THE WEEK:

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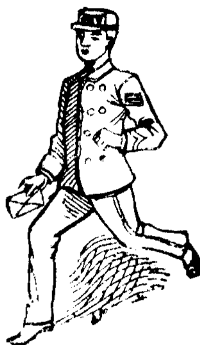

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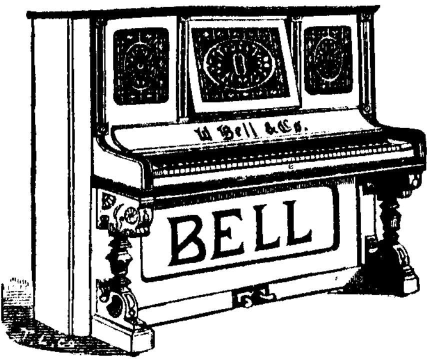

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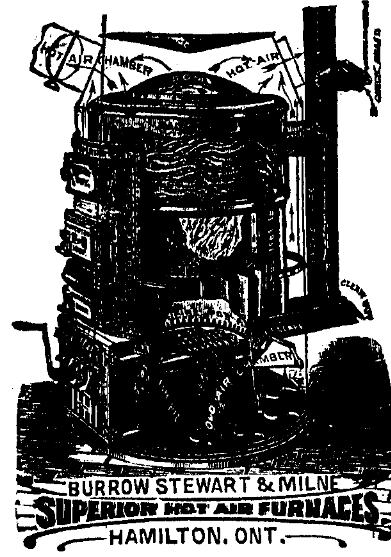

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THE WEEK.

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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

	PAGE.
TOPICS—	
Is it Fair to Lord Stanley?	579
The Principle of Provincial Autonomy	579
The Grounds of Constitutional Revision	579
Mr. Graham's Petition	579
Mr. Ritchie's Pamphlet	579
The Single Tax Theory	580
The Defence of the Minister of Customs	580
An Educational Innovation	580
The U. S. Press on the Behring Sea Affair	580
Imperial Federation in Australia	580
The Maybrick Poisoning Case	580
A Question of Criminal Procedure	581
The Threatened Sugar Monopoly	581
The Plymouth "Faith Monument"	581
CANADIAN ENGLISH ... *W. Douw Lighthall, M.A., B.C.L.*	581
ENGLAND (Poem) ... *Seranus.*	583
THE KWA-GUTL INDIANS.—II. ... *H. R. A. Pocock.*	583
MONTREAL LETTER ... *Ville Marie.*	583
THE SONNET.—II ... *Sarepta.*	584
LONDON LETTER ... *Walter Powell.*	585
HARVEST SONNETS ... *John King.*	586
PARIS LETTER ... *Occasional.*	586
THE VALUE OF A PICTURE ... *W. D.*	586
A CANADIAN LANDSCAPE—SUMMER ... *G. S. A.*	587
AT FERNCLIFFE (Poem) ... *Annie Rothwell.*	587
CORRESPONDENCE—	
Chanson de Roland ... *C. H.*	587
THE EDINBURGH RECEPTION OF MR. PARNELL	588
ART NOTES ... *Templar.*	588
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA	588
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP	589
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE	589
CHESS	590

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WHETHER His Excellency, the Governor-General, is greatly disturbed or not by the severe criticisms which are being made upon his reply to the Deputation and the petition presented by them, we have no means of knowing. This very fact—that His Excellency is precluded by his official position from replying to such criticisms—will seem to most thoughtful persons, not under the influence of strong feeling, the sufficient reason why these criticisms should not be made. It is quite possible that Lord Stanley committed an error in judgment in allowing himself to be persuaded into making a statement of his personal opinions, even with consent of his advisers. If so, it lies least of all with those at whose special request he consented to make such a statement to reproach him. His Excellency must have been particularly astonished to find some of those who had been foremost in urging the direct appeal to the Representative of Her Majesty, whose royal dignity and prerogative it was conceived had suffered injury through the obnoxious Act, leading the chorus of censure with which his statement in response to that appeal has been met. Most discourteous of all, it seems to us, is the assumption that the views presented in his reply were not, as they purported to be, his own, and that the words spoken were put into his mouth by the Government, or its Minister of Justice. Neither the wording of the petition nor the pleas urged in the course of the agitation which led up to it could easily have been much more explicit in affirming that the appeal was to the Queen's Representative in person, and not to the Governor-General in Council. Nor could Lord Stanley himself have easily been much more explicit in intimating that the reply was a statement of his own views, not those of his advisers. We have not concealed and do not wish to conceal our strong sympathy with some of the chief aims of the Equal Rights Association. We have been quite unable, it is true, to see either the abstract justice or the political expediency of its effort to bring about what seemed to us an arbitrary and fruitless interference with the autonomy of a Province of the Confederation, or its attempt to hold the Canadian Jesuits of to-day responsible for all the iniquities of their predecessors in other and darker times. But, as we have often intimated, we quite agree with the promoters of the Association in regarding the special privileges accorded to Quebec and to the Catholics of Ontario as wrong in principle and opposed to the spirit of modern liberty and progress, and we can see no reason why a constitutional movement should not be commenced for the reform of the British North America Act in these respects. Touching, however, the matter immediately referred to, we feel bound to remember the peculiarly delicate position occupied by the Governor-General, and to regret that he should be subjected to unfavourable comment for having, in response to a special request, and with the consent of his Ministers, which should not, perhaps, have been given, expressed, in terms possibly more frank than diplomatic, his personal opinions upon a burning political question.

THE elaborate speech delivered by Hon. David Mills at Highgate, a few days since, in defence of his vote and that of the majority in the House of Commons on the motion for the veto of the Jesuit Estates Act, seems at first thought too late to be of special service. It is, we think, to be regretted that more of the leaders on both sides of the House, who voted against the motion for disallowance, did not come forward at an earlier stage of the discussion to explain and defend their action. Yet even now Mr. Mills' clear and able exposition of the historical and political grounds on which the constitutional principle of Provincial autonomy is based, should have a salutary effect. Few of those, we make bold to say, who have been so earnestly invoking the interference of the Dominion Government or of the Governor-General, can have had clearly in mind the history of the long struggle of our fathers and grandfathers for responsible government in Canada. Otherwise they could hardly have failed to perceive that arbitrary interference from Ottawa with the affairs of a Province would be no less obnoxious than was arbitrary interference from Downing Street. The right to manage their own affairs, wisely or unwisely as they may choose, is a right for which the people of the Provinces struggled long and manfully, and in the end successfully. It is not in the least likely that the majority in any Province will now either willingly relinquish that right for themselves, or seek to wrest it from others. So long as no Province of the confederation does anything which is contrary to the convictions or prejudices of the people of the other Provinces, no test of loyalty to the principle of local self-rule is afforded. It is only when some member of the confederation exercises its powers of self-rule in a manner which conflicts with the views and sentiments of the majority in other Provinces that the efficacy of our federative system and our loyalty to it are really put on trial.

IT will appear, on reflection, that this doctrine of Provincial autonomy is by no means inconsistent with the inauguration of a movement for constitutional reform, such as that of which we have more than once expressed a qualified approval. What is wrong in the British North America Act is not that it too carefully safeguards the rights of the Provinces to full control of their own local affairs, but that it imposes restrictions upon Provincial freedom of action in certain matters which should have been treated as of purely local concern. It may be, for instance, questionable whether it would be right to embody in the constitution of the Confederation any clause forbidding the Legislature of a Province to maintain a system of Separate Schools, or to establish a particular Church by means of endowments or tithes. Such prohibition might perhaps be justified on high grounds of public policy, but the question would be fairly open to debate. But, on the other hand, it could hardly be difficult to show that any provision in the general constitution compelling the people of a Province to perpetuate a Separate School system, or a system of compulsory tithing in the interests of a particular denomination, is a violation of sound constitutional principles and an arbitrary interference with the rights of the Province. And here it may be not amiss to observe that while there can be no doubt as to the opinions of the majority in Ontario in the matter of Separate Schools, it is by no means certain that the majority in Quebec in favour of the tithe and other special privileges of the Catholic Church is so overwhelming as is commonly supposed. If such be the fact, no great harm could result to the Church from the proposed revision of the constitution. But as the history of the Quebec Act shows that the securing of these special advantages in the first instance was the act of the clergy and nobility—a small minority—without reference to the mass of the people, so it is quite possible that, freed from ecclesiastical constraint, the majority of the *habitants* would to-day prefer to be free to pay the tithe or withhold it as they might see fit. This is a point too little considered in most discussions of the question.

IT was not easy to take seriously Mr. Hugh Graham's petition to the Dominion Government asking it to refer the question of the constitutionality of the Act incorporating the Society of Jesuits in the Province of Quebec, and the Act for the settlement of the Jesuits' Estates, to the Supreme Court of Canada, and in the memorandum accompanying the refusal of the Government to take such action Sir John Thompson scarcely so treats it. There is certainly something bordering on the preposterous in the supposition that the Government, long after the Incorporation Act had gone into effect without protest, and some months after formal notice had been given that the Jesuits' Estates Act would be left to its operation, would be moved, at the instance of a private individual who did not even allege that any personal rights or property of his own were affected, to use its prerogative of referring the constitutionality of said Acts to the Supreme Court. The Minister of Justice points out the serious objections that arise to the establishment of such a precedent. He also shows the petitioner that if he is in downright earnest in the matter there are ample means provided in the Code of Civil Procedure of the Province of Quebec by which he may bring the question of the validity of the Act of Incorporation before the Court, and that if that Act can be shewn to be unconstitutional, the Jesuits' Estates Act, which authorizes the payment of a sum of money to the Society which would thus be determined to have no corporate existence, will almost surely fall to the ground as a necessary consequence. Save in the very improbable event of Mr. Graham or some other individual taking it upon himself to bring the question to a practical test in this way before the Quebec Courts, and afterwards, if desired, before the "highest judicial tribunal in the Dominion," this reply to Mr. Graham's petition will probably be the last act in the agitation for disallowance. Whether the Equal Rights Association will set itself in earnest to the formidable task of securing constitutional revision remains to be seen.

"I AM persuaded that any one capable of consecutive thought, who will candidly and honestly consider the question, must come to the conclusion that the control by private individuals of land values is the prime cause of the unequal distribution of wealth; that the private ownership of land is the chief cause why men are not secured a just return for their labours." This sentence suggests in a few words the trend of the well-sustained argument of a lecture on "The Unequal Distribution of Wealth," which was delivered by Mr. Thomas Ritchie, President of the Belleville Board of Trade, before a meeting of the Knights of Labour, and is now published in pamphlet form. Whatever conclusion may be reached in regard to the efficacy of the proposed reform, which is, in a word, the Henry-George scheme of public ownership of the land and the single tax upon land values, to work out the deliverance and universal blessing prophesied for it, the careful reader of this lecture cannot fail to be impressed by its deep and serious thoughtfulness, and by the evident sincerity of the writer. Without in any way committing ourselves to the theory so well advocated, we are persuaded that nothing but good can result from a discussion carried on in the manner and spirit of this pamphlet. We regret, indeed, that, owing partly no doubt to the evident haste in preparation for which the author apologizes, and partly to unpardonable carelessness in proof-reading, the defects in the literary form in which

the lecture appears may, to some extent, stand in the way of its receiving that wide circulation and attention to which its merits otherwise entitle it. All must agree that upon the practical solution of the question with which it deals "depend the most momentous concerns affecting modern civilization." Mr. Ritchie shows that he has studied the question with much acumen, and it would not be easy to condense more thought and argument, and those by no means wanting in originality and force, within the compass of a fifty-page pamphlet.

TWO distinct lines of inquiry are opened up by Mr. Ritchie's and similar treatises. First, is it true that the tendency of affairs at the present time is wholly in the direction of increasing inequality in the distribution of wealth? Is it the fact that "in proportion as the rapidity of production increases, in that proportion does wealth centre in the hands of a comparatively few," and that "not only an increasing *amount* but an increasing *proportion* of the products of labour goes to enrich those of great wealth?" It is, we suppose, beyond question that under present conditions wealth is being accumulated in the hands of the few at a rate and to an extent unprecedented in the history of modern civilization. But is it equally clear that the poverty of the many is increasing in the same ratio, that while "the rich are becoming richer, the poor are becoming poorer?" Is it true that "in this way a condition of social affairs has actually been brought about which is worse than any form of human slavery that ever existed in any civilized state on the face of the earth?" We are not prepared to deny the statement, but assertions involving so dreadful an impeachment of our Christian civilization are not to be accepted without the most conclusive proof. Is that proof furnished or forthcoming? In the second place, assuming that the state of things so darkly depicted exists, to what extent would the remedy suggested prove a veritable panacea? Mr. Ritchie has, we observe, the rare courage of his convictions. He denies utterly the Malthusian doctrine of over-population, and holds that "there is every reason to believe that population might increase to almost any conceivable extent beyond what is, and yet there be enough and to spare for all, were it not for maladjustment in our social system." He has no faith whatever in the Socialistic specific, seeing clearly that "if we admit in the least degree a right to appropriate what belongs to another because he may possess great wealth, we upset a necessary foundation of all social order." While he admits that "concentration of capital gives an immense power into the hands of its possessors, which is too often exercised unjustly to extort labour for an "inadequate recompense," he does not fail to point out that this is not the fault of the capital, and that there is no necessary conflict between capital and labour as so many vainly imagine. In the same spirit he refers to trade-unionism, co-operation and so forth. He maintains, too, the rather startling opinions that in respect to the question of land tenure "we in Canada and the United States have become more crystallized in error than the people of Great Britain or the Continent of Europe," and that to create ten or a hundred landlords where before there was but one is not to lessen but to greatly intensify the evil. It is just as well to admit frankly the fact that the land theories of John Stuart Mill, and of Henry George and others after him, have now passed the stages of silent contempt and open ridicule and are coming to the front for serious discussion. We should be glad to see Mr. Ritchie's arguments replied to by some Canadian writer of equal ability and candour.

THE *Mail* of the 13th instant contains the report of an interview between its Ottawa correspondent and the Minister of Customs, in which the latter defends the moiety system in vogue in the Customs service, and also the principle that the person accused of defrauding the Customs may rightfully be called on to prove his innocence, from time to time. The gist of Mr. Bowell's argument is contained in the plea that it is the duty of the Department to protect, first, the revenue, and secondly, the importer who observes the letter of the law, and that this can be effectively done only by enlisting the self-interest of the Customs officers on the side of vigilance. We do not perceive that the Minister offered any defence of the singular reversal of a fundamental principle of British law, which takes place when the accused is called on to prove his innocence, on pain of being held guilty. Nor is any reference made to the fact that the accused is placed at a still greater disadvantage in such cases by being deprived of his books and papers, which would naturally afford the readiest means of establishing his innocence, and also by being tried, not by a disinterested tribunal nor by a jury of his peers, but by his prosecutors. The *Mail* replies at length and not ineffectively to the main arguments of the Minister. We have not space to refer to the leading points of this interesting discussion, which many of our readers will have weighed for themselves. Two things must, we think, have forced themselves upon the notice of the thoughtful reader. He can scarcely have failed to notice the irrelevancy of a good deal of the Minister's reasoning, if it is correctly reported, and the extent to which he himself furnishes material for refuting that which is to the point in his argument, as when, for instance, he unwittingly shows that the vigilance of rival tradesmen is a most effective safeguard against under-valuation. Still more remarkable, in the second place, is the Minister's apparent obliviousness to the moral aspects of the system which aims at converting both the Customs officers and the merchants' employees into spies and informers, anxious not to prevent but only to detect irregularities, since their personal interests are promoted in proportion to the number and extent of the frauds committed. Surely from the moral and educational point of view, that system, which substitutes a degrading form of appeal to self-interest for a sense of duty and honour as an incentive to official faithfulness, cannot be too strongly deprecated.

WHILE a number of the head masters of the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes of Ontario have been expressing themselves in favour of the proposed substitution of a "leaving" or "final" High School examination as a substitute for the matriculation examinations of the universities, we notice that the new McMaster University has settled the question, so far as its arts department is concerned, by a very simple process. Its prospectus lately issued announces that the certificate of the Head Master of any High School or Collegiate Institute that a given student has successfully completed the work prescribed for matriculation, which is the same as in the Provincial University, will be accepted, as will also the non-professional teachers' certificates issued by the Education Department *pro tanto*, in lieu of the matriculation examination. Whether the compliment thus paid to the High School Masters is too high to be safe remains to be proved. There certainly is room for difference of opinion. Two things are, however, to be said on behalf of the innovation. Exception to it can be taken only at the expense of the High School Masters of the Province, and hence it is hardly open to the Education Department or the Government to take such exception. Possibly the Senate of McMaster shrewdly foresaw that the educational authorities could raise no objection without placing themselves between the horns of the dilemma thus suggested. In the second place, assuming that the examinations at the various stages of the university course proper are fairly rigid, any student entering with imperfect preparation would soon come to grief, and his disgrace would reflect seriously upon the institution which recommended him. Hence the reputation of the High School Masters would be at stake in the bestowal of the certificates. In case of the establishment of the "finals," under the management of the Education Department, it is reasonable to suppose that all the universities would gladly come into the arrangement.

INDICATIONS are multiplying that the forcible boarding and pretended capture of the *Black Diamond* is likely to prove serviceable rather than otherwise to the vindication of Canadian rights in Behring Sea. The attitude taken by many of the better class of newspapers in the United States is courageous and creditable, and will go far to render persistence in a Jingo policy by Mr. Blaine or the Administration impossible. No democratic government can afford to provoke a quarrel with a nation when the better sentiment of its own people declares it to be in the wrong. The curious manner in which Government officials and adherents try to shift the blame from their own shoulders to that of Congress or the previous Administration is itself significant of conscious wrongdoing. The question which Administration is to blame is, as the *Christian Union* says in an admirable article, "wholly secondary and insignificant beside the greater one—whether the act of the 'Rush' can be justified? It is the act neither of one party nor of the other, but of the United States of America." The writer goes on to show how completely and emphatically the national history antagonizes all such pretensions, and furnishes the clearest precedents against their admission by other nations, and adds, "As to the humorous claim attributed to the Assistant Secretary of State, that we have a right to the seals in the open seas because they have been bred in our waters, the same principle would establish a claim of the Northern States to authority over the robins when they go south in the fall." From the party point of view *The Nation*, on the other hand, points out that Secretary Blaine's declaration to a Bangor newspaper reporter that "everything done on the fur-seal question since March 4th last was in literal compliance with the directions contained in the Act of Congress which was approved by President Cleveland on the last day of his term" is "characteristically misleading," inasmuch as the words of the Act of Congress referred to, "within the limit of Alaska territory or in the waters thereof," do not help anybody to decide what are the waters of Alaska territory. Thus the best American journals are effectively supporting the Canadian contention. But that does not render it any the less incumbent upon the Canadian and British Governments to take a firm stand in defence of our rights and demand redress for the injuries inflicted upon Canadian fishermen.

