnold came into the lists with his famous essay on the "Oxford Malignants," comparing the Tractarians to the Judaizing opponents of St. Paul. But the Tracts continued. From the 71st came selections from the Fathers concerning Baptismal Regeneration, the Apostolic Succession, while the preface to the "Library of the Fathers" declared that while the Old and New Testaments are the source of doctrine, the Catholic Fathers are the channel through which that doctrine comes to us. The 75th Tract recommended the partial use of the Roman Breviary as full of devotional value. Still more significant was the utterance of Tract 80, where the practice of Reserve in communicating religious truth was inculcated. Keble, in the 89th, advocated the mystical interpretation of Scripture favoured by the Fathers. But still there was one obstacle in the path hard to remove.

At that time, not only ordained ministers, but graduates of our universities were expected to sign the XXXIX. Articles of the Church of England, and to express "assent and consent" to all the teachings contained in them. Notwithstanding the almost cynical hint expressed in the Declaration appended in the days of Laud, that only the grammatical and literal sense, not the intended force and scope were to be regarded, no conscientious mind but realized that here a mighty barrier was reared right across the way to Rome; that here opinions were expressed, some indeed (as in the XVII. Art. on Predestination) very guardedly and admitting of more than one explanation, but elsewhere, and everywhere concerning Roman errors as clear, palpable, and unmistakable, as the rugged English of a plain-spoken age could make it. Against that barrier it needed indeed a mighty effort; Newman himself might have shrunk from the task. But in February, 1841, came forth the famous Tract 90, and the astonished Church of England learned that this supposed Protestant bulwark was worse than useless. It admitted every one of the tenets it was supposed to exclude.

It was not known indeed then, as we now know from the "Apologia," that, at the time of the publication of Tract XC., Newman was not confident about his permanent adherence to the Anglican Creed.* But even while appalled by the supremely ingenious dialectic which explained away each difficulty the common honesty and common sense of England rose indignantly in protest. In our Mother Country, as in the daughter-nations, we know that a minority always has sympathy and fair play. Had the Tractarians boldly protested against the Articles, had they dared the law as their descendants in our own times have done, the wider public would have looked on with an amused surprise, not unmixed with a sort of sympathy. Or had they pleaded the wide area of a national Church and conceded the liberty on other sides which they claimed on their own, the noblest minds would have been enlisted on their side, or, at least, would have pleaded for their immunity.

But the Tractarians, as well as their successors, have always claimed the inquisitor's rights, as well as the martyr's glory. Men, who could only justify their position in the Church by expedients like the logic of Tract XC., were ever the first to persecute and the last to be silent.

But their great disaster was at hand. Their leader, he who had just given them a sure title-deed, as they claimed in the Protestant Church, he who had proved that when the Articles declared that a General Council may err, that meant that, if rightly summoned, it was infallible; that an Article, which declared the "sacrifices of masses to be blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits," clearly admitted the mass and the doctrine of sacrifice; that the Article which declared the Invocation of Saints to be a "fond thing vainly invented" only deprecated its excess; he, himself, the contriver of this proof; he, the champion of the party, was already doubtful, already was

abandoning his theory of a *via media*, already had meditated the possibility of his future step.

Some have urged that a kinder and wiser policy on the part of the rulers of the Church might have averted the crisis and saved Newman from his after course. Even if this be true, as it is possible, of the minor lights of the Tractarian movement, it could not have availed for him. Like Turnus, in his last combat, it was not the lethal weapon of the adversary, but the evil destiny in the air. And as it was neither cowardice, nor rankling spite at supposed injustice, nor disappointed ambition that prompted his departure, neither was it any mere superficial attraction in the Church he joined. It was no attachment to mere outward ritual, for at that time questions of ornament were hardly debated in the controversy; and later, Newman himself, in his trenchant phrase, disavowed the slightest attraction for what he styled the "gilt gingerbread of ritualism." No, there were deeper causes at work—it was the great primordial question which lies at the root of all religion, after we have assured ourselves of God and Heaven—*authority or private judgment!*

All the previous labours of the Tractarians had been the efforts of private judgment to construct a seeming external authority which might enable them to repudiate the real external claims of the law regulating an established Church. Only Rome could offer a refuge for a mind which sought to abandon its birthright of private judgment and seek the anodyne of external infallibility. And so he went to Rome.

Not here shall one word of controversy be uttered against the communion that gained then a mind so richly gifted. Macaulay was a Protestant to the very backbone, but his honest historical insight taught him how great a fact is the Church of Rome, how deeply its roots are yet fixed in the instincts, needs, and aspirations of a vast portion of the human race. Whatever we hope and strive for, the weapons of our warfare shall not be the empty clangour of abuse. Is it not a fact for us Canadians to ponder on, that the power of Rome seems to increase its sway in the new world, even though losing it in the old? Is there not something which extorts a silent tribute, as we see the poor in their thousands hearing in those temples an obscured and fettered gospel, but still at times the name of Jesus Christ?

Or when we have visited Italy and stand at the threshold of that mighty fane, the triumph of Michael Angelo and Bramante, where the spectator sees his fellow-man dwindled to a speck in the distance, and above him, around the dome, the great inscription *Tu es petrus*, words so often quoted at Rome, so little understood! Who has not fallen under the spell? But Rome is more than this.

There are some rivers, taking their source amid the ineffable purity of Alpine snows, fertilizing and helping for navigation vast tracts of country, but at last gaining no fresh tributaries, and losing their volume and force in branches, they end in muddy flats and fetid marshes. So the Church of Rome, sprung from divine origin, its history the most enthralling, its catalogue of saints and martyrs innumerable; its civilizing work in the Middle Ages an immortal title to the world's gratitude; but now decaying, having lost the weight and power of Germanic thought, having almost lost the keen instincts and energies of the Latin races, having lost at last the old confidence of Baronius and Bellarmine, having abandoned the appeal to history, all her greatest men lost, Dollinger exiled before he died, Strossmayer silenced or gazed at askance with veiled suspicion; left in Rome, at least, to intriguers and obscurantists; a Pope liberal and enlightened, forced into compliance by his *camarilla* with precedents which he must despise. And there lived Newman for nearly fifty years.

What is the achievement of that period? What but the laboured retraction of all that had gone before. When one thinks of the splendid genius, one asks what might it not have performed? *Sed Dis aliter visum.* He published a "Grammar of Assent," which, it has been recently said, "furnishes an apparatus for quieting your belief of things of which there is not sufficient evidence, and of the truth of which you do not at heart feel assured."* Once, and once only, he stirred the sympathies of the world in repelling the unwise and uncharitable taunt which Kingsley, in an unhappy moment, cast upon his character. The taunt was perhaps unjustified, but the world rightly felt that it was not "meet to be set down."

The "Apologia" is not only an English classic but a treatise of human psychology most wonderful, most true, and he who reads it will realize what a heart was buried in the Oratory at Edgbaston, and how much love is breathed in those last words of dedication to the friends of time present and time past: "those familiar affectionate companions and counsellors, who in Oxford were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past; and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or deed." And shall we not Protestants, as we are, join in the final words, including himself, in our visions? "And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who once were so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the power of the Divine will, into one Fold and under one Shepherd." †

Yes, we echo this prayer; each Sunday we pray God

* Mr. Goldwin Smith, in *The Bystander*, September, 1890.

† "Apologia," p. 283.

for "all who profess and call themselves Christians," and surely our prayer goes out in sincerity to the throne of grace. Outside our Churches, outside the limits of our communion; even while recognizing vital difference and plainly denouncing erroneous teaching, yet our faith cannot exclude love. Yes, love unreciprocated and unanswered. The Church of Cardinal Pole, and of Carlo Borromeo, and Pascal, and Fénelon, shall have our prayers. For that "kindly light" which hovered before Newman's gaze, and which he ever sought, if in most wandering path, that has led him now

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which he had loved long since and lost awhile.

JOHN DE SOYRES.

HORACE—ODES: I., XXXI.

AT Apollo's dedication,
What should this thy prophet seek;
Pouring out his due libation
Of new wine, with spirit meek?

Not Sardinia's precious harvests,
Not Calabria's beauteous droves;
Neither gold nor Indian ivory,
Nor the land low Liris roves.

Let them dress of vines the meetest,
Each in Fortune's smile who lives;
Let them drain the wine-cup's sweetest,
Bought with all that Syria gives.

Dear to God such merchants, frantic,
Three or four times in a year,
Coming to the Coast Atlantic,
Safe from danger, without fear.

I the olive find sufficient,
Endive plain and mallows light,
Grant me relish ne'er deficient,
For the simplest food in sight.

And with this grant me in fulness
Mind all sound; nor let decay
Basely steep my age in dulness,
Nor my song pass quite away.

J. C.

LONDON LETTER.

HAVE you a kindness for a ghost story? I will, if you please, repeat the substance of a dramatic little episode I heard this afternoon. You can translate it how you like. For myself, I lean to the supernatural. We were loitering in the Stanley Exhibition, my companion and I, over the case in the gallery containing the watch and papers, books and portrait, of Mungo Park, surgeon and explorer. That handsome gallant, with a toss of powder in his thick hair, and a touch of spirit in his steady eyes and mouth, glanced at us curiously through the glass. From below came the noisy chatter and ecstatic chuckles of the two small African boys, the only survivors of some large tribe, and who form part of the Stanley show. They are vastly content with their life, at present, whether they are performing a lengthy dance in the middle of a ring of spectators, or are running up and down, in and out, among the relics and trophies. And their voices never ceased. No matter what my companion was gravely discussing, those giggling, guttural accents formed a bewildering chorus. Even at his picture-criticisms—and some of his notes on art are printed, I promise you—those small black heathens in their cotton coats seemed to call out sarcastically in their unknown tongue and to laugh *ai, ai*. While at the moment of a somewhat stern verdict that most modern literature should be tossed into the waste-paper basket, these boys raised a very storm of vehement cries.

How it was my friend was reminded of the ghost I can't tell. I only know he interrupted himself in some emphatic praise of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's story in the August *Macmillan* to plunge headlong into a dissertation on Mungo Park's disastrous expedition in 1805 (Young England is extremely well informed nowadays), and before panting, I could catch him up, had disposed of the matter in a nutshell, and was off full tilt on the Mexican Rebellion at the time the Emperor Maximilian was shot. Happily Mexico was the scene of the odd adventure about which my friend had in his mind to tell me. And so, at last, we came to business.

"Don't you dare to use this material for anything," he said, before beginning the story. "I shall work it up myself one of these days."

I made no answer.

"At the time of the rebellion in Mexico there had been an immense amount of looting," said my friend, "among the French troops, and the general was obliged, at last, to give the order that the next soldier found plundering should be shot. Not long afterwards a corporal disobeyed.

"It was close at the end of the day and rapidly growing dusk, when they marched the disgraced man back into camp. A court-martial was formed, sentence was pronounced, and in the darkness the prisoner was taken to the yard, and set with his back against the wall and a

* "Apologia," p. 137 (ed. 1880).

lighted lantern hung round his neck so that the executioners could see well to do their duty. A priest heard the last words, bewildered, and very short as they were. 'Promise to go and see my mother, who lives at the Farm of the White Thorn, near Havre. Tell her I spoke of her. For the love of God, promise, my father,' sighed the corporal. And the priest promised on the closed black book from which he had been rapidly murmuring the office for the dead.

"Then there was a report, the sound of broken glass, and, after the grave was filled in the trench, the men tramped back to their suppers.

"In the general's tent that night, as they were smoking over their wine, they spoke of the cruel necessity, lamenting that, of all men, that particularly smart corporal should be the one to fall. In the middle of the talk the sentry was heard to challenge twice and a shot was fired. Before the officers had time to leap to their feet the flap of the tent was thrust aside and the dead soldier stalked in, the broken lantern still hung about his neck. Every man saw him. As they stared he vanished and in his place was the terrified sentry, gasping how his challenges had been unanswered, and how his shot had gone clean through the intruder's body, and had yet done no harm.

"This is nothing but a trick," said the general. "In the dark some friend has taken the corporal's place and been executed in his stead." Forthwith the grave was ordered to be uncovered, and the general and his staff stood round to fathom the mystery. But there lay the corporal, dead, sure, and no doubt about it. Only he was lying on his face instead of on his back, and the shattered glass lantern had gone.

"We've been tricked," persisted the general. However that may be, those officers who saw the man in the doorway of the tent swear it was the dead corporal and none other.

"Some months after the priest left Mexico and returned to Paris, where, absorbed in a new cure, he put aside his promise to go to the Havre farm. Any time will do, he thought. He would go some day. Just before day-break one morning, returning from some sick-bed duty, through the dark streets, he met his old friend, the general, and as the two walked together they talked of the Mexican times, of the execution and the panic caused by the ghost. By the way, asked the general, did you ever go and see that poor fellow's mother? No, answered the priest, but I will some day. As they spoke some one halted near them, and in the darkness they saw, directly in their path, a tall figure with a lighted lantern hung round its neck.

"With a cry the priest fell. When help came he was found dead, dead of heart-disease.

"How do I know the story?" said my friend, "because the general, who swears that at all events it was the corporal he saw in Paris, whoever it may have been in Mexico, told my authority who told me. Do I believe it was a trick the first time, and a chifonnier the second? I don't. But you can if you like."

After that, my entertainer incidentally recommending a charming little sketch called "The Unattached Student," in the August number of *Macmillan* under his arm, fell to discussing Miss Thackeray's unsigned pieces of remembrance in that magazine for June and July. Before I could chime in with my admiration—for Young England has no time to wait prosily for answers to his talk—he was off to the *Journal of Indian Art*, bought for the sake of Sir George Birdwood's article. "Listen to this" said my friend, "Sir George says, 'I once bought a copy of "D'Herbelot's Bibliothéqm Orientale," out of a Parsee's godown in Bombay. It was exquisitely bound, and on taking it home and undoing the rags in which it was wrapped, it opened where a pair of gold-mounted spectacles and a visiting card of Sir Elijah Impey's had been fast concealed in it for over half a century. Some one in Calcutta had been reading "D'Herbelot" through gold-rimmed glasses when Impey's card was sent in to him, and before running out to receive his visitor he had placed the spectacles and the card in the book which, in the hurry of the moment, was closed upon them, never to be opened again until it reached my hands. Again, on becoming secretary to the Bombay branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, I went up under the roof of the Town Hall, and began kicking my heels among the heaps of rubbish lying all about the place, just on the chance of stumbling on some hid treasure, when presently I struck thud against a large vellum quarto. It turned out to be an illuminated manuscript of Dante's poems, with a miniature of the poet, all painted within thirty years of his death, and certified by the secretary of the Ambrosian Library at Milan to be one of the noblest MSS. of Dante extant.'"

