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THE WEEK:

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any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

AMONG the most hopeful omens of the day are the indications of a growing independence of mind among members of the young men's political clubs in the cities. Some of the sentiments uttered by the President of the Young Men's Conservative Association of this city, in his inaugural address the other evening, set this tendency in a clear light. The Young Liberals are accustomed to claim, with what right we do not undertake to say, that it is one of their principles to do their own thinking and form their own opinions on public questions, without stopping to enquire whether they are those of the "Party" or not. A cynic might perhaps say that this necessity is forced upon them in view of the very serious difficulty they would meet if they held themselves bound to ascertain with any degree of definiteness what the views and principles of the party whose name they have borrowed really are at the present moment. But the young Conservatives are usually supposed to be, as their name perhaps implies, more loyal to the principles and policy of their party leaders. For this reason the outspoken declaration of independence made by their chosen head is all the more refreshing. It is observable, too, that Mr. Armstrong, with a young man's directness, went straight to the point by calling attention to the most distressing symptom of our country's present ill condition, the exodus. It will be a nine-days' marvel, we fancy, to most of those who keep their eyes open to what is going on about them, that a prominent member of the club should have ventured to deny or belittle the statement that the country is suffering from a most debilitating drain upon its population. The question is, however, one of fact. Would it not be an excellent work for one, or other, or both, of these young men's societies to adopt some carefully-devised and thorough means of ascertaining just what the fact is, in regard to a few localities which might be fairly taken as representative? They might, at the same time, ascertain to what extent whatever exodus may be found to exist, is counterbalanced by the process of repatriation which it is alleged by some is going on

in some sections. If the tide has really turned, or is turning, it would be most encouraging to the people to know it. Young men who have an honourable ambition, such as every young Canadian should have, to take an intelligent part and exert an influence for good in the public affairs of their country, could not make a better beginning than by forming the habit of pains-taking and conscientious examination of facts. May we be pardoned another suggestion, though we fear it is a hopeless one. When commending the spirit of independent thought which prevails to a certain extent in both clubs, we could not help thinking what a pity it is that these young men should hamper themselves at the outset with party names and badges. What a grand work they might do if they could but make up their minds to drop the designations "Conservative" and "Liberal" and unite in a single association, simply as an organization for the study and discussion of all current political questions. The very fact that they were unfettered by any party name would aid very materially in giving that sense of freedom which is indispensable to straight thinking and fearless speaking.

THE enquiry before the Caron Commission has been completed. Nothing further will, we suppose, be heard of the matter until the report of the judges is sent to Parliament. As that report is to consist simply of a recital of the evidence, without giving any decision or even opinion of the Commissioners, no special weight will attach to it, as everyone who has been sufficiently interested in the matter to follow the evidence given from time to time before the court will be able to anticipate its substance. What Parliament, that is, the Government with its great majority, may do with it is the only question remaining which can excite even a languid interest in the minds of the people. Under the circumstances even this question is not likely to provoke more than a mild and transient excitement. Should it be decided that Sir Adolphe Caron has done no wrong, "Of course not!" will be the ejaculation not only of the Opposition but of independent onlookers all over the Dominion who have with singular unanimity agreed with the Opposition in this matter. To this end, it will be said, was the Commission appointed and Mr. Edgar's charges emasculated. Should the Government and its supporters conclude, on the other hand, that Sir Adolphe's handling of the \$25,000, which he admits having received from some source to him unknown and having handed over to the treasurer of the party election fund, was unbecoming in a Cabinet Minister, and visit him with some mild censure, their stern virtue in the matter will evoke no plaudits. The cry still will be that they have, only because compelled, and in spite of their transparent device for shutting off a stricter investigation, recorded a verdict of condemnation, while the imaginations of their accusers will have free play in surmising what would have been the depth of guilt revealed by a searching enquiry with Mr. Edgar as prosecutor. It will be very hard to convince a very large minority if not a majority of the people of Canada that anything but a guilty fear of the consequences could have prevented the Government from taking Mr. Edgar at his word, giving him the committee he asked, or even the Commission if they preferred, and challenging him to produce his evidence and probe the matter to the very bottom. Will not the future historian be likely to reason very much in the same way? Many years of upright and straightforward administration on the part of Sir John Thompson will be required to remove the unfavourable impression created by this and one or two other doubtful expedients which have been resorted to under his virtual leadership.

THE *Canadian Manufacturer* of October 21 gives some interesting information with regard to an experiment in profit-sharing which is being tried by Messrs. T. S. Simms and Company, manufacturers of brushes, etc., St. John, New Brunswick. The system adopted is very simple and of such a nature that, if not accompanied by any conditions restrictive of the freedom of the employees, of which no mention is made, we do not see any reason why they should hesitate to enter heartily into the arrange-

ment, as in fact they seem to have done. The plan as described by Mr. Simms to the workmen is as follows:—

The management of the business would not be changed, and the system of wages would remain the same. As the employees would have no voice in the management, so they would not be expected to share any losses that might occur. The invested capital of the concern would be paid interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, and ordinary salaries would be paid for management. Percentages would be allowed for depreciation of plant, for a sinking fund and for an invalid fund; and after providing for all these charges, the profits were to be shared equally between capital and wages, this to apply only to employees who had been in the employ of the firm at least ten months when the profits were divided. The employees were to have the privilege of appointing two of their number who could inspect the books and see that the terms were faithfully carried out; or a public auditor would be employed. The agreement was to be in force for a year, at the end of which time the firm could continue or discontinue it at their pleasure. The dividends, when declared, would be paid in cash, but if they were deposited with the firm, certificates of deposit would be issued and interest allowed thereon at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

In reply to an enquiry by the *Manufacturer*, Messrs. Simms and Company state that the first year of the experiment has not yet expired and they are, therefore, unable to say just what the financial result will be, but they are able to say that the arrangement has resulted in a more cordial relationship between employer and employee, and that it could be seen that many of the best hands were taking more interest in the business. Should the result of the year's work admit of the payment of a dividend, still better effects might reasonably be expected from a second year's operations. The writers conclude by saying: "We have faith in the plan and expect to continue it." We are glad to see that the *Manufacturer* approves, though in a somewhat timid and hesitating way, the system, or at least the experiment, of profit-sharing, so far as to deem it "worthy of close consideration, perhaps of a trial." It further intimates that a number of manufacturers, including some in Canada, think so favourably of it as to adopt it in their business. We are also glad to find that the tenor of its remarks confirms the impressions we have received from other sources that the movement is gaining ground more rapidly than is generally supposed, though for some reason there seems to be a disposition on the part of some in the establishments into which it has been introduced to say little about it. Possibly for prudential reasons neither employer nor employed care to commit themselves until the plan has been given a fair and satisfactory trial. It is quite possible that from this quarter may come a peaceful solution of the long pending war between labour and capital. The *Manufacturer*, of course, looks at the question from the point of view of the employer and the capitalist, and so far as it favours the plan does so in the hope that it may be a means of attaching the artisan firmly to the cause of protection, a significant indication that it foresees some danger of revolt on his part against a tariff which, if it is not the parent of the monopolies and combines which most oppress him, is at least their assiduous foster-mother. Whatever its bearing upon the tariff question, a liberal system of profit-sharing would be a step and a long step in the direction of justice and human progress, and as such we wish the movement all success. By the way, if the Canadian sugar-barons could but be induced to adopt it, what an accession we should have in a few years to the ranks of our men of wealth.

ACCORDING to certain statements said by the newspaper correspondents to have recently been made by Mr. Van Horne, and which have not, so far as we are aware, been repudiated by that gentleman, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company proposes to undertake the fast Atlantic mail service, for which a standing offer of a very large annual subsidy was some time since made by the Dominion Government. Every Canadian would be delighted to see this great project successfully carried out. There is, we suppose, scarcely a question as to the possibility of a northern Atlantic steamship line, so running in connection with Canadian railways as to materially reduce the time between

Great Britain and Europe and Northern and Western America. In the statement attributed to Mr. Van Horne it is claimed that "the steamers by the projected route would cross the Atlantic from land to land in one hour less than three days (it is well to be exact) and land passengers at Quebec in five days." From these premises it easily follows that American passengers would see the advantage of patronizing a line which would keep them but three days on the open sea, and land them in Chicago and other Western cities in twenty-four hours' less time than would be required by the New York route. The advantage to Great Britain in reaching her Indian possessions, by means of this route, in connection with the transcontinental line and Pacific steamships of the Canadian Pacific Railway are also obvious. But two or three questions of very serious importance ought to be pondered by Canadians before Government and Parliament are permitted to commit the Dominion to the payment of this enormous subsidy. The first and chief is, "Will it pay?" By this we do not mean will every dollar of the annual half-million, or whatever the amount of the subsidy may be, be returned directly to the pockets of the Canadian people. There are many cases in which it is the part of good statesmanship, as of good business management, to make outlays unremunerative for a time, with a view to future advantages. But will the sum total of advantages of every kind resulting to Canada from the diversion of the amount of travel and traffic which can reasonably be expected to result from the proposed arrangement fairly compensate her for the very large annual outlay from the taxes of her citizens? It is not quite self-evident that either the prestige of such an enterprise, or the gain to be derived incidentally from the transit of passengers and their effects across our territory, would really recoup the Dominion, however beneficially they might affect the finances of the railway. In fact, the whole steamship subsidy business is one which demands a closer investigation on its merits than it has yet received. But granting both that the subsidy system is sound in itself and that this particular application of the principle would be specially justifiable, the question of the propriety of still further increasing the powers of this huge railway corporation, which has already so strong a hold upon Government and Parliament and people, is one demanding the most careful consideration. We are free to admit that the energy and enterprise of this Company command both admiration of its management and confidence in its resources. But, however meritorious and trustworthy the Company as at present constituted, it should be remembered that individuals die, but great corporations live from generation to generation. A management might arise at any time which would be hampered by no scruples and would recognize no ends but those of self-enrichment and self-aggrandizement. The power for evil of such an institution in such hands would be enormous. Of course the mere bestowment of an annual subsidy for a limited period could not greatly increase the danger, for it would remain in the power of Parliament to withhold it at any time after the expiration of the stipulated period. But if the contemplated scheme involved, as has been hinted, any such thing as the transfer of the ownership of the Intercolonial Railway, such a condition should not be entertained for a moment, unless the people are willing to face the possibility of having this great railway company become the real rulers of the country.

THOSE who object to the whole system of protective duties on the ground that it is unjust and oppressive to the farmers and other general consumers to compel them to pay enhanced prices for articles of comfort or necessity in the interests of a few manufacturers are often met with an argument from statistics, something after this fashion. The whole cost of the imported dutiable articles which are used or need be used by the average family does not exceed a certain very limited sum, say fifty dollars a year, and the amount of duty upon goods to this value, at the rate of twenty-five or thirty per cent., is but a small sum to pay for the encouragement of home industries. It might be deemed a sufficient answer to say that neither the political nor the moral quality of an injustice depends upon the amount of the unjust exaction. It is as real a violation of the equal rights of citizens, from the point of view of abstract justice, to transfer by law from the pocket of one citizen to another ten cents as ten dollars. But the crucial fallacy of the argument lies in its tacit assumption that the pocket of the consumer is

affected only to the extent of the sum he pays by way of duty upon the imported dutiable articles he buys. No account is taken of the tribute he pays to the protected manufacturer in the shape of the enhanced prices, or the comparative inferiority or unsuitability of the articles of home manufacture which he is constrained to purchase, whereas it is in this indirect way that the major part of the tribute is usually exacted. When this is pointed out, one is met with the reply that the home-made product is really quite as good and as cheap as that of foreign manufacture, if not better and cheaper. The obvious rejoinder then is, what need of protection? Is it to be assumed that the great majority of Canadian consumers are so prejudiced, or so unpatriotic, that they will, unless prevented by acts of Parliament and armies of custom officers, prefer foreign goods to those manufactured by their own fellow-countrymen, even at higher prices? While waiting for a satisfactory answer to this question, the opponent of unjust restriction of the liberty of the citizen to buy in the cheapest market may go on to point out that the statement in question with regard to the comparative excellence and cheapness of the protected articles of home manufacture is manifestly inconsistent with the very ground upon which the protected tariff is defended, viz., the inability of the home manufacturers, by reason of their limitations of capital and market, to compete with the foreigner on even terms. The stereotyped appeal to statistics to prove that the cost of this, that, and the other article is considerably less at the present time than it was at some previous period, before the protective system was introduced, has been so often effectively answered that it is scarcely necessary again to show that there has been for many years and still is a general tendency to decline in the prices of almost all descriptions of manufactured goods. This is the inevitable and legitimate result of the constant and wonderful improvement in labour-saving machinery, and the vast increase in the consumption of articles of convenience and luxury which is made possible, in part, by such growing cheapness. The really pertinent question in this discussion is whether and to what extent the protective system operates to debar the people from enjoying the full benefits of the reductions in cost which are rendered possible by the discoveries and inventions of the age. A complete answer to this question would, there is reason to believe, throw a startling light upon the amount of the tribute which is taken by law for the benefit of monopolies and combines. The recent "watering" of the stock of a highly protected cotton industry in Canada, to the extent of nearly one hundred per cent., is one of the many suggestive facts which should help to open the eyes of the consuming public.

THERE is, so far as we are able to judge, no inherent improbability in the cabled rumour that the British Government proposes to withdraw the British troops from Canadian and certain other colonial garrisons, save on economic grounds. But so long as the Mother Country maintains a standing army, the troops will have to be maintained somewhere. We have always supposed that a small part of them have been kept in the colonies mainly because they could be supported there more cheaply than elsewhere, while they were likely to be quite as available in case of emergencies. In fact the world-wide distribution of British possessions and commerce would seem to render it almost imperative that her troops should be distributed to some extent in the same way. For these reasons of her own, Great Britain is not likely, it seems to us, to make any further serious change in the way of concentration of her land forces. For the same reason it is improbable in the highest degree that her Government will withdraw the detachments of her fleet which she has been accustomed to keep on either American coast. But why this commotion, we might almost say dismay, in certain Canadian minds, at the rumour that the Gladstone Government contemplates the withdrawal of the Halifax garrison? The loss, financial and social, to the Haligonians would certainly be great, but that fact could hardly be expected to have weight as an argument with the British people. From every other point of view one would suppose that the withdrawal of the last force of British regulars from Canadian soil would be regarded as a compliment rather than otherwise. We pride ourselves on our loyalty. Prominent Canadians are continually assuring the people of England, in after-dinner speeches and otherwise, that it will be found equal to any reasonable demand which may be made upon it. Surely the withdrawal of a few thousands of soldiers cannot be too severe a test of that loyalty. We are fond of asserting

that we are to all intents and purposes a self-governing people. Many of us even talk upon occasion about our Canadian nationality. We quite resent the offence when our republican neighbours over the way sometimes refer to us as poor colonists under British domination. Now it must be confessed that it is exceedingly awkward for us to fling back the taunt with becoming energy into the teeth of those who hurl it at us, so long as they can point to the presence in our very gateway of a fort garrisoned with soldiers sent across the ocean, as if to stand guard over our country. Quite different will be our position when we can say that throughout our whole Dominion, from Halifax to Vancouver, the soil is trodden by the foot of no soldier who does not wear the Canadian uniform and is not under the command of Canadian officers. While, then, we cannot well object to the Mother Country sheltering a few of her soldiers in the strong and comfortable garrison which she has provided for them at the expense of British taxpayers, so long as she finds it convenient to do so, why should we regard the presence of those troops as a special favour to us as Canadians, or why should we not esteem their withdrawal the highest compliment which Great Britain could pay to our loyalty, our capacity for self-rule, and our ability to take care of ourselves?

BECAUSE Sir John Lubbock in a recent speech pointed out among the great advantages which Canada would derive from a policy of free trade with Great Britain, the fact that the presence of cheap British products in our markets would operate as a strong pressure in the way of forcing the United States to lower her tariff walls, he has been accused of advocating smuggling. We do not wish to quibble or to draw any superfine distinctions in the matter. We have no doubt that what Sir John meant was that the existence of very much cheaper goods of given kinds on the Canadian side of the line would render it impossible for the United States to prevent smuggling, save at a ruinous expense, and that she would, therefore, eventually be compelled in self-defence to reduce her tariff on the articles in question. We confess that we have ourselves used the same argument without suspecting that we were advocating the breaking of any moral law. Perhaps we were. We do not regard smuggling, or evasion of the laws of the land in any particular, as harmless, or as a venial offence, but we had not thought to carry our application of the golden rule so far as to say that Canada should refuse to adopt a free-trade policy, even if convinced that it would be greatly for the benefit of her own citizens, because it would have the effect of tempting some of her neighbours' citizens, of weak virtue, to defraud their country's revenue. On one point we are, however, very clear, viz., that it does not lie with those who have established and still uphold the N. P. on the ground of "reciprocity of tariffs"—in other words, the law of retaliation—to judge Sir John Lubbock on lofty moral principles. It is also to be considered whether this may not be one of the cases in which the end justifies the means, inasmuch as the great benefit to be conferred upon American citizens generally by tariff reduction might make it a work of philanthropy to put before them an object lesson to set them thinking, even at the risk of stimulating the crime of smuggling for the time being.