WE are not surprised to find that public opinion in Australia, as represented by some of its influential politicians and journals, is not in accord with the views so eloquently presented by Mr. Parkin, in favour of Imperial Federation. The circumstances of our Australian fellow-colonists, geographically and otherwise, seem to point even more clearly than those of Canadians in the direction of independent nationality as the only destiny worthy of their highest ambition. So far as we have learned, Mr. Parkin has everywhere been listened to with the respectful attention due to his talent as a speaker, and his evident sincerity. We have not heard that in any case has there been shewn any disposition to resent what might from one point of view have been regarded as almost the impertinence of members of one colony in sending an agent to enlighten the residents of another in regard to the merits of a project involving the future course and well-being of the latter. If the claim which has recently been made on behalf of Canada to the honour of having originated the Imperial Federation movement can be made good, that fact itself might give her a special right to expound and advocate the scheme throughout the Empire. In Australia as in Canada the warmth of Mr. Parkin's reception, and the enthusiasm he is able to arouse on behalf of the federation idea, no doubt vary according to local temper and circumstances, but we have greatly misread the tendencies of events in that country of wonderful possibilities if the resolution which was moved and seconded by members of the Legislature at one of Mr. Parkin's meetings in Sydney does not pretty accurately represent the prevailing opinion and spirit of the colony. That resolution, which, after thanking Mr. Parkin for his address, declared that the meeting was nevertheless "of opinion that the natural and inevitable destiny of the Australian Colonies is to unite and form among themselves one free and independent nation," was deemed inadmissible by the Chairman, but the confusion that followed indicates pretty clearly that it expressed the sentiments of at least many of those present at the meeting. The fact that the lecture itself seems to have been slimly attended is another sign pointing in the same direction.

IT seems not unlikely that the popular feeling which has been aroused in England by the conviction and sentence of Mrs. Maybrick on the charge of having murdered her husband by poisoning, may lead to some important results in the way of modifying the course of procedure in trials for capital offences. Two points in particular may not improbably be brought under public review. One is the danger of irremediable injustice being done by the infliction of the death penalty in cases in which the proof of guilt is not absolutely unquestionable. It may be said, of course, that in such a case there can be, according to the fundamental principles of British law, no conviction, since where there is any reasonable doubt of guilt the jury is always instructed to give the prisoner the benefit of it. But such instances as that under consideration show that the term "reasonable" is indefinite, and will be differently interpreted by minds differently constituted. It is hardly conceivable, seeing the effect produced upon the minds of many by the evidence in this Maybrick trial, that the minds of the jurymen could have been entirely free from doubt in pronouncing the verdict, though the verdict proves that the doubt was not of the degree or kind considered "reasonable." It is easy to see, moreover, that were juries to go to the other extreme and de-

clare "not guilty" every one in regard to whose guilt there was the slightest shade of uncertainty, the result would be, in many cases, to defeat the ends of justice, and put a premium upon secret crime. There is, therefore, a good deal to be said in favour of clothing the judge, or some other executive authority, with discretionary power to impose a penalty such as would not be in its nature absolutely irrevocable. Or an argument might perhaps be drawn in favour of restricting by law the capital punishment to cases in which the evidence of guilt is direct and positively unquestionable. Should it be objected that this would go far to do away with the death penalty, the reply is that it might, on the other hand, do more than anything else to stay the agitation for its abolition, seeing that such agitation receives a powerful stimulus from discussions such as that now going on in England. Were a Court of Appeal established and appeal permitted, the force of the arguments in favour of other modifications of the existing law would be greatly lessened, and it is not improbable that the reform may take this shape. It is not easy to see why, in a case of life and death, the convict should not be afforded at least as many facilities for escaping the consequences of possible error, as the loser in a civil suit in which only a few shillings may be at stake.

ANOTHER point that demands earnest discussion is the propriety of permitting those accused of criminal offences to give evidence in their own behalf, as they may now do in civil suits. There can be no doubt that the statement of the woman Maybrick, which was read in court, has produced considerable effect upon the public mind, however little it may have influenced that of judge or jury. It is not to be supposed that the formality of an oath would add much to the weight of such a statement, as the person thought capable of cold-blooded murder would hardly be expected to hesitate at perjury. But it is evident that a sifting cross-examination would have afforded a valuable additional means of determining the truthfulness, or otherwise, of such a statement as that of Mrs. Maybrick. Nor is it easy to see any valid objection to such a procedure so long as the prisoner has the option of going or not going into the witness-box. Whatever may have been the origin of the practice, it is probable that the reluctance to allow defendants in criminal cases to testify in their own behalf now arises as much from a sentimental dread lest they should thus be made to criminate themselves, as from a fear that their concocted testimony may defeat the ends of justice. So far as the latter objection is concerned, the safeguard would be found as it has to be found in the case of thousands of other witnesses, in the jurors' ability to discern character and motive, aided by the results of the cross-examination. Each member of the jury is always bound to determine for himself, in the exercise of his own best judgment, the precise amount of credence to be given to the statements of any individual witness. As to the dread of the prisoner being trapped into self-crimination, it may be observed that in case of actual guilt no injustice can follow, while in case of conscious innocence such a result is hard to conceive. Moreover, the very fact of willingness to testify would in itself tend rather to favour the prisoner by creating a presumption of innocence. On the whole, it is doubtful whether if only prejudices of education and custom could be obliterated any conclusive or really cogent argument against permitting the accused to be examined on his own behalf would be forthcoming.

THERE may or may not be a basis of fact underlying the rumour of an agreement between the American Sugar Trust and an English-German Syndicate for the purpose of controlling the sugar supplies and sugar markets of the world. The question when such wide-world combinations shall effect such monopolies of those of the world's great staples which lend themselves most readily to such a system is manifestly but one of time. The sooner the result is reached the sooner will the nations be forced to set themselves in earnest to find a solution of the complicated problem. It is already pretty clear that that solution is not to be found in any system of repression pure and simple. It is, indeed, seldom that mere repression or suppression is effectual in combating any tendency, however mischievous, which is the outcome of a natural and legitimate impulse. Control and utilization for the general good, rather than direct opposition, seems to be the treatment indicated by a scientific diagnosis. But none the less is society nearing the point when mature consideration and resolute action will have become imperative. The crisis might as well be precipitated by an artificial sugar famine as by any other kind of monopolists' pinch.

THOSE Canadians, of whom there are, we dare say, not a few, whose ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*, or are believed to have done so, will read with no little interest the descriptions of the monument which was unveiled a couple of weeks since at Plymouth, Mass. The history of this monument is, in itself, deeply interesting. The corner stone of the pedestal which supports the chief figure was laid exactly thirty years before the completed work was dedicated. Not only so, but the Pilgrim Society, through whose agency the work has been accomplished, and which was formed largely for this purpose, was organized in 1820, or almost seventy years before it was able to see its task completed. Such patience and perseverance are not often exhibited in these modern days. The monument itself is highly eulogized as an impressive work of art. The chief figure is a statue representing Faith personified as a woman gazing outward over the Ocean, and upward towards Heaven, towards which she points with one outstretched hand, while the other holds an open Bible. Round about this central figure are four colossal statues in sitting posture. These typify respectively Morality, Freedom, Education, and Law. On each side of their respective thrones are niches containing appropriate symbolic forms. "On the outer ends of the four buttresses which support the symbolic statues are bas-reliefs, pure white tablets, covered with glass. They show the embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven, their landing on the Rock, the signing of the compact in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, and the treaty which the Pilgrims made with the Indian Chief, Massasoit. On panels chiselled at right and left of the pedestal are the names of all those who came over in the *Mayflower*." The *Christian Union*, to which we are indebted for the above description, says that "the whole conception is exquisite, worthy of the mighty events, and the immortal names enshrined in granite and marble." As if the better to recall the memorable scene suggested, a sudden and furious storm burst forth while the ceremonies of dedication were in progress, and once more "the breaking waves dashed high, on a stern and rock-bound coast." We should not omit to add that the Pilgrim Statue is said to be the largest piece of granite sculpture in the world, the figure representing Faith being thirty-six feet, and the pedestal on which it stands more than forty-five feet high.

CANADIAN ENGLISH.

POPULAR NOTIONS.

IT would probably surprise the average British Canadian to hear it suggested that the language of his people presents any very distinctive features, so widespread are certain half-conscious notions that, excepting a few French, the language of the home-born people of our country is some very British and very un-American and practically uniform dialect, and that, though English, Scotch and Irish immigrants have individually imported their several variations, these never long remain without melting into that uniform dialect. These general impressions, which were not long ago proclaimed unchallenged in the Dominion Parliament by a leading member, are not correct. Neither do our home-born people speak a uniform dialect at all; nor is a very British dialect general; nor is our speech even practically free from Americanisms; nor is the time near when some, at least, of the variants will disappear. It can be shown that there is a possibility of the English language itself bodily withdrawing from more than half the area of the original Provinces; that what remains will be long diversified by traces of dialectic division; and that our daily speech is far more like that current in the United States than we suspect.

FIRST ESTABLISHMENT.

The English language was introduced into the present limits of the Dominion with the cession of Acadia by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. Until 1749, when the first permanent settlement was made at Halifax by a body of colonists from England, its only speakers were the British garrison at Annapolis, and a few roving New England fishermen scattered along the coast.

ACADIAN LOYALISTS.

Later on, however, during and at the close of the American Revolution, when the Loyalists, settling all along our border, laid their ever memorable decisive establishment of the race here, the original quarter, Acadia, received so great a share of them as to still largely stamp the character of its people, and on the evacuation of New York at the close of the struggle, a considerable number, many of whom were of high social position, retired thence to Halifax, while others went to St. John, now in New Brunswick, to Shelburne and to some other places. Most of those who came to Acadia hailed originally from the Eastern States, and from that fact and the fact that a majority of those already settled there sympathized with the rebellion in those States, we should expect to find the New England dialectic peculiarities—"Elizabethan English"—among their descendants.

THE BLUENOSES.

From the centres of first settlement just mentioned a race has spread over the Maritime Provinces which gives to-day by far the greatest portion of the rural population, under the distinctive name of "Bluenoses," its linguistic character. According to Judge Haliburton, who paid close attention to Nova Scotian character, "the accent of the Bluenose is provincial, inclining more to the Yankee than to English, his utterance rapid and his conversation liberally garnished with American phraseology and much enlivened with dry humour." The following specimen is from Haliburton's "Old Judge":

"So you never see a pickinick, sir?"

"No, not here."

"What, are you an entire stranger in these parts?"

"Yes."

"Lawful heart, you don't say so. So be I. I live to the millponds at Yarmouth where I am to home."

"Then perhaps you never see a 'bee', sir?"

"No."

"Nor a 'raising'?" "No." "Nor a 'quilting'?" "No." "Nor a 'husking'?" "No." "Nor a 'berrying'?" "No." "Scissors and pins! Why you hain't seen nothing of our ways yet . . . but here's John; he's generally allowed to be the greatest hand at a 'role' in these clearings—the critter's so strong. No it ain't John, neither! Creation! how vexed he would be."

This is obviously almost pure Yankee. It must be left to local students to discover any differences. There is a probability that Bluenose differs from another Loyalist dialect—that of Ontario—in containing many such words and phrases which the Ontario Loyalists, coming chiefly from colonies outside of New England, would not have imported.

As to the territorial boundaries of Bluenose, they contain nearly the whole of New Brunswick and the greater part of Nova Scotia, outside of Halifax, where British garrisons have very strongly influenced the lower and the society classes. The portions of these Provinces which are to be deducted, because covered by French and Scotch, receive mention further on.

THE ACADIAN SCOTCH.

In Cape Breton and Pictou county a very different and equally interesting body of dialect, which might be called Highland-English, has established itself. Settlement in Pictou county was first made by six families from Philadelphia, "but the immigration which stamped a peculiar character on that part of the Province was the band of Highland Scotch which arrived in 1773. . . . The immigration continued from Scotland, and the great majority of the population are Scotch." (S. E. Dawson's "Hand-book of the Dominion.") At Antigonish the 3,500 inhabitants are nearly all Highland Scotch—many of the older people speak no other language than Gaelic. The same things might be said of the Island of Cape Breton, originally occupied by 3,000 or 4,000 "Associated Loyalists" and a few Acadian French, but now almost entirely by descendants of the latter and of disbanded Highland regiments and immigrant clansmen.

The leading peculiarities of the English spoken in these districts have been given me by a Pictou clergyman as follows:—

"There are considerable districts in Nova Scotia where the Bluenose dialect either does not prevail or where it is perceptibly and even extensively modified by an infusion that is due to differences of race. It is true that in Pictou neighbourhood *strong dialectic differences* exist, owing to Scottish immigration, . . . consisting in a difference of phraseology, as well as pronunciation, from the Bluenose dialect. . . .

(1) "The *s* is often pronounced with the soft instead of the hard sound, as in 'reserve,' pronounced somewhat as if written 're-serve.' (2) The letter *u* is often pronounced as if *y* preceded it, as in 'Jerusalem,' which you will hear pronounced 'Jeryusalem,' or as if *h* preceded, as in 'pursue,' pronounced somewhat as if written 'purshue.' (3) A common and most characteristic turn of speech consists in the use of 'whatever,' sometimes in the sense of 'at any rate,' as in the following sentences: 'The crop is very good *whatever*.' 'Money may be plentiful, but the times are bad, *whatever*.' (4) So, too, there is a peculiar use of the word 'altogether,' as meaning much the same as 'very' or 'extremely;' 'He is a good preacher altogether'—i. e., an eminently good preacher. (5) Among the people of Highland descent we find many peculiarities owing to the use of negatives in Gaelic idioms, which are foreign to our English tongue, such as 'It is a long time since I did not see you.' (6) Among those whose knowledge of English is limited there is a great confusion in the use of pronouns. So marked and so common is this that it has given rise to the popular saying that a Highlander calls everything 'she' except his wife, who is always 'he.' The effect is sometimes ludicrous. (7) Again there is sometimes a singular transposition of prepositions. Thus a friend of mine inquired of a stranger whence he came. The answer was 'From Cape Breton over.' (8) Another expression often heard here among housewives is apt to strike a stranger oddly. Bread when heavy is said to be 'sad.' This is a very interesting idiom, inasmuch as it is early English. . . ."

That similar influences have taken foothold in Cape Breton since the first arrival of Highlanders in 1802, will be seen from the following passage:—

"The great influx of Scottish immigrants (said by some authorities to have exceeded 25,000 souls) gave quite a new complexion to the population of Cape Breton, if it can with propriety be said that it was before their arrival distinguished by any complexion whatever, being composed only of a few hundred Micmacs, Acadians, and English and Irish settlers. The Island is now decidedly Scotch, with every probability of its continuing so to the end of time." (Brown's History of Cape Breton.)

Prince Edward Island, whose population of 110,000 contains 50,000 Scotch, somewhat shares these characteristics. Gaelic, however, is far rarer and the dialecticisms, chiefly Lowland, are disappearing. The British "reel," for the American "spool," used throughout the country, may be taken as an instance of differences. A "spool" in Prince Edward Island means, on the other hand, that larger article which Montrealers know as a "reel." In the use of "reel" for "spool," however, Prince Edward people are not entirely British, for in place of "a reel of cotton" they compromise with "a reel of thread."

FRENCH TERRITORIAL DISPLACEMENTS.

Proceeding eastward from the Maritime Provinces, we arrive at that other great standing fact which affects Canadian English—the territorial extension of French. It is well-known that the population speaking that language in the Province of Quebec are pressing seriously on the rural English and replacing them over considerable districts. While Anglo-Saxons, being deterred by no great disadvantages of language or manners, easily migrate from one part of the continent to another, the French spread from centres and take the places of the migrants. In Prince Edward Island the same process occurs with the non-emigrating Acadian. In New Brunswick a large body speaking the Acadian *patois* (which differs from that of Quebec) boasts freely of the progress of their "mission" to reconquer the land for their tongue. Along the Ottawa river the process takes organized expression in legislature-aided schemes, among which is a "National Colonization Lottery." The chief colonizer, Curé Labelle, of St. Jerome, in a great speech last year, pointed out to his hearers the triangular shape of the Ontario Peninsula and the east-and-west course of its Northern boundary, the Ottawa. "Let us possess the North," he cried, in substance, "and with our marvellous power of expansion and the help of the Eternal, we will drive the English down at least to the southern corner and control Canada!"

The plan is the ordinary one of the Jesuits—to bind together ignorant masses and use them *en bloc*, and will doubtless prove finally chimerical in its effect towards their objects; but linguistically in the meantime it introduces a very serious question of territorial displacement for the Saxon tongue. At present it has the aspect of advance; in Ontario already the city of Ottawa returns a French mayor and French members of Parliament; in the counties of Russell and Prescott the political power is theirs; among the voters of Lancaster and Glengarry they form an important following; and in Montreal and Quebec the English centres of their peculiar province, they have lately made notable strides.

FRENCH TERMS IN USE.

But, besides territorial displacement, French influence has been working in the less disquieting department of phrases.

In Lower Canada, owing to its inheritance of a French legal system, the everyday technical speech of the English advocates, and the text of their manuals, bristle with French terms, even though many of these have perfect equivalents in English. Opening a page in a well-known manual I meet with *grevé de subtitution; nue propriété; auteur; acte* (for "deed"); *auteur* again; *inscription en faux; sous seing privé*; and "petitory action"; recalling the Norman words which have come down in the legal jargon of Blackstone. In place of "barrister" and "solicitor," the "advocate" and "notary" of Latin law systems take their place.

Besides law-terms, the peculiar institutions of the country past and present have given us such as the feudal "Seigneur" and "the concessions"; the eclesiastical *curé, parish, Fabrique*, etc.; the historical *voyageur* and *coureur du bois; habitant, beefs* (hide boots or "packs"), *etoffeon pays*, "The St. Jean Baptiste" (holiday), "the Fête Dieu," "the old régime," are home words of the Province. *Arpent* denotes the French acre.

To Bluenoses *loup-cervier* has yielded "lucivee"—lynx-cat.

The market gives Montreal its "famews" (*Fameuse* apples); "doré" or "dory" for "pike;" "maskinongé" (original Indian) for "sturgeon."

In that city the Champ de Mars is "Shandy Mars."

"Carter" (*charretier*) is much used for "cabman"; though the local guild styles itself "Hackmen's Union," after American usage.

"Lacrosse" exhibits some curious forms. The French call the game *le jeu de crosse*; "a lacrosse" is *une crosse*; our plural "lacrosses" is of course *des crosses*.

"Cowhole" is the transmigrated form of *cabot*, "calash" of *calèche*, "carry-all" of *cariole*.

When we use that euphemism for Quebec, "The Ancient Capital," which always heads the *Witness* telegraphic despatches, we are but placing a happily mistaken translation on *l'ancien capital*—"the *former* capital." Here is an advertisement from the *Star*:

"Three Rivers Seminary Conventum.—A meeting of the ancient students of this institution will be held in the Cabinet de Lecture Paroissiale, on Friday at 8 p.m. Ancient students cordially invited to attend."