"And by the way," continued my companion shutting up the magazine, "do you know Ancaster House, outside the park gates at Richmond, Star and Garter end? Because I can tell you something curious about that place. Sir Lionel Darell used to live there with his daughter and died there quite suddenly in 1804. Miss Darell shut up her father's room, and it remained unopened for sixty years. In 1864 they unlocked the doors to find everything in order though smothered, of course, in dust. On the table lay Sir Lionel's cocked hat and stick, ready for that walk which he took instead with Death, and near by was waiting the folded *Times* for some day in September, 1804, waiting to have the pages cut."

The last particularly noisy remnants of an African tribe were making such a clatter at this junction that I lost something of my companion's talk which went flowing

on, one subject, as he said, suggesting another, as we wandered across the galleries to the domed hall below. He was annoyed, a little, when Gootoo, the fattest and blackest of the two remnants, pushed him hurriedly aside in order to have plenty of space to throw a ball, for, for a moment, he lost the thread of his discourse. But he soon began again, and had reached the interesting question as to whether Zenobia in the "Blithedale Romance" was really like Margaret Fuller, and was deep in the curious description Hawthorne gives in a letter of Margaret's Italian husband and his boorishness, from which description came naturally a vivid sketch of the Italian vineyards in September, when I had to leave the Stanley exhibition. I can tell you nothing of what I saw. I remember Mr. Stanley's hat, and Surgeon Parke's pipe, and some letters from Dr. Livingstone. Beyond that, I feel hopeless, which comes from visiting an exhibition with a young gentleman whose voice, like Tennyson's "Brook," goes on for ever, and whose stock of information is quite inexhaustible.

WALTER POWELL.

PARIS LETTER.

THE student-priests will, in a few weeks, by the new military law, join the flag and pass through the ordeal of barrack life. That completes the obligation for every qualified young man to become a soldier. Nothing so much guarantees the maintenance of peace in France, beyond doubt, as compulsory military service. France would never be able to keep up her army, still less to form one, were she dependent upon voluntary enlistment. There is no desire to become a soldier, and, further, there is nothing to prevent any young man from voluntarily joining the ranks, independent of his being forced to do so, on attaining twenty-one years of age. Of course, were the country in danger, every Frenchman would fly to arms—a heroism common to all nations. However, it must not be forgotten that, in 1870-71, not a few of her sons forgot that France expected them to do their duty.

Hitherto it was the popular belief that crowds of young men sought in holy orders a means for escaping the perils of warfare. That objection now ends. Many of the best clergymen in all churches have been those who threw up regimentals for canonicals and surplices. The number of Catholic clergy in France is 36,000. Whether that army will exhibit gaps in its ranks from want of recruits, by the subjection of divinity graduates to military service, time will show. The Bishop of St. Briec believes that the students will be all the better from a course of garrison life, while they, by their conduct, can improve their environment, which has not a reputation for eminent piety. Many students may discover, when under arms, that they were not made for a clerical life and so decide to remain in the army, or return to civil occupations. The weeding out of such cannot but be advantageous for the regular priesthood. "War's a brain-spattering, wind-pipe-slitting art," but the French soldier of to-day, though not bearded like the pard, is full of strange oaths. The army is at present composed of all ranks and conditions of men; it reflects the nation. Besides, the French soldier is poor, has only one sou—two farthings or a red cent—pocket money per day. His tendency to dissipation is thus limited. A drunken French soldier is a very rare sight.

When certain persons fall out, honest people come by their own. The inner life of exploded Boulangism has been authoritatively revealed. Asmodeus could not show any spectacle less edifying. Boulanger was quite willing to execute a *coup d'etat*, only he was afraid it would not succeed. He let the "dare not" wait upon the "I would." M. Naquet, the hunchback Jew, was the serpent who constantly kept hissing into the ear of the "brav' general" to imitate the Napoleons—assuring Macbeth that he would be king hereafter. Naquet's career has been identified with disruption; he carried the Bill for re-establishing divorce; he is president of the company, being chemist as well as legislator, which supplies France with her dynamite. He was to be prime minister in case Boulanger became first fiddle.

Who supplied Boulanger with funds? The Orleanists, and their man at the wheel, Comte Dillon, carried the bag. The Duchesse d'Uzès alone is believed to have compromised her fortune by her largesses. Her daughter is married to the Duc de Luynes, the nursery comrade of that ex-theatrical prisoner, the Duc d'Orleans. Boulanger for the first time now rolled in wealth; this begot Caprean effinancery, and he preferred taking his ease at his inn, in Jersey, than in a cell at Inazas; or, more likely, being shot as a scare-crow to warn generals with Napoleonism on the brain. The revelations will consolidate the republic; will deter "republicans" from seeking, in *coups d'etat*, the means to secure their ideal democracy, and will make Orleanism more contemptuous than ever, while paralyzing the efforts of moderate minds to soften the asperities between the powers that be and royalists. The conduct of Israelitish Naquet will strengthen the anti-Semitic agitation. The extinction of Boulangism is wholly due to the inflexible administration of Home Minister Constans, composed of unfaltering firmness and good humour. His victory has placed him well in the front running for the Carnot succession.

There are contradictory accounts respecting the prospects of the harvest and the vintage, due to cyclones, floods, unnatural cold and supernatural heat. Some paint the situation in the blackest of colours. The potato crop is

reported to be "sick" in some localities, but nothing approaching to a general rot. In any case the French do not live wholly on potatoes; they supplement roots by cereals. France has to import annually between one-fifth and one-sixth of her bread-stuff needs, and this, too, without lowering her corn duties of fifty francs per ton on foreign cereals. In the rural districts, families are employed in a number of industries; they reduce even their modest scale of living, the moment the storm signals are run up that hard times are coming, and their proverbial frugality and sobriety never finds the old stocking without a collection of five-franc pieces, or the bed-tick without a few gold coins, for the French rural is a bi-metallist.

Professors Germain Sée and de Verneuil are two of the foremost surgeons in France. They maintain that a return of Russian influenza is quite on the cards this winter; its germs still float about, and have produced a secondary epidemic, in the form of a croup, not immediately dangerous but debilitating and depressing. The Russian influenza weeded out all sickly patients last winter; those who were "down" from that malady and recovered have found subsequently—if suffering from wounds—much difficulty in making these close and cicatrize. Such persons should remain vigilant during the coming winter. As for cholera, the same eminent authorities decline to predict if it will invade France. The best quarantine, they add, is extreme personal and enviroing cleanliness; prudence in the selection of food, and moderation in its consumption; and the avoidance of bodily and mental fatigue. It has been found that divorced persons are very liable to cancer, due, as is alleged, to severe mental worry.

Attention has recently been drawn to the forty-three international uniforms the Czar has in stock. Queen Elizabeth had a notoriously well-filled wardrobe. The grandfather of the present emperor of Germany rarely parted with a uniform till it was thread-bare. The Comte de Brul, private secretary to Augustus III. of Saxony, had no rival in wardrobe glories. He had 300 suits of clothes and as many duplicates. One of his fads was to wear two new suits every day; the one he wore in the evening was similar to that he had worn in the morning. He had walking sticks, snuff-boxes, watches, jewellery, shoes, gloves, etc., all duplicated.

It is said that the only permanent bequest of the 1867 International Exhibition was the establishing of passenger boats on the Seine, due to Baron Calvet-Rogniat. This gentleman—once French *attaché* at Vienna—has just figured in the courts along with two other promoting individuals for swindling. The Baron ran through a large fortune due to fast living. With no fixed income he was yet able to keep four carriages, six horses, and numerous servants. He borrowed right and left; among one of his numerous victims was his barber; he inveigled him to invest 25,000 frs. on a "good thing," which turned out to be the Baron himself. Unable to refund, the Baron gave his bills for the sum, which were duly dishonoured. Figaro then dunned the Baron, who declined for the future to allow him any longer "to have the honour of shaving him," and this, the barber tearfully stated, pained him more than the loss of the money.

In 1862 Gounod gave "La Reine de Saba" to the Opera. It failed. He felt the blow, and as usual travelled to kill grief. A musical critic encountered him at Baden: "What, you here and looking so sad?"

"Yes, I am travelling on account of family mourning."

"Then you have lost one of yours?"

"Yes, a lady that I loved much, and upon whose life I had built great expectations—the 'Reine de Saba'."

Z.

THE MANOR FARM.

THE Pleasures of Canada—are they all confined to winter ones? The woodland picnic, the festive canoe camp, the sail-boat voyage of exploration down some of our great waters, wherein the modern La Salle or Cabot discovers French villages—what a charm they have! But to my taste at least, it is a greater pleasure to visit some prosperous, old, friendly, country home, combining rurality and culture, such as here and there exist throughout our land. The moss is growing upon many a broad roof, and Time is peopling many a household fireplace with the faces of tradition. I could write of a number, but there is a place I know best in the fertile border region of Lake Champlain, just where the Anglo-American life of the townships meets the seignior life of French Canada, and the flat, treeless farms have already given way to British groves and dales. It is the broad domain of "Rockcliff Wood"—the Manor House of De Bleury Seignior. Thither, when tired of city dust and worry, it is the delight of our family to go and rest awhile. The farm consists—or in strict terms consisted till lately, for part of it has been cut off by an inheritance—of a thousand acres of beautiful, slightly rolling lands, mostly in a high state of cultivation, and variegated by groves and pastures, and a great part of the whole is enclosed by a low wall of solid masonry running over knoll and dale for miles, giving the appearance of an English estate. At one end, on a slight elevation, stands "Rockcliff Wood" itself, a large white house of slightly antique design, facing towards the highway at the side. There live cousin Henry and his wife Mary, with little Henry III., his family's hope, pride and heir, some day to be Seigneur as his father and grandfather have been before him, and to possess this quaint old house and its acres. A hospitable welcome indeed meets us at the door. The lawn, the park, the colonnade of tall slender Ionic pillars, the barking

hounds, and Mary, Henry, and the family on the gallery all seem to unite in cheerful welcome. Israel, "the hired man," issuing from his trim white cottage quarters to serve us as we alight at the side porch, is glad. The big mastiff trots up wagging his sides; the birds sing in the trees and woods, and we feel that we have come home.

Oh the delightful feeling about that house! No more street and office, but natural breadths of sky-view and landscape from every window, country peace and quiet over the surroundings, country cheer in the broad fire-places, healthful occupations going on about us, hearty appetites and merriment, meals of home-made bread, lakes of cream, huge vegetables and plenteous fruits. Often too the talk is of old memories of the generation who built the house, and the places whence they came. Their portraits look down from the walls and we seem to have them as part of our groups. We almost see our sprightly great-grandmother sit in that high-backed chair and tell the story of the family migration and speak of the good and generous names of which she was proud. On the table are pieces of armorial silver and quaint Wedgewood and blue pattern ware. Yet the old house has been abundantly modernized, a bay window at one side, a furnace, a water-pipe system, a stone wing, handsome new furniture and painting; its occupants are better read in literature and art than we can boast of ourselves; copies of famous pictures and mementoes of travel are distributed all around. A circle of cultivated families in the neighbourhood keep thought and taste moving, and call among each other constantly. Small back-biting is almost unknown among these, and visits to friends in Boston, Montreal and other cities, together with constant reading keep their knowledge of life up to time. The estate itself is a stock farm—the first established of its kind in Canada. In the early days it was the source of improvement of the cattle along the border, throughout a number of counties, and therefore possesses a sort of antiquarian interest in itself as being connected with the original settlement of the region. The large trim red pile of barns, the rich green pastures, and the well-bred animals in the stables and fields are still a sight grateful, I am sure, to the shade of Virgil, the farm-loving poet, and to St. Isidore, the patron of ploughmen, if they revisit these spheres.

Such is life at the Manor Farm. With perhaps two or three features wanting, I know that it is the life at many a country homestead; I could easily count twenty such in my acquaintance. They are always in the hands of people who have relatives engaged in other occupations than pure farming. Whether it is a happy omen or not I will not argue, but will only say that they are increasing with plentiful rapidity, and will form a prominent factor in our social future.

Montreal.

THE STUMP FENCE.

I DON'T know who made the stump fence. It was there when I got the property, and as the deeds show about twenty removes I cannot blame it upon any one of the previous possessors in particular; nor do I need to, for it is a never-ending source of pleasure to me. The hands that made it are probably now among the silent ones under the waving grass in the unkempt church-yard which I can see from here on the rise of the hill over beyond the concession line. I fancy I see the rounded shoulders and the gnarled hands of those that patiently, laboriously grubbed these stumps from these now level and treeless fields, and set them here in rows to mark the boundary of the farm lane, interlocking them so that swine could not burrow under nor kine break through—work-bent old fellows who never knew a joy save that which toil may bring. It is ugly, crude and uncouth, this stump fence, but what unremitting effort it shows, standing here in mute testimony to the primitive ways of those who have gone out of a world they would not now know. I notice that the stumps are all laid the same way, with the ragged roots overlapping, and there is method in it all. I have seen the hounds thrown off and the huntsmen baffled by this barrier, so rude and common place, and I have often thought that riflemen behind such a breastwork could present a stubborn front to an assailing foe. But its ways are ways of peace and sedate quiet is more suited to its pastoral presence than the halloo of the huntsman or the rattle of musketry. The roots are impacted in the earth and the moss of ages clings to the damper among them, and some are flecked with frog-green lichens feebly rooted in their sun-greied sides. Some of them are charred by fire and the marks of the borer, which follows the forest fire as one of the instruments of decay, tell me that the tree was burned standing and that the stem lay sometime afield. Under the fences' sheltering sides raspberry bushes struggle along, here and there, overtopped by scrub larch and hazel, but how they got here Nature alone can tell. Once in the early spring I found a narcissus hiding its chaste loneliness under the shadow of a contorted stump over there, where some way-faring bird, perhaps, had dropped the ripened seed. All through the season wild flowers come up amid the tangle and try to hide the scarred roots. In the early months violets, and down near the creek, where the road dips and the soil is moist, marigold and then field daisies come, and here and there a briar rose, while convulvi spread their bell-shaped blooms wherever their tiny tentacles can lift them to the light. In under the dim arches of the overhanging roots wrens live, and as I walk along they fly before darting in and out with a started twitter, which says plainly: "Stop, stop." I rap upon a

root with my staff and they flee away, while at the same time a ground squirrel scurries from beneath and, following a devious path known to his liveness alone, reappears further down the lane, contemplating me from some eminence and chattering in amazing volubility. The watching crow perches upon a commanding point of this rude *cheval de frise*, while his brethren are afield feasting on the newly planted corn, and at his coarse warning croak when danger appears they lift themselves on lazy wing and join him on his perch, standing like dusky sentinels on the outskirts of the field of foray waiting for the signal to renew the havoc. Meadow larks come up there, too, from the pastures and disport themselves along the flanking grass and in the evenings wayward robins rest there and fill the lane with plaintive signals to their mates. When the grain is in the ear and when it rustles like silk as it bends to the ripening breeze, the catbird mews mysteriously in the half-hidden fence, and later, when the fields are in stubble, yellow and grey, along the stumps the feathered innocents gather to say their farewells before they rise on wing for their long flight south. A man of modern improvements has said to me, O, stump fence, that your usefulness is gone and that you are no longer considered serviceable, and, further, that he will supersede you with a mill-board structure for a small consideration. Out upon him. We will not disturb you. There you will stand, sheltering that which is simple, gentle and beautiful until chaotic waste reduces you to the dust from which you sprung.

