

THE WEEK:

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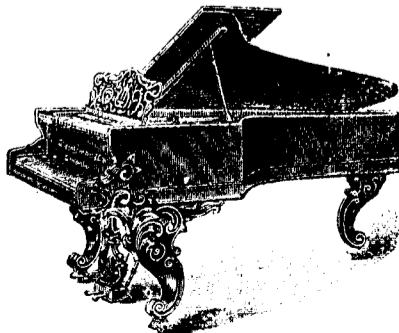
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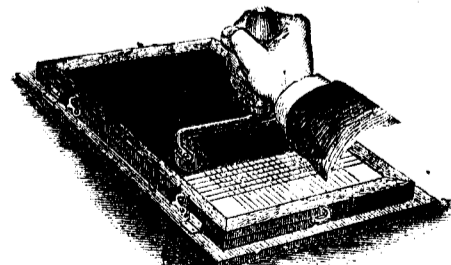
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CAN ENGLISH LITERATURE BE TAUGHT?

OUR young Dominion in the present stage of its existence resembles much in disposition and activity the character of a young man on the eve of reaching maturity. Impatient of restraint, bold almost to rashness in the consciousness of physical and mental strength, self-assertive and confident, we are apt to belittle the experience of more sedate nations, to "dare to stand alone," to "vaunt ourselves in ourselves sufficient." We—like all precocious youths—search for first principles, and thinking we have found them, hastily proceed to construct upon them new methods and systems. In politics this is apparent. We have determined for ourselves how we shall be governed, and how we shall trade. We have discussed amongst ourselves *ab initio* Confederation *versus* separate provinces, free trade *versus* protection, and all the various details of Confederate, Provincial, and municipal government; and if some of us are not satisfied with the results, at least all of us are satisfied with the independent method by which we reached those results.

In educational matters this self-sufficiency is even more apparent. We have in a short term of years built up an elaborate system of public instruction, which if it is not the admiration is the wonder of older countries. We have settled for ourselves who shall teach, who shall learn, what shall be taught, and who shall pay for the teaching. We have solved off-hand such intricate and delicate problems as the co-education of the sexes and the non-co-education of the sects; we have drawn a definite line of demarcation between those two highly vague and indefinite things called "secular education," and "religious education;" we have regulated the exact amount of Scripture that shall be read in our schools, when it shall be read, and how it shall be read; we have made up our minds as to the feasibility of implanting habits of temperance and hygiene by inculcating theories of temperance and hygiene; we have created or compiled our own text-books on almost every subject, from English history to physical culture, from bookkeeping to blow-pipe analysis; and if we have not yet decided whether we shall teach our youth sewing or cookery or joining or any such purely sublunary subjects, at least we have decided that they may learn singing and botany and literature. Our school curriculum, indeed, resembles the solar spectrum more than it resembles anything else. It can only be wholly comprehended by one who, if he has not his head among the clouds, has his thoughts among the stars. It embraces almost every known description of the light of knowledge, it is the subject of incessant and interminable wrangling, and almost yearly are added to it some vague and dim ultra-violet sort of rays, such as *précis* writing, the decalogue, or the action of alcohol. Truly if nothing else proved our youthful confidence and vigour this curriculum would suffice.

One of the subjects of this variegated curriculum has had for some time past concentrated upon it the searching and critical gaze of many of our theoretical and practical teachers. English literature, whether, how, and why it ought to be taught, is at present a sort of *campus philosophorum*. It certainly deserves the widest discussion. But few will be found to deny that it already occupies an important place in our schools if not in our universities; and in a country where the same close attention is not given to classics which is given to them in the Motherland, there is a

possibility if not a probability that English literature will one day be looked to as a substitute for this time-honoured branch of learning.

There is in the November number of the *Nineteenth Century* a very admirable article, with the title which heads this paper, by J. Churton Collins. If the teachers of our young and precocious Dominion do not mind getting a hint or two from an Old World authority, Mr. Collins may be found to have something to say worth listening to. I purpose giving here a short outline of his suggestions.

He is the one of those who thoroughly believes in the importance of English literature and deplors the present system of teaching it. "Among all the anomalies in which the history of education abounds," he says, "it would be difficult to find one more extraordinary than our present system of teaching, and legislating for the teaching, of English literature. The importance of that subject, both from a positive point of view as a branch of knowledge and from an educational point of view as an instrument of culture, is so fully recognised that its study is everywhere encouraged.

To all appearance, indeed, there is no branch of education in a more flourishing condition or more full of promise for the future. But, unhappily, this is very far from being the case. In spite of its great vogue, and in spite of the time and energy lavished in teaching it, no fact is more certain than that from an educational point of view it is, and from the very first has been, an utter failure. Teachers perceive with perplexity that it attains none of the ends which a subject in itself so full of attraction and interest might be expected to attain. It fails, they complain, to fertilise; it fails to inform; it fails even to awaken curiosity. For a dozen youths who derive real benefit from the instruction they get in preparing for an examination in history, there are not two who derive the smallest benefit from the instruction they get in preparing for an examination in literature. . . . No one who has had experience in examining can have failed to be struck by the differences between the answers sent in to questions on English literature and the answers sent in to questions on other subjects. In a paper on literature the questions designed to test intelligence and judgment will as a rule be carefully avoided, or if attempted prove only too conclusively the absence of both; but questions involving no more than can be attained by the unreflective exercise of memory will be answered with a fluency and fulness which is often miraculous." He then proceeds to seek for the causes of this barrenness in the teaching of literature in the following words:

Since its recognition as a subject of teaching it has been taught wherever it has been seriously taught on the same principle as the classics. It has been regarded not as the expression of art and genius, but as mere material for the study of words, as a mere pabulum for philology. All that constitutes its intrinsic value has been ignored. All that constitutes its value as a liberal study has been ignored. Its masterpieces have been resolved into exercises in grammar, syntax, and etymology. Its history has been resolved into a barren catalogue of names, works, and dates. No faculty but the faculty of memory has been called into play in studying it. That it should therefore have failed as an instrument of education is no more than might have been expected.

The most interesting part of this interesting article, however, is that in which the writer states his own practical views as to how this state of things can best be remedied. "In legislating for the teaching of English literature," he proceeds, "and the term literature needs no definition, we have obviously to bear two things in mind—the necessity for an adequate treatment of it from an historical point of view, and the necessity for an adequate treatment of it from a critical point of view." He considers none of the commonly used text-books as of much value for a comprehensive historical study of English literature. Taine he thinks brilliant but sketchy, Morley limited too much to names and titles, Chambers (*Encyclopædia of English Literature*) a mere manual, and Craik and Shaw simply hand books. He himself would recommend "a series of volumes corresponding to each of the periods into which the history of our literature naturally divides itself, each period being treated separately in detail, but each being linked by historical disquisitions both with the period immediately preceding and with the period immediately following. And each volume should consist of four parts. Its prologue, which should be virtually the epilogue of its predecessor, should, after assigning the determining dates of the particular period under treatment, show how, in obedience to the causes which regulate the course and phases of literary activity, the literature characteristic of the preced-

ing epoch developed or degenerated into the literature characteristic of the new. Next should come a careful account of the environment, social, political, moral, intellectual, of that literature not given in general or in the abstract, but accompanied throughout with illustrations drawn from the constituent elements of typical works." The third part is to consist of an examination of the influence exerted on our literature by other literatures. And the fourth part of "tables in which, arranged according to their schools and under their various categories, the writers of the particular epoch under treatment should, together with their works, be enumerated, and enumerated descriptively."

His exposition of what he considers the proper "critical treatment" of English literature (and this "critical treatment" will of course refer only to individual writers or to particular works) deserves to be quoted at length. In a critical treatment Mr. Collins includes—

Verbal analysis, analysis of form and style, analysis of sentiment, ethic, and thought. The mistake commonly made is to attach too much importance to the first, to deal with the second very inefficiently, and to neglect the third altogether. This is the result of one of the most serious deficiencies in our higher education. We have absolutely no provision for systematic critical training. Rhetorical criticism as a subject of teaching is confined to what is known in elementary schools as "analysis." Aesthetic and philosophical criticism is as a branch of teaching without recognition at all. The truth is they have been killed by philology."

Thus far Mr. Churton Collins. Comprehensive as are his generalisations, it must be admitted, I think, that they are applicable to England only. It is doubtless true that an erroneous method of teaching the classics has tainted in England the method of teaching English literature—wherever it is taught. In Canada, however, we are so open to this classical infection—in fact, we are to a large extent, I firmly believe, eradicating such congenital philological taints as we have inherited by our English parentage. Aesthetic and philosophical criticism have by us been by no means relegated to the insignificant places which Mr. Collins tells us have been their fate in the British Isles. The junior matriculation and second and third class teachers' certificate examinations for this year are sufficient evidence of this. It is worth while perhaps to quote some of the literature questions to show this:—

Show the aptness of the following expressions:

"Shade deepening over shade," "wan declining," "low-whispering," "dewy-skirted," "steal," "this little scene of things," "throbbing," and "woo";

Why has the poet written "leaf-strown," "charm," "soar," and "tread," and not "leaf-spread," "please," "fly," and "tramp"?

Develop the force of the figurative language in, etc.;

Show the aptness of the reference to, etc.; and of the following expressions, etc.;

Show that the law of Explicit Reference has been observed in the composition of the extract;

Show, as well as possible, wherein consists the beauty of the extract in sentiment and in language;

Criticise the form of, etc.; suggesting improvements where you consider them desirable;

What qualities of style are here exemplified? Refer to examples;

Characterise the style of the passage, and show wherein it differs from that of ordinary prose;

Explain [certain lines], noting especially the contrast and the force of the italicised parts;

Show the appropriateness of the comparisons in [certain lines];

Distinguish "descried" and "seen"; "fell the night" and "came on the night," etc.;

What emotions should be expressed in reading [certain stanzas]?

If questions such as these continue to be set at the University and Departmental examinations I do not think there will be two answers either to the question, "Can English literature be taught?" or to the question, "Is it worth while teaching it?"

I set out with the intention of doing nothing more than laying before such readers of THE WEEK as take an interest in educational matters an epitome of Mr. Churton Collins' valuable article, but I have been tempted into showing that the outlook for English literature as a fruitful branch of study is much more hopeful in this, our young and independent Dominion, than is it in the British Isles. Still, much, very much, remains to be done. At present we are only just at the very commencement of the proper teaching of literature. But in time we may look forward to its becoming, in the words of Mr. Collins, "on the one side—on the side of its history—susceptible of serious, methodical, and profitable treatment as history itself; and on the other side—the side of criticism—a still more important instrument of discipline, for it would correspond as nearly as possible to the *Musikê* of the Greeks, and supply the one great deficiency of our national education."

T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

* Of these questions, the first seven are from the junior matriculation papers; the next three from the second, and the rest from the third class teachers' certificate examinations. The examiners were Mr. John Seath and Dr. M. J. Kelly.

"WHOM THE GODS LOVE."

