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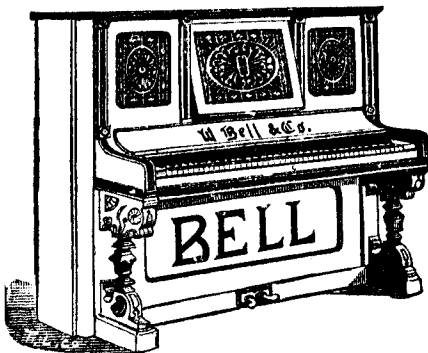
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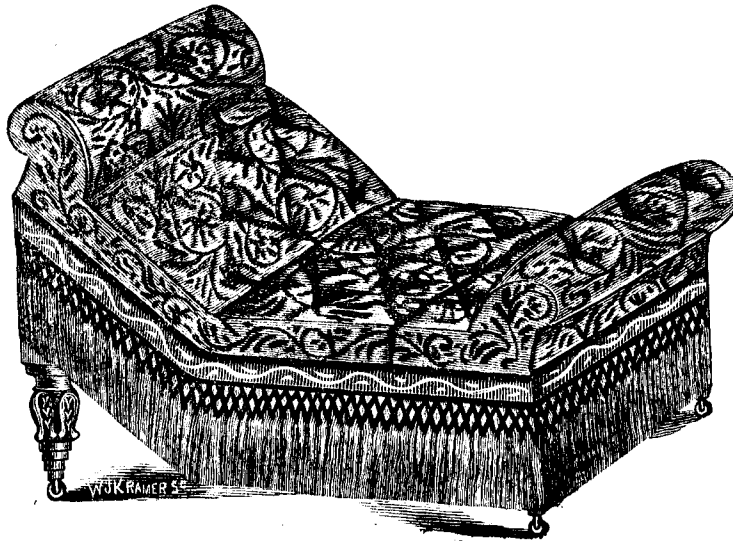
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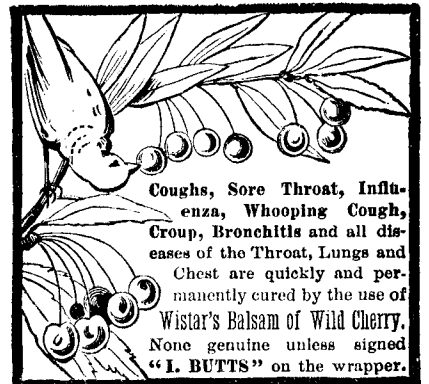
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

WE are glad to see that the *Manitoba Free Press* now clearly affirms the right of the people of Manitoba to "demand and insist" upon the abolition of the dual system of schools, if they are convinced that that system is not in the public interest. It is prepared to go as far in upholding the right of local self-government in purely local concerns as *THE WEEK*. So far, good. The question of the character and motives of the Greenway Government is one into which we do not propose to enter. We have no brief for the defence of that Government. We cannot forget that it resolutely and effectively solved the railway monopoly problem, and so far deserves well of the people who are reaping the benefit of that deliverance. In the future it must stand or fall by its doings. No Government can live long upon its past. The only remaining question at issue between the *Free Press* and *THE WEEK* is that of the mode in which the Government should set about the reform it has at present in hand. The *Free Press* admits that the Manitoba Legislature has power "to repeal any Act it has enacted." "It can repeal the Manitoba School Act to-morrow." But the *Free Press* thinks it would do no good to do so, seeing that the Constitution safeguards Separate Schools in the Province. Well, that is, as we have before seen, begging the question, or at least one of the questions, at issue. That the Constitution safeguards the right of appeal against their abolition we admit. That right cannot be taken away. If it is used, the constitutional issue will be tried at Ottawa, where the battle would have to be fought out in any case. Granting, for argument's sake only, that it would have been better for Manitoba to proceed in the way the *Free Press* suggests, regardless of past experience, the inevitable delays and the probability, amounting almost to certainty, that heroic measures would have had to be resorted to in the end, as in the Monopoly case, the question would still remain, whether it can be constitutionally wrong for a Government and Legislature to do that which they have a constitutional right to do. That is bringing the matter to so fine a point that we had perhaps better leave it to be decided at Ottawa or Downing street.

WHETHER the unexpected smallness of the Government majority in the first division at Ottawa was accidental or the result of a wish on the part of Government supporters to shirk the issue, is not quite clear. The former is more probable. The debate preceding the vote

seems to have been marked by the inconclusiveness of the reasoning on both sides touching the question at issue. The figures showing how trivial and insignificant is the amount of duty refunded the brewers as a drawback on exported products put in an almost ridiculous light the arguments of those members who made this drawback the basis of attack on the Government policy. But, on the other hand, it might have been retorted, we do not know whether it was or not, upon those supporters of the Government who used this argument that it was hardly worth while to continue an objectionable and apparently unfair distinction for so paltry a result. The same paltriness might also be urged as a proof of the failure of the National Policy, which was the real object of attack, to build up an export trade. A similar weakness is observable in the argument drawn from statistics to show that the farmers, in whose interests the motion was ostensibly made, import so little corn that the drawback asked for on their behalf would be practically worthless. Evidently a true test-question would be, not how much corn is now imported for stock-feeding purposes, but how much would be imported were the duty removed or offset with a drawback. The battle was clearly drawn, and the conditions were such that the combatants might have gone on to fight interminably, each valiantly defending his own position, but neither approaching the other near enough for an actual crossing of swords. The real tariff battle is yet to come.

MR. MULOCK did well, before submitting for the adoption of the Commons his formal protestation of loyalty to the British Queen and constitution, to eliminate the useless pledges with respect to the future. The men of to-day have to do with the things of to-day. Future issues may wisely be left for their descendants, who will no doubt be quite capable of dealing with them. Mr. Mulock also showed tact and good taste in the speech with which he supported his resolution, and which did much to secure its unanimous adoption. We still beg leave to doubt whether the resolution was necessary, or even expedient, but when its meaning and object were explained no loyal member of the Commons—and are they not all sworn loyalists?—could refuse to vote for it. That it will have the effect intended, in disabusing the minds of American statesmen of the notion that Canada is pining for annexation—if, indeed, there be such statesmen—may be doubted. The American politicians for whose enlightenment it was particularly intended are too much politicians to overrate the significance of such a vote. As a matter of fact, it may be doubted whether many of them take so deep an interest in the affairs of Canada, or are so desirous of securing her annexation, as some of the speeches to the resolution seem to suppose. As to the American people, there is not, so far as we are aware, any good reason for believing that the majority know or think much of Canada or of Canadian destiny. Those of them who may do so will not, as a rule, be much the wiser for the Commons' action, as their papers seem generally either not to have observed or to have ignored the resolution. But aside from all questions of fact and expediency, what seems to us most remarkable in connection with the affair was Sir John A. Macdonald's alleged hearty endorsement of the sentiment that Annexation would be preferable to Independence for Canada. This, it is true, is but a reassertion of a view which he is said to have openly expressed on a former occasion. One can but wish he had seen fit to give his reasons for so singular a preference. The belief, which he probably holds in common with many, that Canada would be unable to maintain an independent existence, does not justify it, since the worst that could befall her in making the trial would be ultimate absorption in the American Union. It would surely be less ignoble to attempt a nationality and fail after brave and strenuous effort, than to commit what Mr. Mulock well described as "political suicide," through a cowardly fear to attempt an independent career. And then is it not true that one of the strongest arguments for the present confederation, both at home and in England, was the ambition to build up a strong Canadian nation? And what is the Imperial Federation, for which some are so earnestly striving, but a movement for independence in another form, with, we venture to say, obstacles no less formidable to encounter? As we have before pointed out,

it would be but mockery on the part of Great Britain to offer her colonies partnership in a federation without first putting them in a position in which they would feel free either to accept or decline the offer. A federation, some of whose members were not free agents in entering it, would be a contradiction in terms.

HOWEVER widely we may differ from some of its statements and conclusions, Mr. Goldwin Smith's Address before the Nineteenth Century Club of New York, at its recent meeting, is a most interesting and able review of the situation, and will repay careful reading by the thoughtful citizens of either Canada or the United States. The majority of such readers will, we think, agree with us that Mr. Smith seriously underestimates the diversities of social and political structure and other divisive influences which operate against the union which he regards as manifest destiny, and at the same time seriously overestimates the strength of the forces which draw in the direction of such union. We have not space to do more than suggest a careful examination of the argument from these two points of view. One fact incidentally mentioned by Mr. Smith is very suggestive. British-Canadians settled in the United States are, he admits, generally opposed to political union. Has not this fact its origin in a sentiment lying much deeper than mere resentment aroused by the flings of the American press? Is it not rooted in a fixed conviction that Canadian institutions are politically, socially and morally preferable to those of the United States? But why spend so much time and energy in the discussion of an event which it is admitted on all hands is beyond the bounds of possibility for long years to come? Why should the Canadians of to-day too curiously peer into the dim future, or be greatly anxious to know what course may be deemed best by the next or a succeeding generation? Sufficient unto the day are the difficulties and anxieties thereof. Nothing that we can do can possibly deprive the statesmen and people of twenty-five or fifty years hence of the power and the right to shape their own political destiny. Even could the advocates of Imperial Federation succeed in inducing the Canadians of the present day to take upon themselves the heavy burdens which are inseparable from partnership in the Empire, they could not possibly prevent their children or grandchildren from throwing off the yoke should it be found uncomfortable or oppressive. If, indeed, as Mr. Goldwin Smith hinted, it were true that union with the United States is Canadian destiny, or if the various tides of tendency setting in that direction are too strong to be permanently resisted, the pressure of federation in the Empire would rather hasten than retard the consummation. We may just add to these desultory references to a most important subject that, touching the Independence movement, Mr. Smith, like almost every opponent of that movement, overlooks one consideration which has a vital relation to the argument. How do these speakers and writers, while admitting the greatness of Canada's resources and potentialities, account for the fact that she has lagged so far behind her neighbour in population and material development? Did not Mr. Sol White, Mayor of Windsor—who, by the way, if the statement made the other day in the Commons may be relied on, is not correctly described as a "unionist of the most pronounced type"—touch an important point, if he said, as reported, that "the fact of Canada being a dependency of Great Britain has militated seriously against the country, in turning the tide of European emigration from Canada to the United States?" It is unnecessary, in our opinion, to emphasize the words "of Great Britain," or even to include them at all. But can any one doubt that the fact of Canada's being a dependency, while her next-door neighbour is a nation, has done more than anything else to turn the tide of European, yes, even of British emigration from her doors? Admit it, and what follows?

A NEW YORK correspondent gives us in another column an interesting *resumé* of Mr. Rives' keen and critical presentation of the Annexation and Commercial Union questions before the Nineteenth Century Club, from the point of view of an American Statesman. It may do those among us who are so sure that Cousin Jonathan is being consumed with an unquenchable passion for the absorption

of Canada no harm to look at the matter from Mr. Rives' point of view. His comparison of the respective debt-burdens of the two countries is rather startling. We have not the means at hand for testing the accuracy of his figures, and his *data* are not given, but assuming their correctness, the fact should certainly "give us pause." His comparison of the Dominion with the State of Pennsylvania is well adapted to remind us that our resources are, relatively speaking, in a singularly undeveloped state. Mr. Rives also sets the difficulties in the way of Commercial Union in a very clear and strong light. Mr. Goldwin Smith's address, Mr. Rives' analysis of the situation and Mr. Smith's reply together contain matter enough to employ the best Canadian minds for a good while to come. Is it, or is it not true that Canada's paucity of population, and the undeveloped state of her resources are, as Mr. Goldwin Smith explained, due to her commercial isolation? If so, how is that isolation to be brought to an end, and a healthful stimulating business intercourse with our neighbours and the outside world to be gained in its place? If, as Mr. Rives declares, "interest and sentiment are in the balance," if, in other words, the loss of all hope of independent national existence is the price Canadians will have to pay for access to the markets of the continent, the reply unmistakably is that Canada's choice is already made. She will not sell her individuality for any commercial advantages whatever. If annexation is the only condition on which she can be admitted to trade more freely with her neighbour, then she must do as best she can without such trade. Such is clearly her present conclusion. But why should Mr. Rives assume that we are shut up to these alternatives? Why should he fail to take account of the possibility of the two peoples freely trading with one another without either a political or commercial union? They have done so before to a large extent, with mutual profit. Why does he quietly ignore the fact that the freest mutual intercourse would be no less beneficial to the United States than to Canada, and that it is possible for his country to possess it, without either becoming responsible for Canada's heavier debt, or limiting her freedom in tariff legislation by any system of Commercial Union? The great fallacy that seems to underlie the discussion to a very large extent, is the tacit assumption that the opening of markets to another country is purely and simply a *giving* process. May it not with equal justice be regarded as a taking process, seeing that the United States cannot give us her markets without taking our products, and greatly profiting by the transaction? The fact that while enriching her own people she will also be enriching her neighbours, ought not to weigh unfavourably with a great and magnanimous nation. The richer and more populous Canada becomes the better for her next door neighbour, and *vice-versa* if they but act the neighbourly part.

LAWS many and stringent have been from time to time enacted or proposed for the prevention of bribery at elections. As a rule these have been designed to guard against the corrupt acts of private individuals acting on behalf of one or other of the candidates. The bill which Mr. Charlton is now introducing in the Commons is perhaps the first in recent times which has for its distinct and avowed object the prevention of bribery by the Government of the day. The aim of the Bill is to enact that a promise by a candidate of a railway, or of a railway bonus, or of a public work; the grant of money for such enterprises within ten months of an election; or the offer or pledge by a Cabinet Minister within ten months of an election to make such grants, shall be deemed a corrupt act, and shall render the election of the ministerial candidate void. We have on former occasions expressed our conviction that the subtle form of bribery aimed at in this Bill is by far more powerful in corrupting the public morals, and more dangerous to popular liberties under democratic institutions, than any form of corruption of a private and personal character can possibly become. It is a bribery of constituencies, and thus may be made to operate by wholesale. It appeals to the most selfish and politically unworthy motives, and thus tends to degrade public spirit, destroy patriotism and convert the whole business of self-government into a game of grab. That this system is now practised by the Dominion Government, and to a smaller extent, perhaps, by the local Governments, that it has been reduced almost to a system, few will care to dispute. The danger it threatens to the future of the commonwealth can hardly be over-estimated. Once let the sense of honour of the constituencies become debauched, and an unscrupulous Government could maintain itself in power indefinitely, and rule at its own sweet

will, so long at least as it could succeed in collecting funds enough from the people to enable it to carry out the system. The evil is no imaginary one in Canada. Without provoking the charge of partisanship from one party or the other by attempting to particularize, we may venture to assert that there is no one of our intelligent readers, who has paid any attention to the subject, who does not know that there are many constituencies in which the first and crucial question, whether in a Dominion or Provincial election, is, What will the Government do for us if we elect its candidate? or, What will it refuse to do for us if we fail to elect him? The spending of a sum of money in the constituency, or even the promise to spend it, is too often sufficient to decide the course of a sufficient number of expectant electors to turn the scales in the direction required. The public will watch with curious eyes to see what attitude the Ottawa Government will take in the matter. Of course the Opposition will support the measure. There will be no great proof of virtue in their doing so, until, at least, their prospects of capturing the Treasury benches are much more promising than they now appear to be. But how about the Government and its supporters? The Bill puts them in a dilemma—was no doubt designed to do so. If they really wish to use no corrupt or undue pressure of the kind indicated, they can hardly object to the proposed enactment. Opposition to it will naturally engender or confirm suspicion. And yet it would be by no means pleasant for them to accept at the hands of the Opposition a measure so evidently aimed at themselves. The proudest and most admirable position they could take would be to say, "We repudiate the insinuation but accept the Bill, and will help to make it as stringent and effective as possible." We hope they will do so.

WHATEVER conclusions in other respects may be drawn from Mr. Van Horne's letter to Mayor Clarke, touching the viaduct scheme and related railway questions, on one point there can be no room for doubt. It is clear that both the citizens generally, and those officially appointed to guard their interests in particular, have in the past been singularly short-sighted. It is now well nigh incredible that less than five years ago the city should have tacitly consented to the series of operations by which the Canadian Pacific Railway Company proceeded to carry out their grand design for securing almost complete possession and control of the most important part of the water front of this growing city. It would indeed seem as if the magnificent achievements of that Company in building its trans-continental line, and the stupendous boldness of its plan for monopolizing the water-front, had combined to throw a glamour over the minds of mayor, aldermen and citizens, depriving them, for the time being, of their ordinary perception and foresight. It is but too evident that, now that all have come to their senses, they will have to pay pretty dearly for their temporary hallucination. Into the merits of Mr. Van Horne's contentions, we shall not attempt to enter. The points made are so numerous, and involve so many difficult questions, both technical and legal, that the most serious consideration of those specially qualified for such investigations will be needed to guide the city through the labyrinth. It is passing strange that so wide a divergence should be possible between the estimates of two bodies of men, equally well qualified, one would suppose, as to the cost of carrying out the proposed viaduct scheme. The reply of those who prepared the estimates for the citizen's committee will be awaited with interest. Even the most unexpert may, however, readily surmise that many of the factors which enter into Mr. Van Horne's startling product will be found to dwindle very sensibly on close scrutiny. It is noticeable, too, that he takes little account, seemingly, of the very valuable property and franchise which the carrying out of the viaduct scheme will bring into the possession of the city, the new sources of income it will make available and the appreciation of the values of the properties benefited which will surely result. But whatever the cost and difficulty in honourably undoing what has been wrongly done in the past, and whatever the expense of carrying out a comprehensive scheme for the future, on one point the citizens will now be all of one mind. They will, surely, be agreed that the city, and the city alone, must have control of the water-front and the means of access to it, both from city and lake, and that nothing in the shape of monopoly or exclusive control of any of the avenues of approach shall be granted to any private company or interest, on any consideration. To insist on less than this would be recreancy to their own interests and a culpable betrayal of the interests of the coming generation.