T. A. GREGG.

VALE, VANCOUVER.

VANCOUVER, old England's last daughter,
Sits guarding the Western seas,
The mountains and forests behind her,
Before her the bay and the breeze.

The bay and the breeze and the sunset,
The end of the sunset land,
With only the islands beyond her
'Till the far off Asian strand.

And the stately ships of England
Bring the wares of the East to her quays,
For Canada's empire-highway
To bear to Atlantic seas.

And out of the wild west forest
From Hastings to English Bay,
Are growing quiet homes like the old homes
In the old land far away.

Brave pioneers, patience! If time lags
In thronging the lion's gate,
Remember the proverb that all things
Will come to him who can wait.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

THE SONNET—XIII.

Scorn not the Sonnet, critic; you have frowned
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand tunes this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camoens soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

It was probably not to any particular critic, but to the whole captious race that Wordsworth dedicated this magnificent reproof, which has been well called "a picture-gallery in fourteen lines."

Speaking of this splendid defence of his favourite form of verse, with which the mighty Seer prefaced his 1827 publication of poems, an anonymous critic has well remarked in an old *Quarterly Review*: "How much of literary history is called up in the mind by these few vivid touches, and how much of biography and criticism is contained in them! Yet in this sonnet condensation occasions no obscurity; historical allusion, sentiment, imagery, exquisite music, distinctive portraiture, all find a place and yet nothing is crowded."

A professor once told the writer that, in treating of the Sonnet, he invariably recited this specimen to his class as the summary of sonnet-history and left his students to read up the material designated therein before he proceeded to fill up the gaps of sonnet ignorance that disfigured their minds. Truly, if one sets out upon the journey thus indicated, he will find a long journey before him; Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton, in English; Dante, Petrarch and Tasso, in Italian, and Camoens, in Portuguese literature, are the great sonnet castles he must visit and explore in his cosmopolitan wanderings; but the many mansions and smaller houses of interest where he can put up for a night and be sure of cheerful entertainment are not reckoned.

Benjamin Bailey is probably not so well known to literary persons as Nathaniel or Samuel Bailey, who won lexicographical laurels and philosophical plaudits respectively; yet the Archdeacon of Colombo published a volume of verse in Ceylon that was well received in England. Moreover, was he not an early friend of Keats? With more courage than success he has indicated a few of the

English stations in a sonnet, which was written as a continuation of the first sonnet of the second part of Wordsworth's *Miscellaneous Sonnets*.

And other poets, of no meaner name
Than Sidney, the accomplished among men,
And Jonson's valued friend of Hawthornden,
Have penned the Sonnet. He, whose deathless fame
No humble verse like mine can fitly frame,
Ill-fated Raleigh, in most happy vein
One witching sonnet on the Faery Queen
Hath breathed, which sternest critics durst not blame.
Of moderns, who, like Wordsworth, can set forth
This little gem in colours fair and bright,
Of various hues, like the celestial light
Of differing stars that stud the Polar north?
In these, as set in amber things of worth,
Live thoughts profound, shine many a faery sprite.

We quote this from a little German pamphlet by Karl Lentzner, of Frankfurt-on-Main, written as his Inaugural Dissertation as Doctor of Philosophy, at Leipzig University, in 1886. This little 83-page address is full of valuable criticism, and the value is enhanced by a charm printed on the second leaf, *Meiner lieben Mutter*. The reverend sonneteer, however, is in error when he refers to the witching sonnet of Raleigh on the Faery Queen as one "which sternest critics durst not blame." The Archdeacon had far too kindly a heart—perhaps his own little volume of verse escaped severe castigation—but we beg to point out as a matter of stern fact that the sonnet of Raleigh has not escaped calumny. Mr. James Ashcroft Noble calls it "a far-fetched, extravagant, and utterly unimpressive conceit," pleasantly adding for the complete rout of his brothers in arms that "the very badness of this sonnet seems to have fascinated its critics, and made them feel that it stood in all the more need of praise." We hope in the course of our sonnet rambles to be able to thoroughly analyze this sonnet of Raleigh, and show that the Archdeacon was right in his estimate of the poem, though not of its critics.

The sonnet of Wordsworth fired the soul of Sainte-Beuve to translation; but by the time he reached the end of Wordsworth's sonnet he had luckily three lines of his own to finish, so with patriotically poetic zeal he brought France into the picture gallery and added the two bright and early names of Du Bellay and Ronsard to the series of sonnetteers' portraits:—

SIMILE DE WORDSWORTH.

Ne ris point des sonnets, ô critique moqueur!
Par amour autrefois en fit le grand Shakspeare;
C'est sur ce luth heureux que Pétrarque soupire,
Et que le Tasse aux fers soulage un peu son cœur;
Camoens de son exil abrège la longueur,
Car il chante en sonnets l'amour et son empire;
Dante aime cette fleur de myrte, et la respire,
Et la mêle en cyprès que ceint son front vainqueur.
Spenser, s'en revenant de l'île des fêtes,
Exhale en longs sonnets ses tristesses chéries;
Milton, chantant les siens, ranimait son regard;
Moi! je veux rajeunir le doux sonnet en France,
Du Bellay, le premier, l'apporta de Florence,
Et l'on en sait plus d'un de notre vieux Ronsard.

We have taken the necessary liberty of altering Spenser to Spenser; but French writers are particularly trifling with English names. A living Italian poet of considerable reputation has written a *Sonetto al Sonetto*, which is evidently based upon Wordsworth's plan though it varies very considerably in its construction and results. The poem of Signor Joshua Carducci reads as follows:—

Breve e amplissimo carme, o lievemente
Co'l pensier volto a mondi altri migliori
L'Alighier ti profili, o te co' fiori
Colga il Petrarca lungo un rio corrente:
Te pur vestia degli epici splendori
Prigion Torquato, e in aspre note e lente
Ti scolpia quella man che si potente
Pugno co' marmi a trarne vita fuori;
A l'Eschil poi, che su l'Avon rinacque,
Tu, peregrin con l'arte a strana arena,
Fosti d'arcani colori arcan richiamo:
L'Anglo e'l lusiade Omero in te si piacque:
Ma Bivio, che i gran versi urlando s'rena,
Bivio t'odia, o sonetto: ond'io più t'amo.

We venture upon a translation of this Sonnet:—

Short but most spacious song, thee Dante drew
In dainty outline as his thought took flight
To other better worlds; thee Petrarch's sprite
Gather'd with flowers that by a river grew;
'Twas thee imprisoned Tasso robed anew
With epic splendours, and that hand of might,
Which strove from marble to bring life to light,
Carved thee in notes; rugged and heavy too;
Then, to that Aeschylus, new-born by Avon's leas,
With Art a pilgrim on a foreign strand,
Thou wert a secret voice for secret sore:
Both Homers loved thee, English and Portuguese;
But Bivio, who howls loose his verses grand,
Hates thee, O Sonnet,—so I love thee more.

In this Sonnet Dante, Petrarch and Tasso are named as they were by Wordsworth; but Michael Angelo is added to the Italian, and Spenser is dropped from the English list. Shakespeare appears as the reincarnated Aeschylus, and Milton and Camoens figure as the Homers of England and Portugal. It is a pleasant variation on the example by Wordsworth; but pleasanter, in a broader sense, is the following parody by Thomas Bailey Aldrich:—

Scorn not the meerschbaum. Housewives, you have croaked
In ignorance of its charms. Through this small reed
Did Milton, now and then, consume the weed;
The poet Tennyson hath oft evoked
The muse with glowing pipe, and Thackeray joked
And wrote and sang in nicotian mood;
Hawthorne with this hath cheered his solitude;
A thousand times this pipe hath Lowell smoked;
Full oft have Aldrich, Stoddard, Taylor, Cranch,
And many more whose verses float about,
Puffed the Virginian or Havana leaf;
And when the poet's or the artist's branch
Drops no sustaining fruit, how sweet to pout
Consolatory whiffs—alas! too brief.

SAREPTA.

THE MORMON CITY.

IF I can correctly recall the impressions I had before coming here in regard to Salt Lake City, the idea in the minds of the people of the East seemed to be that this city was a little spot in the midst of the United States, entirely foreign in its people, entirely exclusive in its associations, in fact a body of people without that Americanism which sways the mass of the people of this Republic; a spot, in fact, which, owing particularly to that degrading and distinctive feature which the people practised—polygamy, was a blot upon and a disgrace to the civilization of the United States. When we thought of Salt Lake City we thought of Brigham Young and his "five and forty wives." When we in Canada thought of Brigham and his horde of deluded followers we thought it strange that a great and professedly Christian nation did not stamp out this disgrace, and we were thankful that we lived in a country where the sentiment of the people would not tolerate such a thing for a day. But at that distance we probably did not realize the difficulties of the situation or the strength of the enemy, just as we are apt to magnify the beauty of a picture or a landscape at a distance. Certain it is that the power of the Mormon organization, which has been likened to the cuttlefish spreading its tentacles over its submissive people, is so great that it constitutes one of the knottiest problems in the history of the Government of the United States.

Before entering upon a discussion of the Mormon question, allow me, in order to interest them more in the question, to transport your readers to the City of the Saints to look upon the surroundings, look into the business habits and see what kind of a city they have built up and what foundations they have laid for that mighty kingdom which they are to rule, and of which this city is to be the seat of power round which all the rest of the world will revolve, and from which shall radiate all the goodly influences, all the royal proclamations which shall govern the happy people, and which shall be the Mount of Transfiguration where the Latter Day Prophets shall receive their instructions and revelations.

The 24th of July last was generally observed as a public holiday in the Territory of Utah, having been yearly observed as a holiday for a long time in commemoration of the arrival of the little band of pilgrims, headed by Brigham Young, on July 24th, 1847. It is called Pioneer Day, and the Gentiles, as well as Mormons, very kindly bury the hatchet on that day and join in doing honour to that, brave little band of 142 souls, though they were driven from Illinois where they were looked upon as enemies to the public good. They were outcasts; they could not have been more effectually banished, when after having suffered the privations and hardships of their long journey over the Rockies they emerged from the mountains and pitched their tents in the valley of Utah, which was then nothing but a bleak, arid, alkali desert; a place where the feet of white men had scarce ever trod before, but which possessed the attractiveness of being surrounded by majestic mountains, affording a safe retreat where they could practise to their heart's content their beliefs for years, unmolested, before their deadly enemy, American civilization, could hope to reach the shore of Great Salt Lake. In that year, 1847, that little band, which was soon increased to 400, set to work and laid the foundations of the present Salt Lake City with its 50,000. The population is now about equally divided between Mormons and Gentiles, a Gentile being anyone who is not a Mormon. It was about twenty years ago when a few adventurous Gentiles came to the City, but it was not until last February when, amid great rejoicing, they found they had a majority of the voters at the city elections, and the government of the city was at last placed in their hands. Hope then rose in the breast of those who had so long fought the despotism and exclusiveness of the Mormon hierarchy. They felt they were now free American citizens. That victory was also the signal for material prosperity to burst over the city. Property doubled in value. People began to flock to the city from the East. Fine structures began to rise up as if by magic, and to-day perhaps no city of its size in the West can show more building going on, more improvements being made or a better prospect for the future. The old adobe buildings, a relic of other ages, are being torn down and beautiful modern structures erected in their places.

The city is a very attractive one. It is situated at the base of the Wasatch range on the east, over whose snow-capped peaks it is said the sun shines more days in the year than any other place in the United States. To the west and south stretch the valley of Utah, through the centre of which runs the river Jordan, while away to the west rise the majestic Oquirrh mountains. To the northwest, about ten miles from the city, is the great mysterious Salt Lake. The valley of Utah has been transformed into beautiful farms and homes by turning the streams of melting snows from the mountains over the lands, converting them into fruitful fields. The scene that greets the eye on emerging from the mountains on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, after a dreary ride through mountains and bleak wastes, has been described as one of arcadian beauty. The quiet scene of green fields, quiet homes and fruitful orchards is indeed entrancing as we follow the Jordan up to Salt Lake City. Little wonder that the Mormons viewed with alarm and displeasure the arrival of the iron horse, bringing with it hordes of Gentile intruders to make war upon their habits and turn the quiet peaceful valley into one of busy commerce.

Salt Lake City is situated at an elevation of 4,297 feet above sea level. Its atmosphere is dry and invigorating. There is scarcely a drop of rain all summer, and the Salt Lakers are so enthusiastic over their beautiful skies that they even claim that the sun rises over the Wasatch and goes down behind Great Salt Lake, without a cloud crossing its path in making the semi-circle, the greater part of the year. It rains the balance of the year. They also claim that a man only needs one lung here to propel his body through space, in fact it is the Mecca for the man with one lung. Consumptives from the East find here a speedy relief, and even if they are past cure their lives will be prolonged. The nights are always cool, and, on account of the dryness of the air, the heat of the sun is not so oppressive. Certain it is that it is a wonderful and unique climate, the people being fond of comparing it with the sunny clime of Italy. Bathing in Salt Lake is a great attraction, an average of a thousand Salt Lakers and tourists bathing in its briny waters every day. The water is about sixteen per cent. salt, as compared with three per cent. in the Atlantic. So briny is the water that it is impossible to sink in it. Besides the lake bathing there are hot mineral springs within the city limits, which are largely patronized for their healing as well as cleansing virtues.

The city is well laid out. The Mormon Temple is the centre from which the streets number. The city is laid out in square blocks of forty rods, the streets being 100 feet wide with a 16 foot sidewalk. Mountain water runs in ditches down the edge of the sidewalk, which is used for irrigating lawns and gardens. One of the striking features of the city is the number of trees along all the streets, giving to the city a park-like appearance. Besides that every lot has its fruit trees. The city is just completing the building of a splendid system of electric street railway, there being eleven miles now in operation, and soon that mileage will be doubled. The city is lighted by electricity. There is a good system of water works supplied by an abundant natural source of pure water in the mountains. The city has a large acreage in parks, one of 100 acres within a mile and a half of the centre of the city.