SPEAKING more seriously, it has always seemed to us that the moral aspects of the tariff question have not usually been sufficiently regarded. It tends more than almost any other law of which we can now think to confuse moral perceptions and obscure moral distinctions. We do not now refer to the principle laid down in effect by the Democratic leaders in the United States, that to levy a tax beyond the necessities of government is a violation of the social compact and of the rights of free citizens, though that principle might be shown to have a moral as well as a political bearing. Nor do we refer to the closely-related question of the injustice and constructive immorality of transferring money by law from the pockets of one class of citizens to those of another class. But there can be no question that any law which fails to commend itself to the reason and conscience of large bodies of citizens, or is regarded by them as arbitrary and unjust, and which many of them consequently persuade themselves that it is not wrong to evade or break, tends directly to lower the moral tone and standards of that people. We say nothing here of the injury it does civilly and politically by lessening the sanctions of law as law, and tempting many who are otherwise upright citizens to

become law-breakers. No observant person can doubt that a high tariff produces these effects. There are multitudes of people in good standing as honest and reputable citizens in Canada and the United States, who do not hesitate when occasion offers to do a little smuggling on their own account or to oblige a friend. They do it without compunction, or if they have any qualms of conscience they allay them with the plausible fallacy that they have honestly bought and paid for the goods in question, and that it is unfair and unjust that they should be required to pay a second time. It is needless to go on to show how the habit thus formed of cheating one's conscience with fallacious reasoning, to say nothing of the virtual and too often actual falsehood into which the petty smuggler is so frequently driven, tends to lower the whole moral tone of a community or a nation. Is not this really a point worth more consideration than is usually given to it?

AN article on "Mr. Gladstone and the Welsh Landlords," in a recent number of the *London Spectator*, suggests a question of far reaching import which every fair-minded citizen, in these days of social revolutions and revolutionary ideas, would do well to think about. In a correspondence which took place between Mr. Gladstone and the Secretary of the Welsh Landlords' Association, the Prime Minister, in the opinion of the great Unionist weekly, "struck, in reality, against the whole idea of private property in land." Instead of telling the Welsh landlords that they were making a great economical mistake in not reducing their rents, and proving it by various arguments which readily suggest themselves—words to which no one could have objected—Mr. Gladstone, the *Spectator* says, "in effect attacked the Welsh landlords as bad men for not having reduced their rents, and, by inference, placed the Welsh tenants in the position of persons suffering a moral wrong, and enduring injustice and oppression." "But if property in land is to be maintained," the writer goes on to say, "this is about as reasonable as telling a hatter that he is a tyrant because he charges for his hats a sum which you consider exorbitant." This sentence gives the key to the whole argument, which is to the effect that the owner of land has the same right as owners of any other kind of property to "act in accordance with man's dominant instinct in matters of exchange," and obtain the highest price which the law of competition may enable him to exact. The only way in which he can be legitimately influenced in the matter is by appealing to his property-loving instinct by showing that it will be better for him pecuniarily in the end to reduce his rents. This well-worn argument raises two questions of primary importance to the social well-being. In the first place, taking the above illustration as typical, is it true that under all circumstances it would be wrong to call the hatter a bad man and a tyrant because he deemed the proper price for his hats to be what the law of competition might enable him to obtain, or hope to obtain? Suppose the hatter to be thrown with a large number of companions upon an unvisited island, and to have with him a large supply of hats, and suppose further that these were the only hats to be had on the island and that no material or means for the manufacture of others could be found. What kind of man should we deem that hatter to be, who under such circumstances should consider the proper price of his hats to be what the absence of competition might enable him to obtain? Or, to put the question in a still stronger light, suppose the whole supply of any article of food or clothing absolutely necessary to life or comfort to be placed by some chance of fortune, or by the operations of some shrewd combine, in the hands of a given number of traders, in a given country. It is evident that these men might, "in accordance with man's dominant instinct," decide that the true price of their commodity was the utmost that their fellow-countrymen's necessities might compel them to give. These dealers might thereby possess themselves of the whole property of the country, and reduce their fellow-citizens to beggary for their own enrichment. Would the impoverished mass suffer "any moral wrong" in such a case?

WHILE it is manifestly not very difficult to turn the *Spectator's reductio ad absurdum* against the assumption which underlies and supports its own argument, it is obvious to a little further thought that this mode of reasoning does not go to the root of the matter. Does not all such reasoning leave us dissatisfied? Do we not almost instinctively feel that the cases cited are not truly parallel,

that there is a difference *in kind* between property and in land, and every species of what we call "personal" property? This is, after all, the crucial question. Some such fundamental distinction seems to be hinted at by our use of the terms "real" and "personal" in law and in common parlance. If there be such a distinction, if it be the fact that, by reason of its natural limitations in quantity and other peculiarities, property in land is really *sui generis*, it follows that all such supposed analogies as that above considered fail, and the solution of the problem must be sought in some other direction. What that solution is, or in what direction it is to be sought, it is no part of our present purpose to attempt to discover. It is obvious, nevertheless, that those who seriously make the attempt must not allow themselves to be frightened from the path of searching and fearless investigation by the term "socialist," or any other scare-word with which the prejudiced or the timid may seek to deter them from thorough exploration. That which struck us on reading the *Spectator's* article, and which it seemed to us worth while to point out, is that the line of argument it adopts, or rather the assumed premise on which that argument is based, may be so easily reduced to absurdity in the case of a little principality like Wales that it is a marvel that it should find a place in the columns of so able a journal.

COMMENTING on the remarkable charge given by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania to the Grand Jury in the case of the Homestead riots, a writer whose articles have considerable prominence in one of the leading Toronto dailies says: "The address of Chief Justice Paxson is so calm, clear, and logical that no unprejudiced person can traverse his conclusions, which are likely to lead to important results." And again: "There is no doubt but that the doctrine advanced by Justice Paxson makes a decided advance in clear and wholesome reasoning and thinking." This strong commendation, and more especially the important result which would assuredly follow to society should Justice Paxson's arguments and conclusions be generally accepted, makes it worth while to glance for a moment at some of the peculiarities of his highly-praised logic. It will be remembered that the surprise in connection with the trial was that the strikers were arraigned, not for rioting or even for murder, but for treason. That this was a startling innovation will be seen when it is remembered that not even after the Civil War were any of the leaders of the Rebellion indicted for treason against the National Government, and that no trial for treason against a State has been had for nearly half a century. The crime of treason is defined by the Pennsylvania statute as follows: "If any person, owing allegiance to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, shall levy war against the same, or shall adhere to the enemies thereof, giving them aid or comfort within the State or elsewhere," etc. The task, then, to which the Chief Justice applied himself was to bring the acts of the Homestead strikers fairly within the scope of this definition. He was equal to the occasion, *i.e.*, if his premises be admitted. His first distinction is between an unorganized and an organized mob. While the offence of the former is rioting, the same act committed by the latter is treason. To the contention that in order to make a given act treason it must be shown to have been done with treasonable purpose, his reply was to cite the legal maxim that "a man must be presumed to have intended that which is the natural and probable consequence of his act." When met with the common-sense objection that the overthrow of the State Government could not have been intended, or be regarded as the natural or probable consequence of the act in question, he replied that "such intention need not extend to every portion of its territory. It is sufficient if it be overturned in a particular locality." To meet the further obvious objection that not even the overthrow of the local government was contemplated, the Chief Justice laid down the doctrine that forcible resistance to any law in any particular, aims at overthrowing the Government from which that law emanates. It is pretty clear that, by a precisely similar line of argument, any half-drunken rowdy on the street who resists arrest by the nearest policeman or the village constable may be convicted of treason and punished accordingly. The case is well put by an influential American weekly which says: "The criticism to be made upon this course of reasoning is not the absence of ancient precedent for each particular step, but the absence of the modern American spirit, which has repudiated the refinements by which truckling courts converted common offences against public order into high

treason against the State . . . Chief Justice Paxson complains of 'the diseased state of public opinion which is growing up' with regard to lawlessness on the part of the poor. There is nothing which does so much to spread the contagion as the spectacle of courts serving as the defence for the rich, and as prosecuting attorneys against the poor, where the offence is identical."

PROFESSOR CLARK'S LECTURES ON TENNYSON—III.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE exposition of "In Memoriam" presents a task of no ordinary difficulty. It is not merely the frequent subtlety of thought, the obscurity of some of the allusions, and the difficulties of the language which we feel. It is also the peculiar nature of the subject which requires a peculiar state of mind in order to secure sympathy and understanding. Yet, on the other hand, it is a poem which appeals most strongly to those who are in sympathy with its theme, and is by many regarded as the highest expression of the genius of Tennyson. Readers, therefore, must not be disappointed if they do not care for this poem as a whole, or for special parts of it, nor need they, on this account, think worse of themselves or of the poet.

There are few of the abler critics who have not appreciated this great poem. Among these few may be placed M. Taine. It is this very considerable writer who complains that Mr. Carlyle judged of French character and life by English standards. Perhaps we might, in turn, accuse M. Taine of judging "In Memoriam" from a French point of view. Mr. Stedman speaks of "In Memoriam" as Tennyson's most characteristic and significant work: not so ambitious as his epic of King Arthur, but more distinctively a poem of this century, and displaying the author's genius in a subjective form. It is, he says, "the great threnody of our language, by virtue of unique conception and power." Then, after referring to the exquisite "Lycidas" of the mighty Milton, and the scarcely inferior "Adonais" of the sublime Shelley, and the beautiful "Thyrsis" of Matthew Arnold, he does not hesitate to add: "Still, as an original and intellectual production, 'In Memoriam' is beyond them all, and a more important, though possibly no more enduring, creation of rhythmic art." Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and His Friends," one of the most beloved of the sons of men, says (in his article on A. H. Hallam, in *Home Subsevice*): "We know of nothing in all literature to compare with the volume ('In Memoriam') since David lamented over Jonathan." Speaking of "Lycidas," he says: "We must confess that the poetry—and we all know how consummate it is—and not the affection seems uppermost in Milton's mind as it is in ours. But there is no such drawback in 'In Memoriam.' There is no excessive or misplaced affection here; it is all founded on fact."

This statement is based upon the memoirs of Arthur Hallam prefixed to a private volume of poems and essays by his father. There can be no doubt that to many the panegyrics heaped by Tennyson on his departed friend in this book have seemed strained and exaggerated. But we may well hesitate to form such a judgment when we remember what manner of man he was who wrote "In Memoriam," and that the poem was not published and a great part of it was not written until many years after the great loss which he sustained in the death of his friend. Arthur Hallam was a rare soul, one of the choice ones of the earth, and might have done great things in literature. At the time of his death he was projecting the publication of a volume of poems in unison with Alfred Tennyson, who was two years older than himself.

The memoir of young Hallam by his father is for the most reproduced in Dr. John Brown's article, and from this we make a few extracts. He was born at Bedford Place, London, February 1, 1811. His father afterwards removed to Wimpole Street, which is referred to in the lines:—

Dark house by which once more I stand,
Here in the long unlovely street;
Doors, where my heart was wont to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand.

Very early—we learn from the memoir—there was discerned in him "a peculiar clearness of perception, a facility of acquiring knowledge, and, above all, an undeviating sweetness of disposition, and adherence to his sense of what was right and becoming. As he advanced to another stage of childhood, it was rendered still more manifest that he would be distinguished from ordinary persons by an increasing thoughtfulness and a fondness for a class of books which in general are so little intelligible to boys of his age that they excite in them no kind of interest." Young Hallam was never, in the ordinary sense of the word, a first-rate classical scholar, yet he possessed a real and wide acquaintance with ancient literature and with that of foreign lands, particularly of Italy.

He left Eton at the age of sixteen, and at this time had a great interest in Fletcher and other Elizabethan writers; "but it was in Shakespeare alone that he found the fulness of soul which seemed to slake the thirst of his own rapidly-expanding genius for an inexhaustible fountain of thought and emotion. He knew Shakespeare thoroughly; and indeed his acquaintance with the early poetry of England was very extensive. Among the modern poets Byron was at this time far above the rest, and

almost exclusively his favourite, a preference which in later years he transferred to Wordsworth and Shelley." He was a poet by nature, although far removed from being a versifier by nature. His growing intimacy with Italian poetry led him naturally to that of Dante. "No poet was so congenial to the character of his own reflective mind."

In 1828 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, the same year as Tennyson, whom he had known for two or three years before, and with whom he here cemented the closest friendship. The two friends wrote a poem on "Timbuctoo" in competition for the Chancellor's medal, and the prize fell to Tennyson. The society in which he "lived most intimately at Eton and at the University was formed of young men, eminent for natural ability, and for delight in what he sought above all things, the knowledge of truth and the perception of beauty." Among them were Alfred Tennyson, Richard Trench, Henry Alford, Richard Monckton Milnes, W. H. Brookfield, James Spedding and J. M. Kemble. "They who lived and admired him living, and who now revere his sacred memory, as of one to whom, in the fondness of regret, they admit of no rival, know best what he was in the daily commerce of life, and his eulogy should, on every account, better come from hearts, which, if partial, have been rendered so by the experiences of friendship, not by the affections of nature."

His disposition from the earliest days, we are told, was almost faultless, and was sustained by a self-command seldom witnessed in that season of life. His early sweetness of temper "became with the advance of manhood a habitual benevolence, and ultimately ripened into that exalted principle of love towards God and man, which animated his soul during the latter period of his life. He seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from some better world."

In the year 1833, while travelling from Pesth to Vienna, he was seized with intermittent fever, which at first caused no great alarm, but a sudden rush of blood to the head put an end to his earthly career on September the 15th. He was little more than twenty-two years of age. On the following January he was laid to rest, in the old church at Clevedon, his maternal grandfather, Sir Abraham Elton, being the proprietor of Clevedon Court. This is the man the loss of whom almost rent Tennyson's heart in twain.

The sorrow of the poet found its first expression in the exquisite poem, published for the first time in 1842, "Break, break, break." Everyone knows those tender, gracious phrases.

Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
and
The tender grace of a day that is dead.

"In Memoriam" was not published until 1850, and was probably composed by slow degrees during the seventeen years which passed from the death of Hallam to that time. One canto, the 58th, now the 59th, does not appear in the early editions. Another, the 39th, was added two or three years ago. There are now 131. The metre of "In Memoriam" is, so far, like that of the early sonnet, that the rhymes are between the first and fourth, and the second and third lines of the stanzas, but the early sonnet had fourteen lines, and they consisted of ten syllables, whereas the lines of "In Memoriam" have only eight. The metre had already been used by Ben Jonson, and before him by French writers.

The general idea of the poem was, first, to do homage to a dear and honoured friend; secondly, to put his own grief on record; thirdly, to set forth his gropings and speculations on the mysteries of life and death; and finally, to express the faith and hope based on eternal love with which he looked forward to the future. The poem has been divided into four parts, and although many of the sections in one part might seem to belong rather to another of these divisions, the general outline may be useful to the reader and is here given.

I. (cc. 1-30) Contains records of grief, expressions of the writer's sense of loss.

II. (31-78) Speculations on Life and Death, and on the Divine Government of the world.

III. Personal reminiscences and records of affectionate longings.

IV. Theodicy—Utterances of hope and assurance.

The Prologue was evidently composed after the bulk of the poem, and is the utterance of the poet's assured faith and hope, also of his sense of ignorance. Here, as so often, he sets forth at once the greatness of knowledge, yet the superior greatness of reverence and faith:—

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

And again—

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell.

The same sentiments are frequent in Tennyson. We find them in "Enone," in the "Princess," and remarkably in the 114th canto of this poem, beginning: "Who loves not knowledge?" We find the keynote of the poem struck in canto 9:—

My Arthur whom I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son
More than my brothers are to me.

This last line is taken up at the beginning of Part III., in canto 79, in some beautiful stanzas addressed, it is said, to his brother Charles.

Speaking of his grief, he says (c. 5) that he finds some relief in utterance, and some noble lines follow (c. 6) on

the commonplaces of comfort, "other friends remain," and "loss is common to the race." In c. 8 he speaks of the change which came over all the localities with which his friend had been associated, and compares his feelings to those of a happy lover who comes "to look on her that loves him well," and learning that she is far from home finds the "place all dark" and the "chambers emptied of delight." Attention should be given to the passages relating to the bringing home of the poet's dead friend, and to his readiness to believe that he may not be gone. It is, however, a satisfaction to think that he is in England.

He compares his different moods of grief to the babbling of the Wye at low water and its silence at high tide, and beautifully compares the "lesser griefs that may be said" to the garrulous sorrow of servants, whilst the other griefs are like the children who look at the vacant chair and think, "How good! how kind! and he is gone." (C. 20.)

Speaking of his remembrance of the friendship of five years and all the grief about his heart (c. 26) he yet has no desire to learn insensibility; for his grief is a witness to his love (c. 27); and the sound of the Christmas Bells brings him thoughts of peace and even of joy, although it is mingled with sorrow.