THE Bill introduced by Mr. Hall in the Quebec Legislature, providing for the admission of holders of a B.A. degree from a British or Canadian University to the study of the liberal professions without examination will afford a good test of the Liberalism of Premier Mercier and his Government. The boast is often made on behalf of the Quebec majority that its treatment of the English-speaking minority is of the most fair and liberal character. It seems impossible that it can be seriously, or at least honestly contended that the degree of such an institution as McGill is not as good a guarantee of fitness to enter upon the study of law or medicine, as one granted by any French-Canadian University, or as an examination conducted by the representatives of a Law or Medical Society. The fact, for such we presume it is, that at a recent meeting of the Montreal bar, a majority of more than two to one voted against the principle of Mr. Hall's Bill, is of bad omen for its success in the Legislature, especially as the majority seems to have been mainly or entirely composed of all the French-Canadian barristers present, with three honourable exceptions. Yet it is perhaps not unreasonable to expect the people's representatives in the Legislature, drawn from various classes, and accustomed to look on different sides of public questions, to be able to take a somewhat wider view of such a matter than the average members of the professions affected. An Episcopalian Doctor of Divinity, speaking at the recent Installation of the pastors of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, compared the denominational newspapers of the time to the convicts whom he sometimes addressed in the penitentiaries, who were so hooded that they could see only in one direction, and were quite unable to look around them. The simile might, with at least equal force, be applied to the members of any profession, not excepting that to which the reverend critic himself belongs, in any case in which the customs, traditions or supposed interests of that profession are involved. But, be the case as it may with the members of the Quebec Legislature and Council, there can be no doubt that Mr. Mercier's influence would, if thrown on the side of fair-play Liberalism, easily secure the desired reform and cause the students of Protestant and Catholic Colleges to be placed upon the same footing in regard to the study of the learned professions. The course of the Quebec Premier and his Cabinet in the matter will be watched with curiosity and interest.

IT seems to be pretty generally agreed that when the charter of the Toronto Street Railway lapses, the city will take this profitable business into its own hands, either to be carried on as a department directly under civic management, or to be leased on some juster and more remunerative plan. It is not likely that so large a business could well be carried on by the city under the present municipal system, but if the better organization for which we hope should be effected, it is not easy to see why an efficient management could not be provided, to the great gain of the citizens. A little pamphlet, with the expressive title, "Mostly Fools," has lately been issued in New York, which contains some hints and lessons it would be well for the people of Toronto to think about, before again handing over this or any other natural monopoly to private individuals. The writer well says that the principle upon which great fortunes are built is that "to take thousands of dollars from the few is well, but to take pennies from the millions is better." As an example of the manner in which great monopolies are generally worked, when once secured, the writer takes the Manhattan Railway Company. Its gross earnings last year were \$9,080,000; its operating expenses, \$5,422,000; leaving a net profit of \$3,658,000. To conceal the enormous proportions of this profit two companies, having each a capital stock of \$6,500,000 were merged into one, with a capital stock, not of \$13,000,000, but of \$26,000,000. "In the arithmetic of monopolists two and two make eight, not four." Had this road, says the author, been built by an honest commission representing the city, it would have cost not to exceed \$16,000,000, and the interest upon this—as New York borrows at three per cent.—would have been \$480,000 a year. Deducting this amount from the \$3,658,000 they now pay, "there remains a balance of \$3,178,000, which is the sum the people now pay for the privilege of riding through their own streets." This, as the *Christian Union*, from which these particulars are taken, says, amounts to "a tax of one and three-fourths cents on each ride, or of \$10.50 (a week's wages) a year to every workman or working girl who uses the road twice a day." The case in Toronto is not so bad as that, but the difference is one of degree only. Why should not the people of the city see to it that they have the privilege of riding on their own

streets at cost and charges, or have at least the benefit of the accruing profits? Are not modern intelligence and business ability equal to the task of bringing this about?

THE death of Senator John Macdonald deprives the city of Toronto of one of its wealthiest and most public-spirited citizens, and the Dominion of Canada of one of the most high-minded and exemplary men in its public life. Senator Macdonald's business career affords a conspicuous and stimulating example of the success which may be achieved by strict sterling integrity, combined with energetic devotion to a chosen pursuit. In his public life as a member for some years of the House of Commons, and latterly of the Dominion Senate, his course uniformly marked him as one of a class, unhappily far too small, with whom conviction of right is a stronger obligation than allegiance to party, and who disdain the tricks and wiles of the professional politician. Though earnestly, we might almost say enthusiastically, devoted to business, Mr. Macdonald yet found time for mental cultivation. His reading was extensive and well chosen, his general information wide, and his intelligence of an order above the common. He was himself a ready, clear, and not ungraceful writer, and some of his productions will continue to exert no small influence, as the products of a keenly observant and practical and at the same time reflective mind. In all the relations of domestic and social life Mr. Macdonald's spirit and conduct were exemplary. His reputation for honourable dealing and personal integrity was, we believe, unsullied even by the breath of scandal.

THE publication of the text of the new Extradition Treaty, which has been agreed on by representatives of the Governments of Great Britain and the United States and now awaits ratification by the American Senate, shows that, while the list of extraditable offences will be greatly enlarged under its operation, there will still remain crimes of great turpitude, and of not infrequent commission, which do not come within its scope. The absence from the list of criminal offences against the persons of women and girls is particularly noticeable. It would be intolerable that the perpetrator of such brutality as that lately committed upon the person of a little girl in this city should be able to escape the penalty due to his crime by making good his escape across the border. Considerable comment has been caused by the singular fact that while the proposed treaty provides for the surrender of persons guilty of "assault on board a ship on the high seas with intent to do grievous bodily harm," no mention is made of crimes of the same character committed upon land. In view of the length of time during which the subject has been under consideration it is pretty certain that such omissions have been made designedly, though what can be the nature of the considerations which have led to such exceptional results the unpartisan and unofficial mind is unable to conjecture. It is hoped and expected that the prompt approval of this new treaty, or rather new supplement to the old treaty of 1842, for that is the shape in which it is submitted, will be given by the Republican Senate. In that case the object had in view by the British Government in withholding assent to the Weldon Bill, pending negotiations, will have been attained. So far as we can see there can then be no objection to the enactment of a new Bill by the Canadian Parliament, providing for the surrender of all foreign criminals not extraditable under the treaty, whose presence in the Dominion as fugitives from justice is objectionable and prejudicial to national morality. Such legislation need not interfere in any way with the proper carrying out of the provisions of the treaty, and could not, so far as we can see, be displeasing to either the British or the American Government. It would, on the other hand, not only be directly promotive of the highest ends of justice and in keeping with the objects of the framers of the treaty, but would set an excellent example of a far more simple, straightforward and effective mode of dealing with the subject than any which is, so far as we are aware, at present in vogue between neighbouring nations.

THE proposal of the British Government to devote the larger part of Mr. Goschen's four-million surplus to making education free in the elementary schools, laudable as it appears at first thought, seems likely to evoke hostility from opposite points of the political compass. The high Tories are said to be bitterly opposed to the measure, ostensibly on the ground that it tends to pauperize the masses. These, it is argued, might just as properly be supplied with free food as with free education.

This objection comes with rather a bad grace from those whose whole treatment of the lower classes is little more than a system of tips and doles and poor-house charities. The objection becomes exceptionally feeble in view of the fact that tens of thousands of the children whom the existing School Act forces into the schools are now receiving free breakfasts and dinners at the hands of public and private charities. It does not seem to require any very vigorous exercise of the logical faculty to perceive that free tuition is the clear corollary of compulsory education. Nor should it be difficult to show that free tuition for all—that is, tuition for all paid for out of the taxes of all—is far less likely to be injurious to the spirit of national independence and self-help than the charity which pays the school fees of those who declare themselves unable to pay, thus fostering the real spirit of pauperism in large classes. In fact, it is scarcely necessary to quote the experience of other countries to prove that to give the people free education as a right purchased with their own money, and to put all classes on an equality in regard to it, is one of the most effective means of raising the poorer classes above the condition and spirit of pauperism. The argument against the proposed scheme, derived from the fact that the larger part of the money will go to the Church, or so-called "voluntary" schools, is less easily disposed of, especially if, as is alleged, and as seems highly probable, the effect will be in many cases to perpetuate poorly equipped and inferior schools which, but for this relief, would have shortly given way to the better equipped and more efficient Board schools. The denial of religious liberty and equality involved in these State-aided, sectarian schools is already keenly felt as an injustice; and the further subsidizing of them from the public funds, without putting any restraint upon the notoriously sectarian character of much of their teaching, will arouse the most determined opposition of the Nonconformists. Whether it will be an act of wisdom, or of judicial blindness, on the part of the Government, to give this added impetus to the forces which are making for disestablishment, the future may reveal.

THE ENGLISH MINORITY IN QUEBEC. IV.

THE PARISH-MUNICIPALITY OF STE. BARBE.

THE County of Huntingdon forms part of the Eastern Townships of this Province, and was granted out originally in free and common socage; though now, as we have seen, it is subject to the same law as if granted in *franc aleu roturier*. Within this county, in the year 1827, the Roman Bishop erected the township of Godmanchester on its northern border into a canonical parish, under the name of St. Anicet. That was before the days of municipalities and of the municipal code. In 1845 the foundations of our municipal system were laid by the Act 8 Vic., cap. 40. This statute contained two clauses bearing upon the precise question at issue. It recites that "inasmuch as in certain parts of Lower Canada there are parishes legally established as such for the Roman and Protestant communions respectively, the limits whereof do not coincide with, or which include parts of several townships." At that early date then there were ecclesiastical parishes in the townships. The Act then provides that "the Governor-General in Council shall have power from time to time to define by proclamation the boundaries which are to circumscribe any tract which is to form a municipality, either by declaring by proclamation a Roman Catholic or a Protestant parish to be a municipality, or by uniting two parishes or a part of a parish to another parish, or divers parts of parishes or townships to each other, etc." Under our present system the Lieut.-Governor in Council performs these functions before any canonical parish is civilly recognized.

Under this statute, in 1845, the parish of St. Anicet was civilly recognized as a municipality, and delimited from the remainder of the township of Godmanchester. It extended along the south shore of Lake St. Francis, from the seigniory of Beauharnois, westward towards the boundary at Dundee. It was settled mainly by English-speaking farmers, some of whom are Roman Catholics, along the ridge of fertile land which immediately borders upon the lake. Later, in 16 Vic., chap. 101, it was expressly declared to be a *parish municipality* among others named, and that was repeated when, a few years afterwards the Act was amended; and again, in 1857, when the statutes were all consolidated. In support of the opinion that tithes cannot be levied upon land granted under the English tenure it is stated that none were claimed in this parish until 1850. However that may have happened is non-essential, because the question has been judicially decided to the contrary. Tithes are judicially held to be personal debts due from Roman Catholics throughout the whole extent of the province; in the Eastern Townships as in the old French parishes, and to missionary or moveable curés, as well as to regular curés appointed for life.

In the rear of this strip of fertile land, and at the eastern part of the parish municipality of St. Anicet is a

tract of low swampy barren land called by the farmers "the tea-fields," because of a wild herb which is abundant there, and bears a fancied resemblance to the tea-plant. No one would settle there, for the English farmers considered the tract to be worthless. It was often flooded when the St. Lawrence river was high, and the soil is either peat or a black muck upon clay. The tract belonged formerly to the owner of the adjoining seigniory of Beauharnois. When he sold his seigniory this land came into the market as well and was eventually bought cheap by a man, who stripped it of its wood and then cut it up into farms which, he offered at a very low rate. To the astonishment of the English farmers he sold them. French settlers came in from the adjoining parishes and took up this despised land. They burned the peat upon the soil in dry seasons, and the ashes helped to fertilize it. They laboured on in the patient, contented, frugal way of the Canadian *habitant*, and they did not starve. The whole episode is most characteristic of the genius of the two races. Instead of starving they increased in number, and before long they wanted a church. The neighbouring parish of St. Stanislas was about to rebuild its church in stone, and the people of the "tea-fields" bought the old wooden church cheap, and moved it. Then they applied to the Bishop to be separated canonically from the parish of St. Anicet, and to be erected into a canonical parish under the name of Ste. Barbe; this was done in due course. Then they applied to the Commissioners for civil recognition. The financial questions between the old parish and the new were arranged, and all formalities being complied with, the Commissioners reported in their favour, and the Lieut.-Governor in Council proclaimed Ste. Barbe as a civil parish.

During all this procedure the farmers on the better land at the front were quiescent. No opposition was made, although the boundary of the new parish ran down to the lake, and included the farms of all who lived in the eastern half of St. Anicet. But the people of Ste. Barbe proceeded to organize as a municipality and to elect a Council and a Mayor. The old-country farmers realized then that they composed the minority in a new body, possessing the same powers of taxation as their old parish of St. Anicet. This was brought home to them very keenly when the new Council levied its first assessment, for they then saw that the occupants of the "tea-fields" were a majority, and they feared that possibly they might be called upon to assist in draining those very lands which they held in contempt. In any case taxes for any purposes fell the more heavily upon them, as their land was the more valuable.

Probably the English farmers could have put in a successful opposition at some part of the proceedings if they had rightly understood the municipal code. They relied upon section 32, which provides that the County Council may erect into a parish-municipality any territory included in one or more townships, or parts of townships whether municipalities or not—provided the said territory be a civil parish. In the County Council the English were in the majority, and when the Mayor of Ste. Barbe claimed his seat there it was refused him. The County Council not having concurred in making a municipality of the civil parish in question, and supposing Ste. Barbe to be township land, maintained that there could be no legal Mayor of it, because it was not in fact any more than a civil parish with power of taxation only for ecclesiastical purposes. In the meantime the cattle of the English farmers were seized and sold for the assessments made upon them.

Issue was joined upon the right of the Mayor of Ste. Barbe to sit upon the County Council and judgment went in his favour. For the case fell under the first clause of section 29 of the Code, which states categorically that "every territory erected into a (civil) parish, and situated entirely in one and the same county forms of itself a parish municipality." (The word "civil" must be read in, as provided in the interpretation clause of the Code.) Now as Ste. Barbe had been constituted by the Lieut.-Governor a civil parish, it therefore was necessarily a municipality by the first paragraph of section 29. A mandamus consequently issued and the County Council accepted the Mayor of Ste. Barbe as a member.

The importance of this otherwise obscure case is the strong light which it throws upon the social movements which are now transforming the Province of Quebec. The characteristics of the two races clearly stand out, for the French *habitant* is able to live upon land which an old-country farmer will not touch. It may be that the land is better than the old-country farmers supposed, for the description I have given is taken from the representations they have made in opposing the recognition of the new municipality, and they, no doubt, put the case in the strongest way for themselves. The quality of the land is, however, a side issue, which it is necessary to refer to only because it has been prominently put forward, but it is not essential to the real question. My object has been to get at the legal facts of a case which has greatly disturbed the Protestant minority, and to inquire as to the real grounds for alarm. The case is not nearly so threatening for them as some would make it appear; because, when in 1845 St. Anicet was made a parish municipality by the civil power that territory in its whole extent was withdrawn municipally from the status of township, and the status of parish, then affixed, necessarily adhered to that fragment of it which afterwards became Ste. Barbe. Whatever invasion of the Eastern Townships has been made was then made—made, not by the present French majority in the Province of Quebec, but by the English Governor-General and the Parliament of Old Canada, with its English majority under the old system. If the territory

of Ste. Barbe had formed part of a township municipally the English farmers would have been right, and the first clause of section 29 would have been inoperative; because the last clause of that same section excepts from its operation any part of a territory included in a township, or in any town or village municipality. Consequently the conversion of township land into parish municipalities is still vested in the County Councils of the English counties. No reasonable objection can be urged against the extension of *canonical* parishes of the Roman Church, nor of *civil* parishes for the temporal purposes of that Church in regard to its own members. Any legally organized body, religious or secular, may, for its own purposes, subdivide any territory without giving cause for alarm; but under the present municipal Code, the civil parish cannot become a municipality in territory now organized into townships without the consent of the County Councils. If the French-Canadians obtain a majority on the County Councils they must act as they think best, like any other majority, in the matter of roads and bridges. They cannot tax the minority without taxing themselves, and cases precisely parallel to the "tea-fields" will not be very numerous. There are always inconveniences in being in the minority which must, in an absolutely democratic country like this, be borne in a philosophical manner. Roads and bridges we must have, and police regulations must be made, for the rural districts as well as for the great cities. So long as the work is well done, it is not important whether the majority which does it be French or English, but by the majority it must be done under the irrevocable laws of social development on this continent. If, as has been said, the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a benefactor to the race, why should any one resent the labours and privations by which the French *habitant* is bringing into cultivation land which others supposed to be worthless? There are provisions in the Code for appeal against unfair taxation, and these must be invoked by minorities when aggrieved, but it is impossible in a free country to lock up any tract against settlement by free citizens under any pretext whatever.

This letter, with the two preceding, will, I trust, sufficiently explain the organization of the Roman Church. I should like, before closing the series, to say something of the interaction between Church and State, as it presents itself to the English minority in this province.

Montreal, January 31st, 1890. S. E. DAWSON.

SEPARATION.

THE word is spoken, the tie is broken,
Our bleeding hearts are torn in twain;
When sore hearts sever and part forever,
No earthly balm can soothe their pain.

Our lives are blasted, our brief joy lasted
A fleeting hour and then was dead;
The thoughts that grieve us can never leave us—
'Twas only joy and love that fled.

On no to-morrow shall brooding sorrow
Pluck out his deep corroding darts;
Where Love lay laughing, now Grief sits quaffing
The bitter tears that fill our hearts.

RUYTER B. SHERMAN.

MR. PATER ON STYLE.

THE place of honour in Mr. Walter Pater's last and just published book¹ is given to an essay on Style. It is a curious fact that not a few writers on style give us very poor specimens of the article. They seem oppressed with the responsibility of the task they undertake, fettered by the very rules of which they are supposedly the masters. They recognize the legitimacy of the expectation that a sample of the use of certain delicate tools by an acknowledged proficient will exhibit workmanship of a high order, and the recognition seems to make them nervous. This is quite evident even in the case of such skilled workmen as De Quincey, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, and Mr. Saintsbury. Not many passages of De Quincey's essay live in the memory as do so many from others of his works; few even of the most ardent admirers of Mr. Stevenson read and re-read his article on the same topic² with the gusto they read and re-read his tales and travels; fewer still pore over Mr. Saintsbury's³ and Mr. Pater's effort will scarcely form exception to the rule. Undoubtedly the attempt of each is good, but it ought to be excellent. I purpose here very briefly to point out wherein the last-named falls short of excellence. The criticism will in general be minute, but it is just by *minutiae* that the excellent differs from the good.