Of course the chief attraction of Zion is the renowned Mormon Temple, which looms up in the distance when approaching from the south long before any other part of the city is visible. To form an idea of its immense size, it has cost already over three million dollars and is not yet completed. It was begun in the year 1853, and bears this inscription on its front:—

"HOLINESS TO THE LORD.
THE HOUSE OF THE LORD,
BUILT BY THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST,
OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.
COMMENCED APRIL 6, 1853.
COMPLETED —"

It is built entirely of Utah granite. So sacred are its walls that no one is allowed to enter, except for the performance of the rites of the church, marriage ceremonies, etc. The public services of the Church are held in the Tabernacle, adjoining the Temple, which, although a less costly structure, is not less wonderful. It was completed in 1867. It is 250 feet long by 150 feet wide, is built in the form of an ellipsoid, and its immense dome-like roof is unsupported by a pillar. Its acoustic properties are wonderful, and if the visitor stands at one end of it, nearly 200 feet from the guide, a whisper can be distinctly heard as well as a pin dropped by him on the table. This performance, by the way, forms the chief duty of the guide, as so many tourists pass through the city, and the tourist who fails to hear the pin drop or to hear the guide rub his hands together or shoot a whisper at him 200 feet away has missed the "chief attraction" of the city of the Saints. The Tabernacle has a seating capacity of about 8,000. Its grand old organ is a marvel, and it is claimed to be the second largest in the United States, and in its power and melody has no rival. It well repays any visitor to drop in to the Sunday afternoon service in the Tabernacle to hear the grand old organ and the large choir, though the untutored elder who may preach to the thousands who are assembled may not give you a rich intellectual feast. The faces of that motley crowd of Latter Day Saints is an interesting study, but not calculated to impress one that they possess a very high degree of intelligence. There along the front benches are the silvery-haired Saints of 80 summers, some near the 100, having indeed the appearance of having lived saintly and devout lives, and probably amongst them you will see the remnant of that band who were persecuted and at last driven from Nauvoo, Ill., in July, 1847. Adjoining the Tabernacle is what they call their Assembly Hall, a beautiful church-like structure, with the walls decorated with paintings of different scenes and events in their history, including one of the angel Moroni appearing unto Joseph Smith in the mountains near Palmyra, N. Y., showing him the whereabouts of the golden plates from which Joe is to translate the Book of Mormon, the only true revelation of God to Man.

Salt Lake City is as yet considerably handicapped in the matter of railroads. The Union Pacific, otherwise called the "Pathfinder," because of the fact of it being the first line of railway to cross the Rockies, has an entrance into the city from Ogden, through which city the main line runs. The Denver and Rio Grande is a later arrival, its termini being Denver at the east and Ogden at the west, and has headquarters at Salt Lake City. The D. and R. G. has been called the "Scenic Route of the World" on account of its splendid scenery along its line.

It has just lately been made a broad gauge, and is becoming a favourite route for tourists. The advent of this road marked a new era in the history of the city. But still the people of the city are complaining loudly of railroad discrimination. It is a fact that a merchant bringing goods from New York, via the Gulf and New Orleans, in the division of freights between the different lines, has to pay more for the haul from Denver to Salt Lake than all the long haul from New York to Denver. It is also said that the railroads will deliver goods at Portland, on the Pacific coast, cheaper than at Salt Lake. New roads, however, are being talked of, and it is hoped that ere long there will be another road from Denver and the East enter this city, which will compel a tumble in rates. Besides, the Territory is as yet very little developed by branch lines. There are numerous mining locations throughout the Territory that only require railroad facilities to start them booming. The city is making an effort at present to have a road built from this city west about 160 miles to open up the splendid mining district in western Utah and eastern Nevada, and it would appear that the realization of this project would be a veritable boon to the city.

The mining industry of Utah is its chief source of wealth, but this article is sufficiently long, and I shall leave a discussion of this interesting subject to a future article, as also the irrigation problem, which is, *par excellence*, the great question of the hour in the western arid regions.

J. DRYDEN.

Salt Lake City.

WHAT PART WILL CANADA PLAY?

WHAT part will Canada play in the great development which the continent of North America will witness during the next half century?

Before attempting to throw a little light upon this very important question, it may be well to premise that until very recently there existed no means by which an adequate idea could be formed of the resources and natural advantages of Canada—that great appanage of the British Empire, bordered by three oceans, and, next to Siberia and the Chinese Empire, the largest country in the world. For many years the Hudson's Bay Company controlled the most extensive and valuable portion of the territory now embraced within the Dominion, and did not consider their interests required them to make its possible greatness known. Desiring to preserve their vast territory as a hunting ground, they took no pains to contradict the unfavourable reports which obtained credence among the comparatively few people who gave the matter any consideration. Even now many well-informed persons regard the Dominion as a hyperborean region, with short summers and long, dreary winters, when the fact is that its most southerly district, Essex County, Ontario, is in the same latitude as Tuscany, Italy; and the greatest breadth of Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific is in the same latitude as Paris. Scotland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and the larger part of Russia are in latitude more northerly than any settled part of the Dominion. Nova Scotia, the most easterly province, is in the latitude of France; British Columbia, the most westerly, in that of England; and the great prairies of the Northwest in that of Germany.

In a country embracing so wide a scope there will necessarily be great diversity of soil, climate and productions; and its capacity for development involves many considerations.

Three great agencies are instrumental in determining the climatic conditions of Canada, namely: the Polar current, which sweeps out of Baffin's Bay and down the coast of Labrador, finally sinking below the Gulf stream, through whose opposing tide it sometimes carries great icebergs; the Japan current, which, crossing the Pacific Ocean, impinges on the western coast of the Dominion; and the warm southerly and southwesterly winds, which characterize the vast plains of the interior. These are what may be called "world arteries," being as much a part of the routine of the world's life as are the rising and the setting of the sun, and hence their operation may be regarded as invariable.

The effect of the Polar current upon the region near which it passes is not favourable, as it lowers the temperature through many degrees of latitude. But for it, New England and the Atlantic Maritime Provinces of Canada would correspond in climate with France, Spain and Portugal, and to it must be attributed the fact that the peninsula of Labrador, with an area of nearly 400,000 square miles, is, so far as is known, unsuited to the support of population.

The Japan current may be called the Gulf stream of the Pacific, and its effect upon the western coast of the continent of America is much the same as that produced on Europe by the great river of the mid-Atlantic, preventing extreme cold in winter and extreme heat in summer, making the climate of British Columbia, like that of the State of Washington, one of the most delightful in the world, and remarkably favourable to the development of vegetation.

The third agency, the south and southwest winds, produces effects so far reaching that they are not yet fully understood. To them must be attributed, not only the climate of interior Canada, but the magnificent river system of North America, which fits this continent to be the home of millions. Professor Macoun, botanist of the Geological Survey of Canada, who has given much attention to the

subject, thus explains these winds. In his evidence before a committee of the Canadian Senate in 1888, he said:—

"According to Maury, the rain winds which supply the sources of the Mississippi, and therefore of the Saskatchewan and Mackenzie, are drawn from the south Pacific Ocean and come up the west coast as the north-east Trade winds. When they reach the coast of Lower California, owing to the great heat of the valley of the Colorado, instead of passing to the northeast, they are drawn inward and curve upward toward the north, so that when they reach the boundary they are drawn in to the west and north through our whole prairie country and pass as a mantle of warm air into the Mackenzie basin and so on to the Arctic Sea. Other winds are drawn in from the Gulf of Mexico, and these seem to coalesce with those of the Pacific and pass through into this interior region and far to the North."

Probably the southern deflection of the winds, accompanying the Japan current, also operates to bring about the "drawing" in of the South Pacific trades; but whatever may be the immediate causes, it is primarily due to the physical conformation of the continent, which approaches Asia closely at the north and presents a great mountain barrier on its western flank to the atmospheric movements generated over the vast expanse of the equatorial and Southern Pacific Ocean.

It is impossible to do more than approximate the capacity of the Canadian Northwest to sustain population. Dr. Dawson says that there is an area of 500,000 square miles east of the Mackenzie River, of which as little is known as of the interior of Africa, and the explorations over the better known parts of the country have been by no means exhausted. Fortunately, the physical conformation of the greater part of the interior is simple, and the agencies affecting the climate are few and invariable, so that the conclusions of such observers as Professor Macoun and Dr. Dawson may be regarded as reasonably certain; and they agree in representing the arable and pastoral area north of latitude 54° as very large. It is well known that the greater part of the immense area between that parallel and the international boundary is highly fertile.

To get an idea of the vastness of this Canadian interior, which is considered to be available for the support of population, let us take the intersection of the international boundary with the Rocky Mountains as a starting-point, and let a line be drawn 1,300 miles to the Northwest, or to old Fort Selkirk on the Yukon. Now from the same starting-point let another line be drawn eastward for 1,200 miles, or to Port Arthur on Lake Superior, and then let the termini of these two lines be joined, and it will take a line 2,000 miles long to do it. The inclosed triangle may be regarded as the arable and pastoral area of Central Canada. It will contain somewhat over a million square miles of land surface, not counting hundreds of lakes, large and small, which is equal to the combined area of the Dakotas, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, Wisconsin, Kansas, Mississippi, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio and Michigan.

A Committee of the Canadian Senate was appointed to investigate the resources of that part of Canada lying north of the Saskatchewan Watershed, or approximately north of the once much talked of line of 54° 40' N. That is to say the Committee took no account of the prairie belt, 300 miles in breadth, lying within the Dominion south of that parallel. In their report laid before Parliament, in 1888, they said:—

The region in question occupies a greater area than the Australian continent or two-thirds of Europe, covering part of the British Isles, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Austria, and part of France and Russia; and your Committee have reason to believe that a comparison of the capabilities of this extent of country in our own continent will show that it exceeds in extent of navigable waters, area of arable and pastoral land, valuable fresh-water fisheries, forests, mines and capacity to support population, the continental part of Europe which we have referred to.

In an estimate published elsewhere (*Century Magazine*, June, 1889), I put the approximate arable and pastoral area of Canada at 898,000,000 acres. I have carefully re-examined my estimates and find no reason to change them. This area is nearly equal to that of the arable and pastoral lands of the United States, which is generally stated at 1,500,000 square miles, or 960,000,000 acres. The high fertility of the soil over the greater part of Canada, the recognized fact that grains yield more largely as they approach the northern limit of their successful production, and the extremely bountiful fish supply, the like of which is nowhere else to be found, warrant the claim that the food producing capacity of Canada is equal to that of the United States.

It is probably correct to say that one might journey across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific through Canadian territory and never be out of the forest. The timber growth of the Eastern provinces is well known, a great mantle of trees covering almost every unoccupied acre and furnishing the staple article of a large and profitable commerce. With only a passing reference to this, let us in imagination betake ourselves to the city of Quebec and from the top of Cape Diamond look out to the northwest. Far beyond the gleaming river and the clustering hamlets on its distant shore rise the Laurentian peaks, clad in their sombre robe of evergreens. The passenger from Europe sees them from his steamer's deck, as she sails up the St. Lawrence, a long range of hills, with a history, so

the geologists tell us, older than any other land on this continent. Their wooded sides are the threshold of the great Canadian forest, which sweeps away to the west, filling up the vast region between the Great Lakes and Hudson's Bay, then curving northward with the isothermal lines through northern Manitoba, out into the Great Central plain, passing south of Lake Athabasca and the Great Slave Lake, through the passes of the Rockies and down across British Columbia to the Pacific, to greet the eye of the voyager from far away Japan—covering sixty degrees of longitude or one-sixth of the circuit of the globe.

Any attempt to set a value upon this forest wealth would necessarily be the merest guess-work. A few facts may be noted as to the character of the forest. Much of the wood is spruce, perhaps the dominant growth between the Rockies and the Atlantic is either white or black spruce; and they are quick-growing, so that the ground on which they are produced may be cut over for logs at periods of ten years. Most of the logs now cut in Maine, as well as in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, are from land which has been "lumbered over" not only once, but in some cases twice or thrice, the year's cut in these three localities being about equivalent to the year's growth. Hence the spruce forests of Canada may be regarded as practically inexhaustible, if kept free from fires. The forests of British Columbia are noted for the immense size of the growing timber and the enormous quantity available. There is no better wood in the world for building purposes than that which grows upon the western slope of the Rockies and is nourished by the warm, moist winds that follow the great current across the ocean. It must not be understood that the whole forest from ocean to ocean is an unbroken succession of valuable timber; for there are sections of considerable area, on which the growth is scrubby, and others where, though the trees are larger, they are useful only as fuel; though the latter consideration is by no means an unimportant one, as settlers in the Western States and Territories will testify.

Reference has already been made to the extent and value of the Canadian fisheries. Concerning the deep-sea fisheries on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts it is unnecessary to speak, and most readers are already familiar with the great salmon fishing streams of the eastern provinces and British Columbia. It is, perhaps, less generally known that Hudson's Bay, the rivers flowing into it and into the Arctic Ocean, and the vast and almost countless lakes which stud the interior of the country east of the Rockies, teem with food fishes. In illustration of their abundance the following instances may be cited: "Sir John Ross, at the mouth of a river in Boothia Felix, with a small seine took out 3,800 fish, weighing in the aggregate over nine tons; and Sir John Richardson says that he wintered on an arm of the Great Bear Lake, where, in the course of the winter, he took 50,000 white-fish and 3,800 trout, the fish averaging from five to thirty pounds." The larger varieties of fish found in these rivers and lakes are salmon, the great gray trout, the *inconnu* and the white fish; smaller varieties are found in countless shoals. Bishop Clut, who spent many years as a missionary in the Northwest, says that a great chain of lakes, not laid down on any map, extends from the Arctic Ocean parallel with the Mackenzie River, and abounds in large and small fishes.

These great sources of food supply are by no means inaccessible to commerce. Within a very few years Lake Athabasca, which may be termed the source of the Mackenzie, will be reached by rail, and thence to the Arctic Ocean navigation, except at one point, where there is a rapid, is uninterrupted during the summer season, or say from May 15th to November 1st. All authorities agree upon the adaptability of the Mackenzie as a highway of commerce during the period mentioned, and once its magnificent stream is tapped—a stream greater than the St. Lawrence—the whole far Northwest becomes accessible. Undoubtedly the millions who within a few decades will crowd the vast Central Plain of America will draw no inconsiderable part of their food supply from these fishing grounds of the North.

When one comes to speak of the mineral wealth of Canada he enters upon what is largely unknown ground. Not that the existence of vast quantities of economic minerals within the Dominion is not already well ascertained; for, indeed, if nothing more were discovered, sufficient has already been brought to light to afford profitable investment for a great amount of capital and give employment to many thousands of labourers. On both ocean seaboard, that is in Nova Scotia and British Columbia, are vast deposits of bituminous coal; and in the prairie country and the Mackenzie valley coal seams occur at points widely separated and under such conditions as to warrant the belief that they are parts of one vast field, and if this proves to be the case the deposit is the largest in the world. Coal is found in large quantities in New Brunswick. The known deposits of iron ore are large, many and valuable, every province in the Dominion having more or less of them. Copper, nickel, manganese and other comparatively rare ores are found in paying quantities in various localities. The richness of the gold mines of British Columbia is well known, and paying deposits of the precious metal occur in Nova Scotia, Quebec, and probably elsewhere. Petroleum is found in Gaspé, on the Atlantic seaboard, and an immense area in the Mackenzie valley is underlaid with oil.