The sharp contrast made by language in this Province between its peoples has occasioned the application of "English" and "the English" in the peculiar sense of "English-speaking" to include all British and American inhabitants under ordinary circumstances.

The word "Canadian" itself is taken in its present form from the French. In a translation of Labontan's travels, dated 1763, the English form used is "Canadans. Labontan again, following others, applies "Canadiens," like "Canadois" in the Jesuit *relations* only to Indians of the country; thence it became the designation of all the French natives of this continent, including those of Louisiana; and now the native British residents enthusiastically accept the name. In Nova Scotia, however, "Canada" and "Canadian" mean perhaps most frequently the former Province of Canada (Upper and Lower) and its people. There are two pronunciations—one "Canādians," the other less musical but older—"Canājans." The older form has caught a peculiarity of the local *patois*. Where a Parisian would say *du thé*, the French-Canadian pronounces "dju thé."

The influence of French is particularly strong on isolated English communities, such as the remnants of Loyalist and half-pay military circles and small business colonies found in some French villages. With them the pronunciation acquires a pleading or expostulating form, and the speech is interlarded with French phrases and idioms: "the hangard," "the chaloupe," the exclamation "Is that true?" (*Est ce vrai?*) when hearing a narration.

Among names of places, "Mill-rush," on the St. Lawrence River, was once Milles Roches; several counties which once formed the district of Chateauguay are still named indefinitely "Shattagee." So in Cape Breton, "Big Lorran" was Grande Lorraine and the river "Margarie" the Marguerite.

The influence, it may be remarked, is reciprocal. "Second-hand store" becomes "*magasin de seconde-main*," "*epicerie*" often "grocerie," and so forth; and it is said there are vast numbers of such corruptions in Acadian. Indeed far greater, clearly, must be the encroachments of the multifarious and educated civilization of the continental majority than can be those of the poor provincial dialect, badly supplied with terms for modern use, which represents France here, and energetic have been the efforts of "national" writers to eject the British material. But the speech of educated France is being introduced, and may place the unconscious struggle on a somewhat new basis, as it undoubtedly has shown promise of doing in the creation of a local press and book literature.

LOWER CANADIAN DIALECTS.

Aside from French influence, the English speech of the Province of Quebec, which contains the smallest British population of all provinces in the Dominion, is broken into the greatest number of dialects. The Eastern townships, which were originally settled by a few Loyalists, are now linguistically for the most part a mere extension of the New England States; about Drummondville, and through the country, is said to be spoken the English of General Heriot's soldiers, who were induced to settle in that region; it has been also said, I cannot say with what truth, that the people speak differently on opposite sides of the St. Francis in some parts; and certainly the "Shattagee" people speak a variety unlike any of the rest.

THE CHATEAUGUAY SCOTCH.

This Chateauguay speech dominates the north half of Huntingdon county and the English-speaking neighbourhood in the present counties of Chateauguay and Beauharnois, where the earliest settlements were Scotch; Americanisms and school English have greatly detrited the "burr" and produced the tendencies to the nasal, besides replacing many phrases: yet the peculiarities may be roughly exemplified in the following:

(1) The use of "them" for adjective "those"—almost universal in Canadian country districts; (2) the mention of thick liquids, such as soup and porridge, in the plural, *i.e.*, "do you like them thick or thin?"; (3) "fur to" for infinitival "to"; (4) "twenty o' them's going"; (5) "just like" nearly always used for "like"; (6) "I ask, have you anything more to say"; (7) "the blame is not all on the side of him"; (8) "the terrible bad condition of the roads"; (9) "to help replenish his pocket"; (10) "or neither did he indicate"; (11) "the undersigned would inform the public"; (12) "six foot of," "six load of"; (13) "you"; (14) "near to"; (15) "a man by the name of"; (16) "porridge" in contrast to the neighbouring American "mush," "oatmeal" or "suppawn" (Dutch); "daft"; "dour"; "fou"; "canny"; "poorly" (ill); "ing-ins" (onions); "gayrl" (girl); "weemen" (women); "near" (stingy); "dighted" (silly.)

The influence of Americans shows in the use of "a rushing business," "the fall" (autumn), and so forth. "Store" has in general replaced "shop" for a simple place of business, but not where the keeper is a mechanic; as "J. G. Johnson's tin shop and toy store," "boot and shoe shop," and (showing the unsettled state of the terms) "agricultural shop."

OTHER DIALECTS.

Other local dialects I can only mention in broad terms, as the Loyalists established themselves in a fringe along our whole border, so their speech has almost everywhere become predominant; in Ontario most completely of all. Yet even there some of the lately settled districts preserve Lowland Scottish character; some, as about Lucan, are said to be quite Irish, while the Glengarry region, owing to Highland settlement, contains conditions similar at present to those of Pictou, though the Anglicizing influences are more active.

It should be remarked that the Ontario Loyalist speech is recognized to differ considerably from that of the Maritime Provinces for three reasons: there has been more immigration; education has been better diffused; the stocks came originally from different quarters of the American colonies. "Ontario," condenses Mr. Dawson, in his excellent little handbook, "was settled in its whole length by Loyalists mainly from New York and the middle colonies; all the rocky Atlantic coast of Acadia was settled from Massachusetts and the Eastern States." To appreciate the difference it should be understood that Pennsylvania then contained a large number of Quaker people and of Hollanders and Palatine Germans; while New York was a feudal and largely a Dutch Province. Dutch names are very common in the older districts of Ontario.

The road is now clear for some general observations.

One is, that in our large towns bodies of Irish immigrants have affected the pronunciation and phrases of the lower classes, while a similar effect is being produced upon the society class by English comers.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE.

A second observation is—what few British Canadians suspect—the great likeness of our speech, in phrases, if not pronunciation, to that of the Americans; partly due to the Loyalist foundations, partly to close and constant communication socially, commercially, and through the press. A very cursory examination will show that the United States have been, and are to-day, the source of the strongest of all influences bearing on our current speech. Though we have nowhere—except, perhaps, along the Vermont frontier—quite the New England twang or drawl, the people of Old England remark in our accent a well-defined tendency to the nasal; and though in few districts outside of Blue-Nosedom can one hear the "I guess," "I reckon," "I calc'late"; though "real nice," "why, yes, indeed," and "wall, now!" remain still foreign; though "orate" and "placate" and "to suicide" have haply not taken root, yet what Canadian, on reading a list of Americanisms like, say that in "Appleton's Cyclopædia," will not feel surprise at his familiarity with the greater number. Is there anything strange in "the balance" for "remainder," "bluffing it off," "cars," "horse-cars," "street-cars," a railway "check," a "trunk," "dry-goods," "dry-goods clerk," "dock" (wharf), "clever" (skilful), "gentlemanly," "hitch" (tie up horse), "is that so?" "what's that?" (Brit. "what do you say?"), "mean" (unkind), "sidewalk," "he lives *on* State Street" (Brit. "*in* State Street"), "store," "talented," "reliable," "ticket-office," "pants," and so forth. There is no help for it, we must admit that in this we have been annexed. It is a saving truth in the matter that we seem to adopt terms rather than grammatical eccentricities.

Through the American, and from our New York Loyalists we have accepted a few Dutch words: "boss" (master), "stoop" (threshold), "knickerbockers" (kneebreeches), etc. "Knickerbockers" has gone over the seas.

American slang and American dialect must not be forgotten as acting forces, as the columns of country newspapers amply testify.

UNIVERSAL CANADIANISMS.

Besides localisms and Americanisms, there are a few terms which are peculiar to the whole of the country. Such are, "sleigh" for "sled;" "bob-sleigh" or "bob;" "pointer" (a long boy's sled), "American" (obviously a Loyalist use) for inhabitant of the United States; "the States," for the United States themselves; "the line;" "the boundary line;" "the lines," for their frontier; "Home," for Great Britain; "the Home Government;" "toboggan;" "lacrosse," etc. "Tommy-cods" are well-known little fish caught in the St. Lawrence through the winter ice. "The Grits" is the universal word among the Conservatives for the Liberal party. "Rouge," "Bleu," "Castor," are political terms drawn from, and chiefly used in, Quebec. "Johnny Baptiste" in Ontario and "Canuck" in English-speaking Quebec, apply sometimes to the French-Canadian.

We are now in a position to make some forecasts for the future.

The influence of the newspaper press—that paramount influence now—will it is probable, increasingly as the United States and ourselves progress in importance, approximate us in language to the Americans.

Education and culture in the two countries or in whatever political divisions replace them, will in their advance improve the press and prune from the speech—especially the written speech—of both people, their cruder peculiarities leading them in general direction ever back towards the standard of England's great literature, but amplifying with such new materials as shall on trial be found useful.

Localisms will, in most small neighbourhoods undergo various rates of disappearance, but the less striking will long characterize broad neighbourhoods; while a new condition in their favour will arrive when the comparative occupation of the continent shall lessen the inducements to immigrate.

What the effect of *the Prairie and Rocky Mountain country* may be is shrouded till we can make out its elements of immigration. The "ranch," the "blizzard,"

"the Forks of the Red Deer" River, "tepee," are already ours from across that border. "Métis" (half-breed), "Nichi" (Indian), and, I think, "couleé" are peculiar, I believe, to our own West.

The *French language*, owing to its identification with a tenacious difference of religion, and to the operations of the Jesuit body, will stamp the Province of Quebec for at least a century. But with the introduction of common-school education, the inevitable advance of liberal ideas, and later on an influx of English-speaking adventurers when the openings shall have become occupied in the West, the French Canadian finally, as the histories of the Welsh, the Erse, the Gael, the Breton, the Provençal, the Swede of New Sweden, the Knickerbocker of New Holland, and presently the Spaniard of Arizona, and the Louisiana Creole prove, must take to himself the necessary linguistic implement of success on this continent and go the road of so many other colonial peoples not of English race. Their old speech will not disappear without leaving traces. As its existence is to-day the striking problem in our general dialect, so in the future its remains may be the extensive and distinctive.

W. Douw Lighthall.

ENGLAND.

The Lark at dawn, the Nightingale at eve
Conspire to make it beautiful. I had dreamed
Of some such Beauty—lo! it rose around me
More exquisite than any dream, more fair
Than even the favourite dreams of cherished children,
And what those are—how strange, how sweet, how rare,
We all remember—when a touch, a sound,
Startles us, and we look
Backwards—ten, twenty, thirty, forty years.
Yet fairer even than those
Cloud-visions capped with rose
My England—with her Abbeys framed in green,
Gray Tintern set not too far from the sea
By subtle monks, safe in its rim of hills,
And gayer Furness, clad in mellow reds
That glimmer warm through many an ivy-mat,
And tall Cathedrals tipped with shimmering spires,
That hang over hut and Hall,
And satin poppies, scarlet, wild,
Clasped in the hands of the labourer's child,
And tangled cottage garden gaudily drest
In all their rustic Sunday summer best.
O blame them not who evermore
Upon a cold colonial shore
Feel their hearts burn within them at the thought
Of all that Beauty! Let it be said of such—
Not that they loved their Canada the less
But only—England—the more. Let it be said
Of them, that nature did so feed their souls
With all that was grand, illimitable, potent, fresh,
That poesy failed them. Nature was all in all;
Too self-sufficing, strong, relentless, masterful,
To aid the human spirit. Then there stole
From England valleys, leafy lanes, high hills,
From sloping uplands, farms and lichened towers,
From roofless ruins gracious in decay—
Something—a sentiment, aspiration, wish—
That soothed, inspired at once, that gave for wild
Dissatisfaction, peace. Dear England! I—
I have not—yet I would have been—thy child!

Seranus.

THE KWA-GUTL INDIANS.—II.

At some length I have endeavoured to show that the Indian problem still awaits solution among the Kwā-gutl and other nations on our Pacific sea-board. I will now lay before you the evils that exist unchecked at the present time among them, and endeavour to prescribe such a method of treatment as would remove them, and so rescue a race dying at our hands and at our own charges. Any way of escaping such a responsibility should be welcome.

Against pestilence such as filth nourishes and neglect makes terrible, the Indians bring to bear a poor sorcery, an exorcism with voice and rattle to scare away the evil spirits that possess the sick. Notwithstanding which, small-pox came among them some years ago, and there were not enough well to nurse those that were stricken. Many tribes were almost extinguished; and so fearful the horror of unburied dead that the survivors fled into the woods and left their camping places strewn with corpses. Only half the nation survived the pestilence; such a pestilence as may come again at any time that the sickness happens to be present in our towns. Vaccination is difficult, for the people are so impregnated with scrofula that the incisions often result in sores which take weeks to cure.

Sailing boats are constantly sneaking about the channels, and from these supplies of gin are had that are indeed terrible in their results. An eye-witness told me of a whiskey feast on Knight Inlet. He saw the liquor served in vessels like beer "schooners," which vessels were emptied in one or two draughts, until the whole company of men and women had fallen on the floor. Whiskey-runners elsewhere have told me that they can well afford an occasional seizure by way of license. There is no adequate check under existing laws. Four years ago the Salmon River people massacred the crew of an American schooner to get liquor. In neighbouring agencies massacres of white men have taken place, as in 1864 fourteen were slaughtered at Waddington Harbour, Bute Inlet, and, I think in 1869, other fourteen, the crew of the British barque *John Bright*, were slaughtered and mutilated on the West Coast of Vancouver Island.

But sorcery, drunkenness and murder are innocent recreations compared to Indian prostitution. So long as the infamous potlatch is allowed, and so long as the labour of Indian women is permitted to the capitalists of the Province, the Indians will most assuredly continue to die, and their blood will be upon our heads, for it is by contact with us that they perish. The potlatch is nominally forbidden, but I found one at Mâ-mà-lilla-cullah in full swing. Three thousand blankets, the earnings of shame, were piled up in a house for distribution, and that in direct defiance of the law. The Indian agent is not to blame, for when he tries to do his duty he is not countenanced by the Department. He manfully attempted to obey his orders and stop prostitution this summer by stopping women from going on the steamers to Victoria for infamous purposes. It is notorious that on complaint of the steamboat company he was officially rebuked. The law is therefore incompetent to check potlatching, and its main prop and stay, prostitution.

Gambling exists everywhere in open day, the law being incompetent to stop it, because the law is only in one of fourteen villages at a time.

In old times, under a binding law of purchase, women clave to the men who purchased them, and for better or worse were faithful until death, poor, naked, trembling, reeking with vermin as they were. But now a woman counts its slavery to stay with one husband for a whole fishing season, and a lady told me that she is known among Indian women as the white man's slave because she does not go on the warpath to Victoria. Now that the young women are nearly all dead the men can get no wives, or else are speedily deserted when they have purchased one. We have come to teach them better things. Hence the change.

The potlatch is a feast given upon any public occasion, and they are of two kinds, the winter and the summer, among these tribes. Such a feast is not the exercise of hospitality, but a payment of social obligations and a striving for supremacy in importance. The intense rivalries caused in this used in older times to lead to war, but now at times to secret assassinations, when heart burnings get beyond control. And yet the Indians say they would rather die than give up their ancient customs.

It is by no means certain that slavery has altogether ceased among these people. It certainly existed within the last decade.

Yet there is one last horror, worse than mutilation in burial, worse than all the infamies that I have recounted. It is the devouring of human bodies, and biting of living men out of bravado. It is notorious that these tribes killed slaves in times gone by, to be eaten in public by members of a secret guild called Hā-mad-tsi; that also, on emerging from months of supposed nakedness in the forest, they bit all comers, sometimes even women, not only on the arms but often in the face; and that self-torture from bravado, dragging from ropes bound to the lacerated flesh, was customary and held in honour. But although these rites are generally thought to be extinct, I have by careful investigation become convinced that they exist at the present time modified. Modified—yes, modified in as much as, not daring to kill slaves, they steal and devour human corpses. I can produce four eye-witnesses, if compelled to disclose names, and of these three bear a good reputation. My interpreter, a half-breed and a very fine man, had become sceptical of the whole thing on account of the incredulity of the white men and the shams that have replaced the actual practice where there is fear of the law intervening; but on returning from the investigation he was quite convinced of the present existence of the customs.

To cite plain facts, there are three Hā-mad-tsis at Alert Bay, five at Mâ-mà-lilla-cullah, five at Knight Inlet, all boys, twenty at Kingcombe Inlet, and so on with the rest of the villages. A Hā-mad-tsi feast was held at Alert Bay eighteen months ago (all sham, however), and at Klawatis, the same winter, when two bodies were eaten, at Mâ-mà-lilla-cullah, three and a half years ago, when a woman's body was eaten, at Knight Inlet eight years ago, when one body was eaten. Now I do not know to what extent deer or bear meat was eaten from the bones of a human corpse, or what other shams entered into the feasts in question; but I do know that every one of the many hundreds of persons present fully believes that he saw in actual fact human flesh eaten by members of the Ha-mad-tsi order. No possible doubt can exist that at least the pretence is made; and every probability points to the fact of actual cannibalism in some at least of these instances.

And now that these people may be rescued from such horrors as have perhaps rarely been equalled, it is imperative that they should be isolated in some one or two places, where they may be fully and rigidly governed, as the plains Indians have been; and, the men being free to go where they please for work and to earn their living, the women may also be permitted to gather the natural products of the country so long as they keep away from white communities. Thus only can they be saved.

H. R. A. Pocock.

The *Colonies and India* says:—Dr. Carmichael, Dean of Montreal, who is filling his brother Canon Carmichael's pulpit in Dublin just now, is drawing very large congregations, and is said to be the most impressive preacher heard there for many years.

MONTREAL LETTER.

By contract with the Royal Electric Light Company the city is lighted from end to end by electricity. Super-human (no, only super-Montreal) exertions have been made, crowned in part with success, and the inhabitants were on the alert for the 1st of August, to be ready with their stones to throw if the company was not up to date. Up to date it has been, but the heat through which it came in on the home stretch absorbed so much of its vitality that somewhere on the track it must have tossed its lights. From every corner came the said stones helter skelter. Aldermen were being buttonholed on the streets. But the company, knowing our weakness, draws a breath, and calls our attention away from the lights we expected and fixes it upon the course over which it came near strangling itself in its haste. Six thousand poles we have got, and two hundred and twenty-five miles of wire! Also we have to our credit an accumulation of 2,379 gas lamps, unnecessary and useless to be sure, but, according to the balance of trade theory, something to be proud of. Then there are about 700 coal oil lamps and posts to the good, and, in presence of such profits, who could bother about the trifling detail of the lighting. The coal oil lamp contractor has sent in to us his claim for prospective damages—a claim amounting to more than the contract for the year. The Gas Company has for so long a period been the lord of all it could survey in monopoly and dividend that this adversity has left to it only the power to groan. We have not yet received *its* prospective damages. But so soon as the first smart of the blow softens, that will be in order, or that celebrated corporation must be losing its cunning. I should advise both the petroleum and gas contractors to abide in patience, keep their lamps trimmed, and be on hand when our endurance is goaded into revolt. Already 1,500 of us have private electric lights, and the company puts a premium on their own incapacity by offering us the inducement to increase them at 1¼ cents per hour.

The city surveyor has returned from a three months' tour in Europe, during which his mission was two-fold—to improve his own health in his absence, and ours on his return. The first comfort which greets him on his arrival is a list of one hundred claims for damages from citizens for injuries through overflowing sewers in our recent rainy weather. But, as he has decided that the city is not responsible when the sewer is *insufficient*, and only when it is *inefficient* a grave fear haunts us that possibly the first part of his mission has not been too successful; and if a hundred of us may endure poisoning because while we prove the sewer to be too small he proves it to be not choked, our fears regarding the second part of his mission are evidently beneath consideration. Nevertheless that worthy official commands our deepest sympathy. Hampered by numerous committees who seem to be playing a sort of municipal lawn tennis, met by an empty treasury, surrounded by ratepayers in the pet, and fired by the new life and light he has met abroad, well may he wring his despairing hands! He reports that in England and France the edges of the countriest of country roads are better paved than our daintiest carriage drive; that wooden pavements prevail, with grouting instead of tar as a filling; that for broad streets wood is best in dry weather, but gets greasy in the fogs of London; that in narrow streets asphalt is preferred, the wood becoming, in course of time, offensive through want of sunshine; that where traffic is very heavy block stone is used, its cleanliness counterbalancing its noise; that the large cities of Europe lay their pavements not by contract, but by day's work, and recommends that we should follow their example in this respect. Mr. St. George brings us no suggestion about our sewers. He says they are good enough. What we need is a system which will drain into the sewers instead of draining elsewhere. What a revelation I make in these words! And as far as laying our pavements, and performing other public work by day instead of by contract, the effect on the Provincial census is too dreadful to contemplate. As things are, the hundreds of octogenarians which our corporation employs do not *quite* smoke themselves to death. All that is needed, however, is the last straw—day's work.

Any day in the week you will see "fat sleek-headed men, such as sleeps o' nights" in municipal blue and gold, with white hats and many-knobbed canes, taking an airing, in the sun in winter, in the shade in summer, and looking well about them to keep the street arabs off their polished boots. These are our city assessors, the men who tell us the worth of our belongings, and the taxes on them. Last month, while too-well remembering their shoe-polish, they forgot their arithmetic in so many instances and in such glaring degree that a hornet's nest must have come about their innocent heads in shape of letters from incensed householders.

So many fatal accidents have occurred recently through careless construction and management that the Building Inspector is urging the Council to frame a by-law enforcing a periodical official inspection and making it a criminal offence to leave the door of your elevator open when the car is not on the same landing. All doubts as to the power of the city to enter private buildings in this manner are set at rest, and the sooner these precautions are taken the better. Of course we shall require a second official to see that number one makes his inspection, and a third to look after his suggestions on the part of proprietors. What we need in Montreal is not a Solon to make our laws, but a Zeno with a little bit of his Stoicism—ever such a little bit—to make us obey them. The Recorder fined a man the other day

for selling skim milk diluted with water. A few days after he fined him for feeding his cows with salt so that he could lay the blame of dilution upon the cow. All the Solons of Athens would get the slip from such a man.

It is proposed to abolish the system of tollage on the entire Island, the revenue of the eleven toll houses to be made up—one half by the Government, one quarter by Montreal and the remainder by the municipality through which the road runs.

In reference to the dispute between the city and the Richelieu Navigation Company in connection with the contract for ferry steamers to St. Helen's Island, and which Company threatens to throw up for want of returns, the Council appointed a man to count the passengers for two weeks. The surprising result is that from 40,000 to 45,000 passengers crossed, which, at five cents apiece, supplies enough of "return" in two weeks to enable the steamers to run for four months!

The St. Lawrence Refinery has just performed another financial manoeuvre, by shutting down in the midst of the season for preserving. The explanations given by the employers are, it is needless to say, somewhat in confliction with those given by the employès. The men are grumbling that the new refinery is built in a neighbourhood where living is much more costly than it was in Griffintown before the fire. They were thrown idle in this way last winter for ten weeks. This refinery has scored the day of rest out of its calendar by working seven days per week. The *Ironmaster*, of Pittsburg, the new apostle of religious economics, has overlooked this attitude, at least, of the question.

The Montreal Café Company will soon open its first experiment, a five-storied building, of which it has taken a two-years' lease at $1,500, and which is being fitted up with luxury in varnished white wood and bevelled glass panellings.

Sir Somers Vine, Assistant Secretary of the Imperial Institute, is going the round of the colonies, the champion of the institution in which he is interested—a building which is to cost £200,000 sterling, which is intended as a memorial of the Jubilee of our beloved Queen, and as a means of educating the British Empire about itself, a scheme to which Canada has already contributed $100,000. Having visited Australia, New Zealand and all our own Western Provinces to invite their co-operation he proceeded to Quebec, the Maritime Provinces and the West Indies. He addressed a meeting of the Council of the Board of Trade, to whom he explained the aims, scope, and operations of the Institute, and who pledged him the heartiest response of the people of Canada. When Sir Somers succeeds in placing the Great Britons on the level of knowledge regarding the colonies which the Greater Britons have reached regarding the mother country, his Institute, with all its royal patronage, may serve a noble end. But when every British newspaper prefers to educate its readers about Canada through Philadelphia or Washington; when our own Mr. Grant Allen, as a successful competitor in one of the leading public educational institutions of England was refused the prize because he was not a British subject (!); and when an eminent educationalist in England (in *England*, not *Britain*) in an important correspondence with an institution of learning in Canada that I happen to know, sought to ingratiate himself by tendering his sympathy with Canada "in her long struggle against slavery," it may be supposed that Sir Somers could spend his time and energies to more advantage without undertaking the unpleasantness of an ocean or a channel voyage. In England (that is Britain this time) possession is ten tenths of patriotism, and as John Bull naturally enough likes to see all he possesses, he has grown to believe he possesses no more than he sees.

Ville Marie.

THE SONNET.—II.

SONNETS ON BOOKS.

MONTAIGNE, with that charming openness which makes each of his readers a confidential friend, confesses as follows with regard to his want of method in acquiring wisdom:—"There is nothing that I will cudgel my brains about; no, not knowledge, of what price soever. I seek in the reading of books only to please myself by an irreproachable diversion. . . . . . If one book do not please me I take another, and never meddle with any but at such times as I am weary of doing nothing." From this and other remarks concerning his habits of study it might be doubted, if we did not know him better, whether the complaisant old philosopher really entertained any personal love of books—such a real affection, for instance, once led Charles Lamb to reverently kiss an old folio copy of Chapman's "Homer," or constrained Leigh Hunt to write (after meekly expressing a hope that he himself might live on, a little while after death, in book form for the delight of his friends)—"If fortune turns her face once more in kindness upon me before I go I may chance, some quiet day, to lay my overbeating temples on a book and so have the death I most envy."

It is an ideal love, this bibliophilism, and becoming largely lost in an age of cheap literature, when the masterpieces of all ages vie in price and vile printing with the diseased brain-ramblings of men and women who write 'with a low-necked pen.' Cheap books are chiefly bought to be sold again to the Shylocks of second-hand bargains or to be lent until they are lost. Because they can always be replaced, they can never be prized—except perhaps by some poor student who collects a small library, at the expense of one good book, in the dim hope of some day being able to replace them one by one with more fitting and respectable editions.

It has been taught by certain old religions that the souls of the departed linger round those they loved and left on earth to guide and protect them during their lives. In this age of religious disenchantment such a simple theory of sweet consolation and strengthening grace is lost to belief; but to some, who find more truth and friendship in books than in humanity, the living thoughts of dead men assume the functions of those older spirits. For many reasons it is preferable to commune with the dead than converse with many living authors. Personally they may not have been one whit better while they lived; but vanity, intolerance, arrogance, and all the baser parts of their mental nature were buried with their bodies and find no place in the souls of their books. For books are stoical philosophers and neither blush at our praise nor pale at our anger; therefore the task of resurrecting the mortal faults, follies and frailties of those who have left us their better and immortal parts for our use and delight seems ghoulish and it is one of the ominous signs of a vitiated age when biographers become inhuman. The beauty of a flower is not enhanced by the dissection of its dead leaves.

It would be surprising if the sonnet had not been employed to embody some thoughts on books, yet it is noteworthy that there exist only few of this class.

One of the earliest sonnets in the language was addressed by Henry, Earl of Surrey, one of the transplanters of that Italian flower of verse, to the other, Sir Thomas Wyat, the elder, who paraphrased the Seven Penitential Psalms in verse. It is to be remarked that the form of sonnet employed was not Petrarchan, but that now known as Shakespearian, consisting of three differently rhymed quatrains closed by a couplet.

PRAISE OF CERTAIN PSALMS OF DAVID, TRANSLATED BY SIR T. W., THE ELDER.

The great Macedon that out of Persia chased
Darius, of whose huge power all Asia rung,
In the rich ark Dan Homer's rimes he placed,
Who feignèd gests of heathen princes sung.
What holy grave, what worthy sepulture,
To Wyat's Psalms should Christians then purchàse?
Where he doth paint the lively faith and pure,
The steadfast hope, the sweet return to grace
Of just David, by perfect penitence;
Where rulers may see in a mirror clear
The bitter fruit of false concupiscence
How Jewry bought Uriah's death full dear.
In princes' hearts God's scourge imprinted deep,
Ought them awake out of their sinful sleep.

Although ostensibly written in praise of his friend Wyat's verse, the real object was deeper. The allusion to the marriage-mania of King Henry VIII. is too pointed to be mistaken; but fearless Surrey had a still more bitter and rebuking sonnet "of Sardanapalus' dishonourable life and miserable death," which is said to have raised the royal ire to the height of the scaffold, so far as the writer was concerned. We reserve this for our consideration of some political sonnets.

The accent of "purchàse" and the good old word "gests" (deeds) are the only peculiarities to modern ears.

One of the most criticized sonnets, so far as its authorship and internal style is concerned, is attributed to the reputed friend and probable Italian tutor of Shakespeare, Giovanni Florio, who is also supposed on rather slender grounds to have been burlesqued as Holophernes. Florio was the the author of several interesting books, and is quite a curious figure on the Elizabethan page of literature as well as a chronic crux to Shakespearian students. The pedantic quaintness of the titles to his books are amusing, as "Queen Anna's New World of Words" for a new edition of his Italian dictionary; "First Fruits, which yield Familiar Speech, Witty sentences, and Golden Sayings;" "Second Fruits, to be gathered of Twelve Trees, of divers but delightsome Tastes to the Tongues of Italian and English men;" but the book we are chiefly interested in at present is the "Essayes written in French by Michael, Lord of Montaigne, etc. Done into English by John Florio." Prefixed to the second folio edition, published in 1613, was a sonnet of anonymous authorship. It has been attributed to Shakespeare, Daniel, Matthew Gwinne, and other contemporary writers; but some allow to "Resolute" John Florio himself, in the absence of definite facts to the contrary, the credit of its composition. The sonnet is as follows:

CONCERNING THE HONOUR OF BOOKS.

Since honour from the honourer proceeds,
How well do they deserve, that memorize
And leave in books for all posterities
The names of worthies and their virtuous deeds;
When all their glory else, like water-weeds
Without their element, presently dies
And all their greatness quite forgotten lies,
And when and how they flourish'd no man heeds!
How poor remembrances are statues, tombs,
And other monuments that men erect
To princes, which remain in closèd rooms
Where but a few behold them, in respect
Of books, that to the universal eye
Show how they lived; the other where they lie.

There are several passages in this sonnet that remind us of Shakespeare's thoughts on the subject of fame and the world's memory; such as that bitterly sarcastic remark of Hamlet, "Die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year."

In the speech of Gloucester, in the opening of the second part of King Henry VI., the phrase is used, "Blotting your names from books of memory." But the sestet in the Florio sonnet bears a remarkable likeness to the famous 55th sonnet of Shakespeare, which, as it deals directly with the preserving power of books, as opposed to more pretentious remembrances, finds its fitting place here. It has been entitled "A Living Monument" and "The Poet's Praise Immortal."

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhime;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Marsis' sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

As a curious example of how much thought and beauty can be destroyed by translation, we append a French rendering of this sonnet by Alfred Coppin:

Non, les tombeaux des rois faits de marbre et d'airain
Ne vivront pas autant que ma puissante muse,
Et votre nom chanté par mon vers souverain
Défiera le granit épais que le temp use.
Quand la guerre partout déchaînant ses fureurs
Détruira les palais, ces temples de l'histoire,
Ni le feu, ni le fer d'infâmes massacreurs
Ne pourrant entamer, ô Seigneur, votre gloire.
En dépit de l'oubli, cet ami de la mort,
L'avenir vous attend et vous réserve un sort;
Votre nom si fameux deviendra la patûre
Des générations à venir; c'est ainsi
Que pour l'éternité vous pourrez vivre ici
Sous le regard épris de la race future.

The construction of the Florio sonnet is similar to the earlier ones by Sir Thomas Wyat, who very probably wrote the first of this verse in England, and consists of a two-rhymed octave, a quatrain, and a closing couplet. This form is not liked by certain critics, and the closing couplet is offensive to such refined ears as Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. William Sharp wear when sounding sonnets; but it was employed by Spenser, Shakespeare, Watson, Chapman, and in fact most of the early sonneteers, nor does it seem inappropriate or jarring, except perhaps in very few instances. Instead of annoying one like the banging of a door at the close of a piece of fine music, as Mr. Sharp suggests, the rhymed close seems rather like the rolling away of the last final touch of chords harmonious; and when a critic of Mr. Hall Caine's signal ability "refers to the closure in question as being as offensive to his ear as the couplets at the ends of scenes and acts in some Shakespearian plays," one can only smile at the trick of words that would foist an unfair comparison on the unsuspecting reader. If Mr. Hall Caine's judgment is led by the ear in this way, he must not imagine himself capable of drawing all his readers after him by the same easy process, however Orphean his critical word-music may be.

The end couplet seems a positive necessity in certain sonnets, and after a study of several hundred of the best known, the charge against the couplet ending appears unfounded. We would set up against the critics such examples as Blanco White's "Night and Death," Keat's "Last Sonnet," Arnold's "Shakespeare," etc.

But to return to the Florio sonnet, in spite of Professor Minto's able analysis and argument, the supposition that this was penned by Shakespeare is rather far-fetched, chiefly on structural grounds, because it is written in the earlier form—the octave having only two rhymes—whereas Shakespeare invariably used differently rhymed quatrains. It agrees more with the style of Daniel in its Petrarchan build, and Daniel was a friend and fellow-office-holder of Florio; but it is only fair, in the absence of definite information to the contrary, to give Floria himself credit for the authorship. It may not be uninteresting to recall Sir William Cornwallis's description of John Florio and his translation: "It is translated into a style admitting as few idle words as our language will endure. It is well fitted in this new garment, and Montaigne speaks now good English. It is done by a fellow less beholden to nature for his fortune than wit, yet lesser for his face than his fortune. The truth is, he looks more like a good fellow than a wise man; and yet he is wise beyond either his fortune or education."

The only book in which Shakespeare's autograph occurs is a copy of Florio's "Montaigne," and was purchased by the British Museum authorities for £120. In the same place is another copy of the same book with the autograph of Ben Jonson.

In another work by Florio, called "Second Frutes," etc., is a sonnet addressed to the author by his friend, Phæton, which has also been the subject of much dispute as to its authorship. The same objection holds against the Shakespearean theory, viz., that it is written in the Petrarchan octave instead of the separate quatrain style; but it has been urged in both instances that the author adopted the Italian type as a compliment to his Italian friend. The conceit of the sonnet is an excellent play of thought and fancy on the names of the author and his book. It is here given in its original form:

PHAETON TO HIS FRIEND FLORIO.

Sweete friend whose name agrees with thy increase,
How fit a rivall art thou of the Spring?
For when each branche hath left his flourishing,
And green-lockt Sommer's shadie pleasures cease,
She makes the Winter's stormes repose in peace,
And spends her franchise on each living thing:
The dazies sprout, the little birds doo sing,
Hearbes, gummes, and plants do vaunt of their release.
So when that all our English witts lay dead
(Except the Laurell that is evergreene),
Thou with thy Frutes our barrennes o're-spread,
And set thy flowrie pleasance to be seene.
Sutch frutes, sutch flowrets of moralitie,
Were nere before brought out of Italy.

The line, "except the Laurell that is ever greene," refers to Edmund Spenser, then known as the "new poet," but now known as "the poets' poet." Webbe, in his "Discourse of English Poetrie" (1586), bestowed the laurel on Spenser, "who, if not only, yet, in my judgment, principally deserveth the title of the rightest poet that ever I read." And Bishop Hall, in one of his satires, says:

Renowned Spenser! whom no earthly wight
Dares once to emulate, much less dares despight;
Salust of France and Tuscan Ariost,
Yield up the lawrell garland ye have lost.

Also Barnefield, in the sonnet once attributed to Shakespeare, speaks of Spenser as his favourite poet.

Spenser is esteemed by some critics as the finest sonnet-writer anterior to Shakespeare. He was undoubtedly the most daring, for he first wrote sonnets in blank verse, then in the style of Surrey, and finally invented a form of his own, which Leigh Hunt thought less happy than the Italian style. Spencer wrote about ninety sonnets, mostly in his own manner, the peculiarity of which is that the last rhyme of each quatrain supplies the first rhyme to the next, and the whole is closed with a couplet. One of his contemporaries was Gabriel Harvey, who was in the critical battles of those days a prominent figure, and though his writings are little known except for ridicule, he was highly thought of by Spenser, who addressed the following sonnet: To the Right Worshipful, my singular Good Friend, M. Gabriel Harvey, Doctor of the Laws.

Harvey, the happy above happiest men,
I read, that, sitting like a looker-on
Of this world's stage, dost note with critic pen
The sharp dislikes of each condition;
And, as one careless of suspicion,
Ne fawnest for the favour of the great;
Ne fearest foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which danger to thee threat;
But freely dost, of what thee list, entreat,
Like a great lord of peerless liberty;
Lifting the good up to high honour's seat,
And the evil damning ever more to die;
For life and death is in thy doomful writing;
So thy renown lives ever by enditing.

The sonnet is dated and signed as follows: "Dublin, this 18 of July, 1586. Your devoted friend during life, Edmund Spenser." But life and death was not always at the command of Master Gabriel Harvey, for in 1580 he commended nine comedies written by Spenser, and tried to dissuade him from writing "The Faerie Queen."

Most of Spenser's sonnets were the offspring of love; but his "Amoretti" are not so warm with passion as those of many of his contemporaries, although choice and elegant and full of fine lines and images. The conceit of the following is common with the poets of his day, whose devotion to their mistress was supposed to overshadow all other earthly and (if we are to believe some of them) heavenly desire. Of course the mistress of their poetic intimacy was seldom the sharer of their prosaic domesticity.

Happy, ye leaves! when as those lily hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in love's soft hands,
Like captives trembling at the victor's sight:
And happy lines! on which, with starry light,
Those lamping eyes will deign sometimes to look,
And read the sorrows of my dying spright
Written with tears in heart's close-bleeding book;
And happy rimes! bathed in the sacred brook
Of Helicon, whence she derived it;
When ye behold that Angel's blessed look,
My soul's long-lacked food, my heaven's bliss,
Leaves, lines and rimes, seek her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

The second line is eminently Shakespearian in its construction and potency. The phrase, "dead-doing might," reminds one of Shakespeare's "dead-killing eye." "Lily hands" occurs in Shakespeare and other poets of the period. "Those lamping eyes" is an expression of imperishable beauty, and the line, "Written with tears in heart's close-bleeding book" puts very tersely and prettily an image often used by the love-sick poets of his day.

Spenser's poems, however, were not destined to be pleasing only to the object of his affection. Sir Walter Raleigh has left on record an eulogy which is in itself a matchless masterpiece of fine fancy. It is one of many panegyrics passed on the literary adventures of him whom Lowell has happily christened "the Don Quixote of poets," and is quaintly entitled "A vision upon this conceipt of the Faery Queene." It was printed in 1590 with the first three books of the noble poem. It will be noticed that Raleigh employed the three quatrain form, but he stepped right out of the beaten track of eulogy and struck a broad path for himself by the splendid massing of strong images Dean Church calls it "a fine but extravagant sonnet"; but it is probably the grandest sonnet written before Milton dipped his mighty quill in ink. Leigh Hunt says that after reading it, in spite of structural deficiencies, "no impression remains on the mind but that of triumphant force."

It will be remembered that Raleigh had met Spenser in Ireland, and that the admiration of the great men was mutual is attested both by this sonnet and the reference by Spenser to Raleigh as "the Shepherd of the Ocean." The sailor persuaded the poet to go to London and publish his Faery Queene.

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen,
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept;
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,
For they this Queen attended; in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce,
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And cursed the access of that celestial thief.

A relation and fellow-sailor of Raleigh was Sir Arthur Gorges, who, like many of England's fighters of that time, occasionally laid down the sword to pick up the pen. This literary seaman was a Latin scholar, but a poor rhymer, and translated Lucan's "Pharsalia" into octosyllabic verse, which was published in 1614 with a commendatory sonnet by Raleigh. The ring of it is manly and independent; it strikes the keynote of true poetic impulse, and affords such a crushing condemnation of literary servility that it may well be read to-day when literary cookshops are filled with the nauseous steam of praise. The sonnet is so cleverly constructed with subtle allusions to the lives of both Lucan and the translator of his best work, as well as an honest admiration of their lofty characters. It is also written in the three-quatrain style:

TO THE TRANSLATOR.

Had Lucan hid the truth to please the time,
He had been too unworthy of thy Penne,
Who never sought, nor ever car'd to clime
By flattery, or seeking worthlesse men.
For this thou hast been bruis'd; but yet those scarres
Do beautifie no lesse than those wounds do,
Receiv'd in just and in religious warres;
Though thou hast bled by both, and bear'st them too,
Change not; to change thy fortune 'tis too late:
Who with a manly faith resolves to dye,
May promise to himselfe a lasting state,
Though not so great, yet free from infamy.
Such was my Lucan, whom so to translate
Nature thy Muse (like Lucan's) did create.

SAREPTA.

(To be continued.)

LONDON LETTER.

AMONG my correspondence of this morning I find a letter written by a sprightly young gentleman acting in the capacity of Marshal or aide-de-camp to one of the Assize Judges, which letter contains so many odd bits of information that I chose to copy it here.

"Durham Castle, where we are now, is a superb place," he writes, "full of tapestry, dead bishops, Jacobean fireplaces, arms, Norman pillars and chests of black oak. There are many broad shallow staircases, and old iron lamps fixed against the rubble walls of the keep. It's the most interesting combination of castle, bishop's palace and university; quite splendid. There are long terraces and scraps of garden, with just room for a tennis-court; and a huge hall, with a dais, and Cann's portraits, and long mournful Spanish saints, brought from Spain by the fiery Peterborough. The trumpeters blow, and the lodge-keeper clangs the ancient bishop's bell, and the sheriff comes in and takes us to the Cathedral across the Palace Green just outside, and the organ plays 'God Save the Queen' as we go up the aisle, and oh! a Marshal's life is very hard!

"When the Principality was broken up in 1836 (there were formerly Prince Bishops) all sorts of splendour of furniture and pictures were sold for absolutely nothing, and the finest port, over which G—, who told me, nearly cried, went for a shilling a bottle! The university bought it for the ordinary drinking of the students. 'Think of it,' said G—, and was quite silent.

"In Newcastle I found the house from which Bessie Surtees eloped with Eldon, a fine Jacobean place, with innumerable windows, out of one of which, marked with a pane of blue glass, the young lady climbed. Collingwood was born there, Nelson's 'noble fellow,' (there's a cenotaph of him by Rossi, very bad, and a fine Flaxman of Matthew White Ridley in the Cathedral), and I came on Bewick the engraver's cottage, solid dark stone with a plaque fixed on the wall.

"Yesterday, in frightful rain, we went to Auckland—the inn we lunched at was the Phœnix; 'we shall have hashes,' said the Judge—and saw the chapel where Cosin, great Archbishop of the Restoration, lies buried, who was very angry because he meant to be the first put there, and his brother-in-law forestalled him. At Oshaw, founded in 1806, a college for priests, we saw St. Cuthbert's ring; at least some say it isn't his ring, being thirteenth century work. They paid for some relics a thousand pounds to a Neapolitan family in difficulties, bones tied up in ribbons like bridecake or stuck over with paper rosettes like the meat at Christmas. Long frosty corridors, hung with Catholic prints and Doré engravings, and among them Frith's Ramsgate Sands, lead to the Chapel. Gusts of incense came sweeping past every now and then.

"At Newcastle, our final ceremony was the presentation of a Carolus to one of the Judges, and a Jacobus to the other by the Mayor and Corporation. In the old days the Mayor was bound to give the judges safe escort to Carlisle. Then he gave them money to buy daggers; and now, these broads, as they are called, are the latest innovation of the old custom.

"By the way the Judge tells me the bar wig is the ordinary mourning wig of the time of Queen Anne. The Bar went into mourning for Her Majesty, and have never come out!

"Here's a ghost story for you: When Father Matthew was first a priest he had a little room over the chapel, where he used to sleep. One night very late, tired with work all day, he was coming out of the confessional after silent prayer, where he saw mysterious lights, and heard mysterious music, and lo! his predecessor, dead of course, came out of the vestry in full mass fig, and, hollow-voiced, demanded who would help him to serve the mass? So Father Matthew assisted, and they did the mass together solemnly, and the ghost told the trembling priest how he had come back to earth because of chapel work unaccomplished, and masses not duly sung, and further commanded Father Matthew to take up the temperance cause and never leave it; which he did, and always told this tale of how he first began.

"And what do you think of this? A man tried for the murder of a child was defended by Armstrong, who afterwards came to great eminence. A worsted ball was found in the possession of the murderer. The grandmother swore it was the child's. Armstrong should have said nothing and left it to the jury—an ordinary ball, gentlemen, and hang a man for that!—but he got up and cried out triumphantly, 'This is it, isn't it? Common ball enough, every child has one, and so on.' The grandmother rambled on, half talking to herself. 'Yes, Jim made it for her, and wound it round a bit of Bible in the middle.' 'Sh!' said the Judge, the only man who heard her muttering; made her repeat it; and had the ball unwound in court. 'There's a man's life on that,' he said to the Marshal, when at the end they came on a piece of book-cover with Holy Bible printed on it, forming the heart. And the man was hanged."

In how many ways do Gray and FitzGerald resemble each other; in their quiet studious lives, their engrossing love of literature, their tender feeling for those friends and workers in the world of whose successes they were so keenly sympathetic. He never spoke out. Gray's touching epitaph, written by Dr. Warton, whom Matthew Arnold quotes in his charming essay, is suitable for FitzGerald, too. Of their work, the quality of which was unlike, neither of them ever willingly made mention. Had they lived in the same years Gray—lodging in a cloister where, according to Bonstettin, *le quinzième siècle n'avait pas encore déménagé*—would, I am sure, often have left the panelled Peterhouse room decorated with the rope-ladder (you recollect the false alarm which made the poet migrate to Pembroke Hall?) to visit Old Fitz in his "suburb grange." Their volumes of letters should stand side by side in the library. From each we learn exactly what we want to know of his own life, and the simple story is told in a fashion that is touching indeed to the outsider who listens to the refined gentle tones of these hermit scholars. Gray occasionally went up to London, to see his odes through the "Strawberry Hill Press," may be, and to hear the nightingales in the Strawberry Hill Gardens, or he journeyed about England, always glad to return to the quiet of Cambridge, to his lonely life and his books. FitzGerald would have stayed on in Suffolk all the year had his friends allowed it, with the doves about his windows and the lugger "on the salt road between the trees, called Bewdsey Haven."

As one reads on one finds FitzGerald making mistakes sometimes that are not a little perplexing. He is "quite certain Richardson (with all his twaddle) is better than Fielding," an astonishing statement. He cares little for Miss Austen who "never goes out of the parlour," though he shares her affection for Crabbe, that dull rhyming story-teller. At first he cannot like "Pendennis," and we all know his opinion as to "Aurora Leigh," and woman's work generally. One could quote a dozen instances where his judgment is at fault, the reason being, I think, that he is oftener governed by the heart than the head. Books he read and loved when he was young, in the first quarter of the century, he read at the end of his days with an immense admiration, and welcomed in his old age the heroes and heroines with precisely the same enthusiasm as when first they were made known to him, fifty years before.

"And before the day was closed Dandie Dinmont came into my room on his visit to young Bertram in Portanferry Gaolhouse." How many times during FitzGerald's life did he not greet Dandie Dinmont. Dandie Dinmont and a score of others of that brave Scotch nation with whom (*pace* Leslie Stephen) one has spent the happiest hours before (and even after) one knew stucco from marble. Those kind eyes could find no fault in work that had given pleasure. Wisely he took his old friends and old books to his heart with their mistakes and shortcomings, which he never knew, with all the good qualities about which he was never tired of thinking. The tactful sympathy of the shy Suffolk recluse for those few great men whom it was his privilege to call his friends, the great unaffected affection for those dead writers whom he knew so well and about whom he spoke so often, these things make this bundle of Letters quite delightful reading, flawless in their excellence.

It has been much the fashion amongst a certain set to praise and quote FitzGerald's translations (which Rossetti first found in 1861 hidden away in the Fourpenny Box on a bookstall) of the poems of that Persian poet, astrologer, and tentmaker, over whom young Mr. McCarthy has just been rhapsodizing. But in the future, FitzGerald will not be remembered so much for that work over which he was so commendably modest (if you, a minnow, live with Tritons, you must be insensible enough if you are not conscious of your own littleness) as he will be for the scores of charming scenes which he has skilfully drawn with his leisurely delicate pen. Does it please you to hear of Tennyson and his magic music, of Thackeray—his little child dies again in these pages, that immortal little child who lies enshrined in its cradle in The Great Hogarty Diamond—of the good Barton dining with Sir Robert Peel, of Carlyle and his search for human bones on the Naseby battle-field? Of all these things and many more FitzGerald has time to speak in the pleasantest manner, his words reminding one now and again of that great language, those dear accents, learnt from him who wrote of "Vanity Fair."

What a grief to this "peaceable man," as Carlyle calls him, had he known how inaccurately and unjustly Brown-

ing would answer a certain careless sentence, of which we have all heard *ad nauseam*. What pleasure it would have given this shy, modest scholar, leading his "innocent *far niente* life," could he have foreseen how his Letters are regarded by the readers of to-day. His admirable translations will never be popular, not many care for Calderon, only a few taste Omar Khayyám; but to every one, with any love of literature, however slight, these Letters must be, now and always, the greatest delight.

WALTER POWELL.

HARVEST SONNETS.

I.—THE REAPERS.

THE fields are ripe, the golden garners teem,
The patient hind rejoices on his way;
From upland furrow and by lowland stream,
The reapers gather all the live-long day.
Hoarding the master's wealth with faithful hand,
Through noontide hours unwearied toil they on,
A smart and rough, yet honest-hearted band,
Hoping no quiet till life's task is done;
When the last gleaner, Death, of every grain
Strewn in the trenches where Time is no more,
Shall bind his sheaves and bear them back again
To the great Sower, whence they came before—
To bloom in fields eternal, where no care
Shall vex their long-sought rest with life's despair.

II.—THE INGATHERING.

Grateful and lovely, through the leafy glade,
When day is at its sultriest, harvest heat;
When birds scarce twitter in the noontide shade,
And the slow herds seek out some cool retreat,
Comes the rich mother of the harvest sheaves,
Bearing her firstlings on her ample breast;
Speared barley, wheat, and fruits in tinted leaves,
To lay on Nature's altar, ripe and blest—
Thank-offering to the Bountiful, who gives
The fertile sunshine and the softening rain—
The Father, Lord, of everything that lives,
Without whose blessing men would sow in vain.
Look up, O Mother! holy are thy tears,
And sweet thy hymn of praise in heavenly ears.

Woodside, Berlin. JOHN KING.

PARIS LETTER.

HIS Majesty the Shah! and they hung the station with crimson and gold, and stopped the traffic along the route where he should pass; they gave him a carriage and four and postilions, a guard of honour, and a salute of twenty-one guns. They won't have a king themselves, but they spare no trouble in honouring the kings of other nations.

It was a pleasant bit of dignity amidst the somewhat vulgar republican fêtes, the passage of His Persian Majesty through Parisian streets. No hideous procession had been organized, but never, not even on the day of the swellest public funeral, an excuse for gaudy exhibition in which the Republic takes particular delight, did the Champs Elysées look half so imposing as on Tuesday afternoon. Kept clear of all intruders by mounted soldiery and a *cordon* of policemen, the long avenue, but for the crowds on either side, was absolutely deserted till away down in the dusty sunlight glinted the guard of *cuirassiers*, and the Shah and his suite in six or eight carriages came up towards the Arc de Triomphe, while the band played the strange, grave music of the Persian National hymn.

Here is indeed a king, not a trembling European monarch on suffrage, but a king as a king should be, not one whit afraid of *garçons de café*, and stone-cutters and butcher-boys, simply majestic, proudly benign, looking at the people with a sort of lofty pity, and throwing them a salutation from time to time as if he were throwing them coin. It is simply delicious, this oriental condescension to a Parisian crowd, only of course the Parisian crowd don't in the least take it seriously, and I am very much afraid dare to criticise the dignity of the king of kings as *un peu exagerée*.

The papers are full of the Shah's praises. He is generous, kind, intelligent, and, above all, takes the liveliest interest in French civilization, which is proved by his having already visited two previous Expositions, those of 1873 and 1878. He delights in poetry, music and art; but with all due deference, methinks his taste in the latter, at least in the European manifestation of it, still leaves something to be desired. The other day I saw His Majesty at the Exposition before a stall where he had stopped to buy some souvenirs. They offered him, besides other things likely to take the fancy of a Shah—silver bracelets, with little Tours Eiffel pendent, paper-cutters, with Tour Eiffel handles, and handkerchiefs all covered with a perfect rain of Tours Eiffel—a pile of beautiful photographs and a pile of coloured prints. His Majesty did not hesitate. The photographs were put aside, and the prints, two, four, five, six, large enough to cover half a wall, and hideous enough to adorn a country inn, were carried off by one of his attendants.

But, however, to our minds, his oriental love of colour may at times lead him astray in matters artistic, in personal appearance, in dress, in carriage, he might be envied by any sovereign of Europe. His eyes are dark and proud, his features regular, and his mustache, that he strokes constantly, curls up at the ends after the ideal fashion prescribed for mustaches, but to which only one mustache in a thousand ever attains. His astrakhan *talpack*, a sort of fez with the arms of Persia, the sun and a gold lion holding a silver sword, on its face, and his semi-military costume, black, with small red border, quite European, except for the deep flounce added to the coat, set off his handsome face and figure to perfection, while his walk has all the dignity of the East, joined to the independence of that of an American on the Avenue de l'Opéra.

A detachment of soldiery encompasses the palatial residence where dwells the King of Kings to guard it by night and by day. A French general and a colonel have been attached to his person, and gorgeous fetes and ceremonies will take place every night of His Majesty's sojourn here.

There are three classes of people who visit the Exposition: the curious, the specialists, and the dilettanti. To the first it is a show, to the second a workshop, to the third a curious study. The first go to stare, the second to labour, the third to reflect. The third discover its deepest and truest meaning—a sort of vast comparative table of nations, of their minds, in their sculpture and their painting; of their hearts, in their music and their dance; and of their ingenuity and taste, in their machinery, and furniture, and ornaments. Looked at in this way it affords the most delightful means in the world of furthering our knowledge of humanity.

I shall tell you, to begin with, something about the French pictures, because French art has influenced every country from Servia to Norway, from Russia to America.

The beauty and the wonder of them, their infinite cleverness and their infinite number are paralyzing. It is the work of the last century till now. The classical David is there, the poetical Corot; Troyon with his wonderful cattle, Daubigny with his landscapes; the passionate Delacroix and Millet, Millet the "Jupiter en Sabots," to whom everybody must bow the knee. Then coming nearer to-day the efforts of poor Manet. But such efforts! Better than the accomplished work of how many! Quite hideous, quite ridiculous as all first steps from the conventional must be; but full of struggling meaning and strange pathos, the saddest and strangest pathos on earth—when a mind is drowned in its own thoughts. After Manet comes Bastien-Lepage, who speaks at last what the other could only vaguely dream. A dream like that was worth one's dying in trying to express it. Bastien-Lepage's "Jean d' Arc" is perhaps the most utterly lovely painting in the Exposition, but no words of mine will make you realize how lovely. I can tell you that it is a young girl with dusky hair, a sweet, strong, pure face, and eyes, eyes one sees once in a lifetime, and that disappear to haunt one in the flowers and the stars. I can tell you that the girl stands against a tree in a garden overgrown with weeds, brown and green—listening, and behind her through the branches, rather felt than seen, is the apparition of the king in armour, and a woman in white robes and a child. But I cannot tell you of the exquisite harmony of colour, the simple poetry, the beautiful mysticism. . . . . .

The work of Dagnan-Bouveret, whom everybody is acclaiming for his success at the Salon as well as at the International Exhibit, is like that of Bastien-Lepage, the highest expression of the Realistic School. But to walk on through this wilderness of beauty is to grow intoxicated because the colour goes to your head like strong, sweet wine, and the cleverness and the charm of the things make you dizzy with pleasure.

Besides Carolus Duran, Bouguereau Breton, and Meissonnier that you know so well, there is Henner, suggesting a world of idealities, Roll laughing in the delight of youth and strength, Lucas pale and poetical with his spiritualized women, Tategrain making to live again the history of centuries ago, Rochegrosse evoking all the sick horror of ancient crime, and Jean Paul Laurens, the grave, ascetic, monk-like painter of monks. One loses breath simply naming them. Renouf tells sad tales of the sea, Deschamps looks misery at you through his poor little white tearful creatures, Geoffroy paints adorably the crude freshness of children, children with pokey hair, and dear, ugly, consequential little faces. Then in quite another sphere, the reserved and funereal Carrière, Aimè Morot proud and passionate in his Spanish arena, and Detaille, the wonderful Detaille who speaks as a sort of "god of battles," for he sees rather than the heat and blood of war, what is proudest and most glorious in an army: the strength and resolve when they march to the fight, and the dreams of heroism and victory that float through the gray dawn-clouds while the soldiers are sleeping in the chill morning before sounds the *rèveil*.

Though these are not half the painters who are there, they are enough to give you some idea of what the French pictures are like.

But in French art to-day, in the French mind, it is as a rule less what is done than how it has been done—the interest of *facture* rather than subject, the poetry of colour rather than the poetry of idea. Paintings like those of Dagnan-Bouveret and Bastien-Lepage that have almost all the requirements of perfect works are rare; the efforts to reach that special state of perfection are rare too. There is any amount of talent in France, there is very little genius. The French comprehension of the surfaces of things is incomparable, their expression exquisite, but they have not the slightest ambition to go on a journey in search of the soul. A French artist will infinitely prefer a bit of gray wall and a fleck of gray sky well painted, than all the feeling in the world however deep but ill expressed. This spirit has worked wonders against conventionality and also sentiment, wonders for truth. In thinking little of subject and everything of execution, an artist will paint anything, and the French artist, having the finest sense of tone, will make it a delicious bit of colouring. Thus, thanks to the French school of painting, the copper pans of my kitchen, the vegetables from the market, even the ghastly, blue-white wall of the court have a charm for me quite unknown before; but in stepping away from paper flowers of speech and platitudes it is a weakness to stop forever at meaningless commonplaces. There is as much truth in Millet's "Sheep-Shearing" as in the "Angelus," but it is only when the "Angelus" leaves the country that we feel as if the Master's soul had left it too.

Paris, Aug. 2nd, 1889. OCCASIONAL.

THE VALUE OF A PICTURE.

THE attention of the public is now and then called to the state of Art in Canada. This is done in the most practical manner by exhibitions of the work of our Canadian artists. Only a very small part of the people, however, have been brought face to face with Canadian art. This state of affairs is very much to be regretted. The newspapers have given generous aid, but there has been little or no instructive criticism. Some individuals, of course, are very forward in saying that the work of our Canadian painters is not of such a quality and quantity as to awaken general enthusiasm. Others complain of the neglect of figure-painting. This, however, is hardly a just complaint, for landscape painting seems the proper development of art in a young country like Canada, with its mountains and prairies, its rivers and lakes, and its oceans. Yet there is no doubt that figure-painting is more intelligible to the laity; for landscape painting is somewhat vague in its expression of emotion. Our artists, on the other hand, complain of the public indifference to art, of the lack of encouragement given them in their work. This public indifference is due to our ignorance of the nature and value of Fine Art. But to what extent this ignorance is culpable in our country, every one must decide for himself. Whatever our opinion may be, time must be liberally allowed for both the laity and the profession to improve.

Every year, however, must bring with it a larger number of persons interested in Art. Many a one must have asked himself, What is the value of a painting to me anyway? This is a question worth answering, however briefly. No one can set himself honestly to answer it without bettering himself. But first we must understand what is to be the character of the painting. If it is to be a landscape painting, it must not be a mere copy of certain objects of nature, however minutely and skilfully it may be done. It must express "man's delight in the work of God." It must record the rich experience of one who is thrilled with the beauty of some mountain, lake or forest scene in wide nature. Or, if our painting is to be an historical one, it must not simply represent the physical features and dress of some man living in some country and in some period. It must be such that the face and posture appear animated by the spirit of the man placed in a particular situation. In other words, the painting must preserve the personality of the artist in the presence of nature or of the man, woman or child with whom the artist enters into sympathy. Further, the life represented by the painting must be worthy. There is much in actual life that is commonplace, much that is wearisome, which is not worth recalling. There is, again, much in life that is immoral, that is degrading rather than elevating in its influence. A painting has no excuse for existing which is not helpful, which does not enrich and ennoble our lives. The only ground on which the artist can stand is, not Art for Art's sake, but Art for righteousness' sake. The painting must, in a word, be a true and worthy example of Fine Art.

What, then, is the value of such a painting to any one of us? First of all, it is of value in the way of *culture*. A single picture would appear to have little educative value, but, small as it is, it is real. It can indicate what is to be gained by familiarity with works of art, if they were only numerous in our Province. Some may be surprised to learn that a single picture induces observation, but such is a fact. Comparatively speaking, ordinary people are blind to what is going on around them. They see little more than what is necessary to carry through the business they are intent upon. The general rule is that a man sees what he looks for. Hence the natural scientist can see in a landscape ever so much more than an untrained observer, simply because he knows what to look for. Said the artist, Blake, "A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man does." Now, the artist must, like the scientist, be keenly alive to the innumerable facts of life, though he differs widely from him in the use he makes of them. And when for his own purpose, he isolates in a painting a certain number of these facts of life, he makes us see them as we never or very rarely saw them before. Take any picture, for example, "The Waif," by Sir John Millais, and say whether or not you would have noticed on the street the little girl and her basket of flowers in the fulness of detail so expressive of the life she lives; yes, if you had passed her a dozen times in the day. Another value is the cultivation of the imagination. The artist not only closely observes the facts of life around him; he also gives them an imaginative regrouping for the expression of some feeling. This compels us to do the same; for in looking at a picture, we do not confine ourselves to the forms and

colours on the canvas, but go back for the same facts of life to our own experience and regroup them in the way the artist teaches us. In making us thus reweave the web of our experience, the artist trains that one of our powers that keeps life from becoming a monotonous here and now. But that for which we most value a picture is the pleasure it affords. Were it only for the momentary thrill experienced while we look at it, we would value every fine painting, but in so doing it also cultivates our emotional susceptibilities. This means that our capacity for enjoyment is increased and refined. The picture appeals to both our heart and intellect, thus helping to heal that division of our emotional and intellectual natures that so often creeps into our lives. Not only so, but it links our pleasure with worthy objects, with beautiful scenery and virtuous action. Surely the touch of feeling a picture gives us is a precious gift!

A picture is valuable, in the second place, for the *truth of life* it gives us. It has been already hinted that the scientist and the artist roam together over the facts of human experience; but they soon part company. The scientist gathers his facts and settles down laboriously to analyze and compare them. He submits them to the processes of abstraction and generalization, and gives us his truth of life in abstract ideas. The artist, on the other hand, never passes beyond the simple facts of life. His art is to represent them in their concrete reality. Is he in the presence of nature? Then, for him, the little flower that he plucks from some cranny is indissolubly linked with the feeling of pleasure born with the thought of it. He shrinks from the abstraction of the one from the other as he would from the cold touch of death. From these concrete facts of life, as has been said, he selects some and gives them an imaginative regrouping. But it is not a blind selection or a merely fanciful regrouping. He is guided by the particular motive or central idea which he seeks to embody in his picture. In this sense, painting, like poetry and the other arts, is "the application of ideas to life." The artist clothes his abstract motive or idea in concrete living forms. The philosopher elaborates a code of natural and moral law, which serves as a most valuable guide to us in life. But the artist teaches us what beauty and virtue is by representing beautiful things and virtuous actions. He speaks to us of the dignity of life with all its joys and sorrows by picturing the worthy movements of worthy men and women. He helps us onward in the struggle of life, not by an argument, but by picturing a strong man who ever delights in the beauty of the world and in doing his duty. He teaches by example, not by precept.

These values of pictures in the way of culture and in the exemplification of the fundamental truths of life, are, after all, only means to an end. By making us live less narrowly in their presence, they should empower us to live better in their absence. By making us look at life from the artist's standpoint, they should fit us the better at any time to view life artistically for ourselves. As Emerson would say, "Away with your nonsense of oil and easels, of marble and chisels: except to open your eyes to the witchcraft of eternal art, they are hypocritical rubbish." They must give us the power to reveal in the beauty of the earth, sea, and sky, to read sympathetically the struggle of life in the faces and actions of those about us, to make the past and the distant live before us, and often to create a vision of the fancy imparting to life "the glory and the freshness of a dream." We all have this power in a greater or less degree, but through our absorption in business we seldom exercise it. We impoverish our lives by always calculating economic values. Not that we should give up these calculations—no sane man would think of that—but that we should not allow them to be the whole of life. It is our duty to seek that fulness of experience our nature is capable of. Only in this way can we come to believe in the grandeur of life and spurn the blasphemous question, Is life worth living? In this realization of our capabilities all worthy Art is a most valuable aid—even a single good picture is appreciably helpful.

W. D.

Toronto.

A CANADIAN LANDSCAPE—SUMMER.

MORNING.

Kiss mine eyelids beauteous Morn
Blushing into life new born!
Lend me violets for my hair
And thy russet robe to wear,
And thy ring of rosiest hue
Set in drops of diamond dew.

I ROSE betimes, shook off dull slumber, performed my brief ablutions, and hied me to the sights of nature. It was yet early in the morning, when most are asleep or hug their pillows to enjoy the luxury of rest, with return of waking consciousness. The horny-handed toiler was not yet astir. The scene was peaceful, yet refreshing; and the vitality of nature, decked out in its richest hues of morning drapery, met me on every side. High above me spread the broad sweep of canopy that covers all. In the east, light blue tints blended with the golden halo of growing sunshine; from above, a deeper hue gave relief and beauty to the rich azure in the still reposing west. Here and there a snowy cloud, like the spotless garb of Gabriel, depended on the atmosphere and then dissolved and disappeared. Forming a dark outline against the horizon was the deep gloom of forest. I spurred my lingering steps and was soon under cover of an outspreading monarch. A jocund songster chirruped me a "Good morning, Sir," and darted out of sight. A lightsome breeze came rollicking in among the foliage, and made it dance and sing with the joy of new-given life. Stretching away southward until it kissed the distant sky was a broad undulating expanse of emerald, studded with drops of sparkling dew, violets, daisies, and buttercups. Dotted here and there was a neat, inviting cottage or homestead; or a stalwart tree of ample limbs which stood in solitary majesty. Fluttering butterflies added animation to the scene; a mournful hum in the air emphasized the solitude of the surroundings; now the feathery tribe would twitter among the branches, or trill their morning lay as they flitted merrily about. A pleasing aroma of bedewed grass and ripening hay suffused the atmosphere, and the vigour of morning was apparent. But see! the smoke escapes from that chimney, it mounts slowly and then floats lazily, gathering volume and density, until dissipated by the lucid elements. The gentle breeze has come less frequently; now there is perfect calm. There is the sound of a hammer! The day is begun. Waggon wheels are already lumbering along the turnpike. Ah, there the cows come to pasture—and a strapping lass she is who brings up the rear. Cast in a swarthy mould she strides along unheeding, now bawling to a refractory cow, now shouting a familiar song to give utterance to her joyousness and levity of spirits. But the air is getting warmer; the sun has mounted to its throne, surrounded by a blaze of dazzling gold.

NOON.

But the busy marts of men did not invite me hence; I lingered where I was to enjoy the calm of summer noontide amid the scenes of bucolic simplicity. A fallen trunk that had weathered many a blast afforded me a welcome seat, where I escaped the slanting rays of the burning sun. The hand of time moved slowly, and the evolutions of nature were reposeful in their movements. A sublime stillness, seldom broken, like the peace of a Sabbath morning, was impressive and soothing. A continual hum and hissing in the air contributed to the result. A husbandman stretched himself full length on the grass and then rolled into a heap. In a cottage not far distant, the maid of all work appeared at the kitchen door to wipe away with her apron the perspiration that was streaming down her rubicund face, and then disappeared to renew her stern lot. The kine lay nodding in the field, but a mournful lowing from the distance struck upon the ear. A collie, with head down, and suffering from the common law of the hour, straggled to a shallow stream. Reaching a point that was well sheltered, it lay down to enjoy the refreshment of a bath eagerly lapping the limpid water as it wimpled past. A lusty crow from a barn yard came with a sense of pleasure, but a sudden twittering and squabbling among the branches overhead, dispelled a pleasant reverie that was inducing soothing repose. Now the sun is moving westward, and a cool breath of air gives new animation. The cows are up and browsing or looking leisurely about them, swirling their tails. Hodge yawns with *ennui*; but he is erect, and as he thrusts his hands deep down into his pockets, surveys his ladened fields with peace of mind. The day moves apace and there is little change in appearances. Ah, yes; there are some workmen returning. Their laughter, their simple humour and beaming faces bespeak not only their relish for social intercourse among themselves, but for whatever change or variety the day may bring them.

EVENING.

Kiss my lips, Thou Lord of light
Kiss my lips a soft good-night!
Westward sinks Thy golden car;
Leave me but the evening star,
And my solace that shall be
Borrowing all its light from Thee!

The impulses which such a scene sometimes awaken in the breast of the pensive and thoughtful were upon me, and I lingered reluctant to abandon the masterful groupings of nature, to enjoy them merely in imagination. The heat of the day was over and I determined to witness the close which the descent of night's curtain signifies. I feasted royally on hickory nuts and huckleberries, accompanying them with a right big "wacht" of the purest undistilled, which I quaffed with delight, followed by a long drawn breath. Replenished to satisfaction without the aid of the culinary art, the luxury of a table or cutlery, I seized my pipe, renewed the supply of fragrant weed, and in an instant the smoke commingled with the perfumery of the atmosphere. I stretched myself on a gentle incline and was at peace with the wide world. The crowded atmosphere of the day was gradually giving way to the cool relief of brief twilight, and a growing feeling of exhilaration was stealing over me. I was in a mood for inviting reflection, but it was a time rather for observation. It was no sacrifice. I listened to the quiet mutterings among the leaves, to the wild screams that pierced the air at intervals, like peremptory notes of warning; to the extemporized solos that came borne on the air, and to the whole orchestra of nature. I watched the brilliancy of healthful day give place to the sober tints of decline. The sense of rest was overmastering. Quietude was supreme. The sun had all but disappeared from view, and for an instant a flood of colour filled the western sky. A lurid red now spread over all and gave relief to a striking scene. Then all was dark and the day was done. Stars twinkled in the heavens, which here and there were illumined by translucent flakes of light. The clock from a distant tower tolled the hour and I bent my homeward way.

G. S. A.

AT FERNCLIFF.

[Ferncliff is the beautiful summer home of "Fidelis."]

On the cliff's brink, rock-rooted, levin-scarred,
Torn by the blasts that sweep the lake and hill,
Unstirred alike by seasons' fire or chill—
Stretching forever gaunt arms heavenward
That scarce throw shadow on the sun-scorched sward,
Yet glassed in waveless tides when winds are still;
Type of perennial strength and dauntless will—
Memory of countless years of faithful guard—
Emblem of courage, facing fear and fate—
Of patience, tireless through time's trials to wait—
Lonely forever, in a solitude
Too proud for peace—defiant yet subdued,
Triumphant, yet obeying law divine—
Living while death reigns round him, green while all
Spring's joys and autumn's glories fade and fall—
Fronting the morning, stands the steadfast pine.

From the crag's edge a stone's cast, where broad eaves
Give shelter even from chance of summer scathe,
To modest blooming buds that hide beneath
The tender screen of dewy-scented leaves;
Where scarce the feet of twilight insect grieves
The dusky silence—where the trellised wreath
Of jasmine trembles, and each passing breath
Shakes the frail glistening web Arachne weaves;
Where the pale-streaming moonlight smites the slope
The milk-white masses of the heliotrope
Rise regal; with a dainty, stately grace
The matchless flower lifts up her pure fair face;
As though her lord the sun had stooped to kiss.
She draws the light in floods of silver down,
And wears its radiance as of right her crown—
Embodied beauty, sweetness, peace, and bliss.

I, in the hammock's hush serenely swinging,
The stars above, the pulseless stream below,
Watch the gray moths that flutter to and fro,
The floating moon-rays, the soft shadows clinging;
While from dim wooded islets comes the ringing,
Sad call of whip-poor-will, the firefly's glow,
And mingled breeze and ripple's ebb and flow.
Then the sun's child, her passionate perfume flinging
Forth to the dark, fills all the silent place
With dreams of love and languour, joy and grace,
Melting the senses. But I lift my eyes—
Come the scarred branches 'twixt me and the skies;
They point, they teach, they warn with voice divine:
And as the phantom-rapture fades and dies,
And my shamed soul's white pinions upward rise,
I drink the strength and patience of the pine.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

Thousand Islands, June.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHANSON DE ROLAND.

DEAR SIR,—It will indeed be delightful to have *Chanson de Roland* in some form obtainable by the general reader. It will assist us in realizing the wonderful scenes of these eventful times, full of daring and noble deeds the golden days of chivalry and romance.

Referring to this particular "Chanson de Geste," said to be sung before the battle of Hastings, on the field of Senlac, if it be true or not, it is pleasant to imagine it is, for there is a charm surrounding the scenes of those far-off years.

Let me write a few lines from a book before me on this subject: "While the day was yet young, Taillefer, the minstrel, went riding boldly out from the ranks singing the song of Roland and Charlemagne at Roncesvalles, tossing his sword lightly, and fast into the air, and catching it deftly as he galloped to the English lines."* Can we not see him on that early autumn morning, full of military enthusiasm, galloping round singing of conquest and victory, to inspire the Normans with courage and confidence, though the tremendous issues at stake might well make them tremble. "Harold and God Almighty!" cry the English. "Dex aide! Dex aide! Ha Rou! Ha Rou!" cry the Normans, and rush boldly up the hill to Harold's palisades."

Longfellow has written a short but beautiful poem on the death of Archbishop Turpin, most touching in its relation of incidents; so we hope the "Chanson de Roland" may some day find its way to the Toronto Public Library.

There is something I would like to take exception to in in the article by "H. D.," inferring that "Ha Rou" is a similar cry to "Ugh" of the Indians, though I am depending on the reliability of the authoress I quote from. When speaking of the strict rule and order kept by Rolf the Ganger, when he had fairly given up the life of a sea king and assumed the Dukedom of Normandy, it says "One familiar word of ours, 'Hurrah,' is said to date from this reign. Rou, the Frenchmen called our Rolff, and there was a law that if a man was in danger himself, or caught his enemy doing any damage, he could raise the cry of 'Ha Rou!' and so invoke justice in Duke Rolf's name. At the sound of the cry everybody was bound on the instant to give chase to the offender, and whoever failed to respond to the cry of Ha Rou! must pay a heavy fine to

*"A Story of the Normans."—JEWETT.

Rolf himself. This began the old English fashion of hue and cry, as well as our custom of shouting Hurrah when we are pleased or excited."

So if Ha Rou in any way corresponds to our word Hurrah, it is not "obscure," and we are glad to know the expression is of such ancient date. C. H.

THE EDINBURGH RECEPTION OF MR. PARNELL.

WHETHER Mr. Parnell was or was not desirous to mislead Edinburgh last Saturday concerning his ultimate designs in Ireland, as we know, on his own authority, that he probably was to mislead the House of Commons eight years ago, we cannot say. When a public man once admits his leaning to tortuous policy, and shows by his public life that his admission is justified, it always must remain a matter of guesswork what the amount of difference between his true purpose and his avowed purpose really is. But whether he intended or not to mislead Edinburgh as to his ultimate designs in Ireland, there is no sort of doubt that he did what he could to mislead Edinburgh as to the history of the last nine years. He misled it as to the sole responsibility of the Lords for the rejection of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill. Any one would have gathered from his speech that he and his followers had done their best to support Mr. Forster in carrying that Bill, and that the Lords rejected it in the face of an enthusiastic vote of the Irish Party acting with Mr. Gladstone's Government. The fact was not so. The Parnellite Members did their very best, during the discussions in the House of Commons, to show their indifference to that Bill. A considerable number of them stayed in the gallery instead of dividing with Mr. Forster on one of the last stages of the Bill, and it was a perfectly plausible position for the House of Lords to take up, and if they had passed that Bill, they would no more have contented Ireland than they would have gratified their own prepossessions. The Irish Members did all in their power, consistently with their interests as representatives of the tenants, to weaken instead of to strengthen Mr. Forster's hands on that occasion—as, indeed, they continued to do, so far as they dared, when he was endeavouring during the next laborious session to pass the great Land Bill. It is simply a perversion of history to throw all the blame for the inadequacy of the Irish legislation of that period on the House of Lords. The House of Lords availed themselves, no doubt, of every excuse they could find to resist a policy which offended all the most cherished prejudices of the landlord class. But the House of Lords had the great advantage of knowing that, so far from having to face any hearty and cordial co-operation between Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, they had no allies more sincerely anxious to weaken the hands of the Goverment, in its atttempt to do justice in Ireland, than the party led by Mr. Parnell.

Again, Mr. Parnell could hardly have indicated a stronger disposition to mislead Edinburgh than when he said:—"The Act sanctioning tenants' improvements, which ought to have been passed in 1852, was not passed till 1881." Mr. Gladstone's Act of 1870 gave the tenants the right to claim the value of their improvements, though it was not secured with anything like the same solidity as in 1881. Still, from the time when Mr. Gladstone's first Administration came into existence, Mr. Parnell, as he well knows, might have had in the Liberal Party an ally of great influence, profoundly anxious to redress the wrongs of Ireland—an ally whom, for that very reason, he and his friends did all in their power to paralyse, lest it should be shown that the wrongs of Ireland could be redressed without the concession of a separate Irish Legislature. And now he is doing all in his power to persuade the people that the obstruction and delay which he and his party promoted by every device in their power of open opposition to the known wishes of the tenants were due solely to the indifference of the British Parliament to Irish needs. If the Irish Party had acted with Mr. Gladstone then, as they are acting with Mr. Gladstone now, the Parliament of Great Britain would have given quite as good results for Irish legislation as they have ever given for British legislation. But the simple truth is, that the Parnellites never wished to see Irish legislation run too smoothly. They feared nothing more than any popular evidence that the Union would yield better results for Ireland—as it certainly has yielded—than the state of things which preceded the Union. And, of course, they were able to enhance greatly the legislative difficulties on which Mr. Parnell now relies to prove his case.

Coming nearer to our own time, who could imagine a much more obvious intention to mislead Edinburgh than in Mr. Parnell's account of the origin of the Commission, and his audacious attack on the Commissioners? He misrepresented gravely what the Government offered him—an action of libel against the *Times* conducted by his own counsel, the Attorney-General's name being only nominally inserted to enable the Government to defray the expense of a State trial; and he misrepresented gravely the facts of the case as to what the Commission had really done to clear his name from the imputation of having written the forged letters. It was the cróss-examination of Pigott which cleared his name, and without the pressure brought to bear by the appointment of the Commission to induce the *Times* to produce Pigott as a witness, how would Mr. Parnell have secured the exposure of the fraud? To pretend that he has a serious grievance against the Government because the Act establishing the Commission was so drawn as not to admit of an inquiry into the proceedings of the Loyal and Patriotic Union—an inquiry of which neither Mr. Parnell nor anyone else dreamt as necessary to his case at the time when he was so noisily demanding a Committee of the House of Commons, that most ineffective of all ineffective tribunals—appears to us so grotesque a charge, that hardly even an Edinburgh audience can have been deceived. In the first place, since the *Times* adopted, even if it borrowed, Pigott's charges, it does not in the least matter whether it borrowed them from Pigott or not, the only importance attaching to them being the fact that the *Times* did adopt them. In the second place, if it be ever so true that Pigott's authorship of the forged letters *might* have been discoverable only after an examination of the books of the Loyal and Patriotic Union, the Government could no more have anticipated this at the time the Commission was proposed, than they could have anticipated that Pigott would go to Madrid and shoot himself after his cross-examination. The real security for the eliciting of the truth was the power given to the Commission to insist on the discovery of all the facts of the case known to the various parties—a power in deference to which the *Times*, to its great credit, reluctantly disclosed the source whence it obtained the forged letters, while a considerable number of the witnesses on the other side have refused to obey the order of the Commissioners to be equally frank. Mr. Parnell's account of the origin and procedure of the Commission is as thoroughly misleading, —perhaps intended to be so, like his communications to the House of Commons in 1881—as his *résumé* of the story of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill and the Land Act. And anyone who relies on it will find that he has about as untrustworthy a notion of the facts of the case, as he would have an untrustworthy pledge for the future, if he relied on Mr. Parnell's assurances of the wish of Ireland to accommodate the action of her independent Legislature and Administration to the convenience and reasonable wishes of England.

Indeed, the only part of Mr. Parnell's voluble assurances which have any force at all is his appeal to the strength of England as irresistible if Ireland should prove unreasonable. The answer to that is, that the Liberal Party will never allow her to use that strength; that they have fallen so deeply in love with the habit of taking Irish grievances at Irishmen's own appraisement that there is absolutely no limit to which, so far as we can see, they would not go rather than apply force to the solution of the Irish Question. If we are to take a stand at all it must be on the Union. Give up that, and the assertion that if we choose to wage war against Ireland we can do so, will be just as idle as would be the remark that if the next Liberal Government chooses to send Mr. Parnell to the Tower, or to indict him for high treason, they can do so. No doubt they could if they wished, but they would not wish. They are grovelling at Mr. Parnell's feet, and there they will continue to grovel, unless, indeed, the Irish Legislature should be granted and should launch itself on a policy so plainly defiant as to open even Gladstonian eyes at last. But where is the common-sense of giving up a constitutional and tenable position like the Union, for a long course of concessions which can only be terminated, if it ever is to be terminated, by Ireland's resolve to wear out our patience and inflict on us a humiliation? The Parnellites denounced Mr. Gladstone as the most tyrannical of Ministers at the time he was straining every nerve, short of Home-rule, to redress Irish grievances. It was not till he surrendered to them without terms that they began to flatter him as they do now. It will be the same with his future policy. If Mr. Gladstone gives them all they want, they will continue to flatter him. If he draws back at any point the whole story of denunciation and surrender will begin over again. We are weary of Mr. Parnell's successful attempts to mislead us. We had better take our stand where we are, and not follow a minority of the citizens of Edinburgh into a fool's paradise from which, if they have their foolish way, they will very soon be driven out in shame and humiliation.—*London Spectator, July 27, 1889.*

ART NOTES.

THE *Art Journal* proposes to publish a new and complete history of the English Royal Academy—an institution which, in spite of much adverse criticism and some ridicule, has obtained a hold on the affections of the English people who associate the rise and progress of art in England with this institution, while in spite of the rise of a number of opposition art societies started by disgusted outside artists for whom there was no room among the select forty, the magic letters, R.A., are more coveted than ever as *addenda* to an artist's name. The history is to be under the supervision of Mr. Hodgson, R.A., aided by the present secretary of the Academy.

In George Moore's "Art for the Villa," in a late number of the *Art Magazine*, some ideas are broached to which artists would do well to take heed. Without going the whole way with Mr. Moore, who is a little given to laying down the law in rather a dogmatic manner, and assuming that there can be no appeal from his dictum, it is still worth while to consider if there be not some substantial basis for some of his statements, such as those dealing with the change in modern taste which prefers a light and cheerful style of art and a light pleasant subject, with not too much in it, to a dark and dingy oil painting or even to an impressive historical subject on a moderately large scale. He says, "A great picture is out of place in a private house. In a private house a great picture may even fail to impress; it requires the lofty light and peace of the gallery," and soforth. This is so evidently a question of taste that it seems to savour of Sir Oracle to lay down the law in this way. Nevertheless there seems little reason to doubt the fact that the modern drawing room is, with respect both to its decoration in art and furniture to be more attuned to cheerful brightness than of old. Massiveness and weight, solidity and solemnity seem to be now regarded as old fashioned, and in art, bright and pleasing water-colours or small oils in brilliant frames; vigorous etchings in light frames and clever sketches in black and white, all placed where they best fit in and catch the light well, are preferred to a more formal display of well balanced pictures of weighty subjects. Mr. Moore seems to object to picture galleries in private houses, but there can be little doubt that the best way to enjoy pictures is to hang them where the light is best suited for them; and it may be hoped that no important or expensive house in the near future will be built without some provision of of this sort. TEMPLAR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A WRITER in the *Boston Home Journal* describes a visit to the charming French artist as follows:—"We had just emerged from a strip of woodland, when we heard what seemed to be the sound of a distant train, but what proved to be the booming of the surf on Goose Rocks. A turn in the road, and we saw a few houses on the sand, and the first person whom we questioned—"Do you know Mdlle. Rhea?" smiled and pointed to a white house a little distance off. We dismissed the Concord waggon, wished the civil driver a more comfortable ride back, and stepped across a bit of green, and there in the doorway sat the familiar figure of Marie, and who that knows Mdlle. Rhea does not know clever little Marie, who is so closely allied to the charming actress? In another moment the piquant voice of Rhea herself was welcoming us with that cordiality which is one of her greatest charms. We were stripped of hats and wraps and gloves in the most peremptory fashion; presented to Mrs. Sheridan, with whom Rhea is staying, and who, by the way is an aunt of Emma Sheridan, the new leading lady at the Museum, and to Master Harry Sheridan, and before we could realize that we had really found the place we were out on the sands talking as if it were not two years since we had last grasped her hand, and heard her bonny voice, and surely looking at her it did not seem possible. Her dark hair hung in two braids plaited close to her ears—a most trying style, but looking pretty and becoming to her, and her gown had an unmistakable French air to it, but the charm of Rhea to me is to see her move about. She carries herself with a grace and an ease which few but French women have, and which forces you to follow her with your eyes when she is in the room with you, and she walked the sands with the same gliding grace with which she always treads the boards. The house, which is an ordinary beach house, has taken on a sort of characteristic resemblance to its occupants. The walls are covered with breadths of soft muslin, in a dainty cream colour with a small figure on it, and there was an upright piano, a few easy chairs and a few pictures on the walls, and a generous couch on one side of the room. It was the living and dining room, and the table to which we were bidden was most tempting—and served with that daintiness which is characteristic of the French."

A CORRESPONDENT writing from London says: "Edward de Reszke is a truly great basso. His voice is not specially low in compass, but in sonority and richness it is of the first quality. His art is almost flawless. He sings with the greatest possible taste and judgment and without any cheap *ad captandum* tricks. All his effects are legitimately produced. His 'Mephistopheles' is a superb piece of work, in which judicious and intelligent acting, full of sardonic humour, is combined with a bold and masterful vocal style."

MR. EDWARD SCOVEL writes to the London *Figaro* that he has been engaged for the season of 1889-90 by the Boston Ideals for "Lohengrin," "Carmen," "Faust," and "Trovatore," to sing four times a week at a salary of £100 ($500) per week, a statement that has made some of its readers smile, and some of them weep.

WHEN, on the 28th of September next, Mr. Henry Irving reopens the Lyceum Theatre with a revival of "The Dead Heart," writes Atlas to *The World*, London, a long familiar face will be missing from the audience. Mr. Walter Arnold, who succeeded his father, Samuel James Arnold, in the proprietorship of the Lyceum, died last week in the eightieth year of his age. Whatever tenant might be in possession of the lease, the deceased gentleman always held as his own appanage the large proscenium-box in the first circle on the right hand of the stage; and there, on every occasion of importance—so lately, indeed, as on the production of "Macbeth"—he might be seen with his friends. Fortune, which never treated Mr. Arnold badly, seems, indeed, to have taken special care in sending him for a tenant Mr. Henry Irving, at whose expense large portions of the theatre have been entirely altered and rebuilt, while still remaining the property of the original landlord. The deceased gentleman's brother, Mr. T. J. Arnold, well known as a London magistrate and a pleasant companion, not without literary tastes, predeceased him by some years.

TOM KEENE has added "Louis XI." to his repertoire for next season, and will play it in Chicago early in September.

American actors in New York say that ten fully equipped English companies have been so far booked for American tours next season, comprising over five hundred English actors.

A cablegram to the New York *Herald* says that Mrs. Langtry arrived in Paris on Friday from London, and was in the dressmaker's hands. She says she is going to Aix for a cure for the gout, and that she does not intend to return to the United States this year.

The scenes of Mark Twain's "Prince and Pauper," in which little Elsie Leslie is to appear next winter, are laid in England at the close of the reign of Henry VIII. Elsie will represent Edward, Prince of Wales, who in a boyish freak exchanges clothes with Tom Canty, the pauper. His adventures in this disguise and his difficulties in getting back to the palace furnish much of the plot.

The vivacious Hopper sprang the following upon the audience at Palmer's Theatre, New York, the other night, and it was encored until his bronchial tubes succumbed:

> My childhood's days, my childhood's days,
> Their memory dwells with me always;
> In fancy's fairy light I see
> Myself a child on mother's knee!
> That self-same knee I ne'er forget,
> Methinks I'm wriggling on it yet;
> She spake no words, sweet mother mine,
> She merely reached and made a sign—
> That slipper fell, and I knew what it fell on,
> . . . .
> But there are things, but there are things
> 'Tis better not to dwell on!

Mr. Richard Marston, the distinguished New York scenic artist, has been casting his professional and critical eye over the London stages, and finds that Mr. Irving's Lyceum Theatre is alone up to the standard of real, solid and conscientious painting, for which the chief credit is due to Mr. Hawes Craven. He finds too much hasty job work, done by incompetent assistants after good sketches from which splendid results ought to be had. Even the scenery in the Grand Empire ballet of "Cleopatra" struck him as unequal, although undoubtedly well designed. Some things he found worth high praise, but these made the rest suffer more by contrast.

The piano as we see it to day, says the Washington *Press*, is the growth of centuries of invention. In its infancy it was a harp with two or three strings. From time to time more strings were added, and after a while the cithara was born. The cithar was in the shape of the letter P, and had ten strings. It took many centuries for musicians to get the idea of stretching the strings across an open box, but somewhere about the year 1200 this was thought of, and the dulcimer made its appearance, the strings being struck with hammers. For another hundred years these hammers were held in the hands of the player, and then a genius invented a key-board, which, being struck by the fingers, moved the hammers. This instrument was called a clavicytherium or keyed cithara. This underwent some modifications and improvements from time to time. In Queen Elizabeth's time it was called a virginal. Then it was called a spine, because the hammers were covered with spines or quills, which struck or caught the strings of wires and produced the sound. From 1700 to 1800 it was much enlarged and improved, and called a harpsichord, and this was the instrument that Lady Washington, Mrs. Hamilton, and the ladies of our revolutionary times played on. In 1710 Bartolomeo Cristofoli, an Italian, invented a key or key-board, such as we have now substantially, which caused hammers to strike the wires from above, and thus developed the piano. In the past 150 years there is no musical instrument which has so completely absorbed the inventive faculty of man as the piano.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Tennyson celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birthday Tuesday, Aug. 6.

Andrew Lang has edited a fairy book which will be published in London soon.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has just been offered $5,000 for a story of 30,000 words.

Joseph Howard is writing a novel. How some of the reviewers would like to score it.

The copyrights of "Jane Eyre" and "Vanity Fair" will very shortly expire in England.

An exhaustive life of Adam Smith has been written by Mr. John Rae, and will soon be published in London.

The widow of the late James Grant is in very poor circumstances. Aid is hoped for from the English Civil List.

"The Land of an African Sultan," a record of three years' travel in Morocco, by Walter Harris, will be published by Sampson Low & Co. this autumn,

"A Man in a Million," is the title of a new serial story by Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N., the first part of which will appear in the August number of *Cassells' Magazine.*

The Worthington Co. have in preparation a translation by Mrs. T. W. Davis of "Lora, the Major's Daughter," a new novel by W. Heimburg, which has not yet appeared in Germany in book shape.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus are about to publish a new book by Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams, entitled "Witch, Warlock, and Magician: a Popular History of Magic and Witchcraft in England and Scotland."

The early publication of a second revised and enlarged edition of "King's Classical and Foreign Quotations" is announced by Mr. Thomas Whittaker, of New York. The first edition was exhausted very shortly after its appearance.

Canon Lefroy, who has been recently appointed Dean of Norwich in succession to Dr. Goulburn, according to the *Printers' Register*, "began life as a compositor in Dublin," and was afterwards for a time "sub-editor of the *Irish Times.*"

Dr. Nansen has arranged with Longmans, Green & Co., for the publication, both in New York and London, of an account of his recent Greenland expedition. The book will be ready early next spring, and will be illustrated with maps and plates.

Mr. Naake of the British Museum has lately discovered some printing in Polish which, so far as is at present known, is the earliest specimen of printing in that language. It is a hymn addressed to the Virgin Mary, and it was usually sung by the Polish troops before engaging in battle, and bears date 1506.

The manuscript Journals of David Livingstone, from which his first work, "Missionary Laurels and Researches in South Africa" was compiled, are said to be missing, and his sisters are said to be the more anxious for their recovery from the circumstance that Livingstone declared that out of these journals he could write three books as large as the one actually published.

Asked to name his favourite novels, T. B. Aldrich, after specifying several others, writes, "and anything of Walter Scott except his poems." Although this is an *obiter dictum*, it will be considered about as effectual to dismiss "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake" from the repertoires of lovers of romantic verse as Howells' dictum against Scott's novels.

The first number of the new magazine, *Santa Claus*, will be issued simultaneously in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Toronto, and London in October. Its chief aim will be the industrial education of the young people, and its endeavour to promote manual training among boys and girls. Although the magazine is to be so practical in its aim, fiction is not to be excluded, and serials by Miss Jewett and Mr. Johnson are already secured.

Brentanos, of New York, will publish, during the latter part of August, a novel, "Priest and Puritan," the plot of which turns on the love of a Methodist minister's son for the niece of a Catholic priest. The characters of the two clergymen are boldly drawn, and their nobility of heart plainly brought out by the difference of religious convictions which divides those dear to them. The book will be a welcome addition to wholesome, pure, yet interesting, literature.

Mr. Ruskin tells an amusing little story concerning Carlyle at a Scotch church. The minister, David Gillespie, was a quaint person, accustomed to speak his mind very plainly from the pulpit, and while preaching a sermon on "Youth and Beauty being laid in the Grave," something tickled Carlyle, and he was seen to smile; upon which Mr. Gillespie stopped suddenly, looked with a frown at Carlyle, and said: "Mistake me not, young man; it is youth alone that you possess."

A remarkable chapter of Napoleonic history will appear in the September *Century*, consisting of letters and journals of British officers describing Napoleon's voyage to Elba, also to St. Helena. The first part of the article is a letter written by Captain Ussher, who commanded the *Undaunted*, which took the exile to Elba; the last part is by Lieutenant Mills, of the *Northumberland*, and consists partly of a diary which the young lieutenant kept while on the way to St. Helena in the same ship with the ex-emperor.

The author of "Micah Clarke," the historical novel dealing with the Monmouth rebellion, of which we recently spoke in high praise, is an English physician who is only thirty years old, and who has been a writer of magazine stories for ten years past. Dr. A. C. Doyle is a tall, athletic young man, who not only attends to a good practice and writes novels, but is a famous cricketer. He has, moreover, seen service on the West African coast, and has roughed it in a whaler. He is a nephew of Richard Doyle, the "Punch" artist and illustrator of "The Newcomes."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE ART OF EATING.

There is little if any doubt that cooking has been employed by man in the preparation of food from the remotest ages. It is probable also that empirical ideas of what conduces to comfort in diet early formed the basis of a gastronomic art not without some relation to some physiological truth. It has been reserved for later times, however, and for civilized man, to discover and formulate a regular method of dining. By a process of natural selection the work of elaborating this system has in great measure passed into the hands of our French neighbours, who have thus been able to develop an art characteristically their own. Our simpler national customs relating to the table have, in common with those of most other peoples, attracted less attention, though it is not likely that they will ever disappear. It is needless here, however, to discuss in detail each local peculiarity. We should rather aim at understanding those common principles which underlie all rightly constituted systems, and give to each its value as an aid to wholesome nutrition. The time of eating is a matter of no small consequence. This is to some extent subject to individual convenience, but we may take it that as a general rule not less than five hours should separate one meal from another. The short interval of rest usual after meals will commend itself as being in strict accordance with physiological necessity. The quantity and quality of food taken also require careful attention, and these again must be regulated by reference to the work to be done by a given person. Some difference of opinion has always existed as to the proper daily allowance of meat. We shall probably do justice to the digestive powers of most persons, however, by advising that only one substantial meal be taken daily. More than this would tend, if continued, to overload the tissues with digestive products, and less would hardly suffice for full nutrition. Drink, if alcoholic, should be sparingly taken or not used at all. Cookery has in these days been elaborated almost to excess. Variety and delicacy are carried to an extreme, and we should probably gain rather than lose if plainness combined with care were adopted as our rule of practice in such matters.—*Lancet.*

THE PETROLEUM SUPPLY.

Professor John F. Carrol, assistant geologist for the State of Pennsylvania, is quoted as saying that the supply of petroleum was last year 5,000,000 barrels less than the demand, and that the shortage is bound to become more pronounced, in consequence of the failing condition of the different oil fields. A few years ago stocks were piling up at the rate of 2,000,000 barrels a month, or almost that, whereas they are now being decreased by something like 1,000,000 barrels a month. There are now, it is true, about 12,000,000 barrels of petroleum in tanks in the Ohio field, but this is because Ohio oil has not been used extensively as an illuminant. But the Ohio field, Professor Carrol believes, will not prove to be so extensive or productive as many suppose. No field thus far known, or likely to be ever known hereafter, will equal the yield of the Bradford, which has produced 56,000,000 barrels of oil, and at one time yielded as high as 105,000 barrels every twenty-four hours. Its production is now down to 18,000 to 20,000 barrels a day, and the pool is being drained to the dregs. Possibly there are some pools of 1,000,000 to 3,000,000 barrels in some of the old fields, and in new territory not yet opened up, but the prospects that such is the case are growing less every day. Kentucky may become something of an oil producer, though nothing great, for the oil-bearing sands underlie a portion of that State, and lap over into Tennessee. Texas has some oil, but the experiments undertaken in that State by Professor Carroll for others convinced him that the petroleum does not exist in paying quantities.—*Age of Steel.*

A MOUNTAIN ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

One of the most interesting achievements in modern engineering is the electric mountain railway recently opened to the public at the Burgenstock, near Lucerne. The rails describe one grand curve formed upon an angle of 112 degrees, and the system is such that the journey is made as steadily and smoothly as upon any of the straight funicular lines. The Burgenstock is almost perpendicular—from the shore of Lake Lucerne the Burgenstock is 1,330 feet, and it is 2,800 feet above the level of the sea. The total length of the line is 938 metres, and it commences with a gradient of 32 per cent., which is increased to 58 per cent. after the first 400 metres, this being maintained for the rest of the journey. A single pair of rails is used throughout, and the motive power, electricity, is generated by two dynamos, each of twenty-five horse-power, which are worked by a water wheel of nominally 125 horse-power erected upon the River Aar at its mouth at Buochs, three miles away, the electric current being conducted by means of insulated copper wires. The loss in transmission is estimated at 25 per cent.—*Scientific American.*

THE DISCIPLINE OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

At the present time there are two schools in our army; the first, and by far the smallest, consists of those who have carefully studied the features of modern campaigns, and have become convinced that the system adopted by the French and Germans is the only effective training for the battle-field, whilst the second and larger school consists of those who cling to the old close order and mechanical drill of the British army. We believe, however, that in time this latter school will disappear, and the British soldier will be trained solely for action and not chiefly for show. It has been said that the British army, having to carry on war in all parts of the world, and to contend at considerable disadvantage in point of numbers, requires a different system of drill and tactics to those adopted by Continental armies, but we have before asserted, and still maintain, that the German system, in which drill has been reduced almost to its elements, is as applicable to a force acting in the Soudan as to one campaigning in Europe. The most unpleasant criticism, because there was a good deal of truth in it, that was ever directed against British soldiers was the criticism of the German officer who witnessed the Delhi manœuvres. He said that when the attack commenced "all the outward forms of discipline

are lost." And this happens because that particular kind of drill is not the daily exercise of the soldier, but something quite outside his ordinary experience. We may have the best-behaved army in the world, the cleanest and most orderly barrack-rooms, but it will all go for nothing in the day of need unless we have the discipline of the battle-field, and we shall not have the discipline of the battle-field unless the soldier is unceasingly taught as if he were on the battle-field. —*Broad Arrow.*

AN ANGLING INCIDENT.

A contributor to the *Forest and Stream* gives this charming account of an angling episode on one of our northern trout streams:

As I wound my joy-inspiring way along the river, I was ever alert for the radiant trout, and enticed many a one to my quivering bait and to my creel. I knew my companion would hang his banner on high if he badly defeated me, and therefore I worked—I worked with might and main, passing no tempting spot unfished that I thought contained the quarry. As I waded around a sloping bank, thick with sedate alders, my eyes were gladdened with the sight of a little boy and girl sitting on a log under the shade of a spreading oak. The girl had a bright and winsome look, with curls of gold and cheeks like apples, and wore a straw hat aslant on her yellow hair that gave her a decidedly prepossessing appearance. Her barefooted brother with his bright eyes, sunny face and rustic costume was as picturesque as a shepherd boy. The little people so attracted me that I waded ashore to have a chat with them. The boy eyed me keenly as I approached, and asked if I had many trout, and if I were fishing with a fly. I opened my basket and let the children take a peep at the golden-hued fish, and then confessed to the boy that I was one of those contemptible bait-fishermen. He then told me that he had some fifteen trout in his fishbox, which was fastened in the water near by, and that he wished to dispose of them, but he said he always had poor luck in selling to the bait-fishermen, as they always caught enough to satisfy themselves.

"You don't sell to fly-fishermen?" I inquired.

"Oh! yes, sir, quite frequently."

"And why to them?"

"Because at this season of the year they hardly catch any."

"I'm surprised that these high-art anglers would buy trout."

"They do, though, but they always tell me not to give 'em away."

"Do you?"

"I can't, for I don't live in town. My home is down by the bridge."

"Do you ever sell any to bait-fishermen?"

"Very seldom, they always have 'em."

Here the little girl quickly spoke up and said: "Last season he sold a lot to one."

"How was that?"

"Why, you see," said the lad, "there were two men trouting here. The first one that passed was fishing so hard that he paid no attention at all to us, only saying 'Good-morning, children,' and then hurried on. After a while his partner came along, and as he passed close to me I asked him if he didn't want to buy some trout. At this he smiled and came ashore and inquired how many I had. I told him twenty-five. He laughed right out and said: 'Get 'em quick!' I pulled my box ashore, and as I put them in his basket he smiled and laughed all over saying: 'I'll snow him under now!' I didn't know what that meant then, but papa explained that he wanted to beat his partner. He never asked the price of 'em, but putting his hands in his pockets he drew out some money and gave me three dollars, and then tossed one to sis, saying, 'That's for you, little bright eyes,' and then he was gone like a flash, fishing as he went. Oh! he was such a handsome man. He had a gold chain around his neck and something on his little finger that sparkled like the sun. Papa said it was a diamond, and learned down at the tavern that he was a big banker from the East. Sis and I will never forget him."

"Did you ascertain whether he snowed his partner under?"

"Oh, yes; papa learned all about it, and said he beat him badly, and plagued him a great deal about it."

I was perfectly delighted with the conversation I had with the children, but as I was not in for the purchase of trout I told the little girl if she would give me a kiss I would give her a dollar. The little boy's eyes were all a-sparkle at this, and turning quickly to his little sister said:

"Sis, kiss the nice gentleman."

The little elfin then cheerfully got upon the outer end of the log near the water, and as she removed her straw hat her bright curls gracefully flowed over her nut brown shoulders, and the sun which struck this part of the oaken trunk bathed her head in crimson and gold, thus giving her the appearance of a "little fairy queen that gamboll'd on heaths and danced on ev'ry green." As I presented my bronzed and furrowed face with heavy beard and thick mustache, she bent forward and her sweet little innocent lips gave me a hearty kiss that I prized more highly than if it had been from the rosy mouth of maiden royal.

"Here's your dollar, sis, and one for you, bub," suiting action to word, and then I bade them a hasty good-bye, and wading out into the cold water proceeded with my fishing lest I also should be "snowed under." I turned and looked back at them before I passed the bend just ahead of me that would shut them out from my view, and there I beheld them both standing on the log intently watching me, with the little girl gracefully wafting kisses, to which I sincerely responded, and then the little romance of the stream was ended, but not forgotten, for it will always live in delightful memory as one of my rarest pleasures of trouting on the Boardman.

Ah! what the world would be to us
If the children were no more.
We should dread the desert behind us,
More than the dark before.

WHAT IS A DERVISH?

M. Vambery writes to the *St. James' Gazette* as follows: Dervish is a Persian word, and its derivation, or rather composition, is still the object of controversy. Some say that it is derived from *der-vis*—namely, one who lies at the door; while others believe it is a corruption from *der-pish* or *der-bish*—namely, one who is in advance, a head, a chieftain; and, considering that the dervish is looked upon as a spiritual chief in the eyes of the lower classes of the Moslem world, I consider this latter derivation more probable, and I consequently adhere to it. Dervishes, or members of a sacred brotherhood, have always enjoyed great consideration in the eyes of the lower classes in the East: and altogether not acknowledged by orthodoxy, they have been at all times the leaders of the masses, by whom they are blindly followed and venerated. As is generally known, all monkish and religious orders are contrary to the spirit of the Koran, and are even expressly prohibited by Islam. But, in spite of all this, they sprang up very early in Persia, and, having spread from the last-named country to the rest of the Mahommedan world the Persian word has been generally adopted, and is now current from Komul, in Chinese Turkestan, to Morocco. Of course, the lower the level of civilization the higher is the consideration enjoyed by the dervishes; and remembering my own influential position among Uzbegs, Kirghizes, and Turkomans, I can fully realise the weight and the power the dervishes must have with the uncivilized natives of Central Africa. Now as to the dervishes in Africa. I do not know precisely whether they belong to the order of Kadri or Djelali; but I know that they are headed by a descendant of the famous Sheikh Senoussi, whose seat is, or was, at Kairouan in the desert, the greatest hotbed of Moslem fanaticism all over the world, and, I may add, at the same time the stronghold of Moslem propaganda in the Dark Continent. From the little we know about the religious movements in the northern half of Africa, it is pretty clear that the rise and progress of the Mahdi, far from being favoured by the orthodox followers of Mahommed, was found particularly objectionable by the adherents of Sheikh Senoussi, who, from the beginning, were inimical to what they called the false prophet; and no sooner were his fortunes declining than they took arms against him, and, inheriting his position in the Soudan, they very naturally continue the work begun by the Mahdi—namely, the attack upon the Egyptians and upon the English, two nations which are identical in their eyes. I will not venture to discuss the details of the present situation in the Soudan; but, despite my ignorance *in rebus Africanis*, I am sorry to say my impression is that the dervishes will be a tougher morsel for the English army than the followers of the Mahdi; and that, in spite of the occasional losses which may be inflicted upon them, their entire defeat or total suppression will cost immense sacrifices in blood and money, and will take a good deal of time. The Mahdi was ridiculed by the Mahommedan world. But the followers of Sheikh Senoussi—I nean these "dervishes"—possess the sympathies of their brethren in faith all over the world; and if the English Government is seriously bent upon fulfilling its duty towards Egypt, it should arrange matters with the Sultan of Turkey; for it is only the Khalif who is acknowledged as the head of Islam by Sheikh Senoussi, and to him it would be an easy thing to arrest the march of the dervishes and to put a stop to the bloodshed in the Soudan.

MAN'S KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

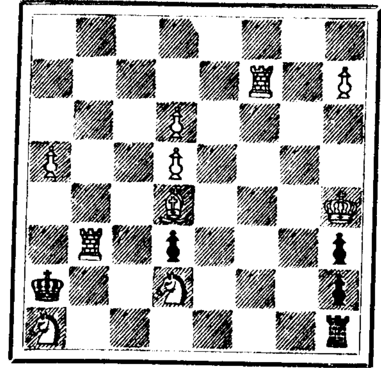
We ourselves, in the sphere of relations—in the related world—can speak of God's manifestations only in broken, diverse, incomplete phrases. Far beyond us God is, yet He is near to us in all that is—in our own selfhood, in power, in cause, in truth, goodness and beauty, in all high ends which we can seek; He is at our door, even dimly in our hearts. But this Being can never be grasped in one conception, or treated as if He were the term or beginning of a mathematical demonstration. He is, no doubt, one and supreme. But He has endless relations—endless, just because He is God. He is the ground of all, in all, through all, yet somehow not there—not in His supreme essence, not in His selfhood, not as God. But in looking up to Him as the ground of all relations, we cannot formulate God in one conception, in one idea of the so-called reason. The only philosophy and the only religion worthy of the name is that which looks beyond pure formulæ of the mere intelligence or thought, and finds God in the breadth of experience, history, human life, yet, in Himself, utterly transcendent of all that in these we can know, feel, or name. Not the definitely Known God, not the Unknown God is our last word, far less the Unknowable God, but the ever-to-be-known God. We are not God, and when we form, or attempt to form, an idea of Him, we do not create Him. As Bossuet well said: "Si l'homme avait pu ouvertement se déclarer Dieu, son orgueil se serait emporté jusqu'a cet excès; mais se dire Dieu et se sentir mortel, l'arrogance la plus aveugle en aurait honte."—"*Knowing and Being,*" *by John Veitch, LL.D.* (*Blackwood*).

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 383.

By H. F. L. Meyer.

BLACK.



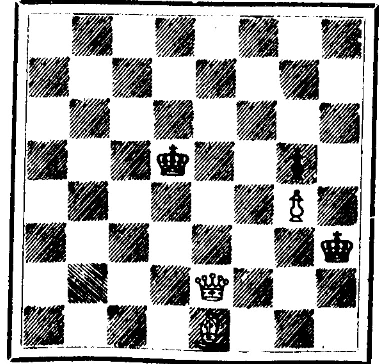
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 384.

By Dr. Simpson, Queensbury.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 377.

R—Q R 3

No. 378.

	White.	Black.
1.	P—Kt 7	K—R 2
2.	K—B 8	K—R 3
3.	P—Kt 8 becoming a Kt mate.	

The judges of the Sixth American Congress have awarded the prize of $50, generously offered by Messrs. F. Rudd and F. Wehle, to the following game as the best game played in the Tourney.—*Columbia Chess Chronicle.*

GIUOCO PIANO.

White. Mr. Mason.	Black. Mr. Gunsberg.	White. Mr. Mason.	Black. Mr. Gunsberg.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4	16. P—K 4	B—Q 3
2. Kt—K B 3	K—Q B 3	17. Kt—B 4	Kt—B 3
3. B—B 4	B—B 4	18. Kt—K 3	P—Kt 3
4. P—Q 3	P—Q 3	19. P—B 4	Kt—R 4
5. B—K 3	B—Kt 3	20. P—Kt 3	B—R 6
6. P—B 3	Kt—B 3	21. R—B 2	Kt—Kt 2
7. Q Kt—Q 2	Q—K 2 (*a*)	22. Q—Kt 2	Kt—K 3
8. P—Q R 4	B—K 3	23. R—K 1	R—B 2
9. B—Q Kt 5	B x B	24. Q R—K 2	Q R—K B 1
10. P x B	P—Q R 3	25. Kt—K 1	Kt—Q 5
11. B x Kt +	P x B	26. R—Q 2	Q—Kt 4
12. P—Q Kt 4	Castles K R	27. Kt at K3—Kt2	B x Kt (*c*)
13. Castles	Kt—Kt 5 (*b*)	28. K x B	Q—K 6
14. Q—K 2	P—B 4	29. K—B 1	Kt—Kt 6
15. P x P	B x P	And White resigns.	

NOTES.

(*a*) The usual move here is Kt—Q 2.

(*b*) The initiation of a spirited attack, which Mr. Gunsberg follows up with wonderful skill.

(*c*) A beautiful termination of an exceedingly interesting and instructive game.

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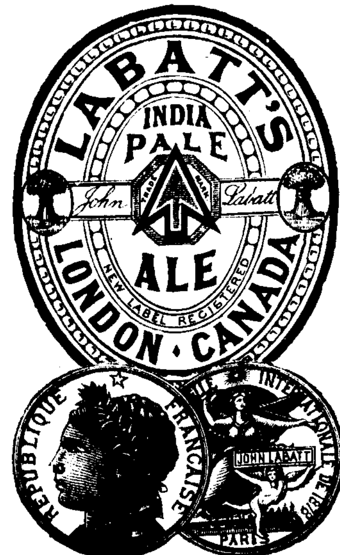

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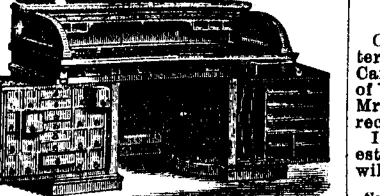

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