Mr. Pater's first sentence is faulty, and typically faulty:—

"Since all progress of mind consists for the most part in differentiation, in the resolution of an obscure and complex object into its component aspects, it is surely the

stupidest of losses to confuse things which right reason has put asunder, to lose the sense of achieved distinctions, the distinction between poetry and prose, for instance, or, to speak more exactly, between the laws and characteristic excellences of verse and prose composition." Could this by any possibility have been lamer? And in addition to its halting gait it has not stamina enough to run its feeble course: it starts at full speed, breaks down half way, and comes in exhausted. The topic the writer really wishes to introduce (as may be gathered by all that follows) is the distinction between prose and poetry, but one would never have imagined this from this opening sentence, where it is brought in merely as an "instance," a sort of insignificant after-thought almost. Even in his choice of words and phrases this sentence amply suffices to show how unhappy, if not even quite incorrect, Mr. Pater often is. A loser may be stupid, but a loss never can be. Things which are confusable (able to be poured together—*con* and *fundo*) could never by the rightest of reason have been "put asunder." "Put asunder" itself, being a quotation from the marriage service, if anything leads the mind to think of the indissolubleness of wedlock, not of the resolution of a thing into its component aspects—though how a thing can be resolved into its *aspects* it is impossible to conceive: as well speak of resolving a candle-flame into its reflections. This makes a pretty poor showing for sentence number one—and it is by no means the worst in the essay, far from it.

To criticise thus severely Mr. Pater's terminology and phraseology is perfectly justifiable, for he himself most strenuously insists on the necessity of absolute verbal accuracy. "Alive," he says, "to the value of an atmosphere in which every term finds its utmost degree of expression, and with all the jealousy of a lover of words, he [the literary artist] will resist a constant tendency, on the part of the majority of those who use them, to efface the distinctions of language." And again, "As the scholar is nothing without the historic sense, he will be apt to restore not really obsolete or really worn-out words, but the finer edge of words still in use: *ascertain*, *communicate*, *discover*—words like these it has been part of our 'business' to misuse." And again, "The one word for the one thing, the one thought, amid the multitude of words, terms, that might just do: the problem of style was there!"⁴

But to proceed. The structure of Mr. Pater's sentences is as imperfect as are the materials of which they are constructed weak. In the second paragraph we come across the pretty phrase, "a vagrant intruder" (its inventor has deemed it pretty enough to repeat). There are innumerable "vagrant intruders" in Mr. Pater's paragraphs, and they play sad havoc with what ought to be the dominant thoughts. They occur on every page, but an example or two must suffice. Take the following:—

"Dryden, with the characteristic instinct of his age, loved to emphasize the distinction between poetry and prose, the protest against their confusion with each other coming with somewhat diminished effect from one whose poetry was so prosaic." To turn the current of the reader's thoughts to the diminished effect of Dryden's protest when, as the context proves, it ought to have been carefully confined to the emphasized distinction, is surely itself a unique example of diminished effect. And the sentence which follows this makes matters even worse: "In truth," continues Mr. Pater, "his sense of prosaic excellence affected his verse rather than his prose [what have we to do here with comparisons between Dryden's verse and his prose?], which is not only fervid, richly figured, poetic, as we say [still less have we to do with the peculiarities of his prose], but vitiated, all unconsciously [another vagrant intruder], by many a scanning line [what a descent from the broad, high plateau of 'the characteristic instinct of his age' to the low and exiguous plain of 'a scanning line'!]." Or take the following:—

"The true distinction between prose and poetry he [Wordsworth] regarded as the almost technical or accidental one of the absence or presence of metrical beauty, or, say! metrical restraint; and for him the opposition came to be between verse and prose, of course—you can't scan Wordsworth's prose: but, as the essential dichotomy in this matter, between imaginative and unimaginative writing, parallel to De Quincey's distinction between 'the literature of power and the literature of knowledge,' in the former of which the composer gives us not fact, but his peculiar sense of fact whether past or present, or prospective, it may be, as often in oratory."⁵ What a heterogeneous conglomeration! There are more intruders than bidder guests: metrical restraint, unimaginative writing, dichotomy, De Quincey, oratory—truly they make a motley company! And what, at bottom, does the sentence mean? One wonders, as Mr. Augustine Birrell says of Browning, whether it all turns upon the punctuation. And the punctuation is bad enough in all conscience. What means the note of exclamation after "say"! and how ugly "can't" looks in serious writing!

But, leaving perhaps over-nice strictures on collocations of words and sentences, the essay as a whole is open to criticism. The name "essay" at the present day, whatever its signification in Bacon's, has come to mean a carefully constructed, if not elaborate, piece of writing. Even

a magazine review, as hastily written probably as hastily read, is in these days not seldom a complete whole, *totus, teres, atque rotundus*. Not so Mr. Pater's essay. It lacks coherence. It is not a unit. Its parts do not so grow the one out of the other as that the excision of one would destroy the symmetry and purport of the whole. It is not organic. It resembles a mass of Conglomerate, not a regular crystal. Its anatomy is simple—perhaps because it is invertebrated and inarticulated: we first fall in with a disquisition on the distinction between prose and poetry (pp. 1-4); then, without any conclusion having been arrived at, we are told that the essayist has no intention of dealing with this; after which, with numerous excursions, comes another disquisition on the distinction between "the literature of fact" and "the literature of the imaginative sense of fact" (pp. 4-8); at last, at paragraph number seven, we enter upon what purports to be the true subject in hand, and here certainly we are told many interesting and important truths, but there is little or no logical sequence in their order, and the exposition of one and all is vitiated by the constantly intruding vagrant. We are told that the literary artist must be a scholar (with a short *excursus* on translating) (pp. 8-14); that he must omit all that is unnecessary (pp. 14-18); that his composition must be in "strict identity" with the "initiatory apprehension" (pp. 18-21); that he may impress us either by mind or by soul or by both (with a short *excursus* on religious literature) (pp. 21-24); then we come plump upon what probably was Mr. Pater's pet and fixed idea throughout the essay—Gustave Flaubert, for the whole of the rest of the article, with the exception only of the two concluding paragraphs, is taken up with allusions, references, quotations, and arguments to or from this highly-praised writer. The essay is overloaded with Flaubert; it is lop-sided. And the most curious thing of all is that Gustave Flaubert, perhaps more than any other writer in the whole history of literature, strove with laborious perseverance to obey that law against which Mr. Pater has, in his laudation of that obedience, so conspicuously sinned—the law that, in his own words, "precisely in that exact proportion of the term to its purpose is the absolute beauty of style."

Enough now, I think, has been said to show how far short Mr. Pater comes of excelling. Undoubtedly, as I have already allowed, his attempt is good—anything from the pen of the author of the "Renaissance Studies" and of "Marius, the Epicurean" will be good: Mr. Pater is a literary apothecary who can compound very exquisite ointment, but—he is not careful to pick out the flies. If I have judged him harshly, and if my criticisms appear to refer only to non-essentials—to the flies,—I shall urge that when one who poses and is regarded as a master of style seriously undertakes to compose an essay on style, every detail of his work may quite properly be subjected to the severest and minutest scrutiny.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

PARIS LETTER.

THE eighth and fifteenth of every quarter are rent days in France. The first, for tenants paying 400 frs., and under, annually; the second, for those whose rents are above 400 frs. During the first week of every third month the streets of Paris are largely patronized by hand-carts, drawn and pushed by a workman and the members of his family; they flit to a new quarter and the vehicle contains their *penates*. Dr. Ball, the eminent alienist, states that a very large section of the population of Paris has the mania for removal. There are certainly thousands of families who flit for the suburbs in April and return to the metropolis in October. They are economists, not maniacs.

When a hand-cart is drawn by one or two commissionaires, and contains a new bedstead and bedding, a folding table, two chairs, a lavabo, a portmanteau and a few trunks, the owner, who follows rather sheepishly, but watchingly, at some hiding distance behind is, for a certainty, a bachelor, and a clerk or a student. He seeks fresh woods and pastures new; generally in the attic, that "servants' hall" of a West End mansion, whose best apartments are let to bankers, retired merchants and manufacturers, wealthy foreigners or rich colonists. The attic corridors are veritable pandemoniums, though topographically the latter are placed, as regards site, generally in the *belows*. Perhaps these servants' attic corridors or halls explain the why of one-third of all the births in Paris being illegitimate.

The 400 frs. tenants are classed by the official world as "indigents," as they pay no State taxes. The number of their fittings, as in the quarter just expired, and in winter, too, when unusually large, is an unmistakable index of the sufferings of the working population, because due to the necessity of seeking a cheaper habitation or threatened expulsion. The landlord-tenant law is simple, expeditious and complete in France. If the small tenant does not pay his quarter, his traps are cleared out of the apartment and deposited in the entrance yard, where they have the legal right to remain for twenty-four hours. The evicted can then demand them on paying the arrears; if not, all are auctioned off—save the bed, which is sacred from a bailiff's touch.

Suppose a landlord with merciful feelings, after estimating his tenant's sticks, accords the tenant-debtor time, till the second quarter day, on the eve of the latter, he can demand payment; should there be no corn in Egypt, he must incur legal expenses amounting to 63frs. On the morning of the eighth, between sun-rise and noon, the

¹ "Appreciations, with an Essay on Style." Macmillan. 1889.
² *Contemporary Review*. 1885. A rather amusing example of Mr. Stevenson's too obvious straining after style may be seen in the closing sentence of this article: "We need not wonder, then, if perfect sentences are rare, and perfect pages rarer." This always recalls to my mind that alliterative jingle: "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."
³ "Specimens of English Prose Style from Malory to Macaulay, with an Introductory Essay."

* P. 9.
* Pp. 12, 13.
* P. 27.
* P. 3.
* P. 3.
* Pp. 3, 4.

landlord or his agent arrives with the commissary of police and lock-smith. The latter opens the door, if there be resistance, in the name of the law, takes the bed asunder, and the *penates* are placed in the court-yard or street, preparatory to being sold there, or at the central auction or mart, if they will pay the cost of transport. If too long on the street-way, the municipal inspectors will have the impedimenta carted away to the Pound, with the first charge to cover expenses.

No matter what may be the condition of the family, as to want or sickness, the eviction will be made. If the case be truly one for help, the ward-mayor, and the *prefet de police* have special funds to meet the emergency. Between 400 and 600 of such cases occur every quarter. Not unfrequently the landlord has to deal with a rogue, who, when second quarter-day arrives, proposes this amicable arrangement: "I owe you two gales. I have quietly pledged, or removed all the articles of my furniture of any value; to evict me, you must pay at once 63frs.; pass me the half of that sum, and I promise to give up possession quietly." Many a house proprietor gladly accepts that peculiar tenant-right. The law is just the same for indebted land, as for house tenants—eviction is summary. There is no tribunal to fix equitable rents; if so, all Parisians would rush for the relief, or whittle down arrears. As for a combination to resist an ejection, the police would march the rufflers to the lock-up, and the three judges of the *police correctionnelle* before the end of a week would send the Bayards for six or twenty-four months to where they would be provided with a free home—less all the comforts. Frenchmen only resist the authorities or the law, when going in for a revolution.

The republicans are not wise in their policy of "nagging at religion." Over and over again Gambetta has told them, the question of separation of Church from State was not ripe. The political education of the nation is not sufficiently advanced to handle that delicate subject, and the republic can only gain by adhering to the *concordat*. However it seems now that Freemasonry, which in this country is a political institution, intends to try a fail with the Church. At a few funerals recently the Catholic clergy refused to celebrate the offices for the dead, because the defunct was to be buried with all Masonic pomp and circumstance; and it appears at the Vatican, though Freemasonry has many "worshipful" masters, it is not in the odour of sanctity. M. Clemenceau, who is a man of light and leading among the brethren of the mystic tie, declares by his journal that either Freemasonry, which represents free thought, or religion must disappear, yet the world is wide enough and tolerant enough for both still.

The law lays down very plainly that the eighty Municipal Councillors of Paris, who represent every shade of politics, are to give their services gratis. Yet the *édiles* vote themselves frs. 4,000 a year each to cover cab and correspondence expenses. They voted themselves frs. 6,000 each for last year—outlay being so exceptionally high. They have just voted the frs. 6,000 scale for the current year—the exhibition having run up permanently the prices of everything save cab fares. It is not the less strange that the Government, which has a veto on the municipal budget, never disallows this illegal pull, of nearly half a million francs annually, out of the city taxes. No councillor has declined to accept the gratuity.

Paris consumed, during 1889, three million bottles of champagne—health to them that's awa'.

Habitual sturdy beggars in France are to be sent to work in the reclamation of waste lands.

A titled vagrant, soliciting charity, explained that his family lost all their property in the crusades.

A porcelain figure of Boulanger did duty for the ring or beau in the "Twelfth Night" cakes. Z.

POLITICAL CONSEQUENCE OF A MERE LAWYER.

THE career of Chief Justice Holt shows what invaluable services may be rendered directly to the public by an upright man of ability, who is a lawyer and nothing more, while in unsettled times, following a period of oppression and judicial corruption, the political effect of his demeanour and decisions may be as great as the wisest measures of statesmanship. It also throws doubt on the cherished theory that the boy is father to the man. It illustrates how opportunity and responsibility bring out qualities which early conduct may belie.

His father was a benchman of Gray's Inn, who became serjeant in 1677; mixed in factious intrigues; was one of the founders of the party called "Tories," and as a consequence became Sir Thomas Holt. An "Abhorrer," he inveighed against the "Petitioners," and was ordered into custody by the House of Commons.

The future Chief Justice was born on the 30th December, 1642, at Thame, Oxfordshire. He learned the "rudiments" at the Free School of Abingdon, of which place his father was Recorder. When sixteen years of age he became a fellow-commoner of Oriel College, Oxford. The reaction from the stern piety of the Puritans and Independents embraced the whole nation. The example of drunkenness and licentiousness, set by the court and aristocracy, affected the middle and lower classes, invaded the seats of learning, and destroyed the discipline and temperance which should obtain in institutions devoted to the education of youth. At college Holt was guilty of great irregularities. He copied the disordered youth of Henry V., and not only indulged in every kind of excess,

but was in the habit of taking purses on the highway. He either led or was member of a band of young desperadoes. After he became Chief Justice, on circuit he recognized a man, convicted capitally, as one of his former accomplices. He visited the felon in his cell and enquired after the rest of the gang. "Ah, my lord," replied the culprit, "they are all hanged but myself and your lordship." On one occasion he and his companions being in danger, broke and took different ways. Holt had no money. He arrived at a little shabby inn, gave his horse to the hostler and called for supper. The daughter of the landlady was shivering with ague, and the poor woman told Holt that all the physicians had failed to do her child any good. He scrawled a few Greek characters on a piece of parchment, bound it upon the girl's wrists, and told her to let it remain there until she got well. The ague returned no more. At the end of a week he called for his horse and his bill. But the delighted hostess instead of presenting a bill bemoaned her inability to pay *him*. He wended merrily on his way. There is an interesting sequel to this episode of the undergraduate Dick Turpin.

Forty years afterwards when he had done great service to humanity by putting down the barbarism of burning poor women accused of witchcraft, he was on circuit in the county where as a robber and impostor he had played the part of the successful quack, and an old dame was brought before him indicted for familiarity with the evil one. She had infected cattle and done much other mischief by means of her sorcery, the implement of which was in court. Holt desired to have it handed to him. Enveloped in many folds of dirty linen was the identical piece of parchment with which he had himself played the wizard. He expounded the mystery to the jury. This tallied with the story of the poor woman, who was discharged.

To return to his youthful days—a change of scene was determined on to try and save him from ruin. He was sent to Gray's Inn, London, to study law. He at once devoted himself eagerly to his studies, and was called to the bar in the spring of 1663. He won a few verdicts in doubtful cases, and the attorneys found him out.

Though he had a great reverence for his father, in public affairs he thought for himself and was a zealous Whig. He had the rage against Popery from which at that time no patriot was free. In the eloquent tributes which have been written on the disciplined organization of the Roman Catholic Church, an element which is bound up with her constitution and menaces her longevity has not been sufficiently dwelt on. It is an element that soon develops in all Church bodies, which have persons set apart even merely for teaching and conducting public prayer and praise. Such persons soon come to regard themselves as separate from and above the congregation, and a correlative sentiment evolves in the minds of those for whom they too often think, and who are glad to get their praying and spiritual living done for them. Christ warned His apostles and disciples against being called what was in His time the equivalent of "Reverend," but for many years in the most radical of Christian sects, it has been eagerly appropriated by those whom, when true men, "ministers" aptly and scripturally describes. Celibacy, and the sacredness of ordination, as well as the stupendous power supposed to be confided to the Roman Catholic priest, naturally beget pretensions by the side of which those of even ritualist clergymen are trifling. If the priest is a sincere believer, it is impossible to see how he can demand less than he does; if he should have become sceptical, his training has unfitted him for other walks of life, and denied the solace of a home and shut out from the interests which are open to lay citizens, he will compensate himself with the pleasure of exercising power—the desire for which can swallow up all other passions. Filial, paternal, matrimonial love; the love of the lovers which when at its height seems to overshadow the world, the love of heaven—these have withered, as in the breath of a simoon, when they stood in the way of an ambitious man's onward sweep for power. The Roman Catholic priest, brought up secluded from heretical mankind, has not the rudiments of the conditions on which a correct opinion can be formed of the moral forces outside, aye, and as history has proved, inside his own communion. The consequence is that notwithstanding the wonderful astuteness of the government of the Roman Catholic Church, it seems doomed, the moment it achieves some success, to act in a manner which raises powerful opposition. This opposition is not confined to religious people—using this phrase in its best use and in its misuse,—its best use is when it is applied to persons who are devoted to God, its misuse when it is used to describe people who are like the former regular attendants at church, teach, it may be, in Sunday schools, and make a loud profession, but who are devoted to themselves. We cannot all be devotees, and a man may, it is to be hoped, be religious in a very true sense, and yet not proclaim to the world his hopes and fears respecting the future, his efforts and his failures to live as in his "great taskmaster's eye." Holt has left us no means of judging his religious character. He seems to have been a good, useful, energetic man; but no preacher who ever denounced the Church of Rome as the Scarlet Lady, and pressed the hills on which the city of Romulus stands to prove that she is the Beast of the Revelation, could hate her more than he, and such men have played an important part in all the movements which have shaken her imposing edifice.

In 1689 he was counsel for the Earl of Danby and the Catholic peers charged with being concerned in the Popish Plot, and in 1683 for Lord Russell. In the case of the

Earl of Macclesfield, he laid down with force and precision the grand principle on which the Legislature in recent times passed an Act, namely that the Houses of Parliament have the right to publish whatever they deem necessary for the community, without laying themselves open to an indictment.