Two very extensive districts in Canada, yet not by any means well known, may be expected on fuller exploration to disclose much mineral wealth. One of these is the country between the Great Lakes and Hudson's Bay,

concerning which enough has been already ascertained to render the prospect of future discoveries very promising; the other is the northern prolongation of the great metalliferous belt of the United States, and stretches from the international boundary north a distance of 1,300 miles, having an average breadth, measuring eastward from the Pacific Coast, of 400 miles, which gives an area of 520,000 miles. Gold occurs in every section of this immense area, and indications of silver and other ores are many. Indeed, competent explorers assert that good reason exists for believing the Canadian portion of this belt to be as rich as it is equally as extensive as the portion within the limits of the United States.

Such is a brief outline of the principal sources from which the development of Canada will flow; and it will be admitted that it is difficult to over-estimate the possibilities involved in them. Every day testimony multiplies as to their value. So vast is the area of farming land, so immense the acreage available for pastoral purposes, so inexhaustible the forest, piscatorial and mineral wealth, that it is no exaggeration to say that, judged by its capacity to support population, Canada is equal to the wonderful nation to the south, which now sustains more than sixty millions of inhabitants and is scarcely on the threshold of its greatness. Nor is the comparative rigour of her winter climate a drawback, for history tells us that the races which have been world-conquering were bred in the latitude of Canada.—*C. Ingrin, in the Independent.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"FAUST UP TO DATE"

No combination but the original Gaiety Company itself seem able to make a success of those burlesques which have for so long been peculiar to that house. Those who saw this piece performed last winter by the original English Company and witnessed it again on Saturday in the hands of an American one could not but admit that they were woefully disappointed, and that the burlesque which had seemed to them before so funny, interesting and bright had suddenly been transformed into a dull, dragging attempt, which met with no success. The music, of course, is the same, with the exception of one or two songs, which to our mind have been very wrongly interspersed throughout the play without any regard to their fitness, but when one hears the familiar airs and calls to mind the comicalities and amusing stage business introduced by Messrs. Lonnen and Danby and then watches the feeble attempts of the two gentlemen who now endeavour to interpret their parts, one has not far to look for reasons amply sufficient to account for its failure. We have always held that Americans have yet to learn how to satisfactorily perform a good burlesque and a good pantomime, and are now more than ever convinced that such is the case. The part of "Mephistopheles" is played by Mr. Will Mandeville, a young actor who, if we remember correctly, was last season playing the part of the correspondent in "Held by the Enemy." Why he should now be starring in burlesque we cannot understand, and should think he would be much more successful were he to return to his former line. Besides giving marked signs of insufficient rehearsing, the manner in which he renders the well-known Irish songs in the piece was distinctly amateurish. Mr. Edwin Lowe is a poor copy of Danby in the part of "Valentine," and endeavours to conjure up a smile from his audience by the cracking of American jokes which are decidedly out of place. The dancing is very poor; the well-known skirt dance losing all its beauty in the hands of the present performers, and the various other ones lacking the go they should be invested with. Altogether we were much disappointed in the whole company, and can hardly understand that after the first-class organization that toured through the States and Canada last year a better company has not been got together to take its place. The scenery and dresses are very pretty, and, we understand, were purchased from the original company before it returned to England at the end of last season.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The announcement of the reopening of this College on Sept. 4 brings to our notice the important steps which have been taken during the past year to still further develop its resources as an educational institution. That the efforts put forth by its founders and supporters have been crowned with success is an undisputed fact, and its position is now a unique one. Incorporated by Government, with a board of directors, whose names are a guarantee of what is highest and best, and of which George Gooderham, Esq., is the president, its permanent usefulness is assured. Its artistic aims have been graciously recognized by our own University of Toronto, the authority of which on matters educational we all delight to honour, and in affiliating the Toronto College of Music has added a department that will bring with it all the refining influences of the divine art. A visit to the College cannot fail to impress one that neither money nor pains have been spared to provide for its students every facility for pursuing a thorough musical course of study—its chamber concert hall, containing an undoubtedly fine three manual organ built by Warren and Son; a library, to which its students are no doubt proud to have access, with its wealth of musical literature, and scores showing almost every style and school of composition. The examinations held from time to time prepare its students for degrees which will be granted in due course by the University of Toronto. An

important feature of the College work is *ensemble* music, the study of which brings to the student a knowledge of the classical compositions of the great masters in the most desirable form. A glance at some of the programmes, as shown in the new prospectus of the College, furnish convincing proof that the energy and enthusiasm of its widely-known director, F. H. Torrington, has been well directed, and those who study within its walls cannot fail to be inspired by the musical atmosphere surrounding them, and as a result accomplish more than they could otherwise hope to. The branches taught include organ, piano, voice, violin, harmony, sight singing, together with orchestral instruments, conducting, playing accompaniments, etc. The weekly concerts inaugurated by this school, and which are held on Saturday afternoons, have proved to be of immense advantage to the pupils in all grades. Constant in supervision over the interests of each pupil, methodical and business-like in its dealings, the College of Music has won for itself a measure of success which all well-directed effort deserves. Intending students will find much useful information in the College Calendar for 1890 and 1891, which, no doubt, may be had upon application to the College registrar.

"THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER."

A VERY fair audience greeted this play last Monday night, and everyone seemed to enjoy it. This fact itself speaks well for any performance. There are no startling episodes, no tragic terminations, nor exciting climax; but yet one cannot help being interested in the hero and those who share his fortunes and reverses. The play is pretty and essentially of the drawing-room type. The characters taken all round are in fairly competent hands; and we are pleased to notice an absence of American twangs and mannerisms, which, did they exist, would mar the whole performance. Tommy Russell, without being precocious and eccentric, gains the hearts of his audience and soon makes himself a favourite. Mr. Charles Kent plays the part of a royalist soldier carefully and well. He has a fine voice and good stage presence. The other actors and actresses are quite up to the average. The play, as those versed in Mark Twain's writings are aware, deals with the court of Edward VI. of England, and describes the imaginary vicissitudes of the young king, who appears at intervals in the character of a pauper and a prince.

MISS MATHER AT THE ACADEMY.

WITH surroundings entirely novel, so far at least as the make up of her company is concerned, Miss Margaret Mather comes to Toronto for a brief engagement at the Academy next week. No move ever made by this representative artist could have been made that would be more to her advantage than bringing about her a powerful company, as perfect in its part as was possible. The work of an artist of Miss Mather's temperament is of such a spontaneous nature that insipid and non-inspired surroundings do not arouse the latent fires. Her "Juliet" now has the inspiration of a hot-headed, impetuous "Romeo," in Otis Skinner, and a gay, open-hearted "Mercutio" in John Malone. These are but instances. It is promised that Miss Mather's company will present a perfect *ensemble*, and if the past reputation of the artists involved is to determine the matter the claim may be allowed without dispute. With new costumes, new scenery and a clean cut company a surprise may be awaiting those who see "Romeo and Juliet" on Monday evening. On Tuesday "The Honeymoon," John Tobin's sterling comedy, will test the versatility of star and support; on Wednesday night "Leah" will be presented, making, with the matinee's work, a programme embodying the elements of sublime tragedy and the light and shade of romantic interpretation. Miss Mather's company includes among its members Otis Skinner, John Malone, Henry E. Walton, Howard Kyle, Harold Hartsell, Maida Cragen, May Gordon, Carrie Jamieson, Fitzgerald Murphy, Henry de Lussan and Gilmore Scott. There are matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

In view of the fact that Margaret Mather will play "Juliet" next week at the Academy, the following from Joseph Jefferson's autobiography in the *Century* will be read with pleasure: "A part of my early theatrical education," says Mr. Jefferson, "was drawn from hard work in the paint and property room of a theatre, so that when I became a manager I delighted in the get up, as it was technically called, of plays, so far as our slender means would permit. 'Romeo and Juliet' being announced on one occasion I felt that the balcony scene should have some attention, and I conceived a simple and economical idea that would enable me at a day's notice to produce the effect in a manner hitherto unparalleled in the annals of the stage. Skirmishing about the wharves and the ship chandlers, I chanced to light upon a job lot of empty candle boxes. By taking a quantity the cardboard were thrown in, and nothing makes a finer or more imposing but unsubstantial balustrade than cardboard. The boxes, placed one by one on top of each other and painted a neat stone colour, formed a pleasing architectural pile. Before the play began I had cautioned 'Juliet' that when 'she leaned her cheek upon her hand' she should let her elbow rest gracefully but lightly on the frail structure that was to support it. 'Romeo' also had to be cautioned, for, as the house of Capulet was already about his ears, it was necessary that at least his shins should escape any contact with the foundation. The scene opened with a backing of something, supposed to represent the distant city of Verona, with my new balcony in the foreground. 'Romeo' and

'Juliet' were warm and energetic in their love passages, but acted with becoming care and gentle consideration for the balcony, about which they fluttered. All seemed to be going well till presently there came the sound of half suppressed laughter from the audience. 'Crocker,' said I, from the wing, 'are you shaking the balcony?' 'No,' he whispered, 'I haven't touched it.' 'What are they laughing at, then?' 'Can't imagine,' said he. The laughter increased, and it was quite evident that something not announced in the bills had gradually attracted the attention of the audience till at last the whole house had discovered the mishap. 'Juliet' retreated in amazement and 'Romeo' rushed off in despair, and down came the curtain. I rushed upon the stage to find out what had occurred, when, to my horror, I discovered that one of the boxes had been placed with the unpainted side out, on which was emblazoned a semi-circular trade mark, setting forth that the very corner-stone of 'Juliet's' balcony contained twenty pounds of the best 'short sixes.'"

PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

LA FOLIE DE ROUSSEAU. By Doctor Chatelain. (Balière).—Was Jean Jacques Rousseau mad? That is the question the author examines. The subject is not new and has been investigated not only from divers points of view, but by alienists, anatomists, and *littérateurs*. We know the "thin partitions" that divide the bounds between genius and madness. If genius be, as Amiel has happily defined it, "doing what other men cannot do at all," the Swiss watchmaker's son was a genius. He was erratic, unstable, only constant to constant change. Dr. Chatelain, an alienist, studies the antecedents and the physical constitution of Rousseau; then examines his character, his mental state, and the symptoms. Save the subject himself, nothing relating to his life and writings has been left unprobed.

If Rousseau were not mad, he, as Byron says, "made madness beautiful," by throwing enchantment over passion. Rousseau avowed that he had sciatica, that it was hereditary in his family; proof, adds the author, that he was subject to nervous affections. The moral antecedents of his family are not wanting. His uncle and aunt Bernard were censured by the Consistory of Geneva for scandalously anticipating their marriage; his own father and three co-roysters were censured and fined 25 florins for disturbing the night with ungodly glee. His aunts were censured for playing cards in public on Sunday. He had a first cousin who had a fit of madness at Fontainebleau, and a scape-grace brother, who ran away from home and was never heard of again. Rousseau received no regular education. Before he completed his seventh year he had read all the novels in his mother's—a distinguished woman—bookcase. Later, he and his father fed on romances. The foundation of Rousseau's character was sickly insensibility; this exaggerated his imaginations, augmented timidity, and increased the mobility of his impressions. Rousseau asserted that he was born infirm and sickly, and that his "birth was the first of his misfortunes"; hence, why anxiety about his health became a drag-chain on his life. It made him suspicious and defiant; he believed his best friends were leagued against him, were persecuting him, when they were really working to connect him with common sense. He believed that the persons who once saluted him, now spat upon him, and that there was a league to bury him alive.

He suspected his best and kindest friends—Hume was a notable example; he concluded he was surrounded by traitors, conspirators, and plotters. Hume wrote that Rousseau's mistress, Thérèse, governed him as absolutely as a nurse does a child. But Hercules wore woman's garments to please Omphale and worked at her spinning-wheel; when Thérèse was absent Rousseau's dog exercised the ascendancy. But Pope, Byron and Cowper ranked a dog's fidelity among the humanities, while it was reserved for Burns to find a faithful friend in a sheep—"Poor Mailie dead." Mr. Brunetière considers that it was pride-intoxication that begot madness in Rousseau. Considering the glory he reached, much under this head will be pardoned him. Voltaire surpassed Rousseau in the matter of pride, an infirmity of many a noble mind, differing with the afflicted only in degree. Rousseau laboured under the mania that he was persecuted, but this mania was less intense in his declining years. When his Thérèse eloped with an hostler Rousseau sought oblivion in suicide.

UNIVERSITÉS TRANSATLANTIQUES. By Pierre de Coubertin. (Berger-Levrault).—As France is in the throes of university reform, or the recasting of her system of superior instruction, this volume is truly a book in season. The author was delegated last year to visit the universities in the United States and Canada; the present volume, in the agreeable form of a tourist's journal, is the result. Let it be remembered that in France there are no colonies of students leading a special life together, and separated from their native towns and families. In Paris the students do not lead a life apart; outside the courses of lectures they are not distinguished by particular manners nor by any peculiar habits. They are only young men who study, not students in the university sense.

M. de Coubertin has in his extensive journeyings seen many new and strange things; he finds that superior education both in Canada and the United States is much more practical and free than in France. This will be better understood when it is stated that out-door sports, physical, manly exercises, such as boating, football, etc., are only

commencing to be recognized as parts of a college's curriculum. Green fields and rivers are not accepted as educational adjuncts in French university education; the latter, the offspring of the Oratorians, has still the mark of the clerical disdain for physical exercise. A glance at some of the dormitories in the old lyceums will show that cleanliness is still divorced from godliness; that a horror of water still prevails. It is a souvenir only at the best of the students of the Rue du Fouarre who slept simply on straw in their clothes covered with vermin, the only water they received being that which dripped upon them through the roof.

The New World's universities are generally erected in the country, in the middle of beautiful trees and beside a river. They are all daughters of Cambridge and Oxford, but lacking the venerable charm, the pristine nobleness, and the amiable splendour of the mothers. They do not of course possess the halo of glory which impregnates the very stones of Cambridge and Oxford with "an essence of souls," clothing even the trees and fields and gardens with a pensive majesty so magnificently described by M. Taine in the last volume of "English Literature." Football is the chief out-door sport with American students, supplemented by German gymnastics in all their severity. At Cambridge the author witnessed Dr. Sargent, Professor of Anthropometry, occupied in measuring the bones and noting the conformation of the students, with the view of so methodically treating their muscles as to bring them up to the type of normal man. The operation reminded the author of a racing stud.