"On the very threshold of life," they cry,
"The door is shut! Poor soul! poor soul!"
And the mourners in the street go by,
And the air is full of a grievous dole.

And yet for meadow and upland sweet,
Full of the fragrance of deathless bloom,
Who would not gladly turn his feet
From the threshold of an empty room!

SARA J. DUNCAN.

THE MONARCHY IN THE JUBILEE YEAR.

Has this Jubilee Year, now drawing to a close, had any permanent results in strengthening the foundations of the monarchy, popularising the institution, engaging and securing the public esteem and affection for the Royal family? This is a question I often hear asked, and I should be glad to answer it more satisfactorily than I can. On the whole, it was no doubt an extraordinarily fortunate and successful celebration of a great national event, such as the youngest in the crowds that witnessed it can never hope to see again. The Queen's weather shone the summer through, in a manner to astonish the intelligent foreigner, who had been taught that these Fortunate Islands are always in a fog. None of the casualties which, in the order of nature, might have happened to prevent it, gave a pause to the festivities. All went merry as a marriage bell. The Queen herself was in the best of health and spirits, and seemed to take a pleasure in meeting the multitude of sightseers. There was no hitch to speak of from first to last. The solemnities were so well organised and arranged, the machinery worked so smoothly, that even the professional grumblers held their peace. There were mistakes, of course, in the distribution of seats in the Abbey, and an imperfect recognition in and there of the relative claims to distinction of certain noteworthy personages. The higher Court functionaries, dwelling in the kingdom of the infinitely little, are curiously ignorant of all worth or merit that cannot be measured by a Gold Stick in Waiting or by Polonius's wand. There is jobbery, too, of a comparatively harmless sort, among the Court functionaries who preside over "invitations." Yet, on the whole, I have not heard of much disappointment or disapproval among those increasingly numerous ladies and gentlemen who constitute the new *couchers sociales*.

But to return to the question from which I started. The partial re-appearance of the Queen, after a quarter of a century's seclusion, has done something perhaps to revive the lingering and languishing sentiment of personal loyalty; but I fear it came too late to repair altogether the inevitable consequences of a long estrangement and isolation. By estrangement I do not mean alienation, but the balked affection that fades into indifference, and sooner or later lapses into forgetfulness. Yes, the Queen's long, persistent absence from the public eye has been an immense misfortune and mistake. Making the fullest allowance for all that may fairly be pleaded in explanation or excuse—the irreparable calamity, the life-long sorrow, the blinding sense of more than regal loneliness, the nervous prostration and sickness, the absolute necessity, according to medical advice, of giving up the ceremonial and ornamental functions in order to continue to sustain the true, silent, and secret, but very real and very heavy burden of all business of State—nevertheless, one is forced to the conclusion that in days when royalty is becoming more and more a ceremony and an ornament, and less and less a recognised action and control, it has been an inexpiable injury to let the Sovereign be out of sight and out of mind month after month, year after year, doing everything by deputy and nothing in person, hidden away in distant private residences, rushing at intervals from one end of the island to the other at night in solitary state, audible to the nation only through a message or a telegram, until people who know nothing of the machinery of State affairs began to talk about an Empress of India as if she were a Regent of China. The seclusion of the Queen has been doubly and trebly mischievous. I am not one of those who believe in the damage to the interests of trade, of which the London shopkeepers are ready to complain. These citizens are, for the most part, much more independent of Royal prestige and patronage than they pretend to be, for London society is now a very mixed and miscellaneous aggregate; there are endless squares, gardens, and roads in Bayswater and South Kensington peopled, if not by obscure millionaires of Australian, Indian, or merely East end growth, at least by obscure capitalists or fundholders of minor degree, who entertain themselves and one another profusely without ever approaching the precincts of the Court. I am thinking rather of the millions whose only idea of the Monarchy as an institution is merely that of the visible pomp and circumstance that should attend it. One of the practical delusions of your Radical politician is the notion that the populace object to Royal pomp. On the contrary, they like to have something for their money (though they pay no taxes), and they feel that "the show" at least scatters pence among the crowd.

But the long absence of the Queen's example—the example in the highest place of a good woman, wife, mother, widow—has been simply disastrous to a society saturated with the vulgar and vicious promiscuity of wealth without responsibility, rank without honour, luxury without grace, loose morals and worse manners. The morals and manners of the Second Empire in France penetrated more deeply than a passing fashion our easy classes. Add to these, the imports of unaccompanied young women from the other side of the Atlantic, with Californian fortunes and no ancestral prejudices, and a determination to take the British peerage by storm. Nothing easier than to be presented at Court, where the flag

covers the cargo, and no questions are asked if the presentation is correct. Marlborough House is the happy hunting ground of all the fur and feather of this kind. Some old-fashioned folk may still be found perhaps even on the other side of the ocean, who would be shocked at the antecedents of certain of the habitual guests of that house, who have burnt or buried a heap of embarrassing souvenirs, and opened a new account of respectability in the vast wilderness of London. Paris has always been famous for its cosmopolitan wantonness of either sex, but at the present moment there is probably no society in the old world so mixed, so miscellaneous, so promiscuous, as that of the moneyed aristocracy of London: the aristocracy, I mean, whose movements are elegantly recorded in the society papers, who give big dinners and entertain royalties, who fill the theatres, and crowd the Park and the Row, who patronise charitable bazaars, and outvie each other in the senseless splendour of their feasts.

One is always apt, it is true, to fall into the fallacy of treating all the appearances of the age we live in as exceptional. Well, for my own part, I am rather disposed to accept the late Mr. Buckle's favourite doctrine of averages. Allowing always for the great if not incalculable conquests of science during the last half century, for the increase of population, and for the universal instantaneous publicity, I doubt whether the country or world in general is much happier, or better in character and conduct than it was fifty or a hundred years ago. Fashions, tastes, manners change; some of the sports and amusements of our forefathers would be considered barbarous now: duelling is extinct, swearing is seldom heard in decent company, except on the stage. We are more mealy-mouthed, and softer in moral fibre, in spite of all our athleticism and muscular Christianity; we are certainly more squeamish (on this side at least of St. George's Channel) in our public language and public action. But do you suppose that you live longer, and feed more delicately, and work more? that there is less immorality and vice, less secret crime, less irreligion and contempt for sacred things, than in the bad old days of our ancestors? No; physical science has done wonders; moral science has become a by-word; religion has resolved itself into myths; and whilst a Canon of the Church goes into a pulpit and throws all the Thirty-nine Articles into the melting pot, and fine ladies invite an Archbishop and a Social Democrat, a Lord Chancellor and a rabid Irish nationalist, to meet in their menageries, and it is considered the perfection of Liberal progress to permit the thoroughfares to be monopolised by mobs of thieves and loafers; and whilst newspapers of respectable pretensions revel in scurrilous and filthy slanders, shall we say that society as a whole is not more rotten at the core than it was under the First or the Fourth of the Georges? Our politics are not more pure, our personal motives, our national defences, and national patriotism are much as they were in 1840, in 1816, in 1853, or in 1787. We are just as penny wise and pound foolish, as extravagant, as happy-go-lucky, as alarmist, as swaggering as the men of the old time before us.

And yet we are in presence of the Democracy! The Reform Bill put the middle class and mercantile and commercial classes into power; but thanks to political ambitions and intrigues, to jobbing competitors for office, to the social envy of the respectable, who grovel and growl, the middle class has abdicated before that "residuum" which Mr. Disraeli flattered himself was Tory, and Mr. Gladstone has made his own. The Democracy, according to Mr. Gladstone, is the mob, the more ignorant, the more passionate, the more blind to reason and deaf to argument the better. His mob leaders are for the most sour dissenters, and his staff of attendants is principally composed of needy place-hunters, academic prigs, and sinister buffoons, all more or less affected by the prevailing malady which the French call *cabotinage*, and which in English means a craving for theatrical notoriety. The literary plagiarists of French Jacobins, the fatuous doctrinaires of college common rooms and mechanics' institutes who ape the disciples of Anacharsis Clootz, the social parrots who repeat the rubbish of the French fanatics and impostors of '48, are all to be found in this noble army. But when one listens to their empty ravings one is consoled by the reflection that all this is ancient history, and that all these wind-bags of vanity and folly have collapsed as soon as they were filled. What remain, what are always with us, are the questions of pauperism, of the distribution of wealth, of increasing population pressing on the means of subsistence; of the discontent that is the scum, and the misery that is the sediment of great cities; of the irrational education that stimulates and inflames the class prejudices of parrots and monkeys in human shape. These questions are not new: they survive churches, religions, politics, parliaments; but with the advent of Democracy, and a Democracy half educated, and conscious of its brute force, they are now pressing for solution in this old England of our day, in the Old World, and perhaps later in the New.

London, Nov. 15, 1887.

LONDON LETTER.

WHENEVER one comes across old world customs, invented by people simpler in their tastes than ourselves, how charming we find many of them to be. Did you ever hear of a quaint fashion, existing these two hundred years in Beaumaris, that primitive little capital of the Isle of Anglesea? A Hunt Week takes place in November, when the prettiest girl and most popular man are chosen by ballot to act as host and hostess during the festivities. These two begin the proceedings by riding in procession at the head of the Meet, accompanied by hounds and huntsmen, through the streets decorated with flags and flowers for the purpose, of the sleepy seaside town, very much awake then. They receive county magnates at luncheon, nobility and gentry at dinner, and quality at a farmers' ball which terminates this week of reign: and, instead of crowns—an ornament apt to

injure the head—are invested with small silver bugles as emblems of their office. This badge they keep for ever, and it takes precedence (like the Queen's Jubilee medal) of any crosses or orders won in after life by the gentleman, or of any of the lady's diamond ornaments—at least in Anglesea! One of the most touching sights is to see the ancient belles, who, thirty, forty, fifty years ago were elected, and who for this night come decorated with their bugles gleaming among their other jewels. They hold their heads as high on entering the ball room as did Miss Matty and her friend at the Dumbledon dances; and the remembrance of that perfect triumph lights ageing eyes and glows on fading cheeks. "The lady patroness having put a red sash over one shoulder of her habit, and had it fastened at her side by the badge, the procession formed in line," I hear from Beaumaris, "and we started for the town. Just outside, the band met us, and, the lady patroness and comptroller leading, closely followed by the entire pack (the laziest hounds you ever saw) the procession slowly rode into the streets down a steep lane and across two beautiful stone bridges. You can't think how pretty it looked, with all the people following, the field in front with a lady riding with a gentleman, and so on, and then the carriages. The lady patroness's mother went first with her sister-in-law, a very old Mrs. Tuce, the Mother of the Hunt, who was elected in 1830. We felt like Royalty, for the streets were lined with people. The procession went very slowly up to the hotel, where Miss Meyrick was cheered as she dismounted. The men had a dinner at which the next year's lady was chosen, and the comptroller settled on his deputy. The ball was very good, and not crowded: they nearly brought the roof down singing 'John Peel,' which was played several times, and to which we danced a galop. We didn't get home till five, when, as usual, we found an enormous spread here, which every one sat down to, instead of going to bed like Christians. The castle is the most beautiful ruin, close to the shore, and covered with ivy. It was built by Edward I., and has four huge towers, looking out to sea, and quite perfect. It is very high, and in the courtyard, which is of immense size, the people play tennis. The mountains and the Straits are on one side, and the Anglesea Hills on the other. I went to the Hunt breakfast at the Bulkeleys at eleven, where we had the usual supper-like arrangements at small tables. Sir Richard received in the hunt colours, and looked very well. The most beautiful room, white, with wreaths of stucco flowers in festoons, and the pictures sunk in the wall with white beadings round them; and a fine Sir Joshua over the sideboard, of a tall woman in a loose yellow dress leaning on a pillar with her right arm." I wonder how many of the young men and maidens have selected each other for life after their eight days' joint rule of the castle-crowned small town. Have you any custom—homage to these two good things—valour and beauty—as pretty as this in Canada?