James II., on ascending the throne in 1685, tried to seduce him, but in vain. Two years afterwards, when the questions of the dispensing power and martial law came before him, sitting as Recorder at the Old Bailey Sessions, he declared with great boldness and firmness that although the dispensing power claimed by the Crown had been from ancient times applied to statutes imposing pecuniary penalties, it could not extend to a statute imposing a test to protect the religion of the nation; and that although the king, by his prerogative, might enlist soldiers, even in time of peace, still if there was no statute to punish mutiny and to subject the soldiers to a particular discipline, they could not be punished for any military offence, and were only amenable to the same laws as the rest of the king's subjects. At that time the Recordership was held during the pleasure of the Crown, and Holt was immediately removed, but by a fine malice, worthy of a Stuart, he was allowed to continue King's Serjeant, and was thus prevented taking a brief for the defence in the State prosecutions then pending.

Holt took no part in inviting the Prince of Orange. But when James fled he felt himself free, as did all true Whigs, and exerted himself to bring about a settlement which, disregarding hereditary rights, would establish a constitutional monarchy. When the peers first met and a provisional Government was formed there was no desire to consult the corrupt judges of James II. Accordingly, Holt and other Whig lawyers attended as their assessors, and the proceedings were decided on whereby the Prince of Orange summoned the Convention of Peers, and when the session began, Jan. 22nd, 1689, Holt took his seat on the woolsack (it was an ancient custom to summon the King's serjeants to the House of Peers), and the judges having been excluded, he guided their Lordships in the form to be observed in reconstructing the constitution.

It was thought he might be more useful in the Lower House, and he was brought in for Beeralston. On taking Houses respecting the terms in which King James' flight should be described—the Commons being for "abdicated," the Lords for "deserted." Holt's speech on the side of the abdicationists is very good, and "abdicated" carried the day. Had "deserted" been successful, we should have had a Regency to govern for the lawful heir. Holt became Prime Serjeant to William and Mary. After the "Convention" had been turned into a Parliament he only spoke once. The point was interesting. His view, however, was not the sound one. The question was what should become of the taxes which had been voted during the life of James II.? Holt reasoned more like a lawyer than a statesman, and contended that the taxes were still payable, as James II., though he had ceased to reign, was still alive; that the grants had been made during the life of an individual, and that they passed with the crown to William and Mary. The wiser course of a fresh grant of taxes to the new sovereigns was adopted.

In appointing new judges, to avoid all favouritism, every privy councillor was to bring in a list of twelve persons. All lists agreed in first presenting Holt, who was sworn in as Chief Justice of the King's Bench on the 19th of April, 1689. Lord Campbell enumerates a long list of faults to which judges, either from their previous training, or defect of intellect or character, are prone, and adds that none of these errors could be imputed to Holt. He had a passion for justice, and was, what O'Connell said a good judge must be, a "down-right tradesman"—i.e., must have a thorough knowledge of law. Every lawyer is familiar with his masterly exposition of the whole law of bailment in the case of *Coggs v. Bernard*. He was the first to lay down the doctrine, which evoked the lyric eloquence of Curran, that the status of slavery cannot exist in England. A slave had been sold in Virginia, and an action was brought for the price. The declaration stated indebtedness; in parish of St. Mary-le-Bow, in the Ward of Cheap, in London; negro slave there sold and delivered; the allegation of time and place being immaterial in such cases. Verdict for plaintiff. Motion in arrest of judgment because contract illegal. Holt, C. J.: "As soon as a negro comes into England he is free. One may be a villain in England, but not a slave. The action would have been maintainable if the sale had been alleged to be in Virginia, and that by the law of the country slaves are saleable there." Judgment arrested. Subsequently an action for trover was brought in the Court of King's Bench, to recover the value of a negro unlawfully detained. Plaintiff relied on a decision of the Court of Common Pleas, "that trover will lie for a negro, for negroes are heathens, and therefore man may have property in them." But Holt held that "trover does not lie for a black man, more than for a white. By the common law no man could have property in another man. . . . In England there is no such thing as a slave, and a human being never was considered a chattel to be sold for a price, and when wrongfully seized to have a value put upon him in damages by a jury, like an ox or an ass."

The wise construction of the statute of Elizabeth, compelling people to attend the parish church; putting an end to the practice of giving evidence of previous misconduct, and of trying them in fetters; above all, the decency and consideration and justice he imported into the trial of

political offenders, gained for him immense weight with the public, while his knowledge of law and strong common sense gave him unbounded influence with his brother judges. His humane treatment of political offenders, encouraging them—as in the case of Lord Preston, to interrupt him, had an important political effect. During the reigns of William and Mary and of Anne factions ran high, and were often evenly balanced. Ambition was at least as powerful as patriotism in the minds of many public men. The people, always subject to reactions of feeling, soon forgot the bad deeds of the banished race, and many contrasted the easy manners of a Charles II. with the cold demeanour of William. But when men saw the impartiality and mildness with which Holt conducted the trial of Lord Preston, who was guilty of high treason, if ever man was, and the firmness with which, in the discharge of his duty, he defied even Parliament, they were loth to lend themselves to a counter revolution which might seat a Scroggs or a Jeffreys where a man who was the embodiment of fairness and justice sat.

Holt twice refused the Chancellorship, alleging that he never held a brief in a Chancery suit.

There are some amusing stories connected with his judicial and private life. Having committed John Atkins for using seditious language, Lacy, one of the brotherhood, called on the Chief Justice at Bedford Row. The servant: "My Lord is unwell to-day and cannot see company." Lacy, in a very solemn tone: "Acquaint your master that I must see him, for I bring a message to him from the Lord God." The Chief Justice ordered Lacy in, and demanded his business. Lacy: "I come to thee a prophet from the Lord God, who has sent me to thee, and would have thee grant a *nolle prosequi* for John Atkins, His servant, whom thou hast sent to prison." Holt: "Thou art a false prophet and a lying knave. If the Lord had sent thee it would have been to the Attorney-General, for the Lord God knows it belongeth not to the Chief Justice to grant a *nolle prosequi*; but I as Chief Justice can grant a warrant to commit thee to bear him company."

His wife was a lady of the strictest virtue, but a shrew, and they lived together on the worst possible terms. She fell ill, and Holt was full of hope that she would die. To plague her husband she insisted on being attended by a physician with whom he had a personal quarrel—Dr. Radcliffe. Dr. Arbuthnot, some time afterwards, writing to Swift on account of the illness of Gray, the poet, says: "I took the same pleasure in saving him that Radcliffe did in saving my Lord Chief Justice's wife, whom he attended out of spite to her husband who wished her dead." He established against the Crown his right to appoint the chief clerk of his court, but dared not say a word in the nomination of a footman in his own family. The malicious accounted for his devotion to business by his dislike of the society of Lady Holt.

He died on the 9th February, 1710, at his house in Bedford Row, in his sixty-eighth year. As his shrewish wife brought him no children, his great possessions went to his brother. All parties united in doing honour to the remains of the great Chief Justice, who proved how much, in certain periods of a nation's history, a just and fearless judge may do to merit the lasting gratitude of his countrymen.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

BEYOND THE WINTER.

AH! gone the sunshine and the rapture, gone!
Yet well the heart doth know—beyond the snow,
And dreariness forever, still, Earth's sun—
Like Love's—holds one more summer that shall grow
As splendid on our sight, and be as one
That was the sweetest far a while ago.

GEO. NEWELL LOVEJOY.

COMMERCIAL UNION AS VIEWED BY AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

LAST Friday Professor Goldwin Smith addressed the Nineteenth Century Club on the political and commercial relations of Canada, the United States, and Great Britain. His facts and arguments, familiar to the readers of THE WEEK, were presented with the grace of expression which places Professor Smith among the masters of those who use the English tongue. To a Canadian, however, it was not Professor Smith's address (which is to appear in full in the *Political Science Monthly*), nor the enthusiastic eloquence of Mr. Wiman, which gave the evening its chief interest. That centred on the comments of Mr. George L. Rives, Assistant Secretary of State during Mr. Cleveland's administration. This gentleman, who cannot be much more than forty, bears some resemblance to the late Mr. C. J. Brydges, not only in features, but in courtliness of manner. There was nothing of the politician in Mr. Rives' discussion of his difficult theme. He had not spoken two sentences before his large audience felt themselves in the presence of a statesman who had mastered his subject and meant to handle it with candour. When he sat down applause of a heartiness rare at the Nineteenth Century Club testified to the deep impression he had made.

Professor Smith, said Mr. Rives, cannot but look at the question of Canada's political future from the standpoint of a Canadian, of a cosmopolitan Canadian undoubtedly, but still a Canadian. Now let us see how the case looks to an American. To begin with we have to admit that the present state of affairs between Canada and the

United States is not quite satisfactory. These recurrent difficulties as to the fisheries, as to the international railroad competition, and the hampering of mutual trade by the customs line, are all evils we should be glad to have abolished—but what is to be the price of their abolition? Either commercial or political union. Now, as to the area and the resources of Canada I think a pretty just idea prevails in the United States; it is otherwise as to her population and wealth. As comparisons in figures do not always impress my mind as they should, I have endeavoured to find some State in the Union which may be fairly compared with Canada—Pennsylvania is such a State. In 1860 her population lacked 160,000 of the Canadian census for 1861; in 1880 she lacked but 40,000 of the Canadian people as numbered in 1881. In wealth, it is but fair to say, Pennsylvania is vastly in advance of the Dominion. Then look at another fact of much importance in the discussion of a prospective partnership, Canada is a country heavily in debt. In the United States the average man, woman and child represents but \$36 of debt, adding national, state, country and municipal liabilities together. In Canada the average is twice this, with resources so far as realized, admittedly much smaller. I see some very formidable obstacles in the path of commercial union as advocated by Mr. Wiman. If Canada and the United States are to have a common tariff, and it becomes necessary to alter that tariff, must we first have Congress enact the changes required and then stand or fall by an appeal to the Canadian Parliament? Is it likely that sixty-five millions of people will endure to have their will negated by the Legislature of five millions? Then Great Britain must not be left out of the account. How will she like to have her goods discriminated against by a colony which in case of need her army and navy must protect? And apart from this argument of the market it is clear that national pride is strongly concerned in maintaining the integrity of the Empire, in retaining control in its own territory of a highway to its eastern possessions via the track of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

Interest and sentiment are in the balance; which shall be deemed the weightier is a decision which rests with the Canadian people. Should they conclude it best to cast in their lot with us, it will then be time to consider whether the union is one to be entered into or not. The political union of any two nations having contiguous territory might be urged with quite as much propriety as that now under discussion. To be satisfactory and successful there must not only be willingness on both sides, there must be no wide disparity of institutions, traditions and sentiments. With respect to British Canada, Professor Smith has told us that its population is substantially identical with our own. He has also frankly told us how the religious and national aspirations of French Canada present a difficulty in the way of continental fusion, a serious difficulty, it seems to me, for it is not so much extent of population as incongruity that embarrasses government. We are all, I fancy, very glad that Cuba has never been annexed to the United States, and that when we extended our territory southward we stopped at the Mexican border. Louisiana's French population, and the Spaniards in California, have been thoroughly absorbed, but it must be remembered that they were few to begin with, and that they inhabited States most attractive to the immigrant. I think Commercial Union presents impediments only to be solved by political union, but as matters stand the question of Canada's future seems of much more concern to her than to us. Whether it be a partnership, or a marriage with her guardian's consent, is, therefore, rather for her than for us to concede a point in arranging the terms.

Availing himself of the privilege of the symposium, Professor Smith rose to reply to Mr. Rives. He explained that Canada's paucity of population was largely to be accounted for by its commercial isolation. Were a belt of territory in the United States containing five millions to be shut off from trade with the rest of the country, the same check to advance would manifest itself. This, he said, was particularly impressive in the Canadian North-West, which, naturally more favoured than Minnesota, Montana and Dakota, contained a mere fraction of the population of those States. Then, as to the Canadian Pacific Railroad considered as an imperial highway to the East, Professor Smith pointed out that in its mountain district a few pounds of dynamite, or a snow-blockade, might render it utterly worthless in an emergency.

New York, February 3rd, 1890. H.

THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD.

THE fact is, Donald, when you try to act in any way different from the simple, honest, straightforward fellow I know you to be, you are sure to make fifteen different kinds of a donkey of yourself."

I was in my senior year at college, Percy Winthrop was one of the freshest of the "Freshies," yet there was between us the attraction which is thought to exist between opposite temperaments. Winthrop was impressible, volatile, sensitive, a mimic and a mocker. I was the rock against whose dulness and barrenness this bright wave of humanity loved to disport itself. If antithesis of character is the seal and warrant of soundness in friendship our intimacy was based upon a sure foundation. The boy was young for his years, I was old for mine; he was free of speech and of purse, easily cramming his brain for examinations, and as readily forgetting what he had learned, living intellectually as well as financially from hand to mouth. I was and am plodding, prudent and painstaking.

Nature has not been kind to me, but I believe in the law of compensation. As compensation for defects of appearance and manner I have always cherished a profound conviction that my personal influence, my example and utterances were of far greater weight than those of the average man. This reflection does not tempt me into egotistic illusions. If my opinions are better considered, my mental habits less slipshod than those of the great majority, I am no more likely to be puffed up over it than I am to be cast down by the fact that my nose is uglier, my body clumsier, and my feet longer than those of most men. Let us take the gifts the gods provide, and smile at the notion that one's own self can be greatly the superior or inferior of anybody else. Young Winthrop made a very pleasant morsel for my greed of dominance—that was the chief reason why I liked him. If I wished to regulate, instruct, elevate, exert a powerful influence, here was very plastic human material right to my hand. Little did I dream of the dance that my young man was to lead me. But I am getting ahead of my story.

He who would rule must first learn to serve. Parental influence may be great and wise, but it is not in the ascendancy at the time of life when its object is a mixture of perversity and colic, requiring to be carried about of nights. Percy Winthrop was as self-willed as a baby. By a process of teasing and mocking, mingled with entreaties and cajolery, he forced me to accept an invitation to an evening party, which I suspect he had been the means of having sent to me. Now I detest the idiotic graces and grimaces of polite society, and I told Percy so; but, as I say, I was forced into going, and the result was fully as lamentable as I had anticipated. The mingled effect on me of that aggregate of feebleness, futility and finery was such that I longed for nothing on my return so much as a mental emetic. It's a pity that a thing so useful as that has not yet been invented or discovered. As a substitute, I was endeavouring to brace myself with some pretty solid reading, while Percy's shallow, brook-like babbling went on and on, coming to a slight pause in the remark quoted above.

I looked up then. "Hadn't you better go to bed, Winnie?" I inquired. Winnie was the name we gave the girlish young fellow.

"Not till I've had my say," retorted the youth, with the easy effrontery that was a part of his nature; "I merely wish to observe that I made a big mistake when I supposed that the refinements and amenities of society would exert any appreciable influence over your roughcast, upright and downright personality. You are not only determined to be yourself—which is an unpardonable sin in a fashionable crowd,—but you are yourself with a vengeance. There's no let-up to you. You are a thousand times too honest, too sincere. You take life with immense seriousness, when it would pay you better to take it as an immense joke. I looked across at you this evening, and I thought: Good heavens! why don't the fellow pretend to be enjoying himself? What makes him look at every lady who speaks to him as though she were giving him a fresh turn on the rack? But it's no use talking; you wouldn't go a hair's-breadth out of what you consider the right way—not for a gold mine. You couldn't tell the very whitest of little white lies to soothe the dying moments of your best friend. But you can't help yourself—you're made that way. As my sainted grandmother used to observe, when speaking of cranks, 'Some pork will bile just so.'"

"I am sure you had better go to bed, Winnie," I replied; and with a queer little laugh he left me.

That was a few months before I was graduated. In our last talk together I asked the boy what he meant to make of himself when he left college.

"Something," he answered emphatically, "I don't know exactly what; but I'm not one of the kind of fellows that plod and plod their whole lives long, and have nothing to show for it at last. I have the notion that when I find out what I'm good for I'll make a tremendous success of it. To be tame, to be passable, to do about as well as the average—ugh! I never could endure the thought. I feel it in my bones that I'm marked out for something great."

At this time my young man was marked out for nothing quite so distinctly as for a consumptive's grave. He had the emaciated frame, brilliant complexion, hollow temples, and the expanded pupil of the eye that denotes the phthisically inclined. He had as little physical as intellectual stamina. Manifestly if he were to distinguish himself he would have to make the very utmost of the meagre time and talents at his disposal.

For some years afterward I lost all trace of my friend, but the memory of his facile, piquant, affectionate nature never deserted me. It was with real pleasure that I discovered by accident on a street of the town in which I had settled as practising physician the veritable Percy Winthrop, still in the flesh, what little there was of it, and as frank in his delight at seeing me as a child of five over a new toy. "Come right in with me," he insisted, as we were about to pass his house, "I want to show you my wife and my home. Lydia!" he called at the foot of the stairway, "Lydia!" Then he joined me in the tiny parlour. "Don't you admire the name of Lydia?" he asked. "My wife's mother calls her Lyddy. Why, it would be no worse to call her Biddy. But Lydia—that's poetic! Just pronounce it a few times to yourself, and see if you don't consider it beautiful."

Whether the name was beautiful or not it is certain that its owner was not strikingly so. She was severely quiet and simple in dress and manner. Her face, though small, had a squareness of contour unusual in a woman,

She gave one glance at me, and two at Percy, and pushed forward an easy chair for her husband. The young man reclined for a moment luxuriantly, then sprang up to get me a seat, which I accepted stolidly enough.

"And what are you doing?" I inquired.

"Doing?" he echoed, looking in his easy, careless attitude the impersonation of graceful idleness. "Oh, you mean for a living? Why, I am not able to work. My wife has a little income, and we are living on that for the present."

Mrs. Winthrop evidently objected to this piece of candour, for the corrugation on her brows did not disappear until her husband had leaned forward and looked teasingly and quizzically at her. Then he resumed: "A man who has a long life before him may try to achieve fame and fortune—for me, I am satisfied to attain fame alone. I'm on the straight high road to that, and—by Jove!" he exclaimed, suddenly springing to his feet, and running his hand through his hair until his thin, eager face beneath it looked like an enlarged exclamation point, "I have it—the very thing! What a piece of luck!"

"Don't excite yourself so much, Percy," said Mrs. Winthrop, without a shade of curiosity in face or voice.