At Cambridge the students are themselves their governors; they select their cooks and "helps," and go shares in the expenses. There is no "commons." At Amherst College ten students, elected by their comrades, are associated as "Senators" with the Dons, for the maintenance of order and good conduct. Though young the American universities display the proud and practical spirit of their old Anglo-Saxon mothers; students are free, and prepared for life; they could only thrive in an atmosphere of liberty. Like the monasteries of the Middle Ages, American universities display a surfeit of endowments, due to the generosity of citizens who have risen from nothing to be millionaires. Mr. Cornell founded a university at Ithaca for 1,400 students, who are educated next to gratuitously. The Hopkins University, at Baltimore, and the Tulane University, at New Orleans, are due to private munificence. At the latter are 1,100 students, mostly graduates in medicine.

The university at Ann Arbor, in the State of Michigan, has 5,000 students on its roll. It has a clinical department for dentistry. In a vast hall were rows of articulated arm chairs, where dentist students were trying their prentice-hands on clients, extracting, scraping, plugging, and replacing teeth, the professor going from one operator to another giving an order or a counsel. The atmosphere was laden with the odours of all the drugs of the world. Young ladies were also there learning the art, and it appears that these "sweet girl graduates" are in great request as school-mistresses. Girton will please note. The description of Ottawa University is extremely interesting; of its four faculties one is devoted to commerce, and is a type of the business college. It is quite a revelation for the French, and the prediction may be safely indulged in that Paris will copy the institution. The work of M. de Coubertin will undoubtedly infuse a more practical, a more modern element into higher education in France, and tend to methodize and co-ordinate much of waste power and effort lost in a multiplicity of specialist schools.

LA FRANCE JUGÉE PAR UN AMÉRICAIN. By W. H. Hurlbert. (Hachette).—This is not so much a book on contemporary France as a pamphlet, a brief against the Republic, and is resented accordingly by the Republicans. The latter resemble those wicked animals that when struck defend themselves. Mr. Hurlbert, as an old journalist, ought to have been more sceptical about the sources of his information. M. Laboulaye, it is admitted, wrote the best book on the United States, though he never put a foot in the country, and M. Chesles composed books of travel in foreign lands without ever quitting his arm-chair in the Rue du Bac. And why? They took no sides and impartially sought what was excellent. Foreign journalists, who have passed their lives in France, find it occasionally difficult to catch the living manners as they rise, and to tap the secret motives and masked evils of many movements. How then can Mr. Hurlbert hope to accomplish, in a twelve months' tour, what others, just as wide awake as himself, can hardly effect in a lifetime, and which puzzles even Frenchmen themselves?

Every charge that Mr. Hurlbert brings against the Republic could be just as effectively, and more so, brought against every régime that has existed in France. All parties are equally intolerant, and every individual wants to command, not to obey. Since the days of Julius Caesar the Gauls have ever been nagging at one another. In time the religious orders may obtain more freedom than at present, but they are now suffering for their crusade against the Republic when Macmahon was President. The author is told to remember that it is not the United States which afford the example of not giving the spoils to the conquerors, nor of immaculate probity in the matter of administration or of handling election ballots. To as much as hint that France—the French peasantry and the middle classes—was as well off before 1789 as in 1890 is very inaccurate. His bird's-eye view of modern France has been taken from an anti-Republican *milière*. That's partisanship, and so to be accepted, *cum grano salis*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A FEW THOUGHTS FOR A YOUNG MAN. A lecture delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association on its 29th Anniversary. By Horace Mann. New York: John B. Alden.

It was a happy thought of the publisher to present to the rising generation a re-print of this brilliant and masterly effort of a distinguished statesman and educator of a by-gone age. No one, young or old, can read the glowing words in which virtue is exalted and the withering scorn with which vice is smitten in this impassioned lecture without feeling the glow of noble impulse and the desire for lofty endeavour reanimate them. Such thrilling, inspiring words can never die. They are pregnant with the purest hopes and the loftiest ideals of life. This cheap yet precious book cannot have too large a sale.

STORIES OF FAMOUS PRECIOUS STONES. By Mrs. Goddard Orpen. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

There are stories which never fail to entertain even the boys and girls of elder growth—treating as they do subjects of extraordinary interest in a clear, winning, and instructive manner. Mrs. Orpen's stories of famous precious stones may well be classed with these. About each of these great jewels time has woven a history, full of dramatic incident and daring adventure. The rarity and great value of these gems have made their custody a source of intense uneasiness and anxiety to their private possessors, as was the case with Mr. Thomas Pitt, who, whilst he owned the great "Regent" diamond, was said to have been in constant terror lest he should be murdered for it. And even the daring thieves who, during the French Revolution, stole the "Regent" from the Commune, restored it after only a few days' detention. Besides the "Regent" such famous stones as "The Orloff," "The Koh-i-nur," the Great Mogul, and the greatest of them all, "The Braganza," which was found on this continent, are described, together with other gems. The illustrations and estimates of value add greatly to the interest of the narratives. This interesting book is another proof that "truth is stranger than fiction."

POEMS OF OWEN MEREDITH (the Earl of Lytton). Selected with an introduction. By M. Betham-Edwards. London: Walter Scott.

We regret that we are unable to rate the poetry of Lord Lytton at anything like the estimate placed upon it by Mr. Edwards. To our mind a great poet is a seer who is endowed with clear and profound insight into the deep springs of human thought and feeling, and the varied phenomena of life, and who has the power to impart to men through the polished medium of verse warmed by the rich hues of imagination and guided by the highest tact and skill, the purest, sweetest, noblest messages that are given to man to utter and to man to hear. The great poet and the lofty message are both wanting in this volume. It is true the writer has an abundant supply of poetical words, but in their use the meaning is often obscured, the rhyme strained, and the imagery excessive and unnatural. On the first page, for instance, is the line, "With faces turn'd towards the flat sea-spine." We cannot see either appropriateness or beauty in the expression "the flat sea-spine." A few lines on we read:—

And everywhere that men could see,
About the black ribb'd ships,
Was nothing but the deep red sea;
The deep red shore;
The deep red skies;
The deep red silence, thick with thirsty sighs.

Surely no true artist would be so lavish with colour and incongruous in meaning. How can even poetic license justify the last line? We fail to find in these poems the food and nourishment, the stimulus and delight, which the mind and heart in their higher aspirations seek for and need. There is far too much that is artificial, gaudy and vague, and even the tenderest love scenes recall the stage and footlights. We readily admit that here and there through the volume are to be found traces of poetic ability of a certain kind, but it is very far from being of the high order at which it is estimated by the compiler.

CALIFORNIA topics occupy considerable space in the September *Century*. The paper by John Muir on "The Treasures of the Yosemite Valley," in the August number, is followed by another on "Features of the Proposed Yosemite National Park," which is illustrated by William Keith and Charles D. Robinson, the California artists, and by Fraser, Moran, and Davies, the sketches being made in several instances from sketches by Mr. Muir himself. The writer describes the wonderful scenery in the neighbourhood of Yosemite—the Lyell Glacier, the Cathedral Peak region, the Tuolumne Meadows and Canon, and the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, all of which are included in the limits of the proposed park as defined by General Vandever's Bill in the present Congress. In conclusion, Mr. Muir records his protest against the injuries done to the Yosemite Valley under the control of the present and preceding Commissions. In "Topics of the Time" is an editorial in the same strain on "Amateur Management of Yosemite Scenery." The number also contains, *apropos* of the celebration on September 8th of the fortieth anniversary of the admission of the State, a paper by George Hamlin Fitch, entitled, "How California came into the Union," illustrated by a large portrait of General Frémont

from a daguerreotype of 1850, and by others of Commodore Sloat and Stockton, Governor Burnett, Senator Gwin, and J. Ross Browne, together with pictures of Colton Hall, Monterey—the scene of the Constitutional Convention—and the famous Bear Flag, hoisted at Sonoma in '46. This paper is a forerunner of the series on the Gold Hunters, and in the present number *The Century* begins a temporary department of "California," similar to the "Memoranda on the Civil War," and to be devoted to short articles on topics of special interest relating to the '49ers." This month these articles are "Light on the Seizure of California," by Professor Royce of Harvard, "The California Boundary Question," by Francis J. Lippitt, Esq., and "The Date of the Discovery of the Yosemite," by Dr. Bunnell, of the Party of Discovery. The frontispiece is an engraving by T. A. Butler of Nattier's picturesque portrait of the beautiful Princesse de Conti, an attractive prelude to Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason's fifth paper on "The Women of the French Salons," which is further illustrated by striking portraits of the Duchesse de Luxembourg, Catherine II. in Russian costume, Madame Geoffrin and Madame d'Épinay. These portraits are accompanied by dainty decorative pieces by George Wharton Edwards. Mrs. Mason's text deals with the *Salons* of the Eighteenth Century. "The Anglomaniacs," which has awakened much curiosity and has attracted more remark, perhaps, than any other recent fiction in *The Century*, reaches its fourth and concluding part, with illustrations by Mr. Gibson, in this number. Mr. Jefferson's Autobiography deals with incidents of his life in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and includes material relating to Charles Mathews, John B. Rice, and William Warren, together with Mr. Jefferson's apology for the liberty taken with "The Rivals." The autobiography, which will be concluded in the October number, continues to be notable for its humour and humanity. Mr. La Farge's "An Artist's Letter from Japan" is accompanied by an engraving after his drawing; and a paper is contributed by Rowland E. Robinson on the Marble Hills of Vermont, which is illustrated by J. A. S. Monks. "Friend Olivia" (Mrs. Barr's novel) is continued, the scene being changed to America; and there is a short story by Miss Anne Page entitled "Lois Benson's Love Story." Two sonnets, one by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, entitled "September," and one by Col. John Hay ("Love's Dream"); an editorial on the "Misgovernment of Cities," and a variety of light verse in "Bric-a-brac," complete the number.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THOMAS WHITTAKER will soon publish a "History of the American Episcopal Church," by Rev. S. D. McConnell.

A WORK on "The Homes and Haunts of Tennyson" is in preparation in London. It has the Laureate's approval.

"CITIZENESS BONAPARTE," by M. de St. Amand, will be the next volume to appear in the "French Court Series."

MESSRS. METHUEN AND COMPANY, London, are bringing out a book by W. G. Collingwood, called "John Ruskin, his Life and Work."

A NEW "Life of Schopenhauer," by W. Wallace, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford, will be an early issue of the "Great Writers" series.

"THE LOVE LETTERS OF A PORTUGUESE NUN" is the striking title of a dainty little volume which the Cassell Publishing Company will publish in October.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL passed his seventieth birthday, August 15. He is summering in Switzerland, high up in the Alps, and is still able to endure the fatigue of Alpine climbing.

BEGINNING with the September number the *Review of Reviews* will be issued in New York as well as in London, its American publishers being The Critic Co., of 52 and 54 Lafayette Place.

DONALD G. MITCHELL, ("Ik Marvel") fell down stairs recently at Rye, N. Y., and broke his left arm. He is now resting quietly at his home at Edgewood, and no serious consequences are anticipated.

How agreeable it must prove to the adorers of Bellamy's originality to learn from Mrs. Shipley's investigation that "Looking Backward" was entirely plagiarized from "Woman," the work of Herr Bebel, the German Socialist.

THE complete novel to be published in *Lippincott's Magazine* for October will be from the pen of the popular writer, W. Clark Russell, author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," etc., and will be entitled "A Marriage at Sea."

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS will soon issue "The Life and Work of Charles Darwin," by Charles F. Holder, author of "Living Lights," "The Ivory King," etc. The "Darwin" will be the initial volume of the series of Leaders of Science.

A LONDON paper is very honest when it heads its column on Government matters, "Politics and other Sports," but *Gil Blas*, Paris, goes a step farther when it puts a humorous article on cremation under the head of "The Gaieties of the Week."

JÆGER'S "Life of Henrik Ibsen" will be issued by A. C. McClurg and Co. The translation is the work of William Morton Payne, the translator of Björnson's "Sigurd Slembé." The volume will include various portraits of Ibsen, a portrait of his wife, views of his residence, etc.

"A LITERARY MANUAL OF FOREIGN QUOTATIONS," by John Devoe Beiton, the distinctive feature of which is the

presentation of the English equivalents of the originals, together with extracts from the writings of noted authors in which the quotations have been used, will soon be issued by the G. P. Putnam press.

THE "Renaissance" of Lord Augustus Loftus, which are now nearly ready, will, it is believed, have the force of full knowledge and exceptional experiences. He has been in the English diplomatic service since 1837, much of the time in positions of high importance. For six years he was Governor of New South Wales.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce a new novel by Miss Phelps and Herbert Ward, the joint authors of the recent notable tale "The Master of the Magicians." It is entitled "Come Forth," and deals with the time of Christ. They also announce a new edition, limited to 250 copies of Hawthorne's delightful "Old Home."

MESSRS. LONGMAN AND COMPANY have in the press "The Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman during his Life in the English Church, with a brief Autobiographical Memoir." These letters have been arranged and edited, at Cardinal Newman's request, by the editor of the letters of the late Professor J. B. Mozley, D.D.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has been entertaining a correspondent of *Book Chat* with some particulars about his first book. He set up the type, printed and published the work himself in India, and, as it had a sale of over 500 copies, it paid all his expenses. His later works were published by Wheeler and Co., of Calcutta, the W. H. Smith of India. Mr. Kipling is intensely fond of India and of things Indian, but considers that seven years' residence in that country is a great strain on a man's constitution.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE has completed his "Life of Philip Henry Gosse," his father, and it will be published shortly by Kegan, Paul and Co. The particulars which it gives of social life in Newfoundland, where the naturalist resided from 1827 to 1835, will have a special interest at this moment, when public attention is so much turned toward that island. Mr. Gosse's later adventures as a farmer in Canada, a schoolmaster in Alabama, and a collecting naturalist in Jamaica, may be expected to attract notice by their novelty.

THE promised *édition de luxe* of "In Darkest Africa" is now announced by Messrs. Sampson, Low and Co. for the end of the month. The labour in connection with the English and American editions is enormous, the mounting of the illustrations being a very slow process, and one only possible for skilled hands. The publishers are determined that their good work shall not be marred by haste, even at the expense of a short delay in the issue to subscribers, and these last will, we think, readily concur in the wisdom of the decision.

SINCE Walt Whitman passed into his seventy-second year, he has been interviewed for the *Philadelphia Times*. When asked about his health he cheerily replied: "I feel these sudden changes of the weather, but, God be praised, I am feeling bright and cheerful, and am blessed with a good appetite and a reasonably good digestion, and what more can an old man ask, who, as the Methodists say, is still on 'praying ground and pleading terms'?" Every fine day I have my stalwart attendant wheel me out, often to the Federal Street Ferry, where, sitting on the long wharf, I enjoy the mellow light of the sinking sun and the pleasant sight of the eager crowd hurrying off and on the ferryboats."