How little the ordinary Londoner knows of the ordinary London sights! One is generally too busy to scale the Monument with that hardy country cousin, or "survey the world from China to Peru" from the railing round the cross on the top of St. Paul's, or visit such scenes of revelry as the Christy Minstrels, German Reeds, or Mme. Tussaud's. But one place, says the porter at the gates, which more town people come to visit than country ones, is that wonderful old Lambeth Palace, which, just across the river, faces the Houses of Parliament. It possesses, among other attractions, an immense dining-hall—now a library—built by Inigo Jones, of fine red brick, stone corniced, which has a roof—such a roof!—carved by that extraordinary genius Grinling Gibbons. When I was there the other day, a girl visitor, standing by one of the cases of books and manuscripts in an alcove, was shown first one thing and then another—Queen Elizabeth's prayer book with finest margins after Holbein, priceless Bibles of all tongues and all ages, a volume belonging to Charles I., with his initials and favourite motto (*Dum spero spiro*) scrawled in it—till she noticed the score of a Gregorian chant. She began humming the music over to herself, beating time on the glass with her fingers, and then, I suppose without thinking of what she was doing, she sang the charming, dreamy air with its Latin words, composed by the monk of long ago. Her voice rang up among the Gibbons rafters right to the louvre panes. The performance did not last a couple of minutes, but it was very delightful, and the prettiest thing, to see her thorough unconsciousness: she took no more notice of the rest of us than if we had not been there; and finished stave by stave, correcting one slight mistake, in a most conscientious, workmanlike manner. From the hall I went to a guard chamber, hung with interesting pictures, including a fair Vandyck of Laud (mentioned in *John Inglesant*), an excellent Hogarth, a beautiful Reynolds, and a Holbein of Archbishop Warham in fur and mitre; to a matted gallery decorated with views of Old London, and built by Cardinal Pole; to a chapel of perpendicular work and exquisite triple lancet windows, restored in memory of Mrs. Tait and her son; and so, by way of Chichele's front door and kitchens, to the Lollards' Tower—the "very eye," as the old dramatists say, of the Palace. A low door leads to the narrow oak staircase, on the wood of which I found traces of bark, though the date of erection is given at 1100, and as I went up, my steps lighted by wall-slits giving onto the river, I passed great clamped doors formerly belonging to prison-rooms, which are now used for the servants. But the top room of all, which I have climbed all this way to see, could not be converted into anything, and is left almost exactly as it was in the sixteenth century, when Queen Mary Tudor filled it full of prisoners; and the prisoners have cut initials, and despairing inscriptions, and records of their days and weeks spent here; and in some places their very blood has stained the walls of this wicked place. On the right of the window I found a plan of that portion of the starry heavens which, night after night, could be seen from here. Digs in the wood, and in proper order, see the Great Bear looks at us from the oak—that "Charles's Wain" which hung over the chimneys of the Rochester

inn, and which this poor offender gazed at from over this very sill. Here, where it used to be securely fastened, is the mark of the rack, and ominous stains and splashes on the floor; there, just below the sign of the Cross, is the great ring to which the ankle chains were fastened, and not far off the trap door is shown through which bodies, when done with, were lowered into the Thames, which then washed the stones of this building. What a curious sight must this gruesome dungeon have presented when full to suffocation with the Lollard dissenters, the good Lord Cobham in their midst—a curious sight, truly, for Him who said "Little children, love one another." And the actors and audiences change places as the years go on; for now it is Protestants torturing Catholics, now Catholics chaining Protestants, and this always in the name of the religion preached by the Man of Peace and Sorrows. The story goes that no prisoners were here after Mary's time—if we except Lovelace, the Cavalier poet, confined for debt—the run on the prison occurring from the beginning of the fourteenth to the middle of the sixteenth centuries. Now it is part of the Bishop of Lichfield's town house (the Archbishops of Canterbury having no use for the Tower, it is lent to the Lichfield Bishops), and many people climb up here to look at a sight as interesting as any in London. Just a small, square room, twelve feet by twelve, lighted by a narrow window, through which you can see the brown-sailed boats slipping by to Battersea and Kew, and, across the waters, can note the square-towers of the hideous church erected in memory of Vanbrugh by his daughters, under the shadow of which dwells for ever for all Dickens lovers, the Doll's Dressmaker. Only a small, square room, but deep-cut from roof to floor by the hands of our ancestors, who yesterday sighed in the sunshine that fell on their chains; cut with a verse remembered from the Psalms, or pathetic records by dots and lines of year-long months lived here, mottoes, Christian names, and many, many times repeated, the sign of the Cross. The bells from Lambeth chime for service: that sound must often have floated up, torturing the prisoners, for the parish church is very old, and has stood close against the Palace for many a century. Clouds float slowly past, the light shifts and pales, cries come from the river yonder. Nothing has changed but human nature. Those terrible Inquisitors would hardly understand such men as Archbishop Benson and Cardinal Manning.

The day of the Battle of Trafalgar I guess will long be remembered in London. I passed the Landseer lions at half-past one, and found them glaring over a regiment of police; but everything was then ominously quiet in the streets about. Constables, four abreast, marched continually round the square, warning away loiterers, while squadrons of mounted inspectors clattered up and down, up and down, keeping a vigilant lookout. It was a curious sight. A thousand visitors left the "Grand" Hotel during the last week, in consequence of the scare, and the difference all this has made in the number of country visitors to town is enormous. The first breach in the peace occurred about three o'clock, when the sounds of a brass band were heard in the direction of St. Martin's Lane. Then the first engagement took place, Mrs. Taylor clinging to a banner crowned with a Cap of Liberty, with both hands, and—like a second Jeanne D'Arc—swearing loudly she would die rather than surrender. But the flag was captured by a resolute policeman, and Mrs. Taylor was carried away in a fainting condition, and her gallant followers fled in disorder towards Holborn. A daughter of Frederick Taylor, the water-colour painter, found herself unexpectedly mixed up in one of the outlying *mêlées*, and was immensely alarmed, as she says not only was the sight itself horrid, but the unearthly cries of the mob were quite appalling. The mob were all armed with either thick sticks or short pieces of wood. I am told that the entrance of the soldiers, a brilliant blaze of colours, was quite dramatic, among the black-clothed policemen and the mud-coloured crowd. Another attempt is expected, and every window for some distance from Trafalgar Square is engaged at ruinous prices by peaceable citizens who wish to see the sights.

WALTER POWELL.

LYRICAL TRANSLATIONS.*

NOT often in a country like this, which is yet in the struggling and money-getting stage, and where intellectual and literary efforts are apt rather to take the so-called practical turn, shall a man be found who has had the heart to devote the best of his hours to the study of poets in foreign and even dead languages. Still rarer will be the man who has had the industry and ability to render these poets in any highly acceptable manner into English verse. The office of the translator, too, albeit rather a thankless one, and not often rewarded with a very high degree of fame, is nevertheless so rare, so useful, and so honourable in the eyes of the eager student of letters, that the latter will hardly rank him below the original creator, if his work be at all freely and faithfully done. For these reasons this very small and unpretentious work by Mr. Charles J. Parham is deserving of much more than a passing notice, and should be greeted kindly by the lovers of good books, not only for what is in it but because it must be the first fruit of better things in the future. It is only a little book, but it contains translations of single short lyrics from no less than thirty-one authors in the Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and Provençal tongues. Here the reader will find *lensons* from the old troubadours, a famous *servante* of Bertrand de Born, the warrior-poet of Cœur de Lion's time; *madrigals* and *letrillas* from the Prince of Esquilache, Camoëns, Melo, and others of the Spanish and Portuguese; lyrics, playful or serious, from Metastasio and various Italians; *anciones* from Riojo, Calderon, Gil Vicente and so on. It is very little, but the promise is good, for Mr. Parham does not translate after the manner of those who think that it is sufficient to have

transferred an approximation to the meaning and feeling of the original into some common set form of English verse; the result being nothing more than a very commonplace English poem. He has aimed at retaining in his translation the genuine sense, flavour, form, and rhythm of his original, and in many cases he has completely succeeded. His translation of the famous Address to the Nightingale, *Pajarillo que Cantas*, of the Prince of Esquilache, is a beautiful and charming poem, and must retain a great part of the excellence of the original Spanish. Mr. Parham has appended two or three poems of his own, one of which, *The Siesta*, breathes the spirit of his translation, and proves him to be thoroughly saturated with the luxurious fancy and feelings of the South.

A. LAMPMAN.

THE BODY TO THE SOUL.

[See Longfellow's translation of an old Saxon poem, "The Soul to the Body."]

HA! my friend, with joy I greet thee,
For I oft have longed to meet thee,
Having much I fain would ask thee
Which to answer may o'ertask thee,
Seeing thou art but a shade,
And no more may'st claim mine aid.

Hast thou then full liberty,
Being loosed from bonds to me?
Having gained the freedom prized
Have thy dreams been realised?
Can'st thou roam without control
O'er the earth from pole to pole?
Or on greater journeys far
Wing thy flight from star to star?
Are the mysteries which vexed thee
In thy days of flesh, perplexed thee
With their aspects so involved,
To thy spirit vision solved?

Thou were wont in bygone days
To revile my laggard ways,
Cramping thee when nobly stirred,
Hindering thee in deed and word,
Even thine inmost thoughts disturbing
With my base, incessant curbing,
Dragging thee from airy heights
By ignoble appetites,
In thy perfect liberty
Fares it better now with thee?
Can'st thou reason without strain
Hampered by no flagging brain
Was it flesh obscured thy sight
Is it now most clear and bright,
Fed by pure, ethereal light?