"Don't you see," he cried, "Donald is the very fellow we want? He wouldn't deviate from the strict truth not to save his everlasting—why, Donald," he broke off, turning to me, "I'll never learn to call you Dr. Magruder in the world—haven't I told you? I'm a poet."

"Oh, you're a poet!" I said, with a laugh, trying to enter into what I supposed was a mocking mood; but in the next moment I perceived my mistake. This young fellow who took life as a joke was taking himself seriously.

"It was a revelation to me at first," he said simply and earnestly. "Without egotism I may say that I always knew there was something in me, something different from common, but I never knew what it was till the little child of a neighbour of ours died, and the day after the funeral I saw its mother sitting on the back door-step, in the unconscious attitude of heart-broken grief. Lax limbs, you know, listless arms clasped about them, bowed shoulders, drooping head, neglected hair and dress, eyes half blind with tears. I thought first, What a study for a painter! Then I thought, What a study for a poet! The bare notion set my heart to beating, and a voice within seemed to urge me to give that poor woman's grief form and body. I seized my pen as though inspired—I am sure I was inspired—and wrote half a dozen verses in perhaps the same number of minutes. Then I took them over and read them to the poor creature. Under the emotion roused by those lines she swayed and shrank like a sail boat in a storm. Talk of the thrill that a great actor or pianist feels in the thundering applause of a raptured and worshipping multitude! I tell you, Magruder, it is nothing, less than nothing, compared to the wave of feeling that nearly threw me off my feet at this overpowering and incontestable proof of my own hitherto undiscovered genius. The poet who builds upon primitive human emotions cannot escape immortality."

I listened to this, and a great deal more of the same sort, in mingled stupefaction and amaze. I had always given the boy credit for common perception. Surely he must know that, to a mother recently bereaved, the slightest or most prosaic reference to the cause of her suffering is sufficient to rouse her to a passion of anguish. The proof that he was a heaven-descended poet amounted to simply nothing. It was in my mind to tell him so, but I was restrained by a peculiar look in the deep gray eyes of the woman who sat opposite me.

Percy brought me several copies of verses cut from the corners of newspapers, and signed by his initials. They exhibited various commendable sentiments, arranged for the most part in picturesque attitudes, but they had a fatal defect. Intended for effect, they were not effectual. There was no life, vitality, depth, soul, inspiration in them. They lacked the Divine essence that stirs blood and brain, and swells out the breast and wings of imagination. They were as cheap and pretty as glass beads.

"Why I am so particularly glad to see you, Donald," said the young poet, who had his back turned to me, as he was looking for manuscript, "is because I know you to be as honest as a window-pane. My poems have been, well—*darned* with faint praise about long enough. What I want now is a strong, sincere verdict."

What he meant by a strong, sincere verdict was but too evidently praise that was not faint.

Again I opened my lips, and again they were held by the magnetic gray eyes sternly bent upon them. "You shall not speak," they said, in language as a blow. "You shall not!"

I felt curiously shaken and confused. "I have no time to do justice to your work to-day, Percy," I said, rising to take my departure. "Another time I will look at it again."

He looked disappointed, grieved and wondering, like a child whose pleasure is deferred. His old effrontery seemed to have disappeared with the wane of his physical powers, and the discovery of his gift.

But it returned again as I was taking leave of him on the porch. "What do you think of my wife?" he asked, at the last moment.

"I have no doubt she is a charming woman," I responded.

"I wouldn't try to be conventional, if I were you, Magruder," said the young man, kicking his slippers against the railing. "You'll not succeed. She's more charming than you are. I married her because she's like

you—the same rigidly, frigidly honest sort of a person, you know. But inside she has a heart of gold."

I reflected, as I went away, that it would be lucky for my young man if his wife had had a purse of gold to match her heart. She eked out her scanty income, so I afterwards discovered, by selling fancy work. The next time I called he returned as eagerly as before to the subject of his poetry.

"I know you will tell me the truth," he said, "and I don't want you to fear that the truth will unduly puff me up. A poet should be able to look as tranquilly into the face of his own genius as an eagle may look at the sun."

"Tell me first," I said, "what others say about your work."

"Oh, of course the majority are as oblivious to it as a herd of cattle grazing in a meadow are to the wealth of music poured from the trees. Editors invariably speak kindly of it, but I don't want kindness. What I want is recognition. It's pure, impenetrable dullness on the part of the public. Why, even children recognize the subtle quality of my best work. There was little Arthur Rodney, who was here the other day. I read him my long poem, called 'The Spirit of the Woods.' Half-way through he leaned against my chair, and said: 'I like that piece.' 'Do you, dear?' I returned. 'Yes,' he responded; 'it makes me feel so nice and sleepy.' For a moment I thought the child was saucy, and I wanted to whip him. Then I thought: See here! Wait a minute. Is not the chief effect of a vast assemblage of trees lulling, delicious, soothing, tending to induce drowsiness? That was the spirit of the woods, sure enough, and the boy had the gift of perception."

So far in his career the young poet had encountered but one adverse opinion, conveyed in an anonymous note. The bare recollection of this insult worked him up into a rage, for he was as sensitive as a butterfly. He paced the room, heaping hot words together until his frail strength gave out. One of his violent coughing fits came on, and the blood gushed from his lips. I caught him in my arms, for he was as light as a child, and carried him upstairs. For the few moments while he lay against my breast I thought of how tenderly I loved the boy. He put his face to my neck, and whispered, "What does it matter, Donald, what anyone says against me, so long as I know that you believe in my genius. You recognize my power; you are assured of my immortality?"

Now, I neither believed, nor recognized, nor was assured of any of these things. I laid him on the bed, and I could not look him in the face. I felt like a dastard.

A few weeks later I was astounded by this announcement in our local paper:

"The many friends of our gifted young townsman, Mr. Percy Winthrop, will be gratified, but not surprised, to learn, that he has recently received the distinction of having two poems accepted by magazines as well known as *The Century* and *Harper's*. We are proud to say that the first brilliant products of his muse were given to the world through the columns of this paper."

The Winthrops received my congratulations with entire self-possession. It was evidently no more than they had expected. Percy himself tossed into my hands the two letters from the editors of the respective magazines. They were written on a type-writer, and oozed out flattery at every syllable.

"Twenty-five dollars in each," said Percy. "Fifty dollars at a lick—no, two licks. I scrawled them both off before breakfast one morning. Who says that I can't help to support this family?" He caught his wife's hand as she was passing him, and leaned his flushed, transparent cheek against her shoulder for a moment. It struck me that she looked rather haggard and worn by contrast, but her eyes beamed radiantly into his.

"Oh, Mr. Winthrop," exclaimed one of the three young ladies, who, like myself, had called in to congratulate him, "to think of a real, genuine, great poet in this little, hum-drum town? It doesn't seem possible." This was followed by a chorus of adulation from the other two. They surrounded his chair, and arranged his pillows with caressing touches, and petted him with their eyes. I felt sick and disgusted. I got up to go.

"Going, Donald?" inquired the poet. "I meant to show you the rustic seat that I've just finished hammering together under the chestnut tree."

"I will show Dr. Magruder the rustic seat," said Mrs. Winthrop, hastily. I knew she was glad to get me away from her husband. I knew she was glad to leave him surrounded by those foolish, flattering, fawning girls.

It was a warm summer night, moonlit. I said nothing to my companion as we strolled toward the chestnut tree. I was very much displeased with her, and I had a mind to show her my displeasure. At my invitation she sat down very reluctantly on the bench her husband had made. I took her hand, and put my finger on her pulse. "Well, young lady," I inquired, pretty grimly, "how long do you intend to keep this farce up?"

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"You know perfectly well what I mean. You forged those letters from the magazines. You worked while that silly boy slept to earn the money to pay him for the emptiest twaddle that ever was put into print."

"How dare you say such a thing?"

"Simply because it's the truth."

"My husband has not long to live," said the lady, trying to control herself. "Along with his exalted belief in himself, he has the keenest capacity for suffering. Hitherto I have not allowed you to offer him the slightest unkindness, and I will not permit it in the future."

"And I am determined not to keep up this fantastic foolery any longer," I retorted angrily. "You will not permit me to speak my mind? Pray, how will you prevent it?"

"By forbidding you to enter my house."

"Very well, madam," I replied, rising at once to leave her. "The next time I do so it will be at your very urgent invitation."

This invitation came a few months later. The boy was mourning and longing for me. She feared he was in a dying condition. Would I come at once? I did so.

She met me in the small parlour—a strange-looking little person, with close, shut lips, faded complexion, and eyes that had in them the strength and spirit of a span of wild horses. "Can I trust you?" were her first words.

I experienced a momentary masculine feeling of revolt against being thus openly manipulated. "You may trust my integrity, madam," I replied, with a slight smile.

She uttered a low exclamation, and, much as she hated me, she came close to me, clutching the front of my coat in her hands and looking me earnestly in the face. I steadied myself with the thought that she was playing her trump card. But with the curious power she had she poured her heart into her face, and I saw, as in a clear glass, the record of her unfaltering loyalty, her struggles and privations, her arts and defences, her overmastering love for the weak combination of egotism and fantasy that ruled her life. She guarded him as if he were a watch of exceedingly fine workmanship, set with countless gems of fabulous value—something to be carried close to one's pillow by night; and one's heart by day. And now, through this piece of delicate and priceless mechanism, I was proposing to drive the huge rusty nail of an old and terrible truth. I had told her she could trust my integrity.

"Oh," she gasped, unconsciously beating my breast with her hands, "I thought"—her light frame was convulsed with sobs—"I thought I could trust your love for him."

"And so you may," I responded earnestly, and at once she led me to him. He had wasted away to ghostly proportions. I saw that he had not many more minutes to live. He spent no time in reproaching me for my long absence. He was too full of his just published volume of poems, the first copy of which had reached him by that morning's mail, to talk of any lesser topic. It seems that the publisher had written him letters of profuse thanks and praise, marking out for special commendation, strange to say, the very poems in it that were his own favourites. It was a prettily bound volume, and must have cost Mrs. Winthrop a good deal of close figuring to bring out.

"I can die content," he said to his wife, "now that I know I am not leaving you unprovided for. The sale of these poems"—he indicated the beloved book tightly clasped in his hands—"will make you a rich woman." He smiled as though bestowing a kingdom upon her. She leaned over and kissed the pretty little volume, and then she kissed him. Suddenly his eye caught mine. "Donald," he cried, "do you know you have never yet told me what you thought of my poetry? There it is—all the wealth of my nature compressed between those crimson covers. And now for your opinion?"

I could put him off no longer. My time had come, and I could feel the cold perspiration forming on my brow. He leaned forward, with his old eager impetuosity. His wife held her breath. I turned the pages of those rapid rhymes, hunting desperately for the poetry. In my heart I was praying, "Oh Lord, help me to find a line, a phrase, a single gleam of true poetry, that I can honestly praise." Suddenly his frail grasp on my wrist relaxed; his head fell backward. It was beyond the power of any words of mine to help or hurt him.

That was some years ago. I have never regretted practising hypocrisy in moderation for the sake of my friend. And yet, when I am sitting over my pipe in the evening, realizing that the boy has probably learned since he left this world all about my lumbering attempts to deceive him, and that he is doubtless immensely amused by the way I bungled at the business, I seem to hear a mocking voice exclaim. "Oh, Donald, Donald, when you try to act in any way different from the simple, honest straightforward fellow I know you to be, you are sure to make fifteen different kinds of a donkey of yourself."

PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

REMARQUES SUR L'EXPOSITION DU CENTENAIRE. By Vicomte de Vogué. (Plon.) Of the making of many books about the late Exhibition, there is no end. Yet no single volume of an all round character has yet appeared capable of meeting all requirements. This is due to the fact that the public view the late Exhibition from different stand-points. As a general remark, the great attraction of the show, in the eyes of foreigners, was the Eiffel Tower. The fact that no single volume could deal with all the elements of the big fair is evidenced by the Exhibition Commissioners dedicating 150 volumes to the encyclopædic task—a literary undertaking next to Chinese in its vastness.

In the long run, perhaps, the Eiffel Tower is all that will remain of the 1889 fairy spectacle. It will serve as a cross, or grave-stone, to mark the site of a great tomb. Parisians will conserve the souvenir of agreeable hours passed at the Champ de Mars and its annexes, where work and pleasure were alike feted. For provincials who witnessed the show, and saw Paris for the first time, they will retain the memory of a grand and confused daze of

marvels. Around the Eiffel obelisk could be heard all the languages of the world, but unlike that of Babel, heaven was more clement to the structure. From an altitude of 1,000 feet, the Tower appeared at night as an enormous candlestick shedding a light over the metropolis, while on the first platform the visitors while dining had all the world at their feet.

M. de Vogué aims to discover what are the lessons, the philosophy of the extinct Centennial show. Between 1789 and 1889 there is an abyss, above all a scientific abyss. Were the men of 1789 to have visited the machinery Hall they would have been stupefied, as would be the Generals of the Revolution, or the first Napoleon himself, at the exhibits in the pavilion of the Minister of War. The art to kill, euphemistically called the art of war, has made such progress, above all within the last twenty years, as to be completely transformed. The author is a member of the French Academy and an ex-diplomatist. He dilates on the display of the material of war, and asserts that the inventions of France under this head are more ingenious than those of other countries. But in any case, a new invention is generally superseded by another in the course of ten years. It is a fair question to ask, observes the author, if the high and varied studies at present required from officers do not by their tension tell injuriously on their intelligence; the vice of over-pressure in a word. He considers that long range artillery and smokeless powder will deal out such invisible death that no troops will dare show in the open, save to run away with fright. A soldier always expects there will be in battle some chances in his favour to escape alive; that it is his comrade, not himself, that is predestined to fall. But where there is no hope, there can be no courage. There can be, it seems, no discipline in the coming battles, because mechanical and chemical inventions and discoveries have so perfected the science of slaughter that panics must ensue. Lines of infantry cannot be expected to display the stoicism of Plutarch's heroes. It is in frightening visitors by the show of the terrible engines of death, that the Minister of War has unconsciously advanced ideas of peace.

As to the economic and social contrast between 1789 and 1889, M. de Vogué observes at the former epoch, that the Tiers Etat existed and moderated the other two states; at present a Fourth Etat, that which works and produces, has sprung up, claiming its place in the sunshine; demanding not exactly money, but an easier life. In the chapter devoted to the fine arts gallery, the author deals with the aristocracy of wealth, of money, which is the dominating influence, the summit of the social scale. It is the power of money, he adds which in its insolence humiliates all the aristocracies and dictates laws to all the governments.

Sous-Offs. By Lucien Descaves. (Tresse and Stock.) The author of this volume is to be prosecuted by the Minister of War. It is a work very painful to read, even to those not French; but it is not the less human. It is a terrible satire on the grand words, discipline and honour, heir-looms in every army. It naturally irritates the authorities. Many volumes have been published on army abuses; they chiefly dealt with the private soldier and the monotony of his existence, or perhaps with the general government of the regiment. But the volume in question handles the institution of non-commissioned officers—the *Sous Offs*, in military slang; the book-keeper, the quartermaster, and the serjeant-major are the representatives microscopically examined. The writer's honesty cannot be called in question; having served in the ranks, he is familiar with his subject. And this is what imparts all the importance to his vitriolic denunciations of regimental abuses. These he gibbets and analyses without mercy, regardless of the fury of the interests he strikes, or the revenge cries of those whom he exposes. The book does not appear to be written in a spirit of revenge or hate. It is a natural revolt of human dignity against an intolerable system. To secure a remedy, the author tickets the abuses; paints men, things, and their surroundings with a pitiless naturalism. The work is that of a pen dipped in gall; it calls aloud for justice to be done to the sufferers, who cannot complain, being as it were prisoners in a cell. Public opinion exacts that the "flag" be cleansed from even the appearances of a stain. The prosecution will separate the light from the darkness.

LA DERNIÈRE BATAILLE. By E. Drumont. (Savine.) In his work on the results of the 1889 exhibition, M. de Vogué touched on the omnipotence of money in the present evolution of society. M. Drumont develops this idea. He is the author of "La France Juive," which caused not a little commotion some months ago, owing to the personal attacks made on leading Israelites. M. Drumont is the lay Stoecker of France. In his present work, he does not rail or rage against the Jews; he philosophises on them, taking for text the great changes they have brought about during twenty years, in general society. Changes, which formerly took a century to accomplish, now are effected in a few years. Thus, asserts the author, there is as great an abyss between the moral conceptions and the state of consciences of the men of 1871 and 1880, as between the men of 1880 and 1889, while the latter appear to be of a different age from the men of 1871.

M. Drumont in his writings aims to keep on the Semitic lines of Disraeli's studies, and those of Abbe Leman's. Although he has been very hard on the Jews, the author relates that he has received a multitude of discussion letters from them, while many personally called and exchanged courteous conversations. But neither letters nor interviews explain this phenomenon to M.

Drumont, and one of the most extraordinary in history, viz. that of a race, proscribed yesterday, which has become at the end of a century, the mistress of the world; a race which holds all in its hands; which gives orders to sovereigns, and that are ever obeyed; a race that, by a telegram, can upset the economic conditions of a country; and which overthrows financial establishments that inconvenience it, without any public power being able to interfere. The Jew, adds the author, is a being with an admirably organized brain, who laughs at his naturally less qualified race-rivals. The Jew is to be the great power in the new century.

FIGURES LITTÉRAIRES. By Paul Deschanel. (Lévy.) The author commenced his literary life in 1875, when he was only seventeen years of age, by an essay on Rabelais, which is to this day an authoritative production. Then he produced "Figures des Femmes," as Mesdames du Defiant, d'Epinoy, Récamière, etc. In the volume under review he treats in a very remarkable manner the *figures*, or portraits, of Sainte-Beuve, of Mignè, of Edgar Quinet, Renan, etc., to which is added the essay on Rabelais, wherein M. Deschanel explains how Gargantua and Pantagruel—that strange and pell-mell mixture—is due to the *milieu* in which they were composed; to the manners, the events, and the character of the sixteenth century, in which so many diverse elements were in fusion. In the article devoted to M. Paul Bourget, the author displays much sound thought and mature criticism on the new generation, and to which he himself belongs. He shows that after the events of 1870-71 his countrymen want another conception of life than in manufacturing the romantic heroes of Stendhal and of Flaubert. To study the maladies of refined civilization, M. Deschanel, who is neither a visionary nor a pessimist, considers to be giving to them an attention that would be better employed elsewhere. He gives to the existences of men to-day an end at once more noble and more practical.