DURING the past year the graduates of Toronto University have had no medium other than the public press for the expression of their views on matters pertaining to their Alma Mater, and the undergraduates have had no chronicle whatever of the events of a year which has been in every sense a memorable one. That this should be so has been considered a misfortune, and, as a remedy, steps have been taken towards the re-establishment of *The Varsity* on a new and, it is believed, an improved basis. All arrangements have now, however, been completed and our readers will, we are sure, be pleased to learn that the initial number will appear on Tuesday, October 7th, and thenceforth weekly during the College year.

SELDOM has there been a gathering of so many distinguished *literati* as that which occurred recently at "The Wayside," the old Hawthorne home at Concord, Mass., now the residence of the well-known publisher, Mr. D. Lothrop, of Boston. The occasion was a reception to Mrs. John A. Logan, and the genial host and wife had as guests many of those whose fame is as broad as the literary world. Dr. S. F. Smith, the author of "America," recounted the circumstances under which the grand old hymn was written. The venerable and beloved poet, Whittier, unable to be present, wrote for the occasion a poem, "Our Country," which was read by ex-Governor Long, who presided. Mr. Lothrop, who is one of the most genial of men, and his charming wife hospitably welcomed upward of two hundred guests at the entrance of the quaint old house, which is so interesting because of its associations with the great romancer. They wandered at pleasure through the house, with its old-fashioned rooms, its narrow staircases, and its odd steps up or down into rooms, as the caprice of the builder dictated. Most of them climbed the steep stairs which lead up into the tower, where was Hawthorne's literary workroom, and looked at the hanging shelf on the wall where Hawthorne stood when writing. The room is kept sacred to his memory, and an inscription upon the wall commemorates his occupancy of it.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

JOTTINGS FROM THE LIFE OF THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

GAUTIER'S love and understanding of animals, which he shared with the great Dumas, comes out, as in "Le Capitaine Fracasse," constantly in his writings, but specially, of course, in the volume called "Ménagerie Intime," which is a delightful little book on the same lines as Dumas' "Histoire de mes Bêtes." It is true that it contains nothing so exciting as Dumas' account of his fight with his new dog, and it may be not unfairly added that Gautier would never have behaved so badly to a dog as Dumas did on that occasion. Théo's attitude with regard to dogs, however, had its own and characteristic oddity. He did not the least deny the soundness of Charlet's axiom, *Ce qu'il y a de mieux dans l'homme c'est le chien*; but he confessed that his love for dogs always went hand in hand with a terror of hydrophobia—a terror which he never felt with regard to cats. Here his encyclopædic knowledge for once failed him; but then no one is ever so ignorant as a learned man. Nevertheless, Théo knew and loved dogs, although, like many other people, he found something disquieting in the deep and mysterious looks which they fix upon you. But it was to cats that he was specially attached, and as the Swiss painter was called the Cats' Raphael, so might Gautier have been called the Cats' Homer. The history of all his cats, as given in the "Ménagerie Intime," is delightful enough, but perhaps the most interesting of all was the animal known as Madame Théophile. This creature's first introduction to a parrot, which Gautier was taking care of for a friend, took place under his eyes, and his description of it is an instance of his keen observation and sympathy. The parrot, which apparently was an Amazon, perplexed at its new lodging, had climbed to the highest point of its stand, and remained there, rolling its steely eyes and working its nictitating membrane. Madame Théophile, the cat, who had never seen a parrot before, regarded the strange creature with astonishment. Immovable as a mummied Egyptian cat, she looked, lost in thought, at the bird, recalling all the ideas on natural history which she had gathered in the garden and the roof trees. Her shifting eyes alone conveyed her thoughts; and these thoughts were, "Then here is a green chicken." Having arrived at this conclusion, the cat leapt from the table to a corner of the room, where she lay in an attitude like that of Gérôme's black panther watching the gazelles. The parrot followed the cat's movements with a feverish eagerness. He ruffled his feathers, rattled his chain, he lifted one of his hands and examined its nails attentively, and he scabbled his beak on the edge of his food-can. Instinct bade him beware of an enemy on his track. The cat's eyes were fixed on the bird with a deadly charm, and these eyes said, in a language which was probably intelligible to the parrot, "This fowl is green, but all the same it must be good to eat." Gautier, noting all this, watched the animal comedy, ready to intervene if intervention were needed. The cat drew nearer and nearer to the parrot's stand; her pink nose palpitated, her eyes half closed, her claws, like the feet immortalized by Suckling, went in and out. Suddenly she arched her back, and with a feline bound leapt to the foot of the parrot's stand. The parrot met the danger half way, and received the cat with a phrase delivered in a pompous bass voice, "As-tu déjeuner, Jacquot?" This phrase filled the cat with an indescribable terror, and caused it to leap backwards. A flourish of trumpets, an earthquake of broken crockery, a pistol discharged by its ear, could not have caused the cat a more headlong alarm. All the creature's ideas on ornithology were completely upset. The parrot continued its triumphant speech with the words, "Et de quoi? De rôti du roi!" Then the cat's face said as plainly as possible, "This is no bird. This is a gentleman. Listen to his conversation." Then the parrot, pursuing his advantage, burst at the top of his voice into the refrain of a drinking song. On this the cat cast one desperate look of interrogation upon Gautier, and fled in despair under the bed, where it remained for all the rest of the day. The same cat had an extraordinary love of perfumes and of music, as to which latter taste it had one strange peculiarity. It could not endure the note G, and always put a reproving and silencing paw on the mouth of anyone who sang it. A parallel to this oddity was found in the case of Théo's spaniel dog, Zamore, of whom it was written, "Who would have thought that under this dog's calm, independent, philosophic, earnest exterior, there lay hidden an overmastering and amazing passion, which no one could have suspected, and which formed the oddest contrast with the character, physical and moral, of this creature, whose seriousness amounted to sadness?" "You will suppose," Gautier went on, "that the good Zamore was, let us say, a thief? No. He was fond of cherry brandy? No. He was given to biting? Not at all. Zamore was consumed by a passion for dancing!" Gautier in his lightest, or shall we say with the ineffable critic, his most light-minded style, goes on to describe how Zamore met a troop of dancing dogs, and was straightway filled with admiration, which led to emulation, inasmuch that he attempted to join in the show, and was treated with contempt by its proprietor. He returned home dejected and thoughtful, and that night Gautier's sisters, who inhabited the room next to that in which Zamore slept, were awakened by a curious pattering noise, interrupted now and again by the sound of a falling body. Investigation showed that it was Zamore practising steps all by himself. He then became an assiduous spectator at the

dancing dogs' exhibition, watched them carefully, and practised by himself every night, and finally, when he was satisfied with the result of his studies, he invited fifteen or twenty dogs of his acquaintance to come and see his performance. He died of brain fever, brought on by overwork in learning the schottische, which was then the fashionable dance of the day.—*Longman's Magazine.*

THE GUERDON.

Lily and rose in my garden,
Why are you nodding at me?
Cannot I pass to my lover
But you are watching to see!

Lily and rose—in sweet pity,
Do not keep barring my way;
I was so happy at starting—
Can't I be happy alway?

Jealous rose, clinging and clasping,
Think you such bonds are secure?
Painful may be—but not lasting,
Love hath taught how to endure.

Lily and rose, you are jealous,
Heard you my love, I suppose,
Call me "Of lilies the fairest,
Roses, the sweetest blush rose."

Lily and rose, don't be angry,
Spare this one lover to me;
You have so many—I've watched them,
Butterflies, birds and a bee.

If you'll release me—as guerdon
Promise I just at the least—
Morrow is fixed for my bridal,
You shall be plucked for the feast!

—Argosy.

CURIOSITIES OF POISONS.

UNTIL the past few years poisoning has been a study pretty much confined to savages—not, of course, exclusively the savages in paint and feathers, but to the naturally ferocious and criminal in all communities. Among savages, in the ordinary sense of the word, there has often been found a wonderful knowledge on this subject, and some very curious results have frequently been obtained by them. A very intelligent and trustworthy resident on the borders of a North American Indian tribe, for instance, tells a very singular story. He had a young Indian girl in his kitchen for some years. When she first entered his service, so many of her relatives and friends came to see her that he had to give her peremptory orders to admit nobody. Unfortunately, one of her first visitors after this decree had gone forth was an old medicine man of her tribe, whom she steadfastly refused to admit to her kitchen, and who, consequently, went away furiously angry, and vowing all sorts of vengeance. Some months afterwards, the old doctor met the girl. He had, apparently, quite forgotten the insult he had received, and very heartily shook hands with her. She happened to have a slight wound in her hand, and after the old man had grasped it, she saw, to her dismay, that this wound was covered by a black patch, and she instantly suspected that it was a patch of poison, and she told him so. The old man frankly admitted that her suspicion was correct. She had insulted him when they last met and now he had paid her for it. For one month in every year, as long as she lived, he told her that her skin would break out in black blotches. Twelve months afterwards, the affliction predicted actually befel the girl, and every year, as long as she continued in the service of the narrator of this story, her skin became blotched and patched all over with black marks, which continued to disfigure her for a month, and then disappeared. A Government officer at Winnipeg mentions in one of his official reports a very remarkable poison, which had the effect of paralyzing the muscles of the face. Speaking of a woman to whom it had been administered without her own consent or knowledge, this official says: "Only the eyes moved, and, as they were intensely black and rather sparkling, the ghastly deformity was rendered the more glaring. The most singular effect, however, was produced by her laugh. She was a jolly, good-natured squaw, and laughed upon the slightest provocation. Her eyes sparkled, and her 'ha! ha!' was musical to a degree; but not a muscle moved to denote the merriment on that expressionless face. One felt that some one else laughed behind that rigid integument. No idea could be formed of what she thought at any time." There is nothing incredible in this. Medical science has of late years been turning attention to poisons, and many effects quite as pronounced, if not perhaps, quite so striking, have been observed. "Experiments," says one authority, "have shown that certain poisons are so potent and subtle in their action as to almost equal the wonders in tales told of charms condensed into necromancers' phials. The animal body can be played upon as if it were a machine. The strokes of the central pump, the heart, can be slowed or quickened; the vital heat lowered or increased; the pupil of the eye expanded or narrowed; the limbs paralyzed or convulsed; the blood sent to the surface or withdrawn to the interior; even the natural hue and colour of the body can be changed." One very interesting result of modern study of poisons is the discovery of some ground for believing that certain diseases both of body and mind, may be attributable to poison in the system. Dr. B. W. Richardson, for instance, says that

somnambulism, he has not the slightest doubt, "is produced by the formation in the body of a peculiar substance, which may be derived from the starchy parts of the body, and has the effect of the chemical substance known as amylen. I believe that," says Dr. Richardson, "because you produce artificial somnambulism by the use of that substance. Under its influence persons can be made to walk about unconsciously in the same way as the somnambulist does." The same respected authority affirms that there are substances known capable of producing extreme melancholy. "There is a peculiar offensive sulphur compound called mercaptan. A little of that administered to any one produces the intensest melancholy, tending almost to suicide. We can sometimes detect a similar offensive substance in the breath of patients who are suffering from melancholia." Similarly, there is a well-known poison which produces all the effects of scarlet fever. There is another, a large dose of which brings about all the symptoms of cholera; and there appear to be several poisons which produce idiocy or actual madness. The Hindoos are said to know a drug which, as Mr. Wynter Blyth tells us, has, in Indian history, often played the part of a State agent, and has been used to produce imbecility in persons of high rank whose mental integrity was considered dangerous to the despot in power. Among the most curious poisons of which there is any record in the past, or of which we have any knowledge at the present time, is that which Shakespeare makes Friar Laurence give to Juliet as a means of enabling her to escape the proposed marriage with Paris. It would, he assured her, produce temporarily all the symptoms of death—

Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Juliet takes the draught, and the effect is precisely as the friar has predicted, and it might be supposed that so convenient a poison was purely the invention of a dramatist, and had no sort of equivalent in the drugs of the toxicologist. Modern science, however, has recognised in the contents of Juliet's phial a well-known medicine of ancient Greece (*Atropa mandragora*) which really possesses the remarkable power attributed to it in Shakespeare's tragedy. Dr. Richardson tells us that it was actually used by Greek physicians very much as we use chloroform, and that under its influence operations were performed. It was known as "death wine," and was in common use till about the fifteenth century, but old medical works are still extant containing descriptions of it, and, a few years ago, this gentleman tells us that a friend of his brought him some of the root from Greece, and, by the help of these old prescriptions, he was able to concoct some of this death wine, and to make such experiments with it as to entirely confirm Friar Laurence's account of its action. We are further told that, when the Jews were under the Romans, and a good many of them were crucified, the Jewish women were in the habit of giving them this same mandragora in order to alleviate their sufferings, and it is suggested that, as some of the victims were known to have recovered from their apparent death, the practice of breaking the legs was adopted.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

EUGENE SCHUYLER.

WHEN Eugene Schuyler entered Yale College, he was the smallest and, with one exception possibly, the youngest of the undergraduates. Few who knew him at that time will forget the gentle, rosy-cheeked, large-eyed boy, who seemed so out of place among the somewhat rude and noisy members of the class of '59. Naturally he never kicked football nor played "wicket" (a kind of bastard cricket much in vogue in those days), and very rarely did he venture into a boat. I am not sure that he ever climbed to the top of either East or West Rock. To this disinclination to all outdoor sports or exercise was joined a real timidity and shrinking from anything involving hardship or danger. More than once have I guarded him to his room in the evening during our periodic hostilities with the New Haven firemen. Even still more marked was a feminine sensitiveness to a rough word or hostile criticism. In these respects he remained unchanged to the end of his college course, though in other ways he matured. In our last years he took the women's role in the college theatricals, and looked his part to perfection. After graduation our paths separated, and I knew almost nothing of him for years beyond the mere fact that he had gone to Russia. Great was my surprise, therefore, to have him brought suddenly to mind one day, when reading the opening chapters of MacGahan's "Campaigning on the Oxus." In these I found Schuyler on the threshold of one of the most adventurous and perilous journeys which a man could undertake in 1873. The least that it demanded was the greatest powers of endurance. One might almost say that the easiest, certainly the safest, part was the beginning, the four weeks of travel, day and night, in a tarantass, across the Siberian plains, with the thermometer from thirty to fifty degrees below zero. But to penetrate into farthest Turkestan, almost alone, at the very time that Russia was advancing upon Khiva and intensifying every Turkoman's hatred of the Christian, demanded a perfect fearlessness of danger joined with the ability to compel unwilling men to perform one's will, and an inflexibility of purpose overcome by no obstacle, which only few men have possessed. The courage which, to recall a single instance, enabled him to face unflinchingly the mob of Bokhariot pilgrims whom a fanatic was incit-

ing to murder him, was displayed in a still more striking manner three years after this during his investigation of the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria. With only seven companions he traversed the harried region, at times riding by "paths so steep," writes MacGahan, who is again with him, "that we were obliged to dismount and walk half the time, without then seeming quite safe from rolling down into some abyss." Schuyler had two interpreters, the one a smooth-tongued Greek, the other a rough Armenian, if my memory does not fail me. It was his custom, during the examination of ordinary witnesses, to employ the Greek. But when one of those Turkish brutes like the mudir of Batak was before him, he browbeat him into cringing subjection by the aid of the Armenian. It is difficult for me to imagine a greater contrast than that presented by the gentle, almost girlish collegian that I knew, and this Consul-General, nearly alone in the heart of the Balkans, surrounded by men still red-handed with Christian blood and thirsting to shed his, yet calmly compelling them by the pure force of his will to do his bidding. A few years ago, when his active career was nearly over, I saw him in Boston. Naturally we talked of what he had done, and, in answer to a remark of mine in reference to this change in him which I have noted, he said: "In all my journeyings I never mounted my horse in the morning without a shudder of terror." So, after all, the natural timidity, the constitutional shrinking from hardship and peril, was still there, but kept under by his will. Just as he mastered the Uzbek, the Bokhariot, and the Turk, so he compelled his fears to yield to his determination to extend the bounds of knowledge at one time, to bring aid to an oppressed people at another. From that day I have regarded Eugene Schuyler as the bravest man whom I have ever known.—James Hubbard, in the Nation.

THE ROMANCE OF THE IMPOSSIBLE.

FICTION, which flies at all game, has latterly taken to the impossible as its quarry. The pursuit is interesting and edifying, if one goes properly equipped, and with adequate skill. But if due care is not exercised, the impossible turns upon the hunter, and grinds him to powder. It is a very dangerous and treacherous kind of wild-fowl. The conditions of its existence—if existence can be predicated of that which does not exist—are so peculiar and abstruse that only genius is really capable of taming it and leading it captive. But the capture, when it is made, is so delightful and fascinating that every tyro would like to try. One is reminded of the princess of the fairy-tale, who was to be won on certain preposterous terms, and if the terms were not met, the discomfited suitor lost his head. Many misguided or overweening youths perished: at last the one succeeded. Failure in a romance of the impossible is apt to be a disastrous failure; on the other hand, success carries great rewards. Of course, the idea is not a new one. The writings of the alchemists are stories of the impossible. The fashion has never been entirely extinct. Balzac wrote the "Peau de Chagrin," and probably this tale is as good a one as was ever written of that kind. The possessor of the skin may have everything he wishes for; but each wish causes the skin to shrink, and when it is all gone the wisher is annihilated along with it. By the art of the writer, this impossible thing is made to appear quite feasible; by touching the chords of coincidence and fatality, the reader's common sense is soothed to sleep. We feel that all this might be, and yet no natural law be violated; and yet we know that such a thing never was and never will be. But the vitality of the story, as of all good stories of the sort, is due to the fact that it is the symbol of a spiritual verity; the life of indulgence, the selfish life, destroys the soul. This psychic truth is so deeply felt that its sensible embodiment is rendered plausible. In the case of another famous romance—"Frankenstein"—the technical art is entirely wanting; a worse story, from a literary point of view, has seldom been written. But the soul of it, so to speak, is so potent and obvious that, although no one actually reads the book nowadays, everybody knows the gist of the idea. "Frankenstein" has entered into the language, for it utters a perpetual truth of human nature. At the present moment, the most conspicuous success in the line we are considering is Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The author's literary skill, in that awful little parable, is at its best, and makes the most of every point. To my thinking, it is an artistic mistake to describe Hyde's transformation as actually taking place in plain sight of the audience; the sense of spiritual mystery is thereby lost, and a mere brute miracle takes its place. But the tale is strong enough to carry this imperfection, and the moral significance of it is so catholic—it so comes home to every soul that considers it—that it has already made an ineffaceable impression on the public mind. Every man is his own Jekyll and Hyde, only without the magic power. On the book-shelf of the impossible, Mr. Stevenson's book may take its place beside Balzac's.—Julian Hawthorne, in Lippincott's Magazine for September.

MATRIMONY AND THE STATE.

Two reasons only are ever given by those who hold that divorce should never be granted. The first is a supernatural, theological reason. It either assumes to know what God meant as to marriage, and that any departure from this divine intention will incur His anger; or else it assumes a knowledge of some metaphysical relation of soul to soul, a failure to recognize which will prove disastrous. So those who hold one or both of these convictions are ready to say that any or all present happiness or appa-

rent well-being should be sacrificed in view of these higher considerations. But these two reasons, whether true or not, are only matters of "faith" or of private conviction. Besides, they are considerations which concern other states of existence. Important as they may be to the souls that hold these beliefs, they do not concern the present social order. They are, therefore, completely beyond the province of secular government. They are matters purely of ethics or of religion. The only other reason left for claiming that the state has a right to forbid all divorce, for any cause, is the allegation that social welfare demands it. And this is the only ground on which the state has a right to touch the matter in any way whatsoever. What, then, is the interest of the state in the conduct of its citizens? This means: What is my interest in the condition and conduct of my neighbour? It certainly can not be for my interest to have him miserable, to have his life darkened and his power crippled. If he is healthy and happy, if he supports himself and is prosperous in his work, if he keeps his contracts and carries the burdens that belong to him to carry—if he does all this, of what have I a right to complain? So long as he does not injure me, I have no right to impose on him any peculiar ideas I may happen to hold, any more than he has to impose his on me. Society, then, is manifestly in the best condition when the largest possible number of the individuals that compose it are well, just, prosperous, kindly, and happy. If I help to compel my neighbour to continue in relations that hinder all these, do I not so far injure society and not help it? It is, of course, assumed that social purity is a condition of social health, prosperity, and happiness. But if statistics can prove anything, they prove that absolute prohibition of divorce does not conduce to social purity. To compel men and women to live in conditions which they hate is only to put a premium on hidden relations outside these bonds. No one familiar with the facts has ever dared to claim that the level of social purity is higher in countries where divorces are not permitted. The no-divorce-for-any-cause-party holds its dogma in spite of social facts, and generally on theological or metaphysical grounds. Even though it be proved that divorces have increased in number, let it be remembered that this is not the same as proving that immorality has increased. This assumption is too readily taken for granted. I, for one, do not believe it. I have lived in California, in the interior States, and in New England; I have had this matter in mind in my observations; and I do not now recall a single case of divorce, of which I have personally known, that did not seem to me justifiable. On the other hand, I have known many marriages of which I cannot say as much. I have also seen many cases of continued living together that did not seem to me justified by any consideration drawn from this world.—Rev. M. J. Savage, in the Forum for September.

TOLSTOI'S FALSE VIEWS OF WOMEN.

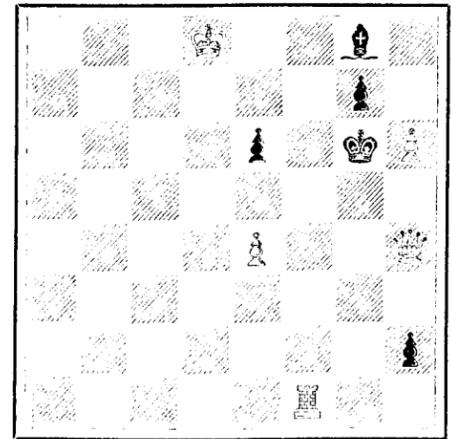
THE story of "The Kreutzer Sonata" seems to have been written for the purpose of showing that woman is at fault; that she has no right to be attractive, no right to be beautiful; and that she is morally responsible for the contour of her throat, for the pose of her body, for the symmetry of her limbs, for the red of her lips, and for the dimples in her cheeks. The opposite of this doctrine is nearer true. It would be far better to hold people responsible for their ugliness than for their beauty. It may be true that the soul, the mind, in some wondrous way fashions the body, and that to that extent every individual is responsible for his looks. It may be that the man or woman thinking high thoughts will give, necessarily, a nobility to expression and a beauty to outline. It is not true that the sins of man can be laid justly at the feet of woman. Women are better than men; they have greater responsibilities; they bear the burdens of joy. This is the real reason why their faults are considered greater. Men and women desire each other, and this desire is a condition of civilization, progress, and happiness, and of everything of real value. But there is this profound difference in the sexes; in man this desire is the foundation of love, while in woman love is the foundation of this desire. Although I disagree with nearly every sentence in the "Sonata," regard the story as brutal and absurd, the view of life presented as cruel, vile, and false, yet I recognize the right of Count Tolstoi to express his opinions on all subjects, and the right of men and women of America to read for themselves. As to the sincerity of Count Tolstoi, there is not the slightest doubt. He is willing to give all that he has for the good of his fellow-men. He is a soldier in what he believes to be a sacred cause, and he has the courage of his convictions. He is endeavouring to organize society in accordance with the most radical utterances that have been attributed to Jesus Christ, but the philosophy of Palestine is not adapted to an industrial and commercial age. Christianity was born when the nation that produced it was dying. It was a requiem—a declaration that life was a failure, that the world was about to end, and that the hopes of mankind should be lifted to another sphere. Tolstoi stands with his back to the sunrise and looks mournfully upon the shadow. He has uttered many tender, noble, and inspiring words. There are many passages in his works that must have been written when his eyes were filled with tears. He has fixed his gaze so intently on the miseries and agonies of life that he has been driven to the conclusion that nothing could be better than the effacement of the human race.—Col. R. G. Ingersoll, in North American Review for September.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 497.

By G. CHOCOLOUS.

BLACK.



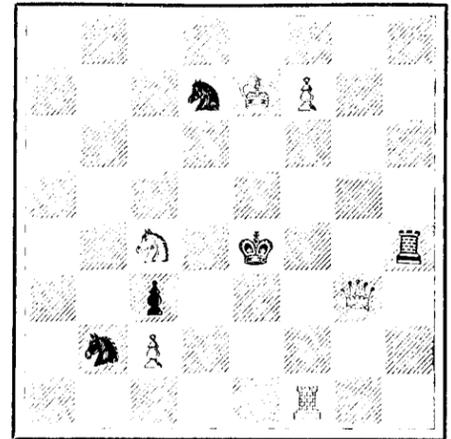
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 498.

By DR. GOLD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 491.

- | | |
|---------------|------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Q-KKt2 | 1. R-R7 |
| 2. Q-QKt7 | 2. P-B5 |
| 3. Q x P mate | |
| | if 1. P-Q6 |
| 2. Q-Q2 | moves |
| 3. Q-R5 mate | |

With other variations.

No. 492.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. B-B6 | 1. Q x B |
| 2. Q x Q + | 2. Kt-B6 |
| 3. Q x Kt mate. | |
| | if 1. Kt-K5 |
| 2. Q-B1 + | Q-Kt8 |
| 3. B x Kt mate | |

With other variations.

GAME PLAYED AT CHICAGO,

June 9th, 1890, Between J. W. Showalter, of Kentucky, and Chas. W. Phillips, of Chicago, and late of the Toronto Chess Club. EVANS GAMBIT DECLINED.

- | | |
|-------------|-----------|
| SHOWALTER. | PHILLIPS. |
| White. | Black. |
| 1. P-K4 | P-K4 |
| 2. Kt-KB3 | Kt-QB3 |
| 3. B-B4 | B-B4 |
| 4. P-QKt4 | B-Kt3 |
| 5. Castles | P-Q3 |
| 6. P-QB3 | Kt-KB3 |
| 7. P-QR4 | P-QR3 |
| 8. P-QR5 | B-R2 |
| 9. P-Q3 | B-K3 |
| 10. B x B | P x B |
| 11. Q-Kt3 | Q-Q2 |
| 12. Kt-Kt5 | Kt-Q1 |
| 13. K-R1 | P-R3 |
| 14. Kt-R3 | Castles |
| 15. P-KB4 | Kt-Kt5 |
| 16. Kt-Q2 | P x P |
| 17. Kt-KB3 | B-K6 |
| 18. Kt-R4 | B x B |
| 19. QR x B | P-KKt4 |
| 20. Kt-B5 | K-R2 |
| 21. Kt-Q4 | Kt-K6 |
| 22. KR-B2 | P-K4 |
| 23. Kt-B2 | Kt x Kt |
| 24. Q x Kt | P-Kt5 |
| 25. Kt-Kt1 | Kt-K3 |
| 26. Kt-K2 | R-KKt1 |
| 27. P-Q4 | Q-K2 |
| 28. P-Q5 | Kt-Kt4 |
| 29. P-QB4 | QR-KB1 |
| 30. Kt-KKt3 | Q-KB2 |
| 31. Kt-B5 | P-Q-Kt3 |
| 32. P-QB5 | Q-R4 |
| 33. P-Kt3 | Kt-B6 |
| 34. B x P | QB x P |
| 35. Q-B7 + | R-B2 |
| 36. Q x QP | R x Kt |
| 37. P x R | P x KtP |
| 38. QR-B2 | R-Kt2 |
| 39. P-B6 | Kt x RP |
| 40. K-Kt1 | R-B2 |
| 41. Q-K6 | Kt-B6 + |
| 42. R x Kt | P x R |
| 43. Resigns | |

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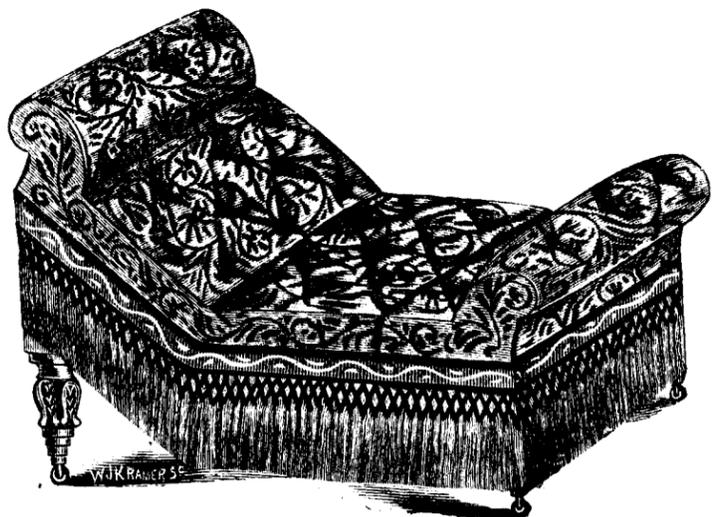
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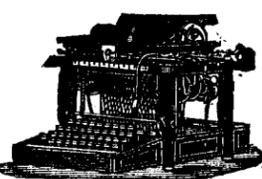
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