O vain boaster, proud to call
Thyself survivor of the pall,
Phoenix from funereal pyre,
Sole defier of Death's ire.
Know'st thou not eternity
Is for me as well as thee?
Though beneath the range of life,
Still I wage incessant strife
To effect a resurrection
From the earth-clods' loathed connection
For my power cannot be hid,
Oozing through the coffin lid,
Like a genius of the deep,
In a gaseous form I creep
Upwards, climbing even as thou
Thought'st to soar when on my brow
Death's cold, clammy touch was laid—
Magic touch which straightway made
Me a corpse and thee a shade.
Thus I reach the surface where
I can scent the morning air,
Through the blossoms of the rose
Which upon my hillock grows,
Through the flowers that live and bloom
In the foul breath from the tomb.
Once escaped to light of day
From the hampering clods of clay,
On the winds I speed away:
Sporting through the realm of air,
Flying here and flying there,
Comrade of the wayward breeze,
On the meadows, on the trees,
Stooping down with viewless feet,
In the rain, or snow, or sleet,
Finding forms to animate,
Suited to my altered state;
Thus existence I inherit,
Changed from body into spirit,
Live and move without thine aid,
What more canst thou do, vain shade?

WM. MCGILL.

*Lyrical Translations. By Charles J. Parham, Ottawa.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

I AM afraid people overrate the depth of childish affection for home. Very young children are a good deal like dogs—the last master is the best. I asked a boy of six years, who was visiting his aunt this summer, where he liked best to live—at his own home or his aunt's. "At Aunt —'s," he replied without hesitation. "Why?" said I. "Because the diggin' ain't so hard!" he answered. This is perhaps not so unnatural as it sounds. A child's life at that age is entirely given over to digging, and it makes a great difference to him whether the earth is hard or soft. At this child's home the earth was beaten and packed down; at his aunt's it was soft and sandy, so at the end of a day he could see the substantial results of his labours. Children of a larger growth are very much like the youngsters in this respect, though they don't admit it so frankly. We all like to do the things that are easiest—to dig in the softest soil; and are—ought to be—duly grateful when our lines are cast in sandy places.—*The Lounger*, in the *Critic*.

IN his frequent trips to Europe Mr. Sutro found it a recreation to gather rare and valuable books and manuscripts, and when he retired from mining these formed the nucleus of a great library. For the past five years he has been adding to this library, until now it numbers between sixty thousand and seventy thousand volumes, many of them unique, and a large number of Oriental manuscripts, including the original leather sheets of Hebrew text from which the ingenious Shappira made up his spurious Book of Deuteronomy. Mr. Sutro's plan is to establish a free library in San Francisco that shall be second to none in the world in the department of history and science. In connection with it will be a museum for the display of Egyptian and other curiosities. Besides four well authenticated mummies of hoar antiquity, he has a boat discovered in an Egyptian tomb, of the time of Abraham. The California Legislature, which has just ended its session, passed a bill giving Mr. Sutro full power to establish this library. Its site will probably be on the heights overlooking the famous Seal Rock and the Pacific Ocean—a beautiful spot that the millionaire has already converted into a great pleasure ground.—*George H. Fitch*, in the *Cosmopolitan*.

HIS [Sumner's] wines were curious and valuable. Most of them had been accumulated at sales made by foreign Ministers when breaking up their households to return from Washington to their own countries, or at sales made by those whose knowledge and taste had enabled them to have the best. Among them were three bottles, each having hung on its neck in the Senator's handwriting the following: "Malaga, 300 years old." These were reserved from the sale, and sent to his invalid sister, Mrs. Hastings, in California. His teas he had accumulated somewhat in the same way. He would order through his friends in the East India trade the smallest possible original packets of kinds not known to commerce, the difficulty of getting which was far beyond their cost; and travelling friends in the diplomatic service would send him little packets of the rare and strange teas they found abroad. At the famous dinners he gave the Joint High Commission, he served them with the famous Mandarin tea, which, like the wines of Tokay, is regarded as an imperial present. The Countess de Grey recognised it. She had tasted it in Buckingham Palace when the Queen entertained Royal personages. It had been brought to Mr. Sumner by Mr. Fox, Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, who obtained it in Russia when he visited that country with our fleet of ironclads.—*Arnold Burges Johnson*, in the *Cosmopolitan*.

PEOPLE will continue to read the newspapers, and the cheap novel is pretty sure to be written in a diction that is far enough removed from the grand style. . . . The acquisition of a good style, as he (Prof. A. S. Hill) truly says, is the result of always trying to do one's best until the use of correct English has become as a second nature. This is as well done by one who grows up outside of college as by one who studies rhetoric under Prof. Hill. The newspaper writer often drifts into his position by hook or crook, but he knows that, if his writing is to be read, it must have pith and point. The training of experience is not less severe than the training under a professor. It is utterly impossible to carry weight with editorials which are written in a careless or slipshod style. The man must acquire a right style somehow or other, or he is shorn of his strength. The writer to-day in America or in England who is to carry weight in the newspaper or reach the public through the novel, is as dependent upon the use of good English as is the person who carries weight in the conversation of good society. The newspapers that chiefly influence American politics and society are not those where men whack away like farmers with dull scythes, but those that employ trained writers who use good English as their native speech, and can clothe their ideas with as vigorous language as was ever used by Shakespeare or Milton.—*Boston Herald*.

THE "AFTER-GLOW" IN EGYPT.

THERE is probably no view in the world to equal that from the citadel of Cairo; it is splendid by daylight, but is surpassed by the incredible beauty of sunset and the "after-glow," when the crimson haze of the short Egyptian twilight bathes the whole panorama in colours which would be deemed extravagantly improbable if attempted in a painting—colours which neither Hildebrand nor Holman Hunt has been able to depict. Often as the "after-glow" has been described, there is probably no better short, graphic description than this: "With the drawing on of evening a glory of colour comes out in the light of the setting sun; purple shadows are cast by the mountains; the reds and grays of sandstone, granite, and limestone cliffs blend exquisitely with the tawny yellow of the desert, the

rich green of the banks, and the blue of the river. The cold gray twilight follows immediately upon sunset—but in a few minutes there is a marvellous change. The earth and sky are suffused with a delicate pink tinge, known as the 'after-glow'—fairy-like and magical. The peculiarity of Egyptian over all other sunsets is that light and colour return after an interval of ashy gray, like the coming back of life to a corpse." It seems sometimes as if the rich pink and gold colour flooding the landscape could be touched, or, as an American said to the writer, when standing together one night on the citadel: "I believe if I were to wave a white towel through the air it would come down like a seam of Joseph's coat." If the reader can imagine the "after-glow," let him now look out from the citadel and take in this view. Immediately below is Cairo, with its wonderful buildings, its minarets, its squares, its splendour, and its feathery palm-clumps; close at our feet are the tombs of the Mamelukes, rounded mausoleums picturesquely studding the plain. Stretching away till it is lost in the haze of distance is the valley of Egypt, through which winds the grand old Nile, dotted with sails that flash to the sun, and closed on either side by the irregular ranges of the Libyan and Arabian hills. Eight or nine miles beyond the river stand the great pyramids of Ghizeh; farther along the burning line of sand are the pyramids of Sakkara; and farther still, phantom-like in the red background of the Libyan desert, the pyramids of Abouseir. The city and the tombs, the river and the desert, imaging forth life and death in perpetual contrast; and over all the unchangeable blue of the sky, and in and through all is the dazzling glory of sunset!—*Cities of the World*.

WHAT SIR P. SYDNEY THOUGHT.

SINCE Nature's works be good, and death doth serve
As Nature's work, why should we fear to die?
Since fear is vain, but when it may preserve,
Why should we fear that which we cannot fly?
Fear is more pain than is the pain it fears,
Disarming human minds of native might;
While each conceit an ugly figure bears
Which were not evil, well viewed in reason's light.
Our owly eyes, which dimmed with passions be,
And scarce discern the dawn of coming day,
Let them be cleared, and now begin to see
Our life is but a step in dusty way.
Then let us hold the bliss of peaceful mind;
Since this we feel, great loss we cannot find.

GIRLHOOD.

THEORETICALLY girlhood is the sweetest and loveliest phase of human existence. Poets have exhausted their imagination over that point of life's great way where the brook and river meet, and the girl stands at the junction—her feet reluctant to leave the old, her heart throbbing with expectation of what she will find in the new. Theoretically girlhood is modest; a little timid morally but physically brave; devoted to parents who are adored and not judged; afraid of evil, and amenable to goodly discipline; eager for good works; gay of temper; obedient to control; full of happy dreams, a little indistinct in the details, and of generally impracticable character; maternal to the younger, dutiful to the elder; preparing itself day by day for the graver responsibilities of maturity, by the sweet diligence and reasonable docility of its present. . . . As many as there are flowers in the garden, so many sweet and lovely types of girlhood are there to be found in the world. For all the false doctrines and uncomfortable practices afloat, the face of lovely girlhood still flourishes afloat, and no pessimism is so disastrous as that which denies this truth in favour of the opposing falsehood of universal corruption, and nothing being so good as it used to be—in girlhood and womanhood above all. Here is a creature for instance—can you better her? Cheerful but never boisterous, happy but never thoughtless, our bonnie lassie is the peacemaker, the universal helper, the sympathiser, the active worker of her home. Whatever is wanted she can supply; and she can do all that is needed for the comfort of every one. She is eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, hands to the incapable. If anything is to be done for grandmamma, it is she who does it. When mother is ill it is she who waits on her, who looks after the little ones and does the housekeeping. Loving, unselfish, energetic, industrious, she has no ambition outside the circle of home and its affections; and she does not pretend to intellectual merit. She adores her mother, and lives in perfect peace with her sisters—which does not prevent her giving her whole heart to her lover, nor make her less than helpful and tender to a comparative stranger. She is of the most perfect type of a womanhood content to live in the shade of home and a strong man's love. Wherever she goes she will carry peace and create happiness—her influence will be ever essentially pure and gentle. She will know nothing of "burning questions," so she will not be able to discuss them. The deeper riddles of life and morality, of society and humanity, she will not touch, nor will they trouble the serene loveliness of her thoughts. All that she knows or ever will know is, that life is sweet because of her affections and her duties—because her conscience is void of offence before God and man—because she knows neither idleness nor repining, neither the pangs of unsatisfied ambition nor the fiery pains of passion, of jealousy, of envy, or of hate. Love with her is sunshine, not flame, and home is her altar, not her dungeon. Such a girlhood as this is indeed and in truth Choice beyond words; and we reverence it and love it as we would some goddess in her maidenhood, before she had used her power.—*The Queen*.

The Week.

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ONE of the most attractive features of the Customs Union scheme to those who were willing to forget all obligations of loyalty to the Mother Country, and consider only fancied commercial advantages, was the proposed abolition of the obnoxious custom houses. Surely this is not too great a boon to be promised as the purchase of so great a sacrifice of dignity, as well as loyalty. But now some of the apostles of the revolution are taking away even this inducement. The customs line, they tell us, must be kept up. International trade must still run the gauntlet of the collectors, the officials, and the detectives. In short, it is no longer customs union, but unlimited commercial reciprocity which is to be the panacea for Canadian ills. Would it not be better for the leaders of the movement to settle this question, a most interesting and important one, and to arrive at some agreement as to the precise nature of their specific before going much further in urging it upon us?