L'ÉDUCATION DE NOS FILS. By Dr. Rochard. (Hachette.) The author is the highest hygienic authority in France, and his present volume is a showing up of the serious unsanitary condition of French colleges and lycées—all over-crowded, inadequately supplied with masters, a next to absence of arrangements for the physical exercise of the students, and a loose and defective system of moral surveillance. To foreigners there is nothing new in the indictment, still less in the measures which the author recommends, which are simply the exercises in Anglo-Saxon educational establishments, not so much for years as for centuries. Dr. Rochard deserves great credit for his courage in exposing the imperfections of the French collegiate system. Colleges should be transferred to the suburbs, in the midst of pure air and green fields. He adduces that a lyceum recently erected in the lung-room region of Paris—the Lakanal, which is fitted up with every modern improvement—is deserted, parents preferring the old, unhealthy institutions. In Germany the professors take part in the gymnastic exercises of their pupils. In France that would be regarded as *infra dig*. It all depends on what constitutes dignity—or, rather, self-respect. On the other hand, in the free educational establishments conducted by the *religieux* the professors join in all the manly sports of their pupils.

1789 ET 1889. By Emile Olivier. (Garnier.) The ex-Prime Minister of Napoleon III. has interrupted his writing the "History of the Second Empire" to publish the present volume. There is nothing new in the book; the author merely presents us with his brief of the centenary. He has not attempted to follow the fashion of late—to embalm the French Revolution in a type-man. Some select Danton, some Robespierre, and even a few whisper Marat. As regards Louis XVI., history has pronounced on his good intentions, but fatal vacillations; he was ready to compound with the Tiers Etat, but the advent of a new power, limiting the royal attributes, appeared to Marie Antoinette monstrous and unnatural; hence her opposition and intrigues that brought royalty to the block. M. Olivier corrects the general opinion as to the general hurricane character of Mirabeau's oratory—his eloquence, even when passionate, was grave and imposing, never unmeasured nor wordy, and his voice was melodiously silvery. He was full of foresight, and had the gift to lead men. M. Olivier well describes the generals of the Republic, ignorant of orthography, beating the old commanders of the allies.

COCOANUT butter is now being made at Mannheim, and, according to the American consul there, the demand for it is steadily increasing. The method of manufacture was discovered by Dr. Schlunk, a practical chemist at Ludwigshafen. Liebig and Fresenius knew the value of cocoanut oil or fat, but did not succeed in producing it as a substitute for butter. The new butter is of a clear whitish colour, melts at from 26° to 28° C., and contains 0.0008 per cent. water, 0.0006 per cent. mineral stuffs, and 99.9932 per cent. fat. At present it is chiefly used in hospitals and other state institutions, but it is also rapidly finding its way into houses or homes where people are too poor to buy butter.—*Science*.

It is announced that Dr. Hobart A. Hare, demonstrator of therapeutics at the University of Philadelphia, has been awarded the prize offered by the Belgian Royal Academy of Medicine for the best essay upon epilepsy. The first prize was shared by Dr. Hare with Dr. Christian, of Charenton, England.

EPIGRAMMATICS.

AFTER DEATH—IN AMERICA.

Symposium, symposia.
Send the invitations out!
Gather them from east and west,
All the cultivated rout;
Get them there and sit them down,
A "professor" in the middle,
He will tell them all about
Browning—mystery, poet—riddle.
Parse his lines—this one here lags;
Here's another somewhat drags.

Symposium, symposia.
"Thanks," Professor, now are due.

(We knew he was a poet too.)

HOW IT IS DONE.

The critic one day simply grew
Disgusted, tired of all that came
Into his office for review,
And forthwith wrote a slashing article
(Which pleased, but did not prove a particle)
Upon modern books of every kind;
Complained—it lingers in my mind,
Poor critic—that he could not find
Something fit or pleasant to read.
Said he, "The best books must be written."
Said I, "They are. For profit, indeed
You must go to the past. Besides, to review
One does not read, but gallops thro'."

The critic then with tears confessed
He had read nothing of the best,
For up till eighteen eighty-four
He had kept a little general store.
"How," said I, "can you expect to find
Either bad or good in the modern puddle
With your mind in such an inconsequent muddle.
You need not read that you may review,
But you must have read, 'tis very true."

THE FROG SPEAKS.

You cannot force things; make of me
A nightingale—poised on yonder tree.
My destiny—to croak, and croak,
To listen, grind a grumpy joke,
To censure, praise and criticize.
Beside, I've time to sympathize.
You wouldn't think it? She's too busy,
And should she look down she'd grow dizzy.
This is Compensation
Versus Education.

BOUND FOR THE LEPER ISLANDS.

ON board the ss. *Bothnia*, which Liverpool left recently for the other hemisphere, there was a lonely girl passenger. Her name when she went on board was Miss A. C. Fowler, but from the hour when she will step ashore on the leper island in the South Sea she will lose her name and become Sister Rose Gertrude, superior of the lepers' hospital at Kalawao. Her father, the Rev. F. Fowler, has not, as was stated by his Royal Highness, gone over to the Roman Catholic Church, but is a clergyman of the Church of England, well-known in Bath, where he has worked for many years as chaplain of the Infirmary.

A few days ago (writes our representative) I called on Miss Fowler at her home in the village of Combe Down some miles from Bath. We were joined by Mrs. Fowler, a tall, stately lady, and in a few minutes were deep in a conversation concerning Miss Fowler's heroic undertaking. She is a young, fresh, beautiful girl with large eyes of deepest blue, and a fair, rosy complexion. In every movement of her little figure activity and energy are expressed, notwithstanding the occasional dreaminess which comes like a thin veil over the bright face.

"What made you wish to go in for this particular branch of sick nursing, Miss Fowler?" I asked, and after a moment's pause the answer came: "I have had it in my mind for years, long before Father Damien's illness and death drew special attention to the Molokai lepers. Seven years ago, shortly after I became a Roman Catholic, I wished to go, but I was too young then. Now I have the necessary ballast and experience, and am able to decide for myself. When young, one doesn't know one's own mind, and my friends did not wish me to decide on what I might perhaps afterwards regret." Presently she continued: "It had always been my wish and my desire to do some of God's work on earth, into which I could throw my whole being, where there was scope for the fullest self-sacrifice, and where I could follow Him who said: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends.' But truly," she went on, with a bashful, puzzled look, "I do not think it is at all interesting to anybody besides my own friends to hear anything about me. I am a very unimportant person indeed, and if you publish anything about me I shall feel like the Pharisee standing in the market place, and that would be very far from what I wish to be. It seems like hypocrisy to make me appear in the light of one who makes a great sacrifice, for it is no sacrifice to me. It is only the fulfilment of a

wish I have had for many years. If, as you say, it may draw more sympathy and attention to the lepers, I must have no objection, but promise me to say nothing till I am gone. I leave on Friday."

"Have you any special training for your post?" "Yes, several years of it. I have studied medicine at Paris, not to take a medical degree, but to become an efficient sick nurse, and I hold several certificates. I have also been at the Pasteur Institute, where I have learned much that I hope will be of great use to me." "But is there any special remedy you take out for protecting yourself against leprosy?" "Nothing beyond the usual precautions, which I shall of course observe. But it is not of myself that I have to think, but of my patients, and nothing will prevent me from rendering them all the services which a sick nurse ought to undertake. If I am infected by the disease I am quite ready to die when my work is done; but really that thought has hardly occurred to me, there are so many other things to be thought about, and I look forward with intense interest to my work. I shall have the entire charge of the hospital, and there will be only some native women to assist me. I mean to carry out several ideas with regard to nursing; if I find things in a superannuated state I shall change and revolutionise. Then, I am taking out a number of articles for beautifying the hospital. My friends in France have been very good to me; they have given me some beautiful statues and other ornaments for the hospital, delicious soft sweets which the lepers can eat, and many other things. Then I shall sing to my patients, and later on, when I have saved enough of my salary I shall buy a piano or harmonium for them and brighten their lives by music." A strange, fair picture, this of the fair English girl in her picturesque dress of the St. Dominic order of nuns, singing to the half-savage Hawaiians afflicted with the most loathsome disease.

"Then do I understand that you receive a salary for your services among the lepers?" "Yes, the Hawaiian Government, under the auspices of which I go out, and which also pays for the voyage, give me an annual salary. At first I did not wish to take it, but afterwards I was persuaded to accept it. It is more business-like, and gives me a more official position. Personally I shall not require much money, but I shall use it for the benefit of the hospital and its patients."

"Who put you into communication with the Hawaiian Government?" "Some Hawaiian friends and another friend, who lives in Paris. The Government at Honolulu accepted me at once, and unconditionally."

"And tell me, Miss Fowler, have not the descriptions of the loathsomeness of leprosy, of which we have had so many since Father Damien's death, been able to shake your resolve at all?" "No, not in the least. I have seen lepers in the Paris hospitals—not in a very advanced stage of the disease, it is true, but still with such sores and signs as gave me a good idea of what I shall have to face. Then the exhibition last summer has taught me a great deal. In the medical section there were several models of hands and heads of Hawaiian lepers in a very advanced stage. It was a fearful sight, and the friend who was with me turned faint and sick at it, but it did not affect me at all."

"Now, may I ask, Miss Fowler, when and how you became a Roman Catholic?" "Certainly. It was when I was quite a child that I first thought how much more beautiful than our Protestant faith was the religion which thought so much about the angels, prayed to them, adored them, and kept them constantly around us as it were. Later on I inquired deeper into the Roman Catholic religion, and eight years ago I was taken into the Church of Rome. You can think it that it was not an easy thing to do, and that my father, a clergyman of the Church of England, and my mother, and none of my friends liked it, but my father was very good, and when he saw that I was determined he gave in. It is the same now. My parents are naturally not in favour of my going out to Kalawao, but they do not think it right to put obstacles in my way. I have an elder sister who is just coming home from her work in South Africa, and who feels my going dreadfully, and I have also a younger sister and brother, but I feel I must leave them; the call has come to me. As Cardinal Manning said when he gave me his blessing before I left London, 'My child, you have had a very special call; a great task has been given you to do; and I would not, could not, prevent you from following the Voice which calls to you.'"

"Good-bye," she said, as we stood at the door, and looked out into the stormy night. "Good-bye, and think sometimes of me; perhaps we may meet again." Perhaps; who knows? Have not men gone forth unscathed from the "burning fiery furnace," and have not the hungry "beasts of the desert" refused to touch the white-robed martyr, but crouched down at her feet and obeyed her?—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE great problems with inventors in mechanics are not so much to find new forces as to reduce the wastage in present ones. It will cheapen living in a way particularly gratifying in such weather as of late when perfect combustion of fuel can be secured and equal results be effected with half or less coal or wood. The engineers have puzzled their brains to minify the loss of potency in the application of steam. A writer in one of the most recent monthlies says the best engines lose ninety per cent. of the heat generated in their furnaces, and experiments by scientists show that in the incandescent electric lamp only five per cent. of the electricity consumed is converted into light. The rest is lost in heat.—*St. Paul Globe*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NAME AMERICA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Having read with some interest the several communications respecting the custom of applying the term "American" exclusively to the people of the United States, I have thought that it might at least be interesting to give a quotation from the opening chapter of Dr. Canniff's "Settlement of Upper Canada." He says: "Canada, the coast of which was first discovered by John Cabot, in 1497, is an honourable name, far more so than America. It has been a cause of complaint with some that the United States should appropriate to their exclusive use the name of America. But it is quite right they should enjoy it. It is after a superficial impostor, Amerigo Vespucci, who availed himself of the discoveries of Columbus, to vaunt himself into renown."

Feb. 3rd, 1890.

CANADIAN.

A SOLUTION FOR THE MILLERS' GRIEVANCE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Whatever decision the Government at Ottawa may arrive at in the much agitated question of the wheat and flour duties, and the future prospects of the great milling interests of the Dominion, one thing seems pretty clear, viz., that the ultimate solution of the difficulty will be found rather in the supplies of wheat from our own North-West provinces becoming sufficient to keep all the milling establishments in full activity, and the wants of Europe in flour much more fully supplied from the highly-classed product of our Canadian prairies than in anything we have beheld in the past. When the great agricultural movement to these lands shall have made fuller advances, it is hard to see how India or Australia will greatly interfere with our progress; and there will then, we may suppose, be much less talk of importing the wheat of the United States for grinding—although a certain part of their supply might be equal in quality to our own.

The supplies set moving by an advanced agriculture over the broad prairies of our Canadian North-West, should also briefly solve the important question of the supply of coarse grains for feeding cattle for the European markets in our Eastern provinces.

The question of the free import of Indian corn stands by itself, and it is hard indeed to see who is benefited by the existing import duty on that which would fill the occasional gaps in the hay crop of Eastern Canada.

X.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION FOR THE MASSES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Your issues of November 29th and December 6th contain an address by Prof. Alexander, of Toronto University, in the course of which he says "though the capacity for the highest literary appreciation is not common, in most men a measure of innate capability is dormant." The Professor, then, in language calculated to arouse enthusiasm and quicken aspiration in the most "dormant," proceeds to demonstrate the advantages of literary training. Now, I suppose, that not only the Professor of Literature but also any of the professors in Toronto University could efficiently proclaim the advantages of their particular department of knowledge, say, scientific or philosophic. It must be then a matter of regret to a reader of an address such as that of Professor Alexander when he reflects how few, comparatively, of the young men and women of Toronto can avail themselves of the excellent University advantages in their midst. John Morley, in an address delivered February, 1887, to the students of the London society for the extension of university teaching, speaking about the object of the society, says, "What do the promoters aim at? I take it that what they aim at is to bring the very best teaching that the country can afford through the hands of the most thoroughly competent men within the reach of every class of the community. Their object is to give the many that sound, systematic and methodical knowledge which has hitherto been the privilege of the few who can afford the time and money to go to Oxford and Cambridge." In the case of this society an arrangement was made that enabled students to "spend a month in Cambridge, in the long vacation, for the purpose of carrying on, in the laboratories and museums, the work in which they had been engaged in the winter at the local centre." Now, if miners, mechanics and clerks, young men and women of all ranks in England, can, without matriculation, avail themselves of the literary and scientific training of Oxford and Cambridge—can, to quote Professor Alexander, have that "innate capability dormant in most men" roused, guided and taught, why should not the working young men and women of Toronto, with like aspirations, secure for themselves, through "competent men" and the "laboratories and museums" of Toronto University, that "sound, systematic and methodical knowledge," now the privilege of the few who can afford time and money for a thorough University course?

W. R.

M. PASTEUR, the famous savant, and Edmond Dehault de Pressense, author and politician, have been elected members of the French Academy.

ART NOTES.

T. M. RICHARDSON, the well known English water-colour painter, died on the 5th ult., at the age of seventy-seven. He was so long in the practice of his profession that he may be said to have helped in the founding of the national art of England and watched its progress to its present state of efficiency, a state of which England may well be proud.

A WELL-KNOWN French painter of historic *genre* and portraits, Jacques Edmond Leman, died on the 28th of December last. Among his best known pictures were "Le Duel de Guise et Coligny;" "Une Matinée chez la Marquise de Rambouillet" and "Molière posant chez Mignard," all of which were exhibited in the Salon.

THE death of another widely known painter, P. O. J. Coumans, of Belgium, has to be recorded. He died on the last day of the year 1889. Perhaps his best known picture is "Une Orgie des Philistines dans la Temple de Dagon;" he was also celebrated for his portraits.

A HIGHLY interesting article by M. B. Huish appears in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled "Ten Years of British Art," from which we learn that during that time the sum of seven hundred thousand dollars has been spent on the National Gallery; also that the attendance of the public at the Gallery has decreased in eight years from 871,000 to 550,000. We learn, moreover, that at the art auction sales during the ten years from 1880 to 1890 no less than fifty-four pictures have been sold at an average price of twenty-three thousand dollars each; the highest price that any one painting brought being fifty-two thousand dollars, which sum was given for a portrait of Madame de Pompadour by Boucher. The next highest price, namely, fifty thousand dollars, was given for a portrait group of two ladies by Gainsborough, which amount we are told was probably very nearly as much as Gainsborough earned in his whole life. Ten million dollars have been spent in the same period by the English people for works by German, French and other foreign artists.

At the sale of the works of Jules Dupré, the well-known French landscape painter, who with Corot and Rousseau founded the modern French school of landscape, the attendance of prominent Parisian art *connoisseurs* was good and the bidding active. The highest price paid for any one picture was forty thousand dollars; this was given by the Duc d'Aumale for Dupré's last work, "The Return to the Farm at Sunset;" the total amount realized was much greater than was expected, and "this shows," says the *New York Herald*, "that every year the art loving public is growing larger and more disposed to pay high prices for valuable works of art. A man with capital cannot do better than invest in pictures by the best artists living or dead. He may easily double his money in ten years, for there is no telling what price pictures by rising artists will bring by that time compared with the figures at which they can be bought to-day."

THIS season's exhibition at the Royal Academy, London, Eng., has had for chief attraction eight wonderful pictures by Velasquez. Two of these have outstripped their companions in popular attractiveness, one being a remarkably fine "Venus," a study of the nude, and the other a portrait of "Mariana of Austria." Rembrandt is also well represented, many fine examples of his work having been sent in by Lord Ashburton. There are a few very good Van Dycks, and Cuypp, Ostade, Teniers, Jan Steen and Hobbema are all present. Romney, Constable, Gainsborough, Leslie and Landseer are among the English painters on view, and Alfred Stevens, sculptor, modeller and designer, is not forgotten.

THE "Angelus" has been gazed upon with genuine appreciation in Chicago. The *Times* says: "Millet ought to have had his studio in Chicago," and the *N. Y. Tribune* follows with, "If Millet ever felt that way, he forgot to mention it."

TEMPLAR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

ON the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of his birth, Dr. Hans von Bülow received numerous letters and telegrams, amongst which were messages from Heyse, Wildenbruch, and Ibsen. Johann Brahms sent him the MS. of his Symphony in F major. The subscribers to the Hamburg Concerts presented him with 10,000 marks (£5,000) for a Bülow fund.

Le Temps announces the intended reconstruction of the Opera Comique. The Minister of Instruction intends to lay a plan before the Chamber, according to which the theatre shall be rebuilt on the old site in the Place Boieldieu, at a cost of 3,800,000 francs (£152,000). The Minister asks for a grant of 400,000 francs (£16,000) for 1890, in order to begin the work.