Here we pass over to the second part, full of questions about life and death; and reference is made to the case of Lazarus. "Where wert thou, brother, those four days?" But there is no reply recorded.

He told it not; or something seal'd
The lips of the Evangelist.

But Mary had faith in the Lord, questioned not, but poured her devotion in the precious ointment on his feet.

Thrice blest whose lives as faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs? (C. 32.)

And then comes an earnest exhortation to those who imagine that they have stripped off the needless integuments of religion not to disturb those of different thoughts. Tennyson was far from sympathizing with superstition. He had a sincere and deep sympathy with doubt which was honest and the outcome of earnestness of thought. In such doubt he recognized the working of a mind filled with the love of truth, doubting because it would not acquiesce, without reflection, in doctrines or theories which might turn out to be false. It is this which makes him say (c. 96):—

There lies more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

Yet he has no sympathy with those who under the pretence of higher spirituality would disturb those who attain a nobler life by the help of these very forms for the want of which the other fails.

Again his doubts return; but they are chased away by an appeal to those inward convictions which have been brought from twilight into day by the Incarnate Word.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds
More strong than all poetic thought

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef. (C. 36.)

Further on he is puzzled with the thought of the existence of evil, although he feels that often good comes out of it, and he hopes that at last there will be no real loss at all

Behold we know not anything:
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

The second part closes with the return of Christmas. Calmer thoughts and feelings had come to him and his. They had the quiet sense of something lost, and he almost fears they have forgotten their loss, and he answers:—

O last regret, regret can die!
No—mixt with all this mystic frame
Her deep relations are the same,
But with long use her tears are dry.

The third part opens with the lines to his brother Charles, already mentioned, in which he refers to his previous words: "More than my brothers are to me." His brother is too noble to misunderstand him, and too sure of his love. They are one.

But thou and I are one in kind,
As moulded like in nature's mint;
And hill and wood and field did print
The same sweet forms in either mind.

The third part, consisting largely of reminiscences, contains some of the finest portions of the book, and the sections or cantos are sometimes much longer than in the earlier parts. Specially beautiful are the passages expressive of his admiration and affection for Arthur Hallam. In one place he compares himself (c. 97) to a wife whose husband has risen far above her intellectually, but who believes in his love and loves him still: "I cannot understand: I love." In another place (c. 60) he had compared himself to a girl loving one above her in rank:—

At night she weeps, "How vain am I!
How should he love a thing so low?"

In an earlier place (c. 41) he had spoken of the greatness of his reverence for him "for whose applause I strove," and hopes that in a purer state he may see nothing that will cause him to be "lessened in his love." Perhaps one of the finest of all the passages on Hallam is that in part iv., canto 111, beginning "The churl in spirit," and telling how his friend

But seemed the thing he was, and join'd
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan
And soil'd by all ignoble use.

The fourth part from canto 106 to the end is engaged with the attempt announced by Milton at the beginning of "Paradise Lost":—

That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men;

and although the methods and even the secondary aims are very different, the general purpose is the same. All is well, all is right, all will be good. The keynote is given in the opening lines beginning: "Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky." There is a grandeur in them like the sound of the trump of God. The closing passages are very fine. Speaking of the bitter notes which his harp would give, he could declare: "Yet Hope had never lost her youth," and this because she rested on eternal love. "Love is and was my Lord and King"; and so all is well, though faith and form be sunder'd in the night of fear. The closing canto proclaims his undying faith in the "Living Will" that shall endure.

THE ARCHIC MAN—X.

IN the tower-library already described, Glaucus, McKnom, Helpsam and Rectus were sitting one afternoon, when in walked Mrs. Glaucus, and said:—

"Book in hand as ever—I never can get my old man away from them stupid books. Look at him now. I know he's wishing I'd be away. But I won't go for him."

Glaucus: "My dear, I am very glad to have you here. I was reading, at the request of these gentlemen, "Paradise Lost."

Mrs. Glaucus: "Paradise Lost! and Paradise Gained! I don't think you'll gain Paradise much unless you grow a little more religious. You are more likely to have your toes and finger nails burned until the Monday after eternity. Look at him now, ain't he mad? I tell you, Mr. McKnom, I sometimes think he's crazy; ha! ha! and I'm thinking I'll get some mad doctor to make a diogenes of his case. I constantly hear him in his study talking to himself. When we were first married I used to think he'd have somebody with him. One time he told me he was trying the metre—The metre! He didn't tell me whether it was short or long metre. Before he went to Cobourg I went in one day and he never saw me. He had in his left hand a cigar half smoked and out, and his right hand went up and down as if he was preaching and he was spouting some unknown tongue—which always makes me mad. He never saw me."

Helpsam: "He was in the clouds!"

Mrs. Glaucus: "In the clouds! Didn't I tell you, dear man, he was in his own study. I think I'll sit down; it's just as cheap. Go on with your Paradise Lost."

Glaucus had been reading the eighth book, where Adam recounts to Raphael the creation of Eve.

So lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean or in her summ'd up.

Adam's misery upon losing sight of the beautiful vision; his desolation amid all the abounding delights of Eden, when waking he looks around for her in vain; his joy

When out of hope, behold her! not far off!
Such as I saw her in my dream adorn'd
With what all earth and heaven could bestow
To make her amiable. . . .
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

He read, in such a manner as to bring out all the music of Milton's verse, that marvellously beautiful narrative of the first courtship. His voice trembled with emotions at Adam's description of the thousand-fold charm of Eve—and as he said

Here only weak

Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance,
Mrs. Glaucus smiled, happily unmarked by her husband; but when his voice, rising on the tide of Milton's song, and thrilling with the pure passion of Adam's words, he concluded:—

And to consummate all
Greatness of mind, and nobleness their seat,
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her as a grand angelic placed,

and McKnom shouted "bravo," and Rectus said he had never realized the full beauty of that passage before. Never before knew how sweet and sonorous was Milton's song. Mrs. Glaucus laughed, and said: "I guess he doesn't stand in much awe of me. Come, Glaucus, I want you to walk with me a little up the road. I have just had a note from the man who sold me them lovely peas that you enjoyed so much, and he tells me he has a wild swan for me. You know you told me you'd like a swan. What shall I tell him? Shall I write him to keep it for us?"

Glaucus: "Oh no, my dear, I don't know when we shall be back."

Rectus: "Are you like that luxurious monk in Chau-
cer of whom he tells us

A fat swan lov'd he best of any roast."

Glaucus had risen now and said: "Well, my dear, let us go."

When they had gone, Rectus expressed his wonder how such two ever came together.

Helpsam: "That is easily understood. Glaucus is a man of fine imagination. When he met Miss Heather she was slim, shapely, beautiful, *spirituelle*—to look at. She was one of the most modest, gentle girls I ever saw. Glaucus fell over head and ears in love with her; idealized her, thought her perfect; every word of that description of Eve he has just been reading, he could and would have applied to her. They married, and when their illusion went, I know Glaucus felt it. She has not the least sympathy with him, cannot appreciate him, is jealous of everyone and everything, but most of all of his books. She will walk into his study when he is at work, sit down on his knee, put her arms round his neck, and say: 'Here, put away them books—hang them! I never can have a moment with you.' You know what a noble fellow Glaucus is; he bears it well, and I believe he is fond of her too. After all, though utterly unintellectual, she is really a good woman and a first-rate housewife, aye, and for a fat woman, handsome."

Rectus: "Well, I hope he is happy. When a woman grows into an adipose mountain, it is hard for me to realize and reverence her sex."

Helpsam: "It is all a matter of taste. In Egypt they fatten a woman for marriage, and if she does not get fat the father will write to the betrothed and say he is very sorry the match cannot take place, as his daughter remains slim, though for three months she has been stuffed incorrigibly every minute with rice pellets and kept in a dark room."

Here Madame Lalage entered and handed the sage the newspapers, which she said had just arrived. The first article which struck McKnom was a leader in the *Rail* on the Canal Tolls question. As he was reading it, in walked Dr. Facile, and a heated discussion arose, the doctor denouncing the Government and our whole canal policy. He grew specially bitter respecting the Washington Treaty. Rectus took the other side, and McKnom expressed the independent views of an onlooker, who hugs the heresy that in every function of government the two great things to aim at are brains and a high sense of public honour.

Dr. Facile: "Our diplomacy ever since 1783 has been a farce, in which Canada has been treated by Great Britain much as Captain Absolute treats poor Acres in Sheridan's play."

Rectus: "I really do not see the relevance of your allusion, but we need not discuss a literary question. I say that the Washington Treaty of 1871 was the best thing that could have been done at that time."

Dr. Facile: "Why, Canada gave everything and got nothing; it was a humiliation and an injustice—but there it was, and should have been observed, but it was clearly violated by the discriminating rebate."

Rectus took the opposite view, stating the well-known arguments, and he and the doctor got pretty hot. At last McKnom said:—

"Don't let us introduce the passions of the platform here. It is when we take part in the negotiation of a treaty that the anomalous position of Canada is emphasized. Aristotle would not allow us the title of a State. The first criterion he would apply to a State is the end it pursues. The true end is a noble national life. All we can aim at is the bringing about of a condition in which this aim can be held in view. Were we an island, we should be in a position now to seek the true end, but, placed side by side with a not over scrupulous neighbour numbering 65,000,000, there are only two courses open to us: either to secure a fuller citizenship in the Empire and make a noble imperial citizenship our object, or else to so increase our numbers that we shall be able ourselves to discharge all the functions of a State. As there is a possibility, to say the least, of our being shut up to this last alternative, all apathy on the subject of immigration is treason to Canada. We have lost and are losing great opportunities. We have brought immigrants into the country and they have not remained, nay, a good many are not remaining to-day. They go to Winnipeg and then rush south."

Rectus: "But how are you to prevent this?"

McKnom: "That is the problem for the statesman or statesmen responsible to solve. The exhibition car of the C. P. R. in England is clearly a wise means of securing immigrants. The man impressed by the wonderful exhibits from the North-West and thereby would immigrate to Canada is not likely to go elsewhere. Inventiveness—resource—these are the things we need. We want, indeed, generally perfect justice in our political life."

Madame Lalage: "Ah! You are thinking of the Politics of Aristotle, whom you know I place above your great dreamer Plato."

McKnom: "Perhaps, but for Plato we should never have had the Politics. All citizens should be in fact, as they are in theory, free and equal. They should be educated in a manner which would fit them not only for obedience, but also for government, and for the second by means of the first. But the equality of citizens is not identity. They are unlike in their capacities, and in the necessary distinctions which nature makes between them should be found the ground for the difference in rights or duties. The State is more than an organism; it is a moral organism; and just as that man is more bestial than the beasts, who allows his lower nature to dominate his higher, so that State is in an abnormal, dangerous,

degraded condition, when, owing to the power of wealth or some still more sinister influence or influences, the intelligence of the nation is thrust from government, and what Aristotle calls 'sons of the earth' placed in control; and he shows that democracies and ochlocracies and tyrannies have a tendency to do this."

Helpsam: "But, sir, can you apply Aristotle's theories to any modern State? Is not one of the conditions of his ideal State that the citizens shall be free from the necessity of providing the means of life? Is not his ideal an aristocracy within circumscribed limits? It is doubtful if he would call the United States a great State, or give the great republic the title of a State at all."

McKnom: "You are quite right. He would certainly not consider the American people and their politics the exemplification of a great State, for he would not think his cherished end—a noble citizen life—even aimed at. Bigness is not greatness. It is true of the State as of a man that the only real greatness is moral and intellectual greatness, and of this kind of greatness the United States have as yet given no evidence whatever. With what scorn the sixty millions owning half a continent would have looked down on the Athenian Empire—on all ancient Greece! Yet I need not say they are not likely to ever accomplish for the world what the Greeks did."

Rectus: "I cannot agree with you. Their leisure class has in part come. But I believe a time is at hand when on this continent we shall surpass the past, surpass Europe and the East."

Dr. Facile: "By showing that the Federal principle and a wide suffrage are compatible with stability, they have conferred the greatest blessing that any State has yet conferred on man."

McKnom: "They are a vast mob of dollar-getters, and breeders of dollar-getters. Their aim is wealth, and when they become yet more populous you and your children will see the catastrophe."

Rectus: "But do you not think that wealth should have some influence in determining the distribution of political power?"

McKnom: "No; certainly not, in the higher sense; nor should a rich man have more votes than a poor man. If he gets more power than a poor man, it can be only on the ground of distributive justice. If the poor man is equal to the rich he has the same right to political power; if not, he has no such right. They are, however, unequal. But it is quite clear that any equality or inequality will not imply a claim to equal or unequal political power. If it did, a man who sang well, or played the fiddle well, might set up a claim superior to a man who has no ear for music. Suppose we have a number of fiddles to distribute to the best advantage, we should not give the best to a man merely because he was a millionaire, for wealth would not enable him to play better than other people. We should give the best fiddle to the man who could play the best, no matter how poor he was. For to the function, to the work to be performed, to the duty to be discharged, the wealth should contribute, that is, if it is to influence our decision, but it contributes nothing. Apply this same principle to politics. Wealth will not make a man a better judge of the person or party who should be supported; will not fit him to manage a department, will not enable him to devise a wise policy. It is quite just that a real inequality which contributes to the end of the State should be rewarded by a superior share of political power. But to show favour to an inequality irrelevant to the function is contrary to justice and contrary to the spirit of democracy and contrary to common sense. Justice supports claims based only on the equal or superior possession of intelligence and public virtue. Men are not equal in beauty, but inequality in beauty, or attractiveness constitutes no claim to inequality or political rights. Nobody would say a man should vote because he was handsome, and that an ugly man should be disfranchised; still less, that because a man pleased women he should be made a ruler of men, for pleasing a woman constitutes no part of the qualification—cannot contribute to the administrative function—and a people which would tolerate such a thing would be to that extent degraded."

Rectus: "But on what ground do you give a man the franchise? Must it not be because he contributes something to the State?"

McKnom: "Undoubtedly."

Rectus: "But does not wealth constitute an element necessary to its existence?"

McKnom: "Certainly."

Rectus: "Then should not superior wealth entitle a man to increased voting power?"

McKnom: "No; because a wealthy man, if he have no vote, will still by reason of his wealth exercise in every community political influence, and the collective wealth of the mass of the people will be greater than that of the wealthy class; moreover, the judgment of the mass as regards certain things—poetry, for instance—or a man's capacity for rule is better than that of professed critics or men holding prominent positions. The mass of people feel a great man just as a woman does long before his male associates discover him. Therefore they not only have numbers, but they have a greater quantity of a quality, a quality vital to Government."

Rectus (laughingly): "I think your argument irrefragable as regards high political functions, but not as to the ultimate power, and you will admit your friend Aristotle is

against you. He believed in giving preponderance to the middle classes, and would have considered not only individual claims to equality, but these claims, as after all coming from a class, and, as you have just said, we must not enquire merely into the *quality* which an individual can put forward, but must take into account the *quantity*—the number of those who can allege a given claim, and surely the wealthy and the moderately wealthy have a greater quantity of political intelligence than the masses."

McKnom: "Aristotle was an aristocrat in politics and you are a Tory," and the old man laughed, and then, fixing his eyes piercingly on Rectus, said: "Is it always necessary to know how a thing is made in order to judge of it?"

Rectus: "But I thought you were dealing with principles he established and not with modern life."

McKnom was about to reply when back came Glaucus and his wife. The walk had given Mrs. Glaucus a fine colour, and her face looked handsome. She had some flowers in her hand, and she went and pinned a pansy in the buttonhole of McKnom, saying:—

"Let me decorate you, though I don't take much interest in your wise discussions, and here are wild raspberries I have plucked."

"Like," said Rectus laughing, "Eve, of whom Glaucus was reading when you first came in, on hospitable thoughts intent."

As I was away on the rocks I am indebted to my friend Helpsam for these notes.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

THE WIND-CHANT.

The Soul, the inner, immortal Ruler.—*Hindu Upanishad.*

"WITCH-LIKE, see it planets roll,
Hear it from the cradle call—
Nature?—Nature is the Soul;
That alone is aught and all.
Grieved or broken though the song,
The fount of music is elate,
For the Soul is ever strong,
For the Soul is ever great."

"For the Soul is ever great!"
Songless sat I by a grove,
Pines, like funeral priests of state,
Chanted solemn rites above.
Dark and glassy far below,
The River in his proud vale slept,
Eve with olive-shafted bow
Like a stealthy archer crept.

Why, O Masters, then I thought,
Is the mantle yours, of song?
Why with hours like this do not
Glorious strains to all belong?

Why all choosing, why all ban?
Why are lords, and why are slaves?
And the most of gentle man
Cleft and harried to their graves?
Foiled and ruined, masses die
That one fair and noble be.
Why are all not Masters? Why
So unjust is Life's decree?

Why are poor and why are rich?
Why are slaves and why are lords?
Unto this the splendid niche;
Those caste damndeth in their words.
Do not powers of evil reign?
Do not flashes' storms make dread?
Should not He of Life again
Bring the just peace of the dead?