FIVE applications for divorce are, it appears, already awaiting the action of the grave and reverend seigniors of the Canadian Senate. In a few weeks the public will be edified with the spectacle of some fourscore gray-haired Senators, supposed to represent the matured wisdom and solemn dignity of Canadian statesmanship, gravely inquiring for weeks into the unsavoury details of these domestic scandals. Can any greater waste of time and public money, any more ridiculous disproportion in the relation of means to ends, be conceived of? Surely, whatever may be thought of the need of a reform of the Constitution of the Canadian Upper House, it is high time for a reform of its functions in this respect. At first thought it might seem a pleasing indication of the high tone of social morality in the Dominion, that but five instead of fifty such cases are awaiting adjudication. But this source of consolation disappears on the reflection that this number is kept at a minimum by the excessive costliness of the process. Surely if it is right that separation should be granted even for the one unpardonable sin against the sanctity of the marriage tie, it is but meet that in a democratic country the road to release should be open to the poor as well as to the rich. In any case the questions of evidence are questions for a court of justice, not for a House of Parliament.

THE presence in the Canadian Confederation as one of its constituent units, of a French Catholic Province, ruled by middle-age traditions and fortified with treaty privileges, gives rise to some strange anomalies. One of these was pointed out by Sir William Dawson, Principal of McGill University, in a recent educational address. It is that the Premier of Quebec should be able to do in Protestant Canada, what no statesman would dare to do in any of the Catholic countries of Europe, viz., promise that the control of education should be reserved to the clergy. It is a result, no doubt, of this clerical influence, that the Law and Medical Societies of Quebec refuse to accept the degrees of Protestant Universities as guarantees of fitness to enter upon the study of those professions. The pretext,—it requires a large stretch of charity to regard it as anything better—is that certain indispensable portions of mediæval philosophy are not taught in the Protestant institutions. Failing other methods of obtaining relief, an appeal to the British Privy Council, on constitutional grounds, is contemplated. According to the precedents established in the case of the New Brunswick School Act, the question of obtaining relief by this method will depend upon ability to show that the right claimed was possessed as a legal right, and not simply as a matter of custom at the date of the Union.

THE discussion, on moral and Scriptural grounds, of the vexed questions of Total Abstinence and Prohibition as against moderate drinking bids fair to be interminable. The redoubtable warriors on either side seem incapable either of decisive victory or decisive defeat. However roughly they may be handled in the morning, mid-day finds them, like the heroes of Walhalla, fully restored and eager for the next day's fight. And yet the questions are of too intense interest, practical as well as ethical, to be lightly passed over or flippantly dismissed. The issues involved in right decisions and right action are of tremendous importance to the well-being

of society. We venture to intervene just now with a single question, touching the Biblical argument. Does not the course of the controversy make it pretty clear that in this, as in so many other cases, the Bible lays down no positive rule or law in the matter? The Bible is a book for all time and every variety of circumstance. The conditions of this and other social problems are constantly shifting. What was right and wise centuries ago, under other circumstances and other skies, may be wrong and destructive here and to-day. The New Testament lays down principles of action, rather than rules of conduct. It deals with motives, leaving it, as to wise men, to make the practical applications under varying conditions. Not what Christ did in Judea, nineteen centuries ago, but what he would do were he in Canada to-day? Is not this the true test question?

A NICE question of jurisdiction has been raised in the United States by the refusal of the Northern Pacific Railway to obey an order of the Minnesota State Railroad Commission, for the reduction of its passenger rates. According to the *Railway Age* the Northern Pacific claims that its charter was obtained direct from the National Government, and that the State laws and courts have no authority over it. It will carry the matter to the Federal courts. It will thus become a test case, and the decision will involve a very important and far-reaching principle.

CONTEMPORANEOUSLY with the conviction of Lord Mayor Sullivan, the Harringtons and others in Ireland for alleged abuses of the right of free speech, Herr Most, the "Bombastes Furioso," of American anarchists, has been sentenced for the same offence in America. It is time agitators in both hemispheres should learn that liberty of speech does not mean liberty to say anything whatever in public. At the same time the right is a most sacred one, and bears a most intimate relationship to civil and personal liberty. In the United States there is little reason to fear its being infringed upon by the authorities, or the courts. The danger is greater in England. One influential American paper attempts to draw a broad distinction between the present applications of the law in the two countries. In the United States, it says, the objectionable words are condemned only after their utterance, in Ireland previous to their utterance. We leave it for our readers to judge the validity of the distinction.

SOME sentences delivered by Lord Macaulay in a speech in the House of Commons in 1833, are well worth considering in connection with the Irish demand for a Parliament at Dublin. "Ireland, he said, has undoubtedly just causes of complaint. Some of the grievances which are attributed to the Union are not only older than the Union, but are not peculiarly Irish. Other grievances are doubtless local, but is there to be a local Legislature wherever there is a local grievance? Wales has had local grievances, but did anybody, therefore, propose that Wales should have a distinct Parliament? [Nobody has dreamed of such a thing except Mr. Gladstone.] Cornwall has some local grievances, should it, therefore, have its own House of Lords and its own House of Commons? Leeds has local grievances. The majority of my constituents [he was then member for Leeds] distrust and dislike the municipal government to which they are subject. They call loudly for corporation reform, but they do not ask from us a separate Legislature. . . . I defy any one to find a reason for having a Parliament at Dublin which will not be just as good a reason for having another Parliament at Londonderry. I would act towards Ireland on the same principles on which I act towards England. In Ireland, as in England, I would remove every just cause of complaint; and in Ireland, as in England, I would support the Government in preserving the public peace. . . . It is idle to threaten us with civil war, for we have it already [in 1887 as in 1833], and it is because we are resolved to put an end to it that we are called base and brutal and bloody."

It has been sometimes stated that there are 2,000,000 Unionists and 3,000,000 "Nationalists" in Ireland; but a careful estimate seems to establish the figures at one and a half million Unionists only out of the five million inhabitants of Ireland. In Ulster the proportion seems to be nearly one million Unionists to 670,000 "Nationalists." A gentleman writing to the *London Spectator*, after spending several months in Ulster this autumn, bears witness to the strength of the feeling there against subordination to a Dublin Parliament. There, at least, he says, there can be no question about the attitude of the democracy towards Home Rule; it is bitterly hostile to it. I have conversed with many artisans in town and country, and have met everywhere with the same quiet resolution not to permit their part of Ireland—the only really rich, industrious, and enterprising part—to be made the milch cow of the rest of Ireland. The humblest mechanic in Belfast understands that the Parnellites are bent upon

destroying property, and apprehends that if they succeeded he would lose his wages, because capital and credit would be withdrawn. On the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill there was an enormous drop in the value of all Ulster securities. . . . Belfast, he states, has made great advances in industry and wealth during the last twenty years; it is, in fact, now, in point of industry and intelligence, the real capital of Ireland. And he wishes that the English workmen who are being taken over to Ireland to witness the so-called brutalities of the British Government might proceed to Belfast after leaving Dublin. Both cities are now being subjected to the same "brutalities," both cities have always enjoyed the same laws and administration. How would these English workmen account for the squalor and lethargy of Dublin, for the bustling industry and air of comfort which characterise Belfast? They could not fail to discern that in Dublin the masses have been debauched by political agitators into an active detestation of property, whereas in Belfast they have not.

A PREGNANT remark was that made the other day by Mr. W. R. Cremer, M.P., one of the deputation from members of the British Parliament, who have been visiting the United States in the interests of international arbitration. At the great public meeting in Chickering Hall, New York, Mr. Cremer said the "quarrelling nations always confer, but they do so at the wrong end of the trouble." The thought is well worth pondering. In the case, for instance, of a war—the gods avert the omen—between Great Britain and the United States, it would be absurd to expect that either nation could so vanquish the other as to be able to dictate terms at will. The struggle would simply go on until vast sums of money had been squandered, hundreds of human hecatombs offered up, and both parties exhausted. Then a truce would be agreed on, negotiations entered into, and a treaty of peace arranged. How infinitely wiser and better to have had the conference at the other end of the struggle, and superseding it. The reception of the British peace delegation has been on the whole encouraging, and the mission will no doubt bear fruit—before, it may be hoped, not after many days.

THERE is evidently no need, as yet, to despair of the French Republic. The events of Saturday show that in spite of the excitability of the people and the violence of the factions patriotism is still supreme in a moment of crisis. The balloting, which began in the Plenary Conference with a threat of Ferry and a revolution, ended in the Congress with Sadi-Carnot and an assurance of peace. As usually happens in cases of compromise or conciliation, the stronger candidates were forced to retire and suffer the weaker one to be elected. It is perhaps better so. The event has shown that the President of France is to be henceforth a convenient figure-head rather than a powerful ruler. He can be made or unmade at any time by the shifting of the popular will, either manipulating or manipulated by the National Assembly and the Ministry of the day. Whether this is to be deemed a desirable result or the contrary, the self-restraint, of which the candidates and the deputies and the people alike showed themselves capable at the last moment, augurs well for the future of self-government in France. Neither chaos nor the Monarchy has come, and it may be hoped the day of attempted vengeance on Germany is farther off than before.

AFTER all, Sadi-Carnot may not prove the weakling that the cable depicts. Circumstances and responsibilities often develop unexpected power in quiet and peace-loving natures. The factionists would hardly have united on a man on the ground of feebleness, pure and simple. They must have known, or at least believed in, the existence of some strong and reliable qualities in the man on whom they have, with so much unanimity at the last, conferred this high honour. Between the excitement of the populace on the one hand, and the intensity of partisanship on the other, to be able to preserve his equanimity, and gain a reputation for moderation, argues the possession of considerable strength of character of a certain kind. The new President's first words were certainly few and well chosen.

THE enforced resignation of President Grévy, by a kind of ministerial boycott, and the speedy election of his successor, mark not only a new departure for France but a novel experiment in Republicanism. The result may be described as a combination of the elective Presidency of the United States with the responsible Ministry of Great Britain or Canada. Many seem ready to pronounce the system an attempt to fuse incompatible elements, and foredoomed, in consequence, to chronic instability, or speedy collapse. Possibly the wisacres may prove to be at fault in their prognostications. It is true the presidency seems to have lost the stable and powerful character which a seven years' term of office, capable of being cut short only by death or impeachment, would have given it. But, on the other hand, two ever-present sources of danger may be minimized by the

warning precedent established. No ambitious president could now count on seven years of opportunity for secret intrigue with a view to a *coup d'état* or a permanent dictatorship. And no future president will be likely to suffer himself to be made the tool of a self-seeking clique, or weakly shut his eyes to the corrupt machinations of those about him. It is possible, moreover, that the very sense of responsibility and power, engendered in the people may tend to cultivate in them the qualities of steadiness and self-discipline they so much need.