A BROWNING memorial service was given last Tuesday afternoon under the auspices of the Browning Society, at King's chapel, at four o'clock. There was an opening address by Col. T. Wentworth Higginson and a memorial address by Prof. C. C. Everett. Rev. A. P. Peabody and Rev. Phillips Brooks took part in the exercises, and there was music, consisting in part of songs from Browning's works, under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang.

WE have received a circular containing the following announcement: "It having been recognized that there exists in the Dominion of Canada a vacancy, in fact a

want, for a first-class music journal, it has been decided to issue monthly a publication which will be of practical use to musicians and the lovers of music generally throughout the Dominion. It is not intended to make the Journal a mere chronicle of events, but one of concise and useful information, alike interesting to all." The "vacancy" undoubtedly occurs, but we doubt if there be sufficient demand or market rather for a self-supporting Canadian musical journal. Let us hope so, however, and meanwhile stretch forth the hand of fellowship to Mr. Haslam, the energetic promoter of the scheme as well as editor-in-chief. The first number will probably contain papers by the editor, Mr. Percy W. Mitchell, assistant editor, Mrs. S. Frances Harrison, and others. It may be looked for early in the present month.

"WHILE every one is, as usual, admiring the dresses worn by the actress, Helena Modjeska, it may be interesting to some women in particular to know that most of those costumes are the work of the Polish actress herself, who seems to be as much of an artist in the matter of dress as she is in her chosen profession. Her eye for colouring is remarkable, and her taste in the matter of drapery, no less so. Not only does she design these dresses, but in many cases her own white fingers assist in the actual labour of making them, and she always supervises the entire work. Her Ophelia has lately owed much of its novelty to that very artistic taste. The two dresses she wore in it in New York were unique, and I fancy she has not changed them. I never saw so pretty a dress for the first part of the play, unless it was that very odd affair of Ellen Terry; and Mme. Modjeska's dress for the mad scene was to my humble idea even better than that of the English actress. I know that it has been considered correct to wear a white dress for this scene. It has become traditional, but I confess that it was a relief to see the custom departed from. Modjeska wears a soft drapery of pale grass green. I fancy that it is a china silk, and the effect is beautiful as well as novel. The soft material clings to her slender figure, and she makes of herself another of those pictures for which she is famous."

A BOSTON paper gives the following account of the dramatization of "The Prince and the Pauper" one of Mark Twain's popular books:—There was a typical first night: newspaper men, society people and the *clientèle* who never miss an initial performance; Sidney Rosenfeld, the playwright and author of no end of topical songs, with his wife, the author of a theosophical novel; Louise Pomeroy, whom a facetious actor once named *Pomme de terre*—she looks very well and kept her eyes on her actor husband, Arthur Elliot; Manager Frank Sanger sat in his box looking for another Fauntleroy; Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson with a party of friends in another; Mr. and Mrs. Twain, I mean Clemens, and their brood of children in another; nods of recognition throughout the house before the curtain rises, and between the acts; at the end of the third acts and then authors are called for, Mr. Clemens leading little Elsie Leslie by the hand; he makes a humorous, characteristic speech, then after bowing to the audience he returns with Mrs. Richardson; more applause, they bow their acknowledgments; music; last act; exchange of opinions; the night is over. Is "The Prince and the Pauper" a go? Decidedly.

THE Polish theatre at Posen intends to produce a comedy entitled "Influenza." One might have assumed that an epidemic causing such distress as this has on the Continent of Europe is scarcely a fit subject for laughter, and yet it has been shown that it is not the first time it has been dramatized. The director of the Realschule at Baden says that at the beginning of the 15th century Germany was visited by an epidemic, having the same symptoms as the present influenza. The French called it *le horion*, that is, a blow in front of the head, and the Germans *tannewetzel* or locally *tannawaschel*, from an old German word *tanne*, the temple, and *wetzel*, stroke or blow. It was the custom at the time of the carnival to act some play composed for the occasion, which usually had some bearing on passing events, and so an Augsburg and Nurnberg chronicle of the time records the existence of a play called "Tanaweschel." In it the disease is personified, and made to appear before judges to answer for the mischief it has worked among the people. After the hearing of both parties, "Tanaweschel" is condemned to have his head cut off by the sword. The play ends with the confession and execution of the delinquent. At Munich the MS. of the 15th century has been preserved, and appears in Adalbert von Keller's rich collection of carnival plays of the 15th century.

THE concert of the Toronto Choral Society given last week in the Pavilion was a memorable one. The first part of the programme was carefully rendered, consisting of Mozart's "Coronation Mass," and "Titus," overture, Mr. Edward Fisher conducted ably and the rendering was very smooth and crisp. The chief interest, however, centred in the original Cantata, by Signor F. D'Auria, set to words by Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, of which great expectations had been held in the light of the Signor's well known professional experience and musical ability. And here let it be said at once in good round terms that cannot possibly be mistaken, that the most critical hearer must have left the performance satisfied of the legitimate claim made by Signor D'Auria to the title of composer. As a writer of charming songs, as a successful teacher and skilful accompanist he had already been recognized among us, but it was not until he stepped upon the conductor's platform and with one gesture appeared to galvanize his orchestra into attention and respect that we knew his full

powers as a practical musician. His command of both orchestral and choral forces was very marked, so much so that his special mode of conducting may possibly have been misunderstood in a community where an occasional crudeness in such matters is not altogether wanting. Long familiarity with the orchestra joined to the subtlety and elasticity of the true musical temperament have combined to render Signor D'Auria a remarkably gifted and impressive conductor, capable of bringing out the best of whatever material may be put into his hands to work with—an unusual and significant circumstance—and modest and unaffected withal. Enough has been said on this point. Let us now consider Signor D'Auria's more permanent claim to fame in the shape of the work itself, entitled "The Sea King's Bride." The libretto need not detain us long, for while excessively pleasing and affording capital scope for dramatic situations—musically considered—it is couched in the conventional cantata form and presents no absolutely new features. But it is lyrical and full of colour, and has evidently inspired Signor D'Auria to the fullest extent possible. The orchestral prelude which forms the first number was broadly and sympathetically given, and arrested attention from the very first bar. It was obvious at once that the composer understood his orchestra, from the breadth, the poetry, the restraint, the suggestiveness of the motives and their subsequent working-out, and as the work progressed, this impression was well strengthened. As the rich body of tone floated through the Pavilion, it might well have been found difficult to recognize our local material in the transformed orchestra, while the dramatic instrumentation, the refined and unhackneyed treatment of themes, and keys, and situations proved the experienced and gifted writer. The influence of what we are accustomed to style the modern school told in every number, while a certain lapse into charming Italian lightness afforded agreeable and characteristic diversion, and upon the close of the last number, which was persistently encored, it was revealed to the delighted public that they had heard an exceptionally fine work of art, well conceived and well carried out. Indeed, the production of this original cantata marks a new era in Canadian musical circles, the Signor's work being such that it will stand comparison with many of the best modern works by Cowen, Corder and others. It should most certainly be heard again, and it is to be hoped such will be the case, a repetition of it making it more intelligible to many. The soloists, notably Mme. D'Auria and Mr. Blight, gave satisfaction, and the audience was a large one.

LOVE ME AS I AM.

I'll tell thee all my heart,
The evil and the good,
Although we two must part
When all is understood.
If I my failings hide,
And virtues magnify,
And so thy love misguide,
I know it is not I
Thou lov'st, but one that came
From nothing at my call;
Then love me as I am,
Or love me not at all.

Benton, N.B. MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

HUMANITISM: The Scientific Solution of the Social Problem. By W. A. Macdonald. London: Trübner and Co. 1890.

It is not quite easy to review this book and at the same time do perfect justice to the writer and to the reading public. It would be quite easy to approve of the author's general aim, even although he has put it forth in a new and objectionable title, and it would be equally easy to show reason for rejecting his conclusions, if such they can be called. But he has covered such an immense tract of country from his starting point to his goal that even a slight survey of it seems hardly possible. The author claims to have adopted a scientific method in which every sphere of human activity must be equitably adjusted, and accordingly the comprehension of his scheme is enormous; but he quite properly starts by laying down the principle that no end can be attained in his discussion without first of all fixing man's moral destiny; and this may be considered from the perpetuity of the forces by which we are now controlled, or, as it may be, fixed, by any proposed changes in those forces. The first, he says, and proposes to prove, would lead to the extinction of the race, and in that case there is no moral problem to be solved; and so it only remains "to shift the forces into the category wherein the perpetuity of civilized peoples is involved," and of course this means bringing back nations to the natural law of their development, whatever that may mean, or however it may be done.

The first part of the book is devoted to the consideration of the failure of abstract methods, and under this head the author discusses philosophy, religion, political economy, theories of population, etc., etc. There is a great deal that is quite true and good in these chapters, but it seems to have but little distinct relation to the author's aim, and most of it is so sketchy and incomplete as to be quite useless for any other purpose. For example, it is in this way that he speaks of Kant: "His philosophy is idealistic, and affirms three postulates; namely, the im-

mortality of the soul, the existence of God, and the freedom of the will." Now, we know perfectly well that Kant was wild at the notion of being called an Idealist, and yet we are not quite sure that Mr. Macdonald is wrong. But this shows the utter uselessness of such statements as the one here quoted. From philosophy he turns to the principle or person whom he elegantly calls "Philosophy's wayward sister, Religion." We imagine that philosophy is not the less wayward of the two.

But we must pass on to the second part, the remedy, and herein to the root of the matter in Chapter V., "The unknown God." The point, he says, which distinguishes the Humanist from all other schools of Sociology is this, that he holds that man, unlike the brute, is capable of finding his way beyond the existing generation and of scrutinizing the future. This sympathetic instinct is religion." So far, so good; but how has Mr. Macdonald improved upon the Christianity which he rejects? The faith of Christ not only looks onwards to the future, but outwards and upwards to the unseen; and this is a mightier influence than the mere future. Man endures when he sees Him who is invisible.

To a certain extent the writer is consistent. Man is religious and must worship a God. Who and what is the God? He is obliged, he says, to coin a word, and he selects the word *Mellos*. Mellos presides over the laws of nature, in short is law, and gives us hope of doing and being better in the future. "Mellos is not the unknown God whom we ignorantly worship, but the God whom we intelligently plunder." This is the religion of Humanism. "These be thy gods, O Israel." The preachers of Christ are blamed for having done so little; but they have done something. We wait to hear of the triumph of Humanism and the spread of the cultus of Mellos.

SIX TO ONE. By Edward Bellamy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This short story tells some of the experiences of an over-worked New York journalist, who was sent to Nantucket to rest and recuperate. There he was introduced into the society of half a dozen young women, one of whom was his cousin, and most of whom had no experience of the world beyond the narrow circle in which they had lived all their lives. These water nymphs had entered into an innocent conspiracy to treat the visitor as common property, to enjoy his society on communistic principles, and to abstain from aiding and abetting him in any attempts at private flirtation which he might make. The story—refreshing and wholesome as a sea-breeze—tells how far the compact was carried out, and with what results.

LIFE. By James Platt, F. S. S. Authorized American Edition. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The views of life enunciated by the author of this work are decidedly and, in the main, wholesomely optimistic. Life, he considers, is emphatically worth living. "Happiness predominates, the better men prevail, light is ever steadily advancing, progress is the law." He would have all men have hope. The end of life is happiness. "Happiness itself is that feeling of satisfaction we experience when legitimately using the faculties of our nature, physically, mentally or morally;" and "this contentment of mind can only be had by those whose motives are inspired by love of others, instead of self-interest, by generous instead of selfish thoughts, by virtuous instead of vicious actions." The hardships, misfortunes, miseries and evils are not ignored nor treated as of trifling importance; but it is shown that they are the result of disregarding God's laws, and may be ameliorated or removed by obedience to these laws. "Life will be very different once we get the people to realize as an indisputable fact that there is never any wrong but what has been done by ourselves or others; and that the wrong remains so long only as we refuse to put it right." Culture, thrift, common sense, health and recreation, marriage and religion, are treated in separate chapters as essential elements in the advancement of social well-being; but the author's views on some subjects, such as future life, will not be received with commendation by orthodox theologians.

ELECTRICITY IN MODERN LIFE. By G. W. de Tunzelmann, B.Sc. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Co.

The object of this volume of "The Contemporary Science Series" is to give "a brief but intelligible and connected sketch of the more important of the numerous useful functions fulfilled by electricity in modern daily life, the scientific principles underlying these practical applications, and the history of their development." Though intended primarily for those who have no previous knowledge of the subject, it will be useful to those who are beginning the study of practical electricity "by giving them a general view of the field of knowledge which they will afterward have to study in detail." The author strongly deprecates the proposed use of electricity for the execution of capital criminals, as, on account of the uncertainty attaching to the effects of electricity upon human and animal life, its use might in some cases allow the criminal to escape with impunity, and in others subject him to terrible tortures before life becomes extinct. In his chapter on medical electricity he observes that the manufacturers and vendors of belts and other electrical appliances avoid the possibility of harming their patrons by "supplying apparatus which is as innocuous as it is useless."

ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND: From "A Description of England," by William Harrison (in "Holinshed's Chronicles"). Edited by Lothrop Withington, with Introduction by F. J. Furnivall, LL.D. London: Walter Scott and Company; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company.

In this volume of the publishers' excellent "Camelot" series of reprints we have the most interesting and important of Harrison's work in attractive form and modern spelling. In compiling the work, the end sought by the editor was "as much variety and as much Elizabethan England as possible, throwing aside matter, however instructive, which was not especially allied to the days of Elizabeth, making of most of Harrison's second, some of his third and a bit of his first book one concise story."

"Holinshed's Chronicles" is described as a hodge-podge of many men's endeavours, and Harrison's contribution "is not only the most important, but the most perfect, portion of the work." "The book is full of interest," says Dr. Furnivall, "not only to every Shakspeare student, but to every reader of English history, every man who has the least care for his forefathers' lives. Though it does contain sheets of padding now and then, yet the writer's racy phrases are continually turning up and giving flavour to his descriptions, while he sets before us the very England of Shakspeare's day. From its Parliament and universities to its beggars and rogues; from its castles to its huts, its horses to its hens; from how the State was managed to how Mrs. Wm. Harrison (and, no doubt, Mrs. William Shakspeare) brewed her beer; all is there."

As an illustration of the style of this accurate observer and quaint writer, we are tempted to give a short extract from his amusing chapter on "Apparel and Attire." It shows that fashion was just as capricious, exacting and expensive three centuries ago as it is now. Referring to the attempt of another to describe the attire of Englishmen of that day, he says: "Certes this writer (otherwise being a lewd Popish hypocrite and ungracious priest) showed himself herein not to be altogether void of judgment, sith the phantastical folly of our nation (even from the courtier to the carter) is such that no form of apparel liketh us longer than the first garment is in the wearing, if it continue so long, and be not laid aside to receive some other trinket devised by the fickle-headed tailors, who covet to have several tricks of cutting, thereby to draw fond customers to more expense of money. For my part I can tell better how to inveigh against this enormity than describe any certainty of our attire; sithence such is our imitability that to-day there is none to the Spanish guise, to-morrow the French toys are most fine and delectable, ere long no such apparel as that which is after the high Almaine fashion, by-and-by the Turkish manner is generally best liked of, otherwise the Morisco gowns, the Barbarian fleeces, the mandilion worn to Colley-Weston ward, and the short French breeches make such a comely vesture that, except it were a dog in a doublet, you shall not see any so disguised as are my countrymen of England. And as these fashions are diverse, so likewise it is a world to see the costliness and the curiosity, the excess and the vanity, the pomp and the bravery, the change and the variety, and finally the fickleness and the folly, that is in all degrees, insomuch that nothing is more constant in England than inconstancy of attire."

THE *Magazine of American History*, for February, has for frontispiece an excellent portrait of the veteran historian, George Bancroft. The opening article, by Mrs. Lamb, is an account of the recent meeting at Washington of the American Historical Association, with portraits and other illustrations. This is followed by two other papers read at the congress, "Recent Historical Work in the Colleges and Universities of Europe and America," by President Charles Kendall Adams, and "The Spirit of Historical Research," by James Schouler. "The Fourteenth State," by John L. Heaton, gives an interesting sketch of the early history of New Jersey and its admission into the Union.

THE principal feature in the *Transatlantic* of February 1 is a complete translation into English verse of Francois Coppée's poetical one-act drama, "Le Pater," which was recently forbidden by the French censorship on the eve of its production by the leading theatre of France. In this number is begun a series of new papers by Guy de Maupassant, entitled "Vagrant Life." The opening paper is a slashing criticism of the Paris Exposition, and especially the Eiffel tower. Other features are a graphic account of the life and death of the famous Spanish tenor Gayarre; a critique of Walter Besant's sequel to Ibsen's "Doll's House"; a continuation of Dumas' *Maxims*; a poem by Lord Tennyson, and the conclusion of the serial, "Rosmersholm."

In the February *Cosmopolitan* Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley concluded his "Romantic Story of a Great Corporation" (the Hudson Bay Company), and Mr. Poulteney Bigelow his "Cruise Around Antiqua" in the canoe "Caribbee." Mr. Frank Vincent gives an interesting account of "The Exiled Emperor," Dom Pedro, and Mr. Murat Halstead contributes an appreciative sketch of Horace Greeley. These two articles and Grace Greenwood's "An American Salon" are embellished with numerous portraits, and indeed the whole number seems to be unusually rich in illustrations. Miss Bisland, the *Cosmopolitan* "globe-trotter," finds a familiar theme for her pen in "King Carnival in New Orleans." In "The Development of Trousers," Mr. Edward Hamilton Bell gives an entertaining historical account of the successive modifications of that indispens-

able garment. The short story of the number is "Mr. Joseph Pate and his People," by Richard Malcolm Johnston.

THE 136 pages of the *North American Review* for February are filled with an ample variety of interesting, timely, and readable matter. The great discussion on Free Trade and Protection, begun by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Blaine in the January number, which has attracted such marked attention, is continued by the Hon. Roger Q. Mills, Representative in Congress from Texas, and well-known as the author of the Mills Bill in the Fiftieth Congress, who replies to Mr. Blaine's eloquent defence of the policy of protection; and it is promised that in the next number Senator Morrill, of Vermont, the author of the Morrill Tariff of 1861, will take up the discussion of the question. Another topic of the day, "British Capital and American Industries," is treated in a breezy style by Erastus Wiman, who pronounces the English investments in America a good thing for both countries. E. L. Godkin, editor of the *New York Evening Post*, writes of "Newspapers Here and Abroad," and points out the difference between the journalism of England, France, and the United States. "The American Bishop of To-day" is the subject of a vigorous article by the Rev. Julius H. Ward, author of "The Church in Modern Society." An article which will attract wide attention is that of Ouida on "A New View of Shelley." The writer denounces with great severity those who have pried into the private affairs of the poet, and declares that with the private lives of men of genius the world has nothing to do. The article is embellished with numerous quotations from Shelley's poems. More than the customary space is given to Notes and Comments in this number.