Oft the Pines, like priests of state,
Have spoke the heavenly word to man;
So above me as I sate
Aeol voices chanting ran:
"For the Soul is ever great
For the Soul is ever strong;
In the murmurer it can wait—
In the shortest sight see long.

"Not a yearning but is proof
Thou art yet its aim to own:
Thou the warp art and the woof,
Not the woof or warp alone.
Couldst thou drop the lead within
To the bottom of thyself,
All the World—and God—and Sin—
And Force—and Ages—were that Elf.

"With thy breathing goes all breath,
With thy striving goes all strife,
In thy being, deep as death,
Lies the largeness of all life.
The world is but thy deepest wish,
The phases thereof are thy dream;
They that hunt or plough or fish
Are of thee the out-turned seam.

"Helpless, thou hast every power,
In thee greatness perfect sleeps—

And thou comest to thy dower,
And thy strength perennial keeps.
Stir the Aeol harp elate!
Make a triumph of its song,
For the Soul is ever great,
For the Soul is ever strong!"

Rushings cool as of a breeze
Amended to their litany;
In their pure sky smiled the trees;
And no more was mystery.
Clear I saw the Soul at work,
All through fair Saint Francis vale,
Beauty-making; like a dirk
Peering bright amid the mail.

Vital the dark River wound,
Glassy in his cool repose;
Many a bird-like country sound
As the Soul-voice upward rose.
Then as in a glass I knew
I was vale and town and stream,
Shadowed grove and northern blue
And the stars that 'gan to gleam.

This was I, and all was mine.
Mine—yea, ours—the grace and might,
With the lordship of a line
That laughs at any earthly knight.
Ah, what music then I heard!
What conceptions then I saw!
Master-thoughts within me stirred,
And there flashed the Master-law.
Next them did the greatest shapes
Of Angelo crowd in a dream:—
Vain the grace that marble drapes;
A village mason's these did seem.

But—the light from Angelo's eye.
That so deeply eager burns
With its fierce sincerity!—
Ah, the ancient saw returns:
"Greater artist than his art;"
Meaning: greater yet than he
Is the vast outfeeling Heart
In him lying like the sea.

With a sudden eagle-stroke
How this truth can lift one wide.
Then he sees the sublime joke
Of humility and pride;
For the Soul is ever great,
The one Soul within us all:—
One the tone that shakes a state
With the helpless cradle-call.

Yes, that wonder of the Soul
Is the riddle of it all,
And the answer, and the whole,
Bright with joy that rends the pall.
Brother-man, I pray you stand,
Hear a minstrel; but the song
If you do not understand,
Pass and do not do it wrong.

ALCHEMIST.

PARIS LETTER.

POLITICIANS are getting into line to mend or to end the existing tariff; it is a battle between moderate and prohibitive protectionists; free-traders have only to look on and plank down their money on the side of the moderates. Deputy Meline, who led the extremists to victory, has nailed his colours to the mast; he will not abate one jot or tittle in the matter of reducing the minimum tariff—the crucial test—as no country solicits the maximum. M. Meline truly boasts that he has a majority at his heels in Parliament; but it is not so certain that he has now the majority of the country with him. Only the general elections can settle this point, when depressed industry, and protectionists from whose eyes the scales have dropped, can act decisively. The odds are against the ultra-protectionists; they aware by all the gods of Olympus, that the high duties would fill the Treasury chest by an extra 120,000,000 frs.; the Finance Minister estimated that nugget for his budget in advance, but since the new tariff came into operation last February, the actual revenue receipts have fallen by 17,000,000 frs. without taking into account the proportion of the speculative 120 frs., so that the current budget has a big hole in its total, wide by 100,000,000 frs.

The farmers were led to believe that by clapping a duty of 60 frs. a ton on imported corn, foreign wheats would be excluded and home market prices proportionately run up. No such bonanza has been realized; prices have not risen. For example: in 1879, when the duty on imported wheat was only six frs. per ton, the price of the double cut was four frs. more than at present. But where the shoe most pinches, where the political gravamen lies, is in the vetoing by the parliament of the several reciprocal treaties, constitutionally negotiated, by the Ministry with some foreign powers. Commercial friendships bind fast political ties, and the most sincere and lasting of alliances is where mutual trading nations fill their purses.

The Swiss treaty with France will bring the economic question to the bursting point. If the protectionists reject it, in twenty-four hours Switzerland retaliates by applying her general tariff to all French products, which means excluding annually an import trade of 250,000,000 frs. Since 1888 a commercial war has existed between France and Italy, to the injury of both countries. It has been a blessing in disguise to Italy, for she has found new markets for her wines and there undersells France; stranger still, Italy accords a bounty to such of her ships as transport her wines to Havre, which thus enables shippers to escape the barring out customs tax, while selling good wines cheaper in France than French vineyards can produce. And France is compelled to augment her imports from Italy of hemp, raw silk, fresh vegetables, fruits, marble, sulphur, etc., despite an exorbitant tariff.

France is willing to take over Uganda for her Catholic missions, if England desires to retire from the key of the Soudan and thus allow monsieur to become turn-cock at the head waters of the Nile. By drying up the latter—a plague the hard hearted Pharaoh was not subjected to—the English would not be able to retain Egypt; but then this would compromise the Suez Canal, by cutting off its supply of "sweet water," which international treaties would not permit. Jules Ferry is the sworn enemy, as was Bismarck in his day, of every form of "back down" policy; if a nation, he maintains, is not to shrivel up, it must go on expanding. The French will keep their colonies, Dahomey now included, even if they do not benefit France. This will not please M. Guerraz and his school, who view Tonkin as a sword of Damocles, held over the head of France by China, and so propose to put that possession up at auction, since it cannot be worked or colonized.

There is an extraordinary display of writing over the defunct philosopher Renan; it embraces the whole gamut of pathos and bathos. One publicist apologizes for inability to write a necrological article, though six days after the decease, because grief causes the pen to tremble so between his fingers; obituary cramp is a new variety of penmanship infirmity. If Renan was alive, his massive cheeks would shake with fun, for one of the exceptional traits of his character, philosopher though he was, was to indulge in a guffaw. Renan could support any number of gout twinges, but he was of the earth, earthy, as he never forgot his sorrows at the hustings in 1869, and the Senate declined him, wanted no philosophers, as the first Republic told the guillotined Lavoisier, it needed no chemists. The strange spectacle has been witnessed of a Jewish journal attacking the memory of Renan, he who sang the praises of Israel on a harp of a thousand strings. That Semitic ought to have strewn over Renan's coffin some dust from Rachael's tomb, as was done at the burial of Sir Moses Montefiore. After all, Renan remains a poet-savant, a philosophical priest, an amusing sceptic, but who showed that his life, not the less, was governed by the faith that he had abjured.

There is an evening edition of the Stock Exchange known as the *Petite Bourse*, which the sixty monopolist stock brokers are trying to crush; it is said that of the sixty privileged—for the Republic did not abolish all privileges in 1789—not more than twenty brokers pay their way. Such are the tritons; the minnows belong to the evening exchange, and execute scrip commands for one-fourth the fee their competitors charge; the gambling is common to both; the minnows will not allow themselves to be sat upon; they have just been expelled from their temple owing to governmental pressure brought to bear by their big rivals; they now execute orders in the open air, on the boulevards. Shylock was also a peripatetic stock broker since he operated on the Rialto.

While waiting for news about the "scientific mission" that Russia has sent into Abyssinia, to make tribal treaties for no man's hinterland, even in central Soudan, a correspondent writes from Harrar. That part of Africa is being civilized by raki and absinthe, which sell for 6 frs. the champagne dozen; this beats the cognac sold to the West Africans at 8 frs. the case of a dozen litres. Since the Amazons of Dahomey work Krupp cannons, nothing is impossible in the opening up of the Dark Continent. The correspondent being classed a distinguished foreigner, was serenaded by the Ethiopians—original Christy's minstrels; they were the troubadours of the region; the honoured was compared to a buffalo, an hippopotamus, a lion, a rhinoceros, etc., but as each hyperbole cost a thaler, and fearing to be linked with all the members of natural history, he begged the Ethiopians to shorten their improvisations. Good things must not be abused.

Paris has a school population of 160,000, of which 69,000 are boys, 30,000 infants of both sexes, and the remainder girls; there are 7,400 children receiving no education, owing to there being no school accommodation, a want that is being repaired. A startling fact: seventeen years ago there were 60,000 children attending no school in Paris, and a singularly forgotten fact it was to M. Renan, who as head of the University, if that term can be employed, contributed to reduce that army of ignorance, by affording facilities to his professors to train masters for the Normal Schools. The Minister of Public Instruction has taken a bold step in advance; he has authorized, at the expense of the Government, the publication of an official grumbler's journal, where every pedagogue paid by the State, whether male or female, will be invited to pen fearlessly, whatever he perceives to be

faulty in the working of the great state machine of public education.

It seems like a shave, the proposition to tax bathers at sea-side resorts or spas; but why more so than taxing spectators at theatres, railway passengers, or gangway travellers between France and England? It is curious the craze the French have, to discover something new in the way of imposts to saddle themselves with; it is an irritating form of the pecuniary happy despatch. You cannot take a barrel of water from the sea without a prefectural permit; you would be suspected of employing it to make salt, and so cheat the revenue from the salt scraped in the several farmed marshes in the west and south of the country.

M. Emile Zola has sold the copyright, in prospective, of his "religious" novel—Oh! Shade of *Nana*—to be called *Lourdes* for 31,000 frs. to a Paris journal, that will have the right to farm it as serial story to any newspaper outside France. Syndicates, take notice.

The report is rife that the cab horses of Paris have caught cholera, and are being quietly "removed." As Mr. Stanhope is within our walls, he ought to be able to give an opinion on the matter. It is a proverbial fact, that no matter what plague reigns, cabmen always escape it.

I was recently flânant along the Boulevard Saint Germain, when in a side street I observed a new newsroom, entrance fee quarter of a franc "per hour;" I say per hour; the prospectus was enticing; all the foreign reviews and journals were to be found inside. "I walked into the parlour," planked down my five sous, and took stock of the room. The foreign journals were limited to one London journal and the reviews to a single English monthly. As I had gone into mourning for the entrance fee before I paid it, I was reconciled to the worst after my visit of five minutes. But I was annoyed at the cashier's look, which implied: "Old man, wide awake as you may consider yourself to be, you can all the same be caught with chaff."

Why is a slap in the face ranked as an outrage? Because in olden times serfs fought without vizors, so only the *hoi polloi* could have, injured skin, or a pair of lovely black eyes. A gentleman so punished was ranked as a villain till he washed his sword in the blood of the person who struck him. Z.

SONNETS TO THE THRUSH.

IN the little bird song, which the translated Bottom sings to awaken Titania from the sweet slumber into which the lullaby of her fairy train had thrown her, occurs the line:—

The thrushle with his note so true,

and one of the best tributes to this bird's delightful music is the effect it had upon Monsieur Le Bon, of whom Portia remarked:—

If a thrushle sing, he falls straight a capering.

The effect of the thrush's note upon the poetic soul, however, has not proved so inspiring as the song of lark or nightingale; but its sweet purity and glad ring have sometimes gained the approval of the sons of Petrarch, and the natural music has been extolled in the best of artificial verse-forms.

Sonnets to the thrush are not numerous, and even references to the brave bird of brown are seldom met with in this species of song; but, when they are found, there is no doubt of the hold the bird has taken upon the feelings of the poet and the influence it has shed upon his thoughts. There is also a great variety of manner in which the songster is regarded by the sonnetist, and if the thrush should ever become extinct and all scientific accounts of it destroyed, there might be constructed from these few sonnets a fair notion of the bird and its habits. The beginning of the thrush's life is in the egg, and we cannot do better than adopt Horace's plan—*ab ovo usque ad mala*—in our sonnet repast. Therefore let us turn to John Clare, "the Northamptonshire Peasant-Poet," who was peculiarly fitted to sing of birds. The life of Clare is a career of vicissitude. He was the son of a farm-labourer, and was himself a gooseherd, field-worker, pot boy, gardener, militiaman, pseudo-gypsy, limeburner, beggar, and householder in turn. He died in a lunatic asylum in 1864, writing verses to the last. The sonnet was a form to which he often turned, and though he seldom cared to consider the essentials of construction, the specimens he has left are full of keen observation and are endowed with a sweetness of pastoral expression that was never killed by his town experiences. To Clare we are indebted for the following:—

THE THRUSH'S NEST.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorne bush,
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns to sunrise, and I drank the sound
With joy; and, often an intruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day—
How true she warped the moss to form a nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay;
And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs, as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted-over shells of greeny blue;
And there I witnessed, in the sunny hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

This sonnet is curious, being Shakespearian in form and Petrarchan in spirit. The division of the verse, as arranged by rhyme, is into three quatrains and a couplet; but the subject is as markedly divided into octave and

sestet; the octave describing the place, song and nest, and the sestet treating of the eggs and the young. The last six lines form a quatrain and couplet, as to rhyme; but make two complete tercets so far as the theme is concerned. The whole sonnet, therefore, is a self-contradiction, and is remarkable as showing the tendency of his verse to arrange itself in process of composition into the specific form adopted by its earliest and best masters, notwithstanding the attempt to force it into another form by a displacement of its proper parts. To return to Clare's thrush, the description of the nest and eggs is accurate. The nest is deep, of a cup-shape, built of twigs and broken wood, bound into place with moss and hay, and plastered very smoothly on the inside with mud or clay. Unlike many birds that use clay for the interior of their nests, the thrush does not cover the floor with softer material, but deposits its eggs on the hard bottom. The eggs are of a sea-green or "greeny-blue" colour, as the poet has it, dotted with black spots which predominate at the larger end. "Ink-spotted-over" is a good description of their appearance, as any oologist can testify. On account of their beauty the eggs of the thrush are particularly tempting to boys, and as they are plentiful, and as there is no curse laid upon the thief by any superstitious rhyme, many a nest is robbed and the world loses many a sweet song. For the music of the thrush is peculiarly sweet, and has sometimes been mistaken for that of the nightingale. Its natural song is not imitative; but in captivity the thrush will echo the singing of other birds.

David Gray was particularly fond of its song, and in his series of sad sonnets entitled "In the Shadows" tells us that "the thrush's song enchants the captive ear;" the ill-fated poet has left us, moreover, a whole sonnet dedicated to the bird, which reads thus:—

Sweet Mavis! at this cool delicious hour
Of gloaming, when a pensive quietness
Hushes the odorous air,—with what a power
Of impulse unsubdued dost thou express
Thyself a spirit! while the silver dew
Holy as manna on the meadow falls,
Thy song's impassioned charity, trembling through
This omnipresent stillness, disenfranchises
The soul to adoration. First I heard
A low thick lubric gurgle, soft as love,
Yet sad as memory, through the silence poured
Like starlight. But the mood intenser grows,
Precipitate rapture quickens, move on move
Lucidly linked together, till the close.

It will be noticed that the form of this sonnet is also Shakespearian, so far as it is composed of quatrains and couplet; but it is a striking example of the overlapping of lines, which Milton used with such telling effect. The spirit is also Petrarchan, and the octave with its unequal division runs into the sestet, which is again composed of two tercets broken by a sectional pause. The effect of this overlapping is a smooth and sweet continuity. The movement of the sonnet is very marked and carefully worked up from "pensive quietness" to "precipitate rapture" with an arrangement of excellently chosen words. One sentence is particularly fine as an instance of accurate description and imaginative endowment:—

First I heard
A low thick lubric gurgle, soft as love,
Yet sad as memory, through the silence poured
Like starlight.

In an article on "Sonnets to the Lark" we pointed out the curious error about the mountain lark. Tennyson, in "In Memoriam," has a passage which recalls the word:—

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush.

The mounted thrush, observe; unlike the mounting lark; for the thrush will perch high on a tree and sing for a long stretch; but it cannot sing upon the wing.

And larks in air and throistles in the trees
Thrill the moist air with murmurs musical.

John Todhunter, in a sonnet on "The First Spring Day," published in his "Laurella and other Poems," has this passage:—

About the hedge the small birds peer and dart,
Each bush is full of amorous flutter-rings
And little rapturous cries. The thrush apart
Sits throned, and loud his ripe contralto rings.
Music is on the wind and in my heart,
Infinite love for all created things.

The attribution of a contralto voice to the thrush is not unhappy; for the song is rich and mellow, set in a lower key than most bird music,—a low, thick, lubric gurgle," as David Gray said.

Just as we have observed that the notes of the nightingale seem sad or glad to the moody or the merry listener, so the song of the thrush conveys lessons of hope or despair to the poet, according to his mood of soul. Let us hear the late Miss Lucy Larcum on the subject. This lady was one of the Lowell cotton mills operatives, who gained the friendship of Whittier and afterwards wrote much poetry. The following appeared first in the *Atlantic Monthly*:—

THE WOOD THRUSH.

What is it you are whispering, solemn woods?
What hide and hint ye, slopes of sombre green,
Whose dark reflections blur the crimson sheen
Of the lake's mirror, whereon sunset broods,
Trance-like and tender? Speechless, conscious moods,
Are yours, ye purple mountain shapes, that lean
Out of Day's dying glory. What may mean
This stillness through whose veil no thought intrudes

With earth-shod feet? Can any voice unfold
The tremulous secret of an hour like this,
So burdened with unutterable bliss?
Oh, hush! Oh, hear the soul of Twilight sing!
One poet knows this mystery. Everything
The landscape dreamed of has the wood-thrush told.

David Gray sang of the song-thrush at the same hour of day and exclaimed: "With what a power of impulse unsubdued dost thou express thyself a spirit!"

Lucy Larcum has told us what spirit the bird is, and "the soul of twilight" is beautifully expressive of the thrush's last song, when the softness of the falling even seems to enter it and make more mellow the notes that have enriched the day.

The sonnet has a Petrarchan octave and an irregular sestet, unseparated; but however defective in form, it is a good specimen of quiet reflection and subdued feeling.

To cross the Atlantic once more, Mr. H. D. Rawnsley, in his sonnets of the Bristol Channel, has a fine specimen addressed to "A Thrush Heard on Clifton Downs":—

Clear throated minstrel! What desires can move
Thee, in thy brachy, mist-empurpled swing,
When woods are cold, and winds are sorrowing,
Thus to rehearse thy last-year notes of love,
To thrill with all thy heart the listening grove,
To sit and with no surety of the spring
To answer every voice the breezes bring,
And thine excellent championship to prove?
In the dead winter of an early sorrow,
No thought of quickening spring my spirit cheers;
But as I hearken, of thy strength I borrow,
Hope with thy music mingles in mine ears,
Thou, who so cheerily settest forth the morrow,
While round thee million buds are wet with tears!

Here we have a reference to the hardness of the thrush, which will endure the rigour of an English winter. Large numbers, however, leave England at the end of November, with their fellows from northern Europe who visit Britain about the end of August; they all go over to France and Germany, where their advent is eagerly watched for by bird-catchers, ready for the *Chasse aux Grives* or *Drossel zug*, for the thrush is an article of diet in those countries. In the later German *drossel* we see the parallel form to *throistle*, both being diminutives. The Old German *drosce* corresponded to our *thrush* and more closely to the Anglo Saxon *thryse*. The Scandinavian word *traste* is cognate; as is the Icelandic *throstr*. The Italian name is *tordo*, evidently the modernized Latin *turdus*; but the French equivalent is *grive*, which may be allied to the word *grivois*—jolly, though the latter has been curiously enough derived from *grivoise*, a tobacco grater. The word *mavis* (which is now little used in England; but is still common in Scotland) seems to be connected with the French *mauvie*, a redwing, or in old French, a blackbird, and *mauviette*, a field-lark. But there is no time for philological speculation.

In his sonnet tribute to John Dyer, Wordsworth wrote as follows:—

Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still
A grateful few shall love thy modest lay,
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray
O'er naked Snowdon's wild aerial waste;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill.

The poet of Rydal Mount was correct in his predictive estimate of the poet of Grongar Hill, for only students care to read the Welshman's works to-day. The thrush-reference was occasioned directly by the closing lines of Dyer's poem, Grongar Hill, published in 1726:—

Be full, ye courts, be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor,
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet tread,
On the meads, and mountain-heads,
Along with pleasure, close allied,
Ever by each other's side;
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

More than a century later Wordsworth wrote two sonnets to "The Thrush," each of which is reflective and didactic, after his manner. One is to the bird at twilight, the other at dawn.

THE THRUSH AT TWILIGHT.

Hark! 'tis the thrush, undaunted, undeprest,
By twilight premature of cloud and rain;
Nor does that roaring wind deaden his strain
Who carols thinking of his love and nest,
And seems, as more incited, still more blest.
Thanks, thou hast snapped a fire-side prisoner's chain,
Exulting warbler! eased a fretted brain,
And in a moment charmed my cares to rest.
Yes, I will forth, bold bird! and front the blast,
That we may sing together, if thou wilt,
So loud, so clear, my partner through life's day,
Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not love-built,
Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons past,
'Thrilled by loose snatches of the social lay.

THE THRUSH AT DAWN.

'Tis He, whose yester-evening's high disdain
Beat back the roaring storm—but how subdued
His day-break note, a sad visciditude!
Does the hour's drowsy weigh his glee restrain?
Or, like the nightingale, her joyous vein
Pleased to renounce, does this dear thrush attune
His voice to suit the temper of your moon
Doubly depressed, setting, and in her wane?
Rise, tardy sun! and let the songster prove
(The balance trembling between night and morn
No longer) with what ecstasy upborne
He can pour forth his spirit. In heaven above
And earth below, they best can serve true gladness
Who meet most feelingly the calls of sadness.

Nothing escapes the philosophical pedagogy of Wordsworth, and the centre of the solar system is here served with an aphorism of philanthropy calculated to bring it up before its time that the thrush may sing for the poet's edification. The sonnet does not lend itself to didactic poetry of this description, and Wordsworth, when he so employs it, falls to the level of Mrs. Seward. Wordsworth correctly makes the thrush the herald of gladness,

and Burns in one of his sonnets also addresses it as the type of content. Burns wrote but three sonnets; but they are all good.

ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK, 25TH JANUARY, 1793.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain:
See aged winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.
So in lone poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.
I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon Orient skies;
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give or take away!
Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,
The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.

It will be observed that the last line is Alexandrine, and this defect would have been avoided had the words "that mite" been omitted. However, let us be thankful for the sonnet as it is; for it is graced by Burns' best spirit and breathes forth that natural religion which distinguishes him from many a God-invoking bard.

In the second "Every Day Book," edited by William Hone, is a sonnet to the thrush written by an unknown poet with the initials S. T. R., and it is worth recording. It forms the postscript to a letter, written in 1826, concerning "The Rearing and Treatment of Young Birds," but the poem was occasioned by far more serious sympathies. It reads thus:—

SONNET ON HEARING A THRUSH SINGING IN THE RAIN.

How sweet the song of the awakened thrush—
Mellowed by distance, comes upon the ear,
'Tho' gather'd clouds have made the heavens drear,
And the rain hisses in the hazel bush,
Wherein he warbles with a voice as clear
As if blue skies were over, and he near
The one that loved him,—sweet yet sad to hear!
For it remindeth me of one I've heard,
Singing to other ears, herself unseen,
In her own bower, like that delightful bird,
While yet her bosom's hopes were fresh and green,
One, whom I heard again in after years,
When sorrow smote her,—singing 'midst her tears.

This is a personal and pathetic sonnet, and criticism has no right to intrude upon such loving memories. Let us turn aside and get out of the reach of the thrush's voice. No more appropriate farewell to the sweet singer could be taken than the quoting of a sonnet on the death of a thrush, written by that prolific sonneteer, Mr. J. C. Earle. This writer has composed several hundreds of sonnets; many of mediocrity and some full of quiet beauty and deep reflection; but none of the highest order. The sonnet with this gentleman seems the vehicle of conversation very often rather than of poetry:—

THE THRUSH.

If any death were sweet sure this would be
The sweetest, to expire as I have seen
A thrush beneath a canopy of green
Drop on a sudden lifeless from the tree
All in the midst of her fond melody,
Breaking her little heart for lack of teen—
Without a pause the dulcet bars between,
Pouring her soul forth with excess of glee!
Oh Death, all roads conduct to thy grim gate!
By joy as well as sorrow we are slain:
But this would be of all the happiest fate
To perish in the midst of some glad strain,
And on this side the portal antedate
The music we shall soon begin again.

This is very sweet and peaceful; altogether of Mr. Earle's better sort. It is a curious reversal of the usual breaking of hearts to find that this little thrush sustained the fatal fracture for lack of teen. It is generally sorrow that breaks the heart, and we are so used to this view, that the killing by joy is rather surprising; yet it may be true, a sudden coming of unexpected good news or good fortune has been known to produce such a rush of reversed feelings as to stop the vital machinery in human beings. Why not in thrushes? However, it is to be suspected the sweet singer was not of the sex conveyed by "her fond melody."

SAREPTA.

THE VERGE.

WITHIN a dingle, yellowing in dusk,
I stretched my toil-numbered limbs to dream a space,
For I was tired of munching at the husk
Of Life's desire, dispirited with chase
And strife, and worrying. There came
A dryad, clothed in vestments somnolent,
Who wound a slumberous skein, and held a flame
Along the poplars' silvery cantonment.
The while my feverish hand she held in hers,
And sang, and sang, my eyelids heavier fell,
Until the twilight and her face were blurs,
Rose, pink and yellow, then a drowsy bell,
Of wizard tone, some sleepy chimings wove
Among the mazes red with poppy stain.
The lisping leaves, the breathings of the grove,
The silken whisper of the distant grain
Commingled, till my dull lids listless met,
And came a deep dim void, a vacancy
Across my soul, an opaque veil of jet
Which, were it death or sleep, was one to me!

JOSEPH NEVIN DOYLE.

NEVER put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others.—Hare.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LORD SHERBROOKE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I read with much pleasure the interesting and accurate account of the late Lord Sherbrooke, from the pen of the Rev. J. de Soyres, which appeared in your issue of the 7th inst. The assumed date of the amusing epitaph, however, is an error. It was written, not in 1886-7, but in 1873-74. The story is that the epitaph was handed to Lord Sherbrooke (then Robert Lowe) as he sat in his place on one of the front benches in the House of Commons. He at once leaned to the table and made the Latin translation given in your columns. Mr. Lowe handed both versions to Mr. Gladstone, who was sitting next to him, and the now grand old man instantly dashed off a Greek rendering. Of course the episode attracted considerable attention, and in a few days the epitaph appeared, in French, German, Italian and other languages, the most humorous of them all being a version in Scotch. I made a collection of all these renderings at the time and published them (without signature) in the *Financial Reformer*, Liverpool, England.

I should add that the epitaph as I have always seen it consisted of the first and last verses only of the version you give; and I imagine the other four verses are a subsequent interpolation. Indeed if the anecdote above given be true, this must be so, as the mechanical operation of writing would have prevented a production of such length from being so rapidly translated, and the translations handed round among members of the House of Commons during a debate.

WM. TRANT.

Cotham, Assa., Oct. 20, 1892.

THE COLOUR OF FLOWERS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In THE WEEK of September 30 occurs the following paragraph: "Odour and colour of flowers was the subject of a paper read by George Ludworth before the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Rochester, N. Y. The author called attention to the supposed evolution from a low to a high grade in the colour of flowers, ranging from the simplest yellow to white, pink, red and the most perfect colour, blue." He described experiments, seeming to prove that nectar-gathering insects of higher orders, such as honey bees, show a preference for the higher grade flowers." Now, in 1882 Grant Allen published a small work in "The Nature Series" (London: Macmillan and Company) named "The Colour of Flowers," in which he sought to show, especially in his second chapter headed "The General Law of Progressive Colouration," that the development of flowers, in the long course of the ages, followed the order of succession of "white, pink, red, purple and blue petals from the original yellow ones." But, in order to this, he had to show first that petals themselves had been originally stamens. "Now, with regard to the central idea of my original paper which first appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*—the derivation of petals from flattened and abortive stamens," writes Mr. Allen, "the late Mr. Darwin wrote to me in these words, 'Many years ago I thought it highly probable that petals were in all cases transformed stamens. I forget (excepting the water-lily) what made me think so, but I am sure that your evolutionary argument never occurred to me as it is too striking and too apparently valid ever to have been forgotten.'"

Not having seen Mr. Ludworth's lecture, I know not how far, if at all, this theory of colour development has been credited to Grant Allen. But that the readers of THE WEEK may see how the matter really stands, I think it well to draw attention to the subject.

J. A. ALLEN.

A MOUNT OF SORROW.

High in the clouds is reared its icy head;
Its form is dimly grasped by straining eye;
Cold, isolate, and unapproachably
Secure in hopeless, never-changing dread
Of sympathetic warmth. And ever the Sun,
Its wooing rays in benison outspread,
Is shocked by rude repulse and flies undone.

So, in the human, hast thou never met
A sorrow so unutterably deep,
And high and awful, that it ever dwells
In silence unassailable? The joy and fret
Of life alike as tiny insects creep
About its base, nor dare the icy swells.

R. W. ARNOT.

THE more we give to others, the more are we increased.
—Lao-Tze.

MANY waters cannot quench love; neither can the floods drown it.—Bible.

TRUE dignity abides with him alone who, in the silent hour of inward thought, can still respect and still revere himself in lowliness of heart.—Wordsworth.

ART NOTES.

MR. T. MOWER MARTIN, R.C.A., will hold a sale on Tuesday, the 8th of November, of his paintings in oil and water-colours, including scenes in Muskoka, the Rocky Mountains, and in fact in all parts of the Dominion, Mr. Martin having travelled from ocean to ocean with canvas and palette in hand. The pictures will be on exhibition on the Saturday and Monday previous to the sale.

ROSA BONHEUR, we learn from the *N. Y. Critic*, has had for some time on her easel a new work, "Horses Threshing Corn." It is said to be the most important picture that she has attempted for some years past, and when completed it is destined for an American millionaire who has paid some \$60,000 for it.

Public Opinion says of the late Mr. Woolner, R. A.: He was born at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, in 1826, and at an early age his artistic tastes asserted themselves. The year 1850 was memorable in the history of British art, for it was the year in which the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood established their periodical called the *Germ*. In this literary experiment the honours were shared between Sir J. Millais, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. D. G. Rossetti, and Mr. Woolner, the sculptor contributing to it several poems which were destined to survive the short-lived periodical. Indeed, "My Beautiful Lady," as his collected pieces were called when they appeared as a separate volume in 1863, achieved—and deserved—so much success that a fresh edition was needed in 1866, and another edition, as recently as 1887, testifies to their living popularity. Woolner received, both from the Academy and the public, due acknowledgment of his merits as a sculptor. He became an Associate in 1871, and an Academician three years later. On the death of Mr. Henry Weekes he was appointed to the Professorship of Sculpture in the Academy—a post for which both his literary and artistic talents well qualified him; but he held it for two years only and resigned at the beginning of 1879. Mr. Woolner was married, and leaves a widow and a family of five children.

The same journal has the following interesting note: "Lord Tennyson always took a keen interest in any picture that illustrated a poem or a passage from his writings, and this was notably the case in the instance of Mr. Frank Dicksee's picture, 'The Passing of Arthur.' Only the other day Mr. Gerald Robinson, the engraver—who has been at work uninterruptedly for three years on the plate—sent a proof of the mezzotint to Aldworth. The Laureate was greatly pleased with the result, sent his cordial thanks to the engraver, and accepted the dedication of the plate."

In Paris he (Jan Van Beers) was received with great cordiality, and he set to work with a will. He painted the well-known picture of "La Sirène"—which has recently been sold into America for a large sum—and sent it to the Brussels Salon, when the cry was raised and re-echoed, by painters as well as by writers, that such excessive fineness of execution could not have been produced by his unaided hand, but that photography was its foundation. The charge was so obtrusively formulated that Van Beers at once took up the challenge. He offered to scratch out the miraculous little head (to which special reference had been made) or other part of the picture, down to the white priming, so as to show the red ink drawing with which he had at first drawn it in, and he would then paint in the head again. If the drawing beneath was not visible, the painting should belong to his adversaries, and he would have to suffer the shame of exposure; but if the evidence was in his favour, his traducers should pay him £1,000 damages in respect to their false and explicit charge. The offer was not accepted, and less was heard of the charge of painting on, or by the aid of, photographs, when one morning the head of the principal figure was found to be scratched out. The perpetrator of the outrage was never discovered, but since that time M. Van Beers always covers with glass the pictures he intends for foreign exhibition. The incident turned to the advantage of the painter, for, as need hardly be said, no trace of photograph or photographic materials could be found. The enemy thereupon brought forward another accusation: that as M. Van Beers painted in such distinct styles, he must perforce employ two different artists to execute his work. I am not aware that the matter was pressed, nor that any explanation was offered as to why two such remarkably skilful painters (presuming them to exist) should be content to hide their lights under the studio-bushel of a young artist, a foreigner, who had still to win his spurs and create a *clientèle*.—M. H. Spielmann, in the *Magazine of Art* for November.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE burning at Cleveland of the scenery of "Superba," which was to appear at the Grand this week, has caused a change of programme. Mr. O. B. Sheppard, with commendable energy, secured Mr. Willard for the first three days of this week, and the Players' Stock Company for the latter half. The claims of two other theatres had to be satisfied in order to secure Mr. Willard, and Mr. Sheppard may be congratulated upon his three hours' work on Saturday afternoon.

One result of the disaster is that Toronto has enjoyed

Mr. Willard's acting for three days more than was originally arranged, "Judah" being substituted for "The Middleman." Mr. Willard is undoubtedly an admirable actor. His rendering of *Cyrus Blenkarn* was masterly, in the force and sympathy alike of the interpretation. A man naturally of an amiable and trusting, yet thoroughly virile, character, who has for years withdrawn himself from the world, suddenly awakes to find his life in ruins, and to realize that he has an injury to avenge. He realizes that he has now more to live for than mere success in his efforts at invention, and he rises to the situation. He does not, as has been remarked, pray for the vengeance of Heaven, but prays that he may inflict his own revenge. And in the progress towards that consummation of his labours he never falters, ever is the strong man pressing onward. When fruition is reached, when the vengeance he has craved for is won by his own efforts, the sweeter qualities of his nature prevail, and he pardons the offender. In interpreting this character, Mr. Willard is singularly restrained. There are moments when the elemental forces of emotion break forth uncontrollably, and then the actor becomes transfigured with grief, with righteous indignation, or with the joy of consummation. But at all other times the presentation is quiet and thoroughly artistic. In "Judah" a totally different character, that of the pure-minded, high-souled young Welsh minister who is compelled to face a terrible ethical question is given with equal force and truth, and the evolution of his character—greater than in the case of *Cyrus Blenkarn*—is carefully and accurately depicted. Mr. Willard's support is excellent. Miss Marie Burroughs makes an excellent *Mary Blenkarn* and *Vashti*, while Mr. Royce Carleton's presentation of the typical British Philistine of the benevolent stripe and of *Vashti's* rascally father is true to life.

At the latter end of this week the Players' Stock Company, which has already been before a Toronto audience this season, will be at the Grand.

Next week Madame Rhea will appear.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ON October 28 Mr. Downing's impersonation of "Othello" was witnessed at the Academy by a large and interested audience. Mr. Downing's interpretation of the Moor was, on the whole, masterly, though at times a little overstrained, a fault which was conspicuous by its absence in his rôle of *Virginius*. There are three well-known conceptions of *Iago*, the sneak, pure and simple, the bluff smiling soldier, and the rather sorrowful Mephistopheles; Mr. Mosley has chosen the third, and has added to it a certain grim humour of his own. Eugenie Blair, as *Desdemona*, seemed hardly to have realized Shakespeare's heroine during the first two acts; in the rest of the piece, however, there was a marked improvement in her acting, which, if it is sometimes wanting in depth and feeling, is always graceful and refined. On Saturday, Oct. 29, "The Gladiator" was played to a crowded house.

On October 31 an *omnium gatherum* entitled "Under the Lion's Paw" was exhibited at this theatre. Serious criticism on the subject is obviously superfluous, and we can only say that to that large and rapidly increasing section of the public who appreciate scenic effect and intense realism of action, "Under the Lion's Paw" will prove a most attractive entertainment. Col. Edgar Daniel Boone, as *Hector*, the *Lion King*, and Milli Carlotta, as *Madame Helene*, deserve the highest praise for a very daring and interesting performance.

Hoyt's "A Temperance Town" will be produced at the Academy at an early date. The play, we believe, has met with the greatest success in previous representations.

ASSOCIATION HALL.

MISS LAURA M. MACGILLIVRAY and Miss Minnie E. Gaylord entertained a very fair audience on Thursday evening, October 27. Both ladies were well received, and were more than once recalled. Miss MacGillivray did best in comic recital. Her monologue, "The Closed Door," was decidedly the choicest thing on the programme, her rendering of it being spirited and amusing. "The Widow Cumiskey" and "The Boss Girl" were also good. On the other hand, the curse scene from "Leah" was very inadequately rendered. "The Classic Posing" was pretty and effective, though marred for many by the seemingly needless calling out of the qualities she was personating. Miss Gaylord, too, was much at her best in the lighter vein. Her singing of "Robin Adair," her last, was very pleasing, and so was her rendering of "One Spring Morning," "Ave Maria" and "Convien Partir" were very fairly sung. Miss Shipe played the accompaniments with much skill and grace.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

TALES OF A GARRISON TOWN. By Arthur Wentworth Eaton and Craven Langstroth Betts. New York and St. Paul: D. D. Merrill Company. 1892.

The clever Canadians whose names appear on the title page as authors of the stories which make up the above volume, are not unknown to our readers. The merit of their poetic work has received recognition in our columns. They now pay tribute to the prevalent demand for another form of literary expression, the short story. To our mind they have achieved a distinct success. Those who hold the view that our country is an infertile field for

those who seek the material which the genius of the novelist can kindle with the glow of life, are very far afield. The cities, towns and hamlets of Canada; the salt sea that washes her coast and the fresh water seas she encompasses; her rivers and forests; and the checkered tide of her people's life are all rich with the suggestive memories of unrecorded worth. The heroism of the U. E. Loyalist; the endurance of the Pioneer; the courage of the Fisherman; the romance that lingers round the dawn of our history; the historic scenes and associations which fill the middle ground; and the never ending play of pride and passion, of modesty and virtue which meets the eye in the every day life of our people, imprinted, as they all are, with their genius and the character of our country, invite the master hand and the skilled touch to quicken them with literary life. No Nova Scotian at all acquainted with Halifax could fail to recognize the faithfulness of description and portraiture which mark the well-told "Tales of a Garrison Town." From the fine relation of generous and chivalrous self-denial by which "Crossway" saved his friend; through the romance of "The Fall of the D'Arcys"; the boisterous humour of "The Reverend Washington Ham's Triumph" and "The Corporal's Trousers"; the graphic and stirring strength of "Court Martialed," and the touching pathos of "A Soldier's Funeral," the reader will be led at a pace that never wearies, but on the contrary is bracing and exhilarating. Our only regret on closing the pages of these bright typical and enjoyable Canadian stories, is that our country has lost these clever sons in whose work she cannot, however, lose her pride.

THE LOVE OF THE WORLD: A Book of Religious Meditation. By Mary Emily Case. New York: The Century Company. 1892.

In this dainty little volume the learned professor of Latin and Greek, at Wells College, states in the preface that "this book is neither theological nor argumentative. It is not a systematic treatment of any theme, but merely, as is indicated in the title, a jotting down of scattered thoughts, grouped under more or less appropriate headings." The thirty topical headings which indicate the contents of its sixty-two pages are varied in subject, for instance I. treats of "The Love of World," III., "The Dandelions," VIII., "By the Waterfall," X., "Society," XI., "Books." From the time when the inimitable "Imitation of Christ" first appeared till the present day, books of devotion have been constantly provided, stamped by the mental and moral characteristics of their respective authors; tinged by their peculiar tenets; and voicing their varied experiences. This latest of them is by no means the least. Fresh in thought, clear in expression and direct in aim, it cannot fail in its uplifting mission. Writes the author: "He who looks at natural beauty as looking at it with God has a noble fellowship. He need never fear loving it too much. Perhaps we dishonour the Maker by loving it too little. We walk too carelessly in his sanctuary, though all his messengers, the poets and prophets, from the beginning have warned us to beware.

And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes.

And again under the caption, "The Kingdom": "If a man will take his place in that kingdom and work together with God and his fellow-men to put an end to sin and suffering, he shall live and grow, and he shall yet rejoice to see the kingdom come. If a man will cut himself off from that fellowship, and try to attain to something by himself, he shall fail. He may take his ease in his wealth, and care not who is poor while he is rich; he may take his ease in his learning, and care not who is ignorant while he is learned; he may take his ease in his religion and care not who is lost if he is saved; he may take his ease in his virtue, and care not who is wicked if he is upright. He will lose his own soul. Neither his money, nor his learning, nor his piety, nor his virtue, shall save him. There is no life for any single man apart from the life of all other men."

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Edited by Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., of Yale University. Springfield, Mass.: G. and C. Merriam and Company.

Speaking of the "American Dictionary of the English Language," Mr. R. O. Williams observes: "In the seventy years following the first publication of Johnson's Dictionary nothing had appeared which embodied a general improvement of that work; it had been bettered in one place or another by patches. Webster's American Dictionary had so much in it that was original that it might properly be regarded a new dictionary; with all its crudities, its definitions made it a very important contribution to English lexicography."

That the "Unabridged" was a considerable advance upon this, no one will care to dispute, and the volume before us is undoubtedly in every respect a development of the latter. The three editions, culminating with the "International," are in line with each other; improvements there are, and valuable additions, but the foundation is the work of Noah Webster. The particular value of the present edition is due to the fact that it has been written not only for the scholar, but for the student. It is useful to the business man and to the lawyer, as well as to the savant and to the litterateur. It has not been

designed for a particular class, and is perhaps the most eminently useful book that can be purchased for the money. All this necessarily implies certain limitations. "The *aura* of Webster's dictionaries," as a recent reviewer in the *Atlantic Monthly* has pithily and shrewdly remarked, "though scholarly, is unliterary; perhaps necessarily so. Over them all is the strain of a laboured attempt to reconcile the academic and the popular." This being granted, the work is an achievement of which any editor may well be proud.

In a work of such encyclopædic proportions and pretensions, the varied and often curious information relegated to the numerous appendices and introductions becomes of much interest and importance. From the coloured plates of the arms and flags of various countries to the 3,000 illustrations at the end all is interesting and valuable. Without counting the various prefaces and a memoir of Noah Webster, we may note a revision of the invaluable "Brief History of the English Language," with its clear and concise notes upon the philological position and relations of the Anglo-Saxon, its literary character and its development into its present form. There is one admirable feature—the specimens of the language, including selections from Caedmon, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and Bible, Layamon's Brut, the Ormulum, Robert of Gloucester, Piers Plowman, Chaucer and Tyndale's New Testament. This is appropriately followed by a list of Indo-Germanic—or Aryan—roots, compiled by Professor August Fick, of Breslau University. The "Guide to Pronunciation" and "Orthography" departments are retained.

In the appendices the list of etymologies of geographical names, which the Unabridged of 1864 contained, is now left out—not an altogether happy omission. The Pronouncing Gazetteer is full and valuable, while the Biographical Dictionary is condensed and improved, deaths as late as 1889 being recorded. An especially good feature of this edition is the Dictionary of Noted Names in Fiction, in which improvements have been made, though it is still far from perfect. In the Dictionary proper, many improvements have been made. The philology of the Unabridged, though respectable, was not always irreproachable and a number of awkward, and sometimes positively inaccurate, derivations were given. This department has been greatly improved. For instance, Professor Skeat pointed out that in giving the etymology of the word "course," a number of parallel forms were given quite unnecessarily, as it is sufficient to say that it comes from the Old French *cours*, and that from the Latin *cursus*. The International has adopted the suggestion, and gives the simpler and clearer etymology. On the other hand, *cock* is given as coming "from the Anglo-Saxon *coc*, of unknown origin." But Professor Skeat in his Dictionary has shown that *coc* was a late Anglo-Saxon word, and is borrowed from Old French, which, in its turn, derives the word from the Greek through the Latin. *Lady*, again, is simply given as derived from *lād*, loaf, ignoring Professor Skeat's remarks on the probable derivation of the suffix *dige* from *dege*, a kneader.

The definitions are excellent. Many changes have been made, and many additional meanings given, but condensation has been applied wherever possible, and the result is that the volume is not materially increased in size.

Substantially bound, clearly printed and well illustrated, this is a most useful work, and the International will long enjoy the thorough trust and popularity accorded to its predecessors, the original Webster's and the Unabridged.

Greater Britain for October is "a Pan-Britannic and Anglo-Saxon Olympiad Number." The editor, Mr. J. Astley Cooper, in an opening article discusses the proposition and is very sanguine as to its ultimate establishment. Already an invitation has been extended to Mr. Cooper by Mr. J. E. Sullivan, Secretary Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, to co-operate with the American Committee in conducting the tournament to be held at the Chicago Fair for the championship of the world. Other features of the scheme are discussed in this number, as "Britannic Scholarships," by Professor Hudson Beare, the naval aspect of it by Lieut. Bellairs. Sir Theophilus Shepstone and others also aid the scheme by their approval.

THE November *Wide Awake* opens with an illustrated article on "Some British Castles," written by Oscar Fay Adams, a fine full-page picture of "Marmion's Defiance to Earl Douglas at Tantallion Castle," is the frontispiece. Alexander Black's descriptive paper on "The Babies of the Zoo" at Central Park, illustrated by Irene Williamson, is very interesting. Edith Robinson's story "Raglan's Substitute"; Mary Selden McCobb's Thanksgiving story, "Why She was Thankful," and "Mabel's Election Day," by Ellen Strong Bartlett, add to the attractiveness of the number. The serials, "The Coral Ship," by Kirk Munroe, and "That Mary Ann," by Kate Upson Clark, end with this number, and a new volume of *Wide Awake* will begin with the December number.

Lippincott's Magazine for this month is quite up to the average. "More Than Kin," by Marion Harland, is pleasantly and, at times, poetically written, full of delicate situations, with an excellent moral. Those who are familiar with Venetian life will read with interest an illustrated article "In a Gondola," by Ellen Olney Kirk. A paper on the progress made in "Cricket in the United

States," by George Stuart Patterson, is well worth a perusal by all lovers of that genuine English game. Among the journalist series for this month we have a clever article on the indispensable "Sporting Editor," by J. B. McCormick, a well-known authority in sporting circles, and an interesting paper, also illustrated, on "Form in Driving," by C. Davis English. The magazine thoroughly sustains its reputation throughout.

In Mr. Blaine's opening article in the *North American Review* for November, speaking of pensions, he says: "The amount we contribute for pensions is larger than the amount paid by any of the European nations for a standing army." Mr. Blaine touches upon some of the points of interest in "The Presidential Election of 1892," from the Republican standpoint. The Hon. W. F. Harrity, on the other hand, gives reason for his opinion that the next President will be a Democrat. A very striking article is that by Lord Playfair entitled "Waste Products made Useful." The learned writer says: "The object of this article is to show that, as science advances, it sweeps up dirt from the wrong place and deposits it in the right place." This able article is learned, lucid and instructive. Mgr. O'Reilly has a temperate proposition for the solution of the vexed school question. Col. R. G. Ingersoll has a characteristic contribution in this number on "Renan."

THE November number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* is opened by an attractive serial, "Barbara Melvale," which is followed by an illustrated paper on "The Chapel of the Pyx," a mysterious chamber beneath Westminster Abbey. "Two Popular Styles of Art-Needlework" is an interesting paper for the family. "The Courtship of Fireman Deane" is a readable story. "Our Belongings: the Girls" is for mothers. Mrs. Cuthell's serial, "Lady Lorrimer's Scheme," grows in interest. "An Artist's Haunt" describes with pen and pencil the beautiful little village of Bosham on the English coast. "Another Indian Tale," by Arthur Milton, refers to the East Indians. "How We Came Down from the Stilts" bears on Alpine travel. Lovers of natural history will be interested in "What I Found in a Rock Pool." This is followed by the fashion letters from London and Paris for the fair sex and a full gatherer.

VICTOR HUGO looks out from the frontispiece of *Scribner's* for November. Henry James contributes the opening article on "The Grand Canal." Venice will never cease to be attractive. A smoothly flowing poem is "The Two Backgrounds," by Edith Warner. The article entitled "Conversations and Opinions of Victor Hugo," by Octave Uzanne, is founded on some unpublished papers found at Guernsey, where Hugo resided. This peep behind the scenes of the great French poet's life will find many appreciators. A fac-simile of a page of the journal of François Hugo showing Victor Hugo's interlineations, accompanies the article. "Racing in Australia" is described in an illustrated article by Sidney Dickinson. In an unsigned poem entitled "Betrothed" we find such rhymes (?) as "Said" and "Maid," and "Wreath" and "Death." Mr. W. C. Brownell's contribution on "Realistic Painting" in the series on "French Art" is critical and competent and is finely illustrated.

St. Nicholas for November is the first number of a new volume. It is opened by a beautiful children's poem by Whittier—how solemn and touching these words:—

And when at last upon life's play
The curtain falls, I only pray
That hope may lose itself in truth,
And age in Heaven's immortal youth,
And all our loves and longings prove
The foretaste of diviner love.

"Polly Oliver's Problem" is the title of a new serial by Kate Douglas Wiggin. John Burroughs contributes a fine descriptive paper on "A Young Marsh Hawk"; William O. Stoddard, chapters I. and II. of "The White Cave," a bright engaging story; Felix Leigh, a captivating fairy story entitled "The Giant in Fragments"; Elizabeth F. Bonsall, a beautifully illustrated paper on "Winter at the Zoo." Delightful poems, sketches, articles, stories, illustrations, fill this excellent number and promise a continued round of enjoyment for the readers of the new volume of this favourite juveniles' magazine.

GRAPHICALLY written, instructive and enjoyable is the masterly sketch of "The National Traits of the Germans, as seen in Their Religion," contributed by Professor Otto Pfeleiderer, of the University of Berlin, to the October issue of the *International Journal of Ethics*. "A one-sided, strong individualism has always been the strength as well as the weakness of the Germans," says the learned Professor. Again he says: "The peculiar phase of Protestant Christianity, in which the influence of the German spirit is seen in contradistinction to the Roman, Greek, and Semitic, has developed along a line growing more and more distinct throughout the three centuries of Protestant history, gradually freeing itself from the alloy of mediæval Catholic Christianity with which it was at first mixed in so large proportions. The obvious inference is that the German element in Protestantism will triumph completely over every foreign admixture, whether Romanism, Hellenism, or Semitism." Father Huntington, in his earnest and vigorous paper on "Philanthropy and Morality," says that "behind laws there is a changeless and righteous law, and that even if the 'highest crime be written in the highest law of the land,' it may yet be known and branded as a crime, because there is in the souls of even plain and ordinary men the witness to an eternal right." Mr. Leonard West argues for the settlement of international quarrels by

arbitrament, and Mr. A. L. Hodder presents the latest statement for Utilitarianism.

UNDER the general heading "Our Failure in Municipal Government," in *Forum* for November, the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain contributes an excellent paper, comparing the cost of management of Birmingham and Boston. In population Boston is the larger; in the number of voters Birmingham leads, having over 88,000 to Boston's 73,000. For a municipal system that Americans themselves call the best in the world, the English city pays £522,000, several of its departments yielding it a profit; for a Government admittedly by no means perfect, Boston pays \$12,570,000 per year. Besides emphasizing this astonishing difference, Mr. Chamberlain gives a valuable sketch of the machinery of English municipalities and municipal methods. An exceedingly important article is Sir Thomas Farrer's "English Views of the McKinley Tariff." It is a soberly-written analysis of the results—and those results can hardly be gratifying to American protectionists. The writer, who formerly was Secretary to the English Board of Trade, mentions each line of imports or exports, and shows the effect in each department. The English export of tin plate to the United States, for example, has largely increased, in the teeth of almost prohibitive duties, while American attempts at manufacture have failed. English woollen manufactures, he shows, have suffered. But whatever ill protection has caused other countries, the United States have themselves experienced worse. "Endowed Theatres and the American Stage," by Madame Modjeska; "The Malter with the Small Farmer" and "The Presidential Election" are other timely articles.

FRANCIS PARKMAN is honoured in the November *Century* in frontispiece by an excellent portrait, and in letter press by Mr. Lowell and Edward Eggleston. A bright, illustrated article by Isabel F. Hapgood deals with Ilya Répin, described as "A Russian National Artist." Mrs. Burton Harrison begins a new story with the euphonious title, "Sweet Bells Out of Tune." Hezekiah Butterworth tells the story of "An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving." Archibald Forbes' series of narratives of the Paris Commune is well sustained in this number, and is followed by an article entitled "What an American Girl Saw of the Commune." "Road Coaching Up to Date" will interest some readers. "The New Member of the Club" is one of Brander Matthews' clever stories. Elizabeth Robins Pennell contributes one of her attractive articles, illustrated by Joseph Pennell, entitled "To Gipsyland." "Plain Words to Workingmen," by Fred Woodrow; "Does the Bible Contain Scientific Errors?" by Prof. Charles W. Shields, of Princeton, and "Some Exposition Uses of Sunday," by Bishop Potter, are on timely topics. Massenet, the composer of the opera, "Esclarmonde," contributes autobiographical notes which will be of interest to lovers of music. There are also some excellent poems in this number by Maurice Thompson, T. B. Aldrich and others.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

THE Marquess of Salisbury will contribute a paper on "Constitutional Revision" to the November number of the *National Review*.

THE first large edition of Mrs. Oliphant's new novel, "The Cuckoo in the Nest," in three volumes, has been exhausted. A second edition will be issued.

A SECOND edition of Mr. Augustine Birrell's "Res Judicata: a Collection of Essays and Papers" has been called for, although barely four months have elapsed since its original appearance.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND COMPANY will soon publish "The Lady's Dressing Room," translated from the French of Baroness Staffe by Lady Colin Campbell. It is understood that 30,000 copies of the French edition were sold in three months.

THE Canadian Almanack will have some important additions in its forty-sixth annual issue to be published next month. They will consist of an Ontario Law List, a list of Notaries in Quebec and other articles on new subjects. Montreal will be described, and a fine map of that city will appear.

IN the January number of *Poet-Lore* will appear the first instalment of "Gentle Will, Our Fellow," writ in 1626 A.D., by John Heminge, Servant of his Gracious Majesty King Charles I., and edited in 1892 A.D., as "all though feigned, is true," by F. G. Fleay, Servant of all Shakespearian Students in America, England, Germany, or elsewhere.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have arranged to publish the English edition of the re-issue of Mr. Herman Melville's works, edited with a biographical and critical introduction by Mr. Arthur Stedman, with portrait of the author, map and other illustrations, etc. The complete set will form four octavo volumes—"Typee" and "Omoo," ready very shortly; and "White Jacket and Moby Dick," in the press.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE has, it is reported, put the finishing touches to his new novel, and, as soon as he has given it a hasty review, it will be ready for the publisher, who has not thus far been selected. Gen. Wallace states that he has written the book slowly and with infinite painstaking, with the hope and expectation that it will exceed "Ben Hur" in merit and popularity. It will be one-third larger than "Ben Hur."

AT the age of eighteen Mr. Ruskin contributed to Loudon's *Architectural Magazine* a series of papers under the title, "The Poetry of Architecture; or, the Architecture of the Nations of Europe considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character." These articles have now been collected for the first time, and, with the advantages of Mr. Ruskin's own sketches, they are already in the press with Mr. George Allen.

EDWARD W. THOMSON's story, "Great Godfrey's Lament," which appeared in a recent number of "Two Tales," is both weird and strong. It is in that popular short-story writer's best vein, and shows that in imaginative and graphic portraiture of the strange and picturesque, as well as the more familiar phases of our composite Canadian life and character, he has few if any equals. We regret that pressure on our limited space debar us from republishing this powerful story.

LORD DUFFERIN is quoted as telling this story: In India he had known the Kipling family, but when he met the gifted Rudyard not long ago in Venice a good deal of time had elapsed. The British Ambassador to France is, moreover, a little short-sighted. When he was accosted by the author, therefore, he was obliged to express his regret, and acknowledge that his memory failed him. There was a chance for an airy announcement, but "I am Mr. Kipling's son," was all the young man had to say by way of introduction.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY, the theatrical manager, says *Harper's Bazaar*, possesses what is probably the most remarkable Bible in the world. It comprises forty-two folio volumes, and is illustrated by plates on Biblical subjects. He has copies of all the Madonnas of every age and every school of art, and in the collection are included mezzotints, full-line engravings, original drawings and unique prints. He has one original drawing of Raphael's and several of Albert Durer's. The collection is a history of Scriptural art.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI has just deposited his Memoirs, including a large MS. diary, with the Curator of the Rumyantsov Museum, the condition being made that they shall not be published within ten years after the author's death. Count Tolstoi is at present busily engaged on the completion of his new work, which, it is stated, among other things deals severely with the militarism of modern Europe. This work would have been finished some time ago but for the interruption caused by the Count's indefatigable philanthropy in ministering to the famine-stricken people of Rjasan, and more recently by the attention he has devoted to the cholera patients in Tula.

M. RENAN by his will directs his widow to revise and superintend the publication of the two remaining volumes of the "Histoire du Peuple d'Israel," the manuscript of which is complete. Among his other literary remains there is no single one sufficiently lengthy to form a volume. But he leaves a large portfolio, dated back to the year 1845, when he was only twenty-two years of age. This he made use of to contain his notes. He set great store on it, and has been known to get up in the middle of the night to see to its safety. Referring to it, he is said to have told Mme. Renan: "I cannot be modest, for I feel forced in committing the manuscripts to you to lay stress on the value of some of the contents of that portfolio."

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY'S latest list includes "The Beauties of Nature and the Wonders of the World We Live In," by Sir John Lubbock, with illustrations; "Life in Ancient Egypt," from the German of Prof. Erman, by Mrs. Tirard; "Sketches of Life and Character in Hungary," by Margaret Fletcher; "The English Town in the Fifteenth Century," by Alice Stopford Green; "The City State of Greek and Roman Antiquity," by W. Warde Fowler; "A Relic of the Past: Memorials of Sutton Place, Guilford," by Frederic Harrison; "The Inns of Court," by W. J. Loftie, illustrated by Herbert Railton and others; "Gothic Architecture," edited from the French of E. Corroyer, by Walter Armstrong, with 238 illustrations; "Studies in Modern Music: Berlioz, Schumann and Wagner," by W. H. Hadow; "The Life of Cardinal Manning," by E. S. Purcell; "English Prose Writers," in five volumes, by Henry Craik; "The Purgatory of Dante," in verse, by C. L. Shadwell, and Lord Tennyson's new volume of poems, uniform with their editions of his "Foresters" (already referred to).

THE "Lounger," in the N. Y. *Critic*, has the following sensible remarks: Not long ago I mentioned Mrs. W. K. Clifford's recent success as an instance of literary success not made in a minute. "The Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman" and "Aunt Anne" were the result of long years of constant work. Now comes Mrs. Burnett to add another proof. In the preface to her latest book, "Giovanni and the Other," she tells us that she really began writing when she was seven years of age. She had written and published many novels before she took the reading world by storm with "That Lass o' Lowrie's." That was not the work of a novice, but of an experienced writer. You will find that there are very few successes made by a first book. "Mr. Isaacs" is one of the few I can call to mind, but Mr. Crawford was a writer, though not of novels, long before that story made him famous. In my day and generation I have read many manuscripts, but I can recall no instance in which one of them from the pen of an inexperienced writer was good for anything. I have once or twice found a manuscript from an unknown writer that I thought worth publishing, but I have always learned

afterwards that, though unknown, the writer had had experience either as a journalist or as a contributor to some periodical that served as a training-school rather than a maker of reputations.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY announce "The Green Fairy Book," edited by Andrew Lang, with numerous illustrations by H. J. Ford; "Deer Stalking in the Highlands of Scotland," by the late Lieut.-General H. H. Crealock, edited by his brother, Major-General John North Crealock; "Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews, 1865-1890," by the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson"; "Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History," by Sir Henry Parkes, K.C.M.G., Prime Minister of New South Wales, 1872-5, 1877, 1878-9, with portraits; "The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland, being a Record of Excavations and Explorations, 1891-2," by J. Theodore Bent, F.R.G.S., with numerous illustrations; "A Selection From the Letters of Geraldine Jewsbury to Jane Welsh Carlyle," edited by Mrs. Alexander Ireland; "St. Peter and the First Years of Christianity," by the Abbé Constant Fournard, translated by George F. X. Griffith; "The Toilers of the Fields: a Volume of Collected Papers," by Richard Jefferies; "King Poppy," a poem, and "Marah," by Owen Meredith; "Letters to Young Shooters," by Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, second series, with many illustrations; "Essays and Lectures: a Volume of Miscellanies," by the late Canon H. P. Liddon, and "Persia and the Persian Question," by the Hon. George N. Curzon, M. P.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Buckley, J. M., L.L. D. Faith Healing. New York: The Century Co.
 Jones, Mrs. E. M. Dairying for Profit. Montreal: Jno. Lovell & Son.
 Sturgis, Julian. After Seventy Years. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
 Burnett, Frances Hodgson. Giovanni and The Other. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
 Lang, Andrew. The Green Fairy Book. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Emigravit October vi., mdcccxcii.

Grief there will be, and may,
 When King Apollo's bay
 Is cut midwise;
 Grief that a song is stilled,
 Grief for the unfulfilled
 Singer that dies.

Not so we mourn thee now,
 Not so we grieve that thou,
 Master, art passed,
 Since thou thy song didst raise,
 Through the full round of days,
 E'en to the last.

Grief there may be, and will,
 When that the singer still
 Sinks in the song;
 When that the winged rhyme
 Fails of the promised prime,
 Ruined and wrong.

Not thus we mourn thee—we—
 Not thus we grieve for thee,
 Master and Friend;
 Since like a clearing flame,
 Clearer thy pure song came
 E'en to the end.

Nay—not for thee we grieve
 E'en as for those that leave
 Life without name;
 Lost as the stars that set,
 Empty of men's regret,
 Empty of fame.

Rather we count thee one
 Who, when his race is run,
 Layeth him down—
 Calm—through all coming days
 Filled with a nation's praise,
 Filled with renown.

—Austin Dobson, in the *Athenæum*.

THE METHODS OF EARLY CHRISTIAN PHYSICIANS.

ORIBASIOS is the last of the great pagan physicians; but the first important Christian writer on medicine lived nearly two centuries later. This was Aëtius of Amida, who held the title of Count (*comes obsequii*) at the Byzantine Court, probably under Justinian I. (527-565), and composed the second great medical compilation, the *Tetrabiblos*, in sixteen books. Amida, on the Tigris, was one of the most easterly outposts of Greek civilization; and it is interesting to notice that Aëtius makes the earliest mention of such Eastern drugs as cloves and camphor, which were afterwards more fully introduced into medicine by the Arabs. His work is especially distinguished by its

long lists of complicated prescriptions, and the passages which indicate his religion are of a somewhat ominous character. Thus, if a patient has a bone in his throat, it may be extracted by forceps; or he may be given a piece of raw meat on a string, to be pulled up when he has swallowed it; or thus: "Bid the patient attend to you and say, 'Bone (or whatever it is) come forth, like as Christ brought Lazarus from the tomb and Jonah from the whale.' Then take him by the throat and say, 'Blasius, martyr and servant of Christ, saith, Either come up or go down.'" Elsewhere, in describing an ointment, he declares that it is necessary to repeat continually during its preparation, "The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob give efficacy to this salve."—*Hospital*.

A STORY OF TWO PARROTS.

AN old maiden lady who strongly objected to "followers" had as a companion a grey parrot with a wonderful faculty for picking up sentences. One day the old lady had cause to severely reprimand one of her maids for the breach of the "follower" ordinance. This so irritated the girl that, as a wind-up to the recital of her wrongs in the hearing of her fellow-servants and Polly, who happened to be with them, she exclaimed, passionately: "I wish the old lady was dead." The parrot lost no time in showing off its newly-acquired knowledge when next taken into the drawing-room, to the alarm of its elderly mistress, who superstitiously thought it was a warning from another world. She at once consulted the vicar, who kindly volunteered to allow his own parrot, which could almost preach a short sermon, sing psalms, etc., to be kept for a short time with the impious one, in order to correct its language. To this end they were kept together in a small room for a few days, when the lady paid them a visit in company with her spiritual adviser. To their intense horror, immediately the door was opened, the lady's parrot saluted them with the ominous phrase, "I wish the old lady was dead!" the vicar's bird responding, with all the solemnity of an old parish clerk, "The Lord hear our prayer."—*Feathered World*.

NEARLY IN THE WRONG BOAT.

BEFORE the advent of the railway system on the Continent, the life of the Queen's messenger was one of real adventure, and many are the tales of hardship and peril which have been told of the journeys in those days. Once, at a period when Great Britain was on the verge of a war with a great Continental power, the following instance is recounted, though whether it is founded on actual fact or not we have never been able to discover. We give it, however, as we have heard it told. The Queen's messenger was entrusted with despatches of the highest importance, and was instructed to make the best of his way *via* Athens to Constantinople, in order to deliver them to the British Ambassador in the latter city. The route chosen was by Marseilles, and thence by sea to Athens, where the messenger was told that an English man-of-war would be on the look out and convey him on to Constantinople. The messenger embarked in due time at Marseilles on board a vessel bound for Athens, and after a prosperous voyage was approaching his destination. When, however, the vessel was just rounding the point of land some little distance before the harbour of the Piræus is reached, a man-of-war's boat, manned by sailors in the British uniform and flying the British flag, was seen rowing round the opposite point and signalling the incoming vessel. The Queen's messenger accordingly requested the captain to heave to, in order that he might be put on board the boat sent for him. The captain at first demurred, saying that it was an inconvenient spot to stop in, that the British man-of-war must be in the harbour of the Piræus, and that the messenger could more easily go on board of her there. Ultimately, however, at the messenger's renewed request, he was about to bring to, when from the opposite direction was seen coming from the harbour a second British man-of-war's boat, rowing toward them at full speed and signalling violently. Immediately this second boat came into view, the first boat turned round, and, rowing quickly round the opposite point, disappeared from sight. The second boat, on nearing the vessel, was found to be in command of a British naval officer, and the Queen's messenger was soon safely deposited on board the British man-of-war in the harbour. Subsequent investigation is said to have made it evident that an attempt had been made to kidnap the messenger with his important despatches by means of a boat got up under false colours.—*Quarterly Review*.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE long line of literary worthies which closes for the present with Lord Tennyson begins with Chaucer, buried in Westminster Abbey in the last year of the fourteenth century. From him it descends through Spenser, Beaumont, Ben Jonson, "the first unquestioned Laureate," Cowley, Dryden, Steele, to Addison, who marked the period when the honour, once reserved exclusively for poets, began to be extended to men of letters in general, "a testimony to the necessary union of learning with imagination, of fact with fiction, of poetry with prose." It has been said that, from the death of Pope to the death of Campbell, no writer was honoured with a place in Poets' Corner exclusively on the ground of his poetical merits. This is scarcely true of Gray, whose grave is at

Stoke Pogis, but whose monument stands beside Milton's. With this exception, however, the statement is correct. It was not till sixty years after Johnson's death that an author whose title to fame rested solely on his poetry was again carried to the sepulchre of the poets. This was Campbell, who died in 1844, and six years afterwards Wordsworth's bust was placed in the Baptistery, destined, perhaps, to become the nucleus of a new Poets' Corner. Browning lies near Chaucer and Cowley, and close by will repose the author of "In Memoriam," to whom we may fitly apply the lines in which Tickell describes the midnight funeral of Addison:—

Ne'er to those chambers where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest.

But there is this difference between the two scenes, that Addison was cut off in the prime of life, while Lord Tennyson lived to a green old age, in the full possession of all his great powers, and died, as it were, almost like his own dying swan, with a dirge upon his lips.—*The Standard*.

UNCONSCIOUS SERVICE.

"THE Bee"—she sighed—"that haunts the clover
Has Nature's errand to fulfil:
The bird that skims the azure over,
Bears living seeds within his bill:

"Without a pause his flight pursuing,
He drops them on a barren strand;
And turns, unconscious of the doing,
The waste into a pasture land.

"I, craving service—willing, choosing
To fling broadcast some golden grain,—
Can only sit in silent musing,
And weave my litanies of pain."

I, making answer, softly kissed her:
"All Nature's realm of bees and birds,—
What is such ministry, my sister,
Compared with your enchanted words?"

"The seed your weakened hand is sowing,
May ripen to a harvest broad,
Which yet may help without your knowing,
To fill the granaries of God!"

—Margaret J. Preston, in *Lippincott's*.

THE HOMER QUESTION AND MODERN DISCOVERIES IN GREECE.

TURNING to a much more sympathetic subject, we may ask: When and where did Homer sing? what was the life that was lived in his day? with what art and institutions was he familiar? On all these topics recent discoveries have thrown a light for which we would never have hoped. The grave has given up her dead and their awful treasures. A chapter of lost history is restored. In the dim traditions of Greece one fact is luminous. A whole civilization, once from the Achaean lands and especially in the Peloponnesus, was swept away by a wave of invaders from the North, the Dorians, or children of Hercules. Of their invasion, with its destruction of an orderly society, Homer says nothing. It was believed till recently that he was a poet of the expelled Achæans, descendants of the heroes who colonized the coasts of Asia Minor after the Dorian invasion, roughly dated about 1000 B.C. On this theory he dealt with old traditions, he purposely ignored the Dorian conquest, and he described a society and arts which were ideal, or survived only in tradition. A different complexion is given to these beliefs by Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Orchomenos and Mycenæ, and by the contents of the more recently discovered "Vaphæo tomb," near Amyclæ, in Sparta. It has become clear that Homer described a real but hitherto unknown civilization, of which true relics were found at Mycenæ, Tiryns, Orchomenos, and Amyclæ. The objects unearthed correspond to and verify the pictures of life and art in the Homeric poems. We all remember what a confusion of tongues arose when Dr. Schliemann announced his discoveries. The doctor had "salted" the graves; the treasures had been buried by Celts, or by Attila, or Alaric, or anyone but Clytemnestra. They were the Mycenæans' share of the Persian loot, after Plataeæ, and so on. Now the treasures are acknowledged to be Homeric, or pre-Homeric, Achæans or purchased by Archæus, and of a date between 1500—1200 B. C. They illustrate Homer most and best in his descriptions of art.—*Andrew Lang, in Scribner*.

THE COMING MAN.

WHEN at last Lord Rosebery consented to waive his objections and subordinated his private inclinations to the imperative call of public duty, a great sigh of relief went up from all patriotic men. For Lord Rosebery stands for the Empire. The greatness and the honour of his country are to him even more important than scoring a point in the electioneering game. He understands also something of the permanent balance of forces in the outer world, and he realizes, as some of his colleagues unfortunately do not, the importance of the colonies and of the navy, if Britain is to retain her position among the nations of the world. The net result of the indecision and delay has been to convince everyone, perhaps even Lord Rosebery himself, that he is indispensable, and to mark him

out as having the next best right to the Liberal Premiership. It is no doubt true that there are some who do not much admire a patriotism which needs to be driven almost at the point of the bayonet, or rather under the pressure of innumerable atmospheres, into the service of the Empire. But the net effect on the whole will be in his favour. Here, at least, is no office-seeker, no ambitious aspirant after place and power. Here is the man whom Britain cannot afford to spare, whom all the world outside Britain knows and trusts. Lord Rosebery, if he can but learn to sleep, issues from the crisis as the coming man.—*Mr. Stead's Sketch of the New English Cabinet, Review of Reviews*.

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A WORLD-FAMED INSTITUTION.

From the Buffalo Sunday News.

DR. RAY VAUGHN PIERCE, famous among the benefactors of the age, established himself in Buffalo in 1867, and having acquired a world-wide reputation in the treatment of chronic diseases far exceeding his individual ability to conduct, he several years ago induced several medical gentlemen of high professional standing to associate themselves with him as the faculty of the World's Dispensary, the consulting department of which has since been merged into the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute. This organization is incorporated with a capital of \$150,000, and its officers are Dr. Ray V. Pierce, president; Lee H. Smith, M.D., vice-president; Dr. T. H. Callahan, treasurer; V. Mott Pierce, M.D., secretary and general manager.

The two buildings owned by the World's Dispensary Medical Association have frontages on Main and Washington streets and are connected. The Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute occupies a five-story brick building, 175 x 150 feet, and is not to be classed with hospitals but is

A PLEASANT REMEDIAL HOME, exclusively devoted to the treatment of chronic diseases, having a staff of fourteen physicians and surgeons, with skilled nurses in attendance. The World's Dispensary, occupying the immense six-story building, 175 x 150 feet, at 660 to 670 Washington street, is used for the manufacture of Dr. Pierce's standard family medicines: Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Dr. Pierce's Favourite Prescription, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, also Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

The basement is occupied by the shipping department. The large advertising, mailing and counting-room department occupy the main or second floor; third floor, printing and binding department; fourth floor, drug mills and paper warerooms; fifth floor, bottling, wrapping and packing department; sixth floor is occupied by one of the best planned laboratories in the country, in charge of a thoroughly scientific chemist, a graduate of Harvard Medical School.

THE MAIL MATTER

of this enormous establishment amounts to from 30,000 to 40,000 pieces daily, postage alone costing \$100,000 a year. More than half a million dollars is spent each year in advertising the proprietary medicines in all the newspapers and periodicals of the country—for Dr. Pierce believes in advertising and in making the public thoroughly familiar with the names and qualities of his standard remedies. A branch establishment (the only one) is conducted at 3 New Ox-

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ford street, London. Dr. Ray V. Pierce is a native of New York State and a graduate of the Cincinnati Medical College. He has been honoured by his fellow citizens by election to a seat in the State Senate and in Congress, and he is president of the American Engine Company, of Bound Brook, N.J. His son, Dr. Valentine Mott Pierce, is a graduate of Harvard University and Buffalo University Medical Department, and Dr. Smith, vice-president, is a graduate of Buffalo University and College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York.

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At this season of the year, when many heavy articles, counterpanes, etc., are to be washed up before winter, it is well to know of an easy and perfectly safe method. Into an ordinary-sized boiler half full of boiling water, put one teacup of this mixture: One pound Babbitt's potash, one ounce salts tartar, one ounce muriate of ammonia; add the clothes and boil half an hour; rinse through two waters and dry.

A SOLSVILLE MIRACLE.

ANOTHER GREAT TRIUMPH FOR A CANADIAN REMEDY.

An Account of the Sufferings and Restoration of Philander Hyde—Helpless, Bed-Ridden and Long for Death—His Recovery from This Pitiable Condition—A Remarkable Narrative.

From the Syracuse Standard.

During the past few months there have appeared in the columns of the Standard the particulars of a number of cures so remarkable as to justify the term miraculous. These cases were investigated and vouched for by the Albany Journal, the Detroit News, Albany Express and other papers whose reputation is a guarantee that the facts were as just stated. That the term miraculous was justified will be admitted when it is remembered that in each of the cases referred to the sufferer had been pronounced incurable by leading physicians, and at least one of the cases was treated by men whose reputation has placed them among the leaders of the world's medical scientists, but without avail, and the patient was sent to his home with the verdict that there was no hope for him, and that only death could intervene to relieve his sufferings. When some months later the restoration to health and strength of the former sufferer was announced it is little wonder that the case created a profound sensation throughout the country. Recently the following letter, which indicated an equally remarkable cure, came under the notice of The Standard:—

SOLSVILLE, N. Y., June 25, 1892.

Five weeks ago father (Philander Hyde) was very low and not expected to live but a short time. He was in such agony that we had to give him morphine to relieve the terrible pain from which he was suffering. The doctors had given him up. They said there was no help for him, and my dear father longed for death as being the only certain relief from his sufferings. One day he saw in the Albany Journal an account of how a man by the name of Quant, living in Galway, Saratoga county, and who was afflicted like father with locomotor ataxia, had been very greatly benefited and hoped for permanent cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. On learning that these pills could be had of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, and that they were not expensive, my husband sent \$2.50 for six boxes of them. And what a blessing they have been! Father has taken but four boxes of the Pink Pills. He is no longer confined to his bed, but is able to get up without assistance and with the aid only of a cane to walk about the house and all around out of doors. He has a good hearty appetite, his food agrees with him, the pain in the back from which he suffered so long and so terribly has left him. He has no more creeping chills and he appears and says he feels like a new man. The doctors had pronounced his disease to be creeping paralysis and said he could not be cured. How glad we are that we heard about these wonderful Pink Pills, and how thankful we are for what they have done for father. Indeed they have done wonders, yes, even a miracle, for him. Respectfully yours,

MRS. WILLIAM JOHNSON.

The above letter indicated a cure so remarkable as to be worthy of the fullest investigation, and The Standard determined to place the facts, if correctly stated, before the public for the benefit of other sufferers, or if unfounded to let the public know it. With this end in view a reporter was sent to Solsville with instructions to give the facts of the case as he found them. With these instructions he went to Solsville, and on Tuesday, Aug. 2, 1892, called upon Philander Hyde and learned from him and from his relatives and neighbors and friends the whole story of his sickness and his terrible suffering, of his having been given up by the doctors, and of his cure and rapid convalescence by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

It may be of interest to the reader to know that Solsville is a postoffice village in Madison county, N. Y., about 30 miles from Utica, on the line of the New York, Ontario & Western Railroad. It is the station at which to get off to go to Madison Lake, the charming and attractive objective point of a great many picnic and excursion parties. On reaching

Solsville the reporter enquired of the station agent, who is also agent there of the National Express Company, if he knew a man by the name of Philander Hyde, and where he lived, and also if he knew a man by the name of William Johnson. "Yes," said he; "I am William Johnson, and Philander Hyde, who is my wife's father, lives with me in that white house over there on the side hill; that's him sitting on the piazza."

When told that your reporter's errand was to interview Mr. Hyde and to learn about his sickness and alleged cure, Mr. Johnson said: "That's all right; you go right over to the house and see Mr. Hyde and my wife. I will come over pretty soon, and we will be only too happy to tell you all about it."

"Will you walk in?" said Mrs. Johnson. "Those children (who are playing about the piazza) are my twins, and this is my father, Philander Hyde."

Mr. Hyde walked into the sitting room and taking a seat said he would willingly tell the story of his sickness and cure, and had no objections to its being published, as it might be the means of helping to relieve others whose sufferings were the same or similar to what his had been.

His story was as follows:—

"My name is Philander Hyde. I am nearly 70 years old—will be 70 in September. I was born in Brookfield, Madison county, where all my life was spent until recently, when, becoming helpless, my son-in-law was kind enough to take me into his house, and from him and my daughter I have had the kindest care. My life occupation has been that of a farmer. I was always prosperous and well and strong and rugged until two years ago last winter, when I had the grip. When the grip left me I had a sensation of numbness in my legs, which gradually grew to be stiff at the joints and very painful. I felt the stiffness in my feet first, and the pain and stiffness extended to my knees and to my hip joints, and to the bowels and stomach and prevented digestion. To move the bowels I was compelled to take great quantities of castor oil.

"While I was in this condition, cold feelings would begin in my feet and streak up my legs to my back and would follow the whole length of my backbone. These spells, which occurred daily, would last from two to four hours, and were excruciatingly painful. I could not sleep, I had no appetite, I became helpless, and life was such a burden that I prayed for death. Why, my dear sir, the pain I suffered was more to be dreaded than a thousand deaths.

"While in this condition I was treated by Dr. Green, of Poolville, and Dr. Nicholson, of Solsville, and Dr. Weed, of Utica. They did me no good. I soon became perfectly helpless and lost all power of motion even in my bed."

"On the 24th of February last," said Mrs. Johnson, "we had him brought to our home. He had to be carried all the way in a bed. He was so helpless and such a sufferer the doctors gave him up. They said he had locomotor ataxia and that he could not be cured. They stopped giving him medicine and said they could only relieve the pain, and for the purpose he took a pint of whiskey a day for three months and morphine in great quantities.

"It was while father was in this dreadful condition that we saw in the Albany Journal the story of the miraculous cure of a Mr. Quant in Galway, Saratoga county, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. We hadn't much faith, but we felt that it was our duty to try them, and so we sent to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, and got six boxes of the pills. We read the directions carefully, and resolved to comply with them as fully as possible. We stopped giving him morphine or any other medicine, cut off all stimulants, and gave him the Pink Pills and treatment according to directions in which each box is wrapped. The effect was wonderful and almost immediate. In ten days after father began taking the pills he could get out of bed and walked without assistance, and has continued to improve until now he walks about the house and the streets by the aid of a cane only."

"Yes," said Mr. Hyde, "and the pain has gone out of my back and the numbness out of my legs. I have no more chills, my digestion is good, and I have an excellent appetite," and then after a pause, "But, ah me, I am an old man; I have seen my best days and cannot hope to recover my old vigour as a younger man might, but I am so thankful to have the use of my limbs and to be relieved of those dreadful pains."

Mr. Hyde has continued to take the pills regularly since he began their use, and was on his tenth box at the time he told his story.

Besides Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, other people in Solsville confirm the accounts of the sickness of Mr. Hyde and of his most remarkable recovery, and a number of others for various ailments are using the Pink Pills. The mother of Abel Curtis is using them with satisfactory effect, for rheumatism, and Mrs. Lippitt, wife of ex-Senator Lippitt, is using the Pills with much benefit, for nervous debility.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.



Mr. Geo. W. Turner

Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw.

"When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scrofulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand, which got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off, and later took off more than half my hand. Then the sore broke out on my arm, came out on my neck and face on both sides, nearly destroying the sight of one eye, also on my right arm. Doctors said it was the

Worst Case of Scrofula

they ever saw. It was simply awful! Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Gradually I found that the sores were beginning to heal. I kept on till I had taken ten bottles, ten dollars. Just think of what a return I got for that investment! A thousand per cent? Yes, many thousand. For the past 4 years I have had no sores. I

Work all the Time.

Before, I could do no work. I know not what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my perfect cure." GEORGE W. TURNER, Galway, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

Do your shoe-buttons drop off or break?

And are you bothered with trying to keep them on? Try this way, and see if it is not satisfactory: As soon as one button comes off, immediately rip off every button on the shoe. Now, take a stout shoestring, or a corset lace, and, having pressed the eye of each button through the shoe, run the string through all the eyes, and thus fasten on all the buttons—once and forever. If you do this you will not be bothered by threads that break and fasteners that hurt.

CATARRH in the head is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, to effect a cure.

CALIFORNIA mineralogists believe that there is an excellent chance of California being a great diamond producing region at some time. Melvin Atwood, one of the discoverers of the Comstock lode, and a noted mineralogist, believes that there is a great probability of finding in California one or even more of the volcanic pipes containing pipes like that of Kimberley, Bultfontein, and other famous diamond districts.—New York Sun.

QUEER world! Queer people! Here are men and women by thousands suffering from all sorts of diseases, bearing all manners of pain, spending their all on physicians and "getting no better, but rather worse," when right at hand there's a remedy which says it can help them because it's helped thousands like them. "Another patent-medicine advertisement," you say. Yes—but not of the ordinary sort. The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and it's different from the ordinary nostrums in this:—

It does what it claims to do, or it costs you nothing!

The way is this: You pay your druggist \$1.00 for a bottle. You read the directions, and you follow them. You get better, or you don't. If you do, you buy another bottle, and perhaps another. If you don't get better, you get your money back. And the queer thing is that so many people are willing to be sick when the remedy's so near at hand.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—My daughter had a severe cold and injured her spine so she could not walk, and suffered very much. I called in our family physician; he pronounced it inflammation of the spine and recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT to be used freely. 3 bottles cured her. I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT for a broken breast; it reduced the inflammation and cured me in 10 days.

Hantsport. MRS. N. SILVER.

NEVER morning wore to evening but some heart did break.—Tennyson.