IT now appears as if the notorious New York "boodler," Jacob Sharp, would escape punishment after all. The conviction obtained against him in the Court of Oyer and Terminer has been quashed, and a new trial granted, by the Court of Appeal. The judgment of the lower court is reversed, not because there is the slightest doubt of the culprit's guilt, but principally because the proof on which the judgment was based was furnished mainly by Sharp's own testimony. This testimony was given voluntarily, under the advice of counsel, before the investigating committee of the Senate. The Court of Appeals has now decided that the evidence thus given cannot be used against the witness. The ancient principle of law, that an accused person shall not be compelled to criminate himself is probably in the interests of justice, but it seems like carrying it to an absurd extreme, to decide that a criminal's own voluntary testimony cannot be used against himself. As the *New York Times* observes: "This is carrying the ancient principle to an extreme at a time when the conditions are so changed that instead of being a guarantee of justice to the defendant, it is practically a guarantee of immunity and a defeat of the main purpose of criminal jurisprudence, which is the protection of the community." Truly, as Sir Arthur Helps says: "Mankind is always in extremes."

THERE are indications that the day of dire war between Science and Theology is closing, and that of conciliation and concord about to dawn. Like the fierce winds in the fable, the violent forces of prejudice and dogmatism on either side have failed, and the gentle but pervading influences of "sweet reasonableness" are beginning to tell. It is hard to say on which side there has been most of unreason, or on which the signs of reaction are most pronounced. Many thoughtful clergymen, like the Bishop of Bedford, in a recent sermon in Manchester Cathedral, are beginning to plead against the hasty denunciation, on supposed Scriptural grounds, of what may eventually prove to be scientific, and so theological, truth. On the other hand, Professor Huxley, in his brief speech at the last annual meeting of the Royal Academy, frankly pointed out the disadvantageous alternative under which scientific men labour, in that when they endeavour to grasp too much they become superficial, and when they strive to be very thorough over a little, they become narrow. Some passages in his article in the *Nineteenth Century* for November, may perhaps be taken to indicate that he has now been carried still further by the stress of his own logic, and is coming to see that the same dangerous tendency to narrowness may be equally likely to result from a too exclusive devotion to Science itself, as distinguished from other spheres of study and investigation. In this tendency is to be found, no doubt, the key to many a sweeping and untenable generalisation of Modern Science. And *mutatis mutandis*, precisely the same remark may be made in regard to modern theology. In illustration of the foregoing remark we may quote the following from the article alluded to: "Who knows the order of nature? What do the words indicate more than a generalisation or set of generalisations from the experience of the past, with expectancies based thereon as to the experience of the future?" In strict logic one might even demur to the words "based thereon," and say, rather, "suggested thereby," in accordance with the occult mental law which compels us to anticipate uniformity in natural processes, or, in other words, gives us the idea of cause and effect. But why should it have taken so long to discover that this notion of uniformity, law, cause and effect, or whatever we please to term it, affords no explanation of the cosmos? It gives no knowledge of origin. It can neither prove nor disprove any theory of first cause, or of final cause. Even, accepting, as some of the theologians seem ready to do, the doctrine of evolution, it is obvious, as a recent writer has put it, that all the lines of development converge as they recede into the background of the past, converge actually and not merely by the illusion of perspective. Hence they must have their meeting-point, or rather their starting-point, somewhere in the infinite distance. And it is equally obvious that in the primal gloom which enfolds this centre of origin, hiding its mysteries forever from the eye of Science, penetrable only, if penetrable at all, by the eye of Faith, are hidden all the germinating processes of which the cosmic material, the evolutionary forces, and all the ever-shifting environments of all the ages are the outcome. All which is but another way of saying that all the ways of science as well as of theology lead back to the Infinite and the Absolute.

DARWIN'S LIFE AND WORK.*—II.

IN our previous paper we traced Darwin's career to the cataclysmic era (if we may be permitted the phrase) which fell upon the world with the publication of the *Origin of Species*. The sale the book met with, and the ultimate acceptance, in large measure, of its views, were, we are told, a surprise to the author, though no work, it need hardly be said, more upset current scientific opinions, or was more opposed to orthodox notions of creation and fatal to the catastrophic idea in theology. Yet its author's purpose was not to write an atheistical book, still less, from any sinister motive, to unsettle religious faith. No book ever appeared, it may be said, however, which produced a greater mental and moral disturbance, chiefly in theological circles, or was the cause of a mightier dislocation in established opinions. How variedly the book was estimated by the clergy may be partly gleaned from the following letters, which appear in the biography. One is from Darwin himself to the Vicar of Down; the other is from the late Canon Kingsley. Writing to the Vicar, and discussing with him the apparent contradiction of some of the great naturalist's discoveries with the Book of Genesis, Darwin says, "You are a theologian, I am a naturalist; the lines are separate. I endeavour to discover facts without considering what is said in the Book of Genesis: I do not attack Moses, and I think Moses can take care of himself." Continuing, he writes, "I cannot remember that I ever published a word directly against religion or the clergy; but if you were to read a little pamphlet which I received a couple of days ago by a clergyman, you would laugh, and admit that I had some excuse for bitterness. After abusing me for two or three pages in language sufficiently plain and emphatic to have satisfied any reasonable man, he sums up by saying that he has vainly searched the English language to find terms to express his contempt for me and all Darwinians." Referring to his friend, the Vicar of Down, there is an amusing passage in the Darwin letters, which we cannot resist the temptation to quote. The Vicar, with a friend, was once dining with Darwin, and the conversation turned on certain discussions between the two neighbours. Turning to the stranger, Darwin remarked: "Brodie Innes [the Vicar] and I have been fast friends for thirty years, and we never thoroughly agreed on any subject but once, and then we stared hard at each other, and thought one of us must be very ill!" Kingsley's letter represents the views of an enlightened, liberal clergyman, having to make his decision between stubbornly retaining some of his old cherished beliefs, or wisely to modify them in the presence of the facts disclosed by Darwin. He elects to do the latter, and thus writes to the gratified author of the *Origin of Species*: "I fear I cannot read your book just now as I ought. All I have seen of it awes me; both with the heap of facts and the prestige of your name, and also with the clear intuition, that if you be right, I must give up much that I have believed and written. In that I care little. Let God be true, and every man a liar! . . . From two common superstitions, at least, I shall be free while judging of your book: (1) I have long since, from watching the crossing of domesticated animals and plants, learnt to disbelieve the dogma of the permanence of species. (2) I have gradually learnt to see that it is just as noble a conception of Deity, to believe that He created primal forms capable of self-development into all forms needful *pro tempore* and *pro loco*, as to believe that He required a fresh act of intervention to supply the lacunas which He Himself has made. I question whether the former be not the loftier thought."

Not less disturbing to the Scientist of the old school was Darwin's theory of the transmutation of species—descent with modification through the agency of natural selection, or, to use Spencer's apt phrase, "survival of the fittest." What Newton's *Principia* was to the astronomer, Darwin's *Origin of Species* was to the modern biologist; each was a new revelation. But sudden as was the latter revelation, the sun of the scientific intellect had been steadily mounting to the noonday meridian in the evolutionary firmament, and the time had come to take new observations, and to determine the tracks now to be followed by the fleet of exploratory crafts in the wide seas of research. During the previous half-century, as Huxley tells us in his characteristic chapter "On the reception of the *Origin of Species*" intercalated with the *Life and Letters*, "the elucidation of the structure of the lower animals and plants had given rise to wholly new conceptions of their relations; histology and embryology, in the modern sense, had been created; physiology had been reconstituted; the facts of distribution, geological and geographical, had been prodigiously multiplied and reduced to order." These strides of Science, with progress in other fields of organic evolution, prepared the thought of the time for some such announcement in regard to the potency of the principle of natural selection, in explaining the rise and development of species, as Darwin gave to the world in his now famous book. Those who had the privilege of listening to the very interesting lectures of Dr. A. R. Wallace, the co-labourer with Darwin, at University College last winter, will remember how striking were his illustrations, the result of his own observations, of the working of the principle of natural selection in the case of animals, reptiles, birds, and insects, with the additional evidence furnished by him of the curious phenomena of mimicry. Any tyro in natural history, if he gives the subject thought at all, will now not be perplexed to account for the spots on the leopard, the stripes on the tiger, for the beautiful markings of colour on some birds of the male species in the tropics, while others, including most female birds, are dull in their plumage, and for the thousand and one old puzzles in nature which are now clear in the light of the doctrine of "the survival of the fittest." What is not so clear, however, in this problem of "the struggle for existence," is that the Darwinian theory upsets the teleological

argument of design in nature. To us, it does not seem to do so, any more than it upsets belief in a primal cause. German materialists, we know, here out-Darwin Darwin, in insisting that the design-argument has been overthrown, as apparent design they say, is merely a natural process influenced by the law of inheritance. But, as we understand him, this is not the attitude of Darwin. There is little in his works that affirms the operation of unintelligent physical laws; while he nowhere shuts from his view that wider teleology which, though it is far more scientific than that of Paley and the Bridgewater Treatises, is very different from the negationism, for instance, of Haeckel.

But the new scientific doctrine rests upon other and more important grounds than the argument derived from the efforts of animal and bird life to escape danger. It is something to know, though it may be a fact which merely gratifies our curiosity, and is perhaps explicable upon some other hypothesis, that the desire for concealment from stalking foes (thus preserving the more favoured specimens) explains the markings in the coats and coverings of animate life—that, for instance, animals take on the hue of their environment, as in the case of the tiger, which is explained by "its life among jungle-grasses, that the lion is sandy, like the desert, while the markings of the leopard resemble spots of sunshine glancing through the leaves." Beautiful as this notion is, of adaptation to circumstances, the theory of evolution goes far beyond such demonstrations of the operation of the principle of natural selection. Primarily, it presumes to account for all the varieties of species,—its chief theorem being "that forms of life now widely unlike have been produced from a common original through the accumulated inheritance of minute individual modifications, and, secondly, that such modifications have been accumulated mainly, or in great part, through the selection of individuals best fitted to survive and transmit their peculiarities to their offspring." This is the theory put forward and so wonderfully illustrated by Darwin in his *Origin of Species*, and Science, it must in justice be said, has since powerfully supported it by the argument from classification, from embryology, from morphology or structure, from geology, from geographical distribution, and from the results of research in other departments, including psychology.

We should here notice the undesigned support given to the theory by another eminent naturalist, Dr. A. R. Wallace, who independently of Darwin, and at the time remote from the scene of the latter's investigations, came to similar conclusions with the great biologist of the Kentish hamlet of Down. But while Wallace hit upon natural selection, as the principle at work in the evolution of animal and plant life, he may be said to have parted company with Darwin when he attempted, in his later work, on the *Descent of Man*, to include human life and consciousness in the operations of his purely naturalistic theory. It may be a familiar fact, as embryology teaches, that the germs of all organisms are like each other, and that they strangely resemble those lower forms of life, such as the amœba and other shreds of protoplasm. It may also be a fact that the foetal ape (which we are asked to believe was, in his full pristine development, our illustrious ancestor) is distinguishable at first not as a mammal, but as a vertebrate, with the heart of a fish, and with gills in place of lungs. But however much all organisms resemble each other at the bottom of the scale, we see no reason for believing that man is necessarily connected with, or has risen from, these low forms of organic life, particularly when Science has not yet put the matter beyond dispute, and when the convincing links in the chain of descent are wanting. A common ancestry with the anthropoid ape, it is true, is a corollary from the doctrine of descent with modification; but the latter may surely be held without, as Sir Charles Lyell phrased it, "going the whole ourang," or without giving up one's belief, as far as man is concerned, in a special creation. On this subject, it is assuring to note, in the Darwin Letters, how diffident the author is in pressing his development theory to its ultimate issues in conflict with Revelation. His position is strictly a neutral one in regard to the theological aspects of the discussion; yet his utterances, though they sometimes seem to question the beneficence and omnipotence of Deity, are, as he himself declares, not necessarily atheistical. We have come across many passages in these volumes which attest and emphasise this, and which express, often in pathetic language, his dissatisfaction with the view that the phenomena of the universe are the result of chance. Writing, for instance, to his American friend, Prof. Asa Gray, he says: "I cannot anyhow be contented to view this wonderful universe, and especially the nature of man, and to conclude that everything is the result of brute force. . . . I feel most deeply that the whole subject is too profound for the human intellect. . . . Let each man hope and believe what he can." Here is another and a touching admission, in a letter to Sir Joseph Hooker, the great botanist and a life-long friend. Darwin, in the letter, is alluding to his growing inability to take delight in music, and to the pleasure he finds in his scientific work as a solace and diversion in his constant ill-health. "I am glad you were at the 'Messiah,'" he writes, "it is the one thing that I should like to hear again, but I dare say I should find my soul too dried up to appreciate it as in the old days; and then I should feel very flat, for it is a horrid bore to feel as I constantly do, that I am a withered leaf for every subject except Science. It sometimes makes me hate Science, though God knows I ought to be thankful for such a perennial interest, which enables me to forget for some hours every day my accursed stomach." Is the closing phrase, by the way, not a little Carlylean?

These and similar confessions of Darwin, in the autobiography and in the letters, impart an interest to the present volumes which they would otherwise lack, and, with the reminiscences given us by the son, are charming revelations of the personality of the great naturalist. Aside from the question of belief, and it must be borne in mind that he was simply an Agnostic—he neither affirmed nor denied—there is much in Darwin's

* *The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, including an autobiographical chapter, edited by his son, Francis Darwin, F.R.S., 2 vols. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1887. (Second Notice.)

life and character to respect and admire. His letters, the bulk of which are to his warm personal friends, Sir Charles Lyell and Sir Joseph Hooker, are written with the artlessness and *abandon* of a childlike nature; while his son's reminiscences reveal to us an affectionate, simple minded, wholly lovable man. His repeated acknowledgments of what was due to Dr. Wallace, as the joint-discoverer of the solvent of natural selection, show us a frank, genuine, and unselfish nature.

We have already referred to the modesty and considerateness for the feelings of others with which he propounded his theories and supported them with his vast stores of illustration. If, in his work, he seems to put God out of existence, he never does this offensively, nor does he anywhere, with intent, give a wound to religious sensibility. His reasons for the absence of belief in his own case, though apparently honest and easy to be understood, are not those that commend themselves to a strong, reverent nature. For what they are, however, they claim our consideration, which is more than is to be said for the coarse and aggressive materialism of some of his disciples.

Bound up as they are with Darwin's materialistic views of man's origin, we trust we shall be pardoned if we add a word or two with respect to the views he finally held as to man's destiny. In early life, as he tells us, his conviction was that there is more in man than the mere breath of his body. Later on, however, he became insensible to religious emotions, and seems to have allowed the argument from the existence of suffering in the struggle for life to impair, if not quench, his belief in a beneficent First Cause. He is, nevertheless, inclined to put in a *caveat* when man and the universe are spoken of as the product of blind chance or necessity; and when this inclination is upon him, he deserves, as he says, to be called a theist. With respect to immortality, Darwin's attitude is still that of the Agnostic; and though he appears to have been impressed with the view, now held by most physicists, that the earth and its fellow planets will ultimately become unfit for supporting life, he deems it "an intolerable thought that man and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation." This, unhappily, is all the comfort we can extract from the great apostle of Evolution—that theory which, as Edwin Arnold, the poet, thoughtfully remarks, "explains so much, as if forgetting that it 'cannot explain itself.'" Against it, in closing, let us set a pregnant passage from Mr. Goldwin Smith, quoted by the above writer in his recent booklet entitled *Death—and Afterwards*. "Suppose spiritual life," writes the Professor, "necessarily implies the expectation of a future state, has physical science anything to say against that expectation? Physical science is nothing more than the perceptions of our five bodily senses, registered and methodised. But what are these five senses? According to physical science itself, nerves in a certain stage of evolution. Why then should it be assumed that their account of the universe, or of man's relations to it, is exhaustive and final? Why should it be assumed that these are the only possible organs of perception, and that no other faculties or means of communication with the universe can ever in the course of evolution be developed in man? . . . To our bodily senses, no doubt, and to physical science, which is limited by them, human existence seems to end with death; but if there is anything in our nature which tells us, with a distinctness and persistency equal to those of our sensible perceptions, that hope and responsibility extend beyond death, why is this assurance not as much to be trusted as that of the bodily sense itself? There is apparently no ultimate criterion of truth, whether physical or moral, except our inability, constituted as we are, to believe otherwise; and this criterion seems to be satisfied by a universal and ineradicable moral conviction as well as by a universal and irresistible impression of sense." This is an argument which Science, whatever further inroads it may make on our poor faith, must fail to shake, and, with Revelation to support it, it is, to our soul's vision, as "the light that never was on sea or land."

G. MERCER ADAM.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A BRIEF EXPOSITION OF THE KINDERGARTEN. With Illustrations and Songs. By S. E. Hall, School Trustee, Parkdale, Ont. Toronto: Selby and Company.

This worthy little manual contains not only some practical lessons on this excellent system for the training of younger children so much in vogue at present, but an interesting memoir of its founder, Frederic Wilhelm August Froebel. Born in 1782, the son of a country parson, successful beyond precedence himself as a teacher, he devoted much time to the works of Pestalozzi, a philosopher of whom very little is known in these days, but who is supposed to have first started in inquiring minds the idea that infant culture is a specialty in itself, and one capable of more development than is usually accorded it. Probably the first recognised attempts to organise these afterwards celebrated infant schools was about 1818. Germany, which has ever been at the head of scholastic matters, supported Froebel well, but it was in Switzerland, in the Castle of Waldensee, placed at his disposal by a generous owner, that he first attracted the attention of the educational world. His remaining years were exclusively devoted to his subject, upon which it is needless to say he was an enthusiast. There are of course extant a great many works upon the subject, but teachers and mothers in Canada who are eager to know something about it before making practical steps will be able to find in Mr. Hall's *Exposition*, a concise treatise which will help them very materially. The price of the book is only twenty-five cents, and it contains some of the pretty Kindergarten songs and illustrations of the gifts or toys which figure so happily in the organised play of the children.

WINDSOR CASTLE, PARK, TOWN, AND NEIGHBOURHOOD. By W. J. Loftie. London: Seeley and Company. New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company. Jubilee Edition. Illustrated. With a Special Dedication to Her Majesty.

Lovers of England can find much to interest them in this carefully-compiled volume, which is very significantly issued during the present jubilee year. There are already many good works on Windsor extant, but none the less need we welcome such a complete and finished monograph from so well-known a writer, author of *A History of London*, *Memorials of the Savoy*, and other deserving works. The plan followed is to describe the history of each tower, arch, room, and chapel separately, sketching minutely the construction and appearance, as well as the curious events that have shaped their erection, and the many associations that for ever must cling to them. The antiquity of Windsor Castle is sometimes forgotten by our modern pamphleteers and paragraphists, but there are signs in the foundation of Edward the Third's Tower and in other places of old Norman masonry which carry us back to the days of the Conqueror. The etymology of the name "Windsor" is supposed to be connected in some way with the winding course of the Thames, though in Anglo-Saxon "windie" means a willow and "ofer" a shore—the name being written "Windleshore" in the reign of Henry the Third. Perhaps the most interesting chapter is the one dealing with the curious contents of the old vaults, and the different royal funerals that from Henry the Eighth down to Prince Leopold have been solemnly conducted under its venerable roof. The reader will probably agree with Professor Loftie, that the neighbourhood of Windsor, while yet not famous for specially grand and notable scenery, is yet incomparably rich in the quiet and cultured aspects of English life and nature. The beauty of the Home Park, Langley Church, Almshouses, and Library, the famous drive out to the Burnham Beeches, the proximity of Eton College, Virginia Water, Ascot and Stoke Pogis all contribute to render the environs of the Royal residence essentially charming to the eye and satisfying to the intellect. Indeed the loveliness of Windsor is well nigh perfect. Says the author: "We have no corresponding expression in English to the American term 'Spread-eagle-ism'—something like it is wanted to describe the feeling with which most of us look through the Long Walk from Snow Hill. I have had the same sensation at one other place only on the earth's surface, and that is Gibraltar. . . . Only Windsor and Gibraltar excite in the breast of the average Englishman that throb of pride and admiration which we may label 'British Lion-ism.'" We cannot help wondering what the author's feelings would be standing on the citadel of Quebec, a French town, it is true, but no less belonging to England, won for her by brave souls of old, as well as Gibraltar.

SOBRIQUETS AND NICKNAMES. By Albert R. Frey. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

The author of this compilation, who appears to be the librarian of the Astor Library, New York, has laid the literary world under far deeper obligations than if he had written an epic poem on the discovery of America or tracked the Baconian cypher to its lair. He says truly in his modest but admirably worded preface that the reader of to-day, no matter to what special branch of literature or history he may devote himself, must have encountered these peculiar nicknames and *sobriquets*, whose origin and application are frequently of equal obscurity. Who was "Doctor Inkpot?" Who was the "Schiller of England?" Who was the "Æschylus of France?" "The Æsop of Germany, the Alexander of the North, the Anacreon of the Guillotine?" Who were the Bavarian Baboon—now we are among the B's—La Belle Gabrielle, Black Agnes, the British Pallas, the British Bayard, the British Pausanias? Who was the Coxcomb Bookseller? John Murray, of London renown. Who was the Circe of the Revolution? The fascinating Madame Roland, the fortunate engraver's daughter, whose influence in Europe at one time was so unprecedented. And so the names occur, sometimes a group of ten or twelve interesting ones on the same page, and occasionally an interesting and lengthy entry which would do honour to the pages of an encyclopædia. Such an entry marks the occurrence of the Poisoner, the ill-fated Thomas Wainwright, whose terrible and infamous career will be remembered by the readers of De Quincey. The most complete of these essays is that upon the Man in the Iron Mask, an historic personage around whom cluster the most entrancing mysteries of prose and poetry. Twenty-five pages are devoted exclusively to the various claimants of this dubious honour—that of having been surrounded with every care and attention while in monotonous captivity, wearing lace ruffles and fine linen, being called *mon prince*, and having one's face hacked into minute fragments after death to prevent identification. The remaining articles appear to be very conscientiously prepared, and we predict an immense sale for this most useful work—a work which has doubtless cost its author years of constant labour, and which is as necessary to the editor or man of letters as the encyclopædia and the dictionary of synonyms, or the rhyming dictionary to the poet.

THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE IN THE LAST HALF CENTURY. By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

It is always pleasant to read any new writing of Professor Huxley's, even when we are compelled to dissent from him. Very little dissent need be evoked by his present production, which deals with a subject in which he is perfectly at home. The little volume is a reprint from a larger work, entitled *The Reign of Queen Victoria; a Survey of Fifty Years of Progress*, edited by Thomas Humphrey Wood, M.A., London,—one of the

numerous publications which have owed their origin to the celebration of the jubilee year of the Queen's reign. It is natural that Dr. Huxley should write with something of exultation at the almost miraculous progress of science during the last fifty years, and more particularly that he should glorify the theory of Evolution. No one now doubts that there is a substantive truth underlying that doctrine, however it may be necessary to protest against developments of the theory advocated by materialistic writers like Haeckel. It is well known that Professor Huxley was the author of the term Agnostic; and he shows in this volume the same indisposition as ever to go with those bold investigators who put their guesses and hypotheses in the place of ascertained and proved facts and laws. If any one should want to give a lecture on the progress of science during the Queen's reign, he could hardly have a better guide in his work than Mr. Huxley.

KNITTERS IN THE SUN. By Octave Thanet. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

A collection of short stories of unequal length, some of which have appeared in well known periodicals. Of these, one entitled *Whitsun Harp*, *Regulator*, attracted a good deal of attention at the time, partly on account of its curious title. Another sketch, called *Ma' Brolin'*, reprinted from *Harper's Weekly*, is characterised by domestic humour and vivid sensibility. The local colour of all is American, with the exception of the initial sketch, which is an attempt to reproduce French-Canadian types, very cleverly done and evidently the outcome of a summer's trip to the Saguenay. The chief characteristics of Octave Thanet's work would appear to be a great command over the incongruous, and marked insight into certain homely types of American character. One or two of the sketches, notably that entitled *Mrs. Finlay's Elizabethan Chair*, are excessively feminine and light in scope and execution, and hardly merit, it seems to us, their place in a collection of stories issued by such a fastidious house as that of Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. It must also be said of dialect stories that their day is almost over, the satiated mind of the modern reader already beginning to enquire—what next?

ENTERING ON LIFE. A Book for Young Men. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D. New York: John B. Alden.

When such a man as the wise and gentle Dean Alford recommends a book, all is said, and said as only a few can say it. Every parent, every teacher, every friend of the race, every believer in things of good repute, must echo his convictions, and join with him in bearing witness to the good sense, the exquisite fancy, the pathos, piety, and sound moral reasoning that illuminates every page. The subject-matter consists of nine essays on such pertinent and all-important topics as Youth, Character, Companions, Success, Christianity, Helps, Reading, Dreams, and Farewell. In all of these Dr. Geikie strikes the golden mean between the merely didactic and the merely literary, his style embracing the essentials of rare culture united with a happy and elevated orthodox train of thought. The book cannot be too highly spoken of.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

JOHN G. WHITTIER will celebrate his eightieth birthday on the 17th.

HERBERT SPENCER is engaged in writing his autobiography. His health is very poor.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON will be a contributor to *Scribner's Magazine* during the coming year.

THE December number of the *Cosmopolitan* will contain an article, richly illustrated, entitled *From Forest to Floor*, by Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, of Ottawa.

MR. HALLAM TENNYSON in a letter to the *Nineteenth Century* says that his father receives nothing for the sale of his books in the United States.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* for December is full of varied and interesting matter. In fiction, *The Story of Jael* is concluded, and a new story, by Mrs. Molesworth, entitled *That Girl in Black*, is commenced. *The Mediation of Ralph Hardelot* is continued. *The Sea of Galilee*, by Lawrence Oliphant, and *What Players are They?* are exceedingly interesting, and almost prodigally illustrated. The number of illustrations and their merit and variety more than justify the title of the magazine.

COMMENCING Monday, December 12, Mr. James M. Hardie and Miss Sara Von Leer open a three nights' engagement at the Grand Opera House, in their new and successful Military Melodrama "On The Frontier." The new Frontier play in which the Hardie Von Leer Company have made such a success differs materially from the usual border drama. The tableaux at the close of each act are vivid pictures of the rugged life on the western plains, with a picturesque mingling of the pale faces of civilisation and the redskins of savage and half savage life. Mr. Hardie's rôle is that of a heroic scout, and it is said to fit him better than anything he has ever done. Miss Von Leer plays the part of an Indian captive, a white girl, but supposed to be the princess of an Indian tribe. She is eventually rescued by the scout. The tableau of the rescue, at the close of the last act, is very thrilling. At the Grand Opera House, New Haven, last week, the curtain was raised three or four times on this tableau at every performance, and the audience stood up and cheered. With the cast and auxiliaries, some fifty people are required in the production. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Wilson and Rankin's Minstrels occupy the Grand. It is promised that new and artistic specialties will mark the re-organisation; that there will be no weak or time-worn acts; that the brass band will be a conspicuous novelty, with its thirty musicians; and that in short, the show will realise the best model of latter-day minstrelsy. Of course, George Wilson is at the head and front of the entertainment. He is a famous favourite, and he is popular enough to deserve the biggest share of success.

WHICH DO YOU BELIEVE?

BOTH SIDES OF AN ABSORBING CONTROVERSY CLEARLY STATED.

According to "Scribner's Statistical Atlas of the Census of 1880," there was not a single death from kidney disease in the entire United States from 1870 to 1880!

But can this be possible? If we are to believe the articles of one of our best advertisers, kidney disease, and diseases arising from kidney derangements, is actually responsible for the majority of deaths!

Why, then, such a discrepancy?

Fortunately for these people their statements are confirmed.

The suspicion is nourished by them, and we confess with good reason, that because the medical profession is not able to cure extreme kidney disorders, the profession officially disguises from the public the fact of their prevalence; meanwhile its journals are filled with regrets at this prevalence and the impotency of the profession to treat it successfully!

Why is the public misled?

These advertisers shrewdly say it is because the profession, if it concedes what they claim that kidney disease is universal, fears that the people will desert the powerless doctors and use the advertised preparation!

We do not know but they are right! But what should the people do? Do? Read the evidence and guide themselves accordingly!

The advertisers claim to have cured hundreds of thousands of cases of Bright's disease and all lesser forms of kidney, liver and blood derangements. They offer \$5,000 for proof that their statements of cures, in every quarter of the globe, are not true, so far as they know. These statements are from prominent men and women all over the world, and the closest scrutiny is invited!

If a physician cures a man and he knows it and says it, people believe him. If Warner's safe cure cures a man and he knows it and says it over his own signature, it is just as conclusive evidence in the latter case as in the former.

A few years ago, after having broken down prejudice in England, Canada, the United States, Australia, India and China, the owners of this great remedy applied for the privilege of its manufacture and sale in Germany. The laws of that great country are very stringent, and nothing can be manufactured or sold until it wins permission from the government, and this will not be granted until the government is satisfied that the best interests of the public and its individuals will be served by such a preparation.

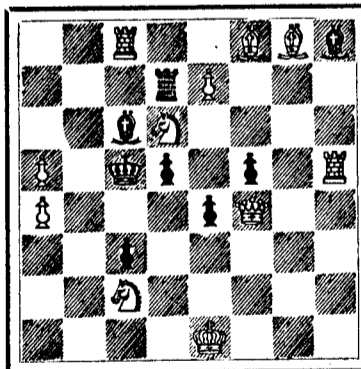
The medicine was chemically and microscopically analysed (as accurately as possible), the formulæ were examined (with perhaps a secret prejudice against them), by the government chemists, searching enquiry was everywhere made at home and abroad to verify its past record and reputation. Finally, it was triumphant even under the most critical examination, and full permission was given to make and sell Warner's safe cure in the Fatherland—the only life privilege of the kind ever granted to any American proprietary preparation.

Unprejudiced people will say that this favourable consideration of the merits of Warner's safe cure by the German government was a very significant as well as a very distinguished compliment to its merits, and so it is.

The evidence is all in favour of these intelligent advertisers, who have certainly won universal public approval, because of their straightforward course in proclaiming the merits of their remedies.

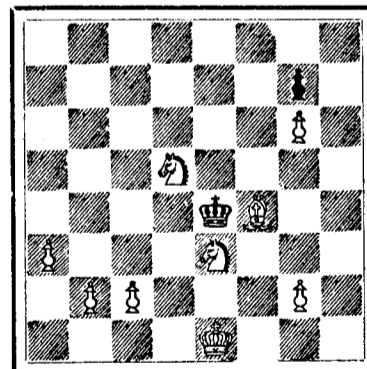
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 211.



White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 212.



White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 207—Key R—B 2, and S or Q mates. No. 208—Key R—B 6 (S—B 7) B—R 6 ch. (K—Q 6) R—Q 5 ch., etc.
The Sixth American Chess Congress at New York is open to the world. Philadelphia Franklin Club is playing a match with Havana's Chess Circle.

A "STEINITZ GAMBIT" BY CORRESPONDENCE.

- | | | | |
|-------------------|----------------|---------------------------|--------------|
| Max Kann. | M. Lihdak. | Max Kann. | M. Lihdak. |
| 1. P—Q 4 | P—K 4 | 15. Q—K 1 | Q—K R 4 (A1) |
| 2. S—Q B 3 | S—Q B 3 | 16. B—K S 2 | K R—K 1 |
| 3. P—K B 4 | P x P | 17. K—B 1 | S—K B 4 |
| 4. P—Q 4 (weak) | Q—K R 5 ch. | 18. Q—Q 1 | S x Q P |
| 5. K—K 2 | P—Q 4 (fair) | 19. P x S | B x P |
| 6. P x P | B—K S 5 ch. | 20. Q—Q 3 (forced) | B—Q R 2 |
| 7. S—K B 3 | Castles, Q R | 21. Q x R ch. ("") | R x Q |
| 8. P x S | B—Q B 4 | 22. B x P | Q—Q S 4 ch. |
| 9. P x P ch. | K—S 1 | 23. K—K 1 | R—K 1 ch. |
| 10. S—Q S 5 | B x S ch. | 24. K—Q 1 | Q—Q 6 ch. |
| 11. P x B | P—Q R 3 (good) | 25. K—B 1 | P—Q S 6 |
| 12. P—Q B 3 | P x S | 26. B x P oh. | K x B |
| 13. P—Q R 4 (bad) | P—Q S 5 | 27. P queens ch. | K x Q |
| 14. P—Q R 5 | S—K 2 | 28. Resigned (time, too). | |

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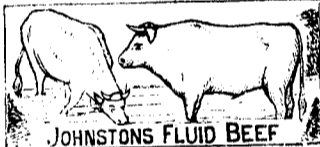
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