THE Midwinter (February) *Century* is notable among other things for the final instalment of Lincoln biography. The chapters include the "Capture of Jefferson Davis," "The End of Rebellion," and "Lincoln's Fame." In this number is begun the publication of the artist La Farge's letters from Japan, with illustrations prepared by the author. Two extremely timely papers are on what Milton calls "The Realm of Congo." The first describes a trip made by the United States Commissioner, Tisdell, in 1884, and the second gives an idea of the Congo River of to-day. The latter is written by E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's officers, who is mentioned several times in Stanley's last book. Recent visitors to the French capital will be especially interested in Miss Balch's account, called "A Corner of Old Paris," of a visit to the Musée des Archives. This article is profusely illustrated with facsimiles of signatures of famous Frenchmen, and by copies of old prints. Joseph Jefferson devotes a large part of the current instalment of his autobiography to his reminiscences of Edwin Forrest, of whom four portraits are given—two of Forrest off the stage and two in character. In addition to this Jefferson describes his own first visit to London and to Paris. The fiction of the number consists of Mrs. Barr's "Friend Olivia," Mr. Stockton's "Merry Chanter," Mr. A. A. Hayes's "Laramie Jack," and "How Sal Came Through," by Mr. Edwards, the author of "Two Runaways." Among the poems of this number is a characteristic piece by James Whitcomb Riley, illustrated by Kemble, entitled "The Old Band." Other poems are by Richard Henry Stoddard, Orelia Key Bell, Walt Whitman, Clinton Scollard, S. M. Peck, Virginia F. Boyle, J. A. Macon, and Prof. Roberts.

TRUE WISDOM.

STORE words Divine within thine heart,
And thou from them wilt never part,
For none their beauty once can see,
And long for other company.

Unto thy feet, a lamp they'll be,
Which while Earth's mists envelop thee
Shall cast an all-revealing ray
On each pit-fall upon thy way.

Ottawa.

F. D. J.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE University of Königsberg has conferred the degree of honorary Ph.D. on Emin Pasha, who was for one year a student there.

WHAT has become of the *National Magazine* which sent out its prospectus several months ago? Surely it is about in order to insist upon its appearance.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER AND WELFORD, of New York, have been appointed sole agents for the sale in the United States of the well-known Baedeker guide books.

It is stated that Mr. Vanderbilt, the American millionaire, has leased Herbert House, Belgrave Square, from Lady Herbert of Lea, for the ensuing season at the rent of 1,000 guineas.

ONE of the latest new English companies is formed with a view to producing lager beer. Mr. James Bellamy Payne, one of the directors, proposes to sell it to firms on the Continent.

MR. S. S. McCURE, the newspaper syndicate manager, announces prizes amounting to \$2,250 for stories, poems, etc., suitable for use in his youth's department, edited by Mrs. Burnett.

THE successor to Father Damien has been found in the person of a gentle blue-eyed English girl of twenty-seven. She is a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and we publish in another column a short interview with her previous to her leaving England.

THE *American* of February 1 contains an article entitled "The Americanization of Canada," which will doubtless find many readers in the Dominion. Closer commercial union is hinted at with the establishment of a common tariff and absolute freedom of trade.

THE American Society for Psychical Research disbanded recently, after an existence of five years. Many of the members have joined the English Society. All desirous of further information should address the Secretary, R. Hodgson, No. 5 Boylston Place, Boston.

LADY DILKE has gone to Ipswich in behalf of the Women's Trades' Union Provident League, with the object of forming a union among the workwomen in that town. Next week her ladyship will visit Maidstone, where an effort is being made to unite the women engaged in the paper mills.

PROFESSOR FREDERICK L. RITTER, of Vassar, has revised and enlarged his popular history of "Music in America," and the new edition will be brought out soon by the Scribners. The author has continued to date the history of the leading musical organizations and of the opera in different cities, adding about a hundred pages to the book.

THE autograph signature of the Poet Laureate, the handwriting being rather small and plain, though a trifle nervous, gives extraordinary interest to each copy of the limited edition of "Poems by Alfred, Lord Tennyson," illustrated by the late Edward Lear. Scribner and Welford have a portion of the entire edition of one hundred copies.

As a memorial of a distinguished administrator and to further the cause of Imperial Federation, Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has edited the papers of Sir George Bowen, and they will be published immediately in London and New York by Longmans, Green and Company. In one of Sir George's earlier letters there is a pleasant glimpse of Washington society during Grant's administration.

A PHILADELPHIA paper shows its discernment of things humorous and entertaining by calling Lewis Carroll's exquisitely funny and original "Hunting of the Snark," "that laboured piece of humorous verse, which was more of a task to read than it could have been to write, and with which the public had no patience." The same gifted journal says of "Sylvie and Bruno," "that it is on the whole a painful attempt to be amusing." The Philadelphian is at all events courageous.

SIR CHARLES DILKE's new book, "Problems of Greater Britain," was published by Messrs. Macmillan on the 31st ult. In addition to the English issue, there were special editions published for America and the colonies. Sir Charles dedicates his book to Sir Frederick Roberts in the following terms: "To His Excellency General Sir Frederick Sleigh Roberts, Baronet, Commander-in-Chief in India, this record of that peaceful progress of Greater Britain, which is made secure by his sword, I dedicate in sincere regard."

AMERICA is not the only country where women ascend the lecture platform, though sometimes from the noise they make about it one would suppose it was. In connection with the series of lectures on "Great Men," now being delivered in the Toynbee Hall, London, Mrs. Alexander Ireland, of Southport, has been requested to give a lecture on "Robert Browning." The Rev. S. A. Barnett, the president, has also asked Mrs. Ireland to lecture on "The Life-Story of Jane Welsh Carlyle" on a subsequent date.

THAT remarkable Russian girl, Marie Bashkirtseff, refers in her astonishing journal to an article in the *Revue du Deux Mondes* devoted to "our Tolstoi." She says: "My heart leaped for joy when I read it. It is by M. de Vogüé, who has made a study of our literature and manners and has already published several remarkably just and profound articles on this great and wonderful country of mine." These "just and profound articles" by M. de Vogüé translated by Mrs. Edmunds, have been published by D. Lothrop Company under the title of "The Russian Novelists." The book, of which a new edition is now ready, should be known to all admirers of Russian literature.

CANADIAN talent is well to the fore in the February magazines in Prof. Roberts and Mr. Lampman. "Rudyard Kipling" is the name of the most recent colonial meteor moving at present across the brilliant sky of London literary society. THE WEEK's London correspondent drew attention to his wonderful gifts some time ago, and since those enthusiastic praises, we have read his contributions to *Macmillan's*, in the shape of powerful short stories dealing with the picturesque and practical of Anglo-Indian life. If we mistake not, he has an exceptionally brilliant future before him. "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," and "The Head of the District" are the stories alluded to.

THE most interesting bit of "trade news" is that the well-known publishing house of Cassell and Co., Limited, of London, has transferred its American business to a newly organized firm to be known as The Cassell Publishing Company. The new Company has for its president Mr. O. M. Dunham, who for fourteen years has been manager of the American branch of Cassell and Co. Mr. Dunham is one of the most enterprising and popular men in the publishing business, and the new firm is to be congratulated upon his continuance in control. The Cassell Publishing Co. will be the agent of the London house, but the new concern is entirely American, and will consequently make a leading feature of American books, of which it will soon have a notable list to announce.

THE most noteworthy articles in the bound volume of the *Critic* covering the last six months of 1889, and completing the paper's ninth year, are Mr. R. H. Stoddard's critical estimate of Robert Browning, Charles Dudley Warner's "Literature and the Stage," Prof. Henry A. Beer's paper *à propos* of Fenimore Cooper's hundredth birthday, Mr. Edward J. Harding's reply to Miss Repplier on "Fiction in the Pulpit," the discussion of "Households of Women" by some of the chief educators of young women in America, the fortnightly London Letter from Mrs. L. B. Walford, the popular novelist, and her article on "The Home of Charlotte Brontë;" Dr. William E. Griffis' "Literary New Brunswick," and Mr. Lowell's eight lines of verse on ex-President Cleveland. The fight for International Copyright has received as much attention as usual, the Barye exhibition and other art matters have been duly considered, and the literary gossip of Boston has been chronicled from week to week.

MARION CRAWFORD, says the *February Book Buyer*, which prints the first portrait of the novelist that has appeared in any periodical, was the editor of a newspaper in India before he engaged in literature proper. He was led to go to India by his desire to study Sanscrit, to investigate personally some of the Oriental mysteries of philosophy and religion, and to recover his health. He took with him a letter from a Florentine friend, an eminent Sanscrit scholar, to a Portuguese physician in Bombay, who was able to help him very materially, by securing for him the editorship of a new daily newspaper just started in Allahabad, the capital of the provinces of Northwestern India. Here Mr. Crawford remained a year or two pursuing, in what leisure fell to his lot, his studies in Oriental languages and mysticism. Returning to America, he got the idea of writing a novel from his uncle, the late Sam Ward, to whom he narrated some of his adventures in India, and who perceived the romantic and imaginative power which such a tale would possess. This notion struck Mr. Crawford favourably. He fell to work, and devoted himself to this story during the months of May and June, 1882. The book, "Mr. Isaacs," was published in the same year, and attracted immediate attention to the author.

PROF. JOHN STUART BLACKIE has some exceptional remarks in the *Westminster Review*, occurring in a paper upon "Home Rule" in Scotland. He deprecates the loss of purely national character among Scotchmen and Scotchwomen, instancing Sir Walter Scott and the Baroness Nairne as examples of the genuine Scottish temperament and individuality, now—alas!—becoming rarer and rarer. He asserts that the principle of nationality is systematically ignored in education, and remarks that while the rare treasure-house of Scottish music is never borrowed from, and the accompanying musical lyric dialect neglected, "every poor girl who aspires to make a respectable figure in a drawing-room is laboriously drilled into the execution of whatever German, French, Italian or Cockney ariette may be the fashion of the hour. The upshot of this meretricious parade of borrowed charms is in nine cases out of ten a mere dexterity of the throat and tickling of the ear, utterly destitute of the executive virtue which lies in the rich world of healthy human emotion and stirring human story of which our Scottish songs and ballads are the classical expression. The excuses which are invented in this shameful neglect of our native lyrical treasures are not unknown to me, but when weighed in the balance they are found wanting, and when looked at honestly they resolve into an unseasoned medley of stupidity, ignorance, servility, affectation, and vulgarity in the masque of refinement. Whether there may still be good hope to redeem the rising generation from this lamentable phase of self-disownment, I cannot say. In certain quarters, I fear, the disease is rottenness in the bones, and so past all remedy; but it is the duty equally of piety and philosophy to hope the best; so I may find sympathy in the meantime for a whiff of patriotic indignation and a gleam of hopeful promise in the following fourteen lines arising out of the political situation:

Well done, old Gladstone! if Home Rule is the cry,
Let it arise for Scotland! 'Tis high time
That we, being made of sterner stuff, should try
Some other way to make our lives sublime
Than licking England's paws, and making fat
That monstrous London with our best heart's blood,
And spreading out the softly plaited mat
For Cockney feet in servile flunkeyhood.
Come! let us be our stout old selves again,
As when we stood with Bruce for Scotland's cause;
Walk our own ways, and hold our heads like men;
Sing our own songs, and brook our home-grown laws;
Thus shall we beg no boon and fear no wrong,
In native panoply complete and strong.

THE *Publishers' Weekly*, of Jan. 25, issued in New York, refers to the poems of "David Gray" as if he were an American. The only "David Gray" THE WEEK knows of was a Scotchman who never crossed the Atlantic, but whose poems were reprinted by Roberts Bros., of Boston, on account of their singular beauty. The same journal observes: "When we consider the place fiction occupies in the whole number of the books of the year—being almost a fourth of all the books written—it is singular that so few novels of permanent merit are produced. Recently, too, there seems to be in American fiction no middle point between the passion of the immoral novel and the commonplace colourlessness of the moral one. The same, or even more, perhaps, may be said of our poetry. If in the latter America has not a Swinburne, neither do we possess to-day the peer of Longfellow, with his warmth and refined tender glow. In reviewing the imaginative literature of the year, its colourlessness—we find no better word—seems its

chief characteristic. Without doubt American life has its tragedy and its romance, and our people are not all the morbid introspective pessimists our novelists delight in picturing them. This baleful, depressing spirit is even invading our juvenile literature, which heretofore has been the richest and most promising of all fields, and we have the sickly, precocious child heroine, born into a vale of tears, dissecting her doll's motives with her first lisp."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

FEBRUARY.

Oh! churlish month! whose wild vagaries,
Fret and perplex each passing day,
Till bleak December's harshness varies
With the soft wooing of the May;

Thy morns may come with radiant promise—
Thy skies be bright with golden glow;
But ere the day be gone half from us,
The world is drowned in drifts of snow.

We love thee not, although so human,
In thy coquetish, wayward moods—
Capricious as the veriest woman,
In thy perverse vicissitudes.

And yet we hail thy rude oncoming,
Because thou closest Winter's state—
Glad that thy days, (in honest summing)
Can only number twenty-eight!

—Margaret J. Preston.

LIBERALITY OF THE NIZAM.

THE Nizam of Hyderabad has earned the thanks, not only of the medical world but also of suffering humanity in general, by the interest he has taken and the experiments which he has had carried out at his own expense with regard to the use of chloroform as an anæsthetic. Some few years after the late Sir James Simpson had brought chloroform into vogue as a means of allaying pain it was ascertained that a certain proportion of deaths, roughly put down as one in two thousand five hundred or three thousand cases, was attributed to its employment. It became a moot point in the profession whether this mortality was due to arrest of the breathing or to arrest of the action of the heart, and until quite recently the question has remained more or less an open one. In January, 1888, the Residency Surgeon at Hyderabad, at the request of the Nizam, appointed a commission to investigate the question, and the results of the inquiry went to confirm the view that the lethal effects of chloroform were always exerted primarily upon the respiration. Desirous of throwing, if possible, still more light on this important point, His Highness sent £1,000 to the editor of the *Lancet*, requesting him to engage the services of a thoroughly competent investigator for the purpose of carrying out in India another series of experiments. Dr. Lauder Brunton consented to undertake the task, and carried out, with the aid of three other medical gentlemen, in the course of two months' unremitting labour, no fewer than 430 experiments, performed upon 268 dogs and seventy monkeys. The report of the results obtained has just been received in England, and appeared in a recent issue of the *Lancet*. It confirms the conclusion arrived at by the members of the commission which experimented in 1888. In every case respiration stopped before the heart, and it is to the breathing of the patient that the attention of the administrator must now be devoted without intermission. Chloroform, as an anæsthetic, has decided advantages over ether. It is rapidly eliminated from the system, while the latter is not so easily got rid of, and is often found to interfere with the taking of nourishment. It is curious, and in many ways a gratifying circumstance that light should have been thrown from the East on a point vitally affecting the right application of one of the most valuable discoveries ever made in the West.—*Exchange*.

THE annual report of the Dominion department of Indian Affairs shows that the number of Indians in Canada is 121,520. Ontario has 17,752; Quebec, 13,500; Nova Scotia, 2,059; New Brunswick, 1,574; Prince Edward Island, 314; Manitoba and North-West Territories, 24,522. The general condition of the Indians of the Dominion in all the provinces and in the territories is satisfactory. The amount at the credit of the various Indian bands or of individual Indians for whom the Government held moneys in trust aggregated in principal and interest on the 30th June, 1889, \$3,428,790, showing an increase since the same date the previous year of \$104,555.

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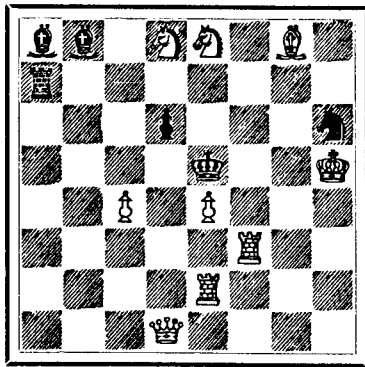
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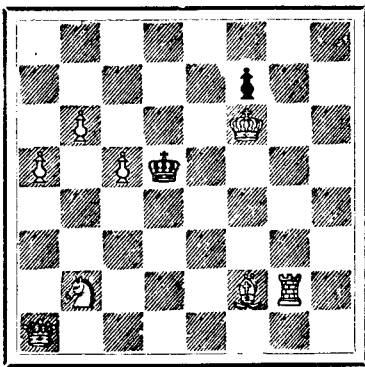
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 434.

By C. E. Tuckett.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 427.

- White. 1. R-B 5, 2. Q x P +, 3. Q-Q 5 mate. Black. K-B 5, K-Q 5. If 1. K x B, K-Q 6.

No. 428.

R-K + 4

GAME IN THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB TOURNAMENT FOR 1890, PLAYED BETWEEN MR. DAVISON AND MR. BOULTBEE, ON THE 3RD FEBRUARY, 1890.

ENGLISH OPENING.

Table showing chess moves for Mr. Boultee and Mr. Davison in an English Opening. Moves include P-Q B 4, P-K 3, P-Q 4, Kt-K B 3, P-Q K 3, B-Q 3, Castles, B-Kt 2, P-B 5, P-K 2, P-Q R 3, K Kt-Q 2, P-B 3, Kt x Kt, P-B 4, Kt-B 3, Kt-K 5, B P x B, R-B 2, Q x B, Q-R 5, R-B 3, R-R 3, B-B 1, B-Q 2, R-Q B 1 (e), Q-Q 1, B x P.

NOTES.

- (a) Kt-K B 3 better. (b) B-K 2 better. (c) P-Q Kt 3 better. (d) This Pawn is a source of weakness in the end game. (e) R-K 1 is better, but neither is a good move. (f) Q x Kt P better. (g) Q x Q appears to be better. (h) We like P-Q Kt 3 better. (i) B-Kt 3 better. (j) Bad; this move should have lost White the game. (k) K-R 2 better; followed shortly by Q-Kt 2. (l) Bad; K-Kt 2 better. (m) Q-Q 6 better. (n) We see no move by which Black can save the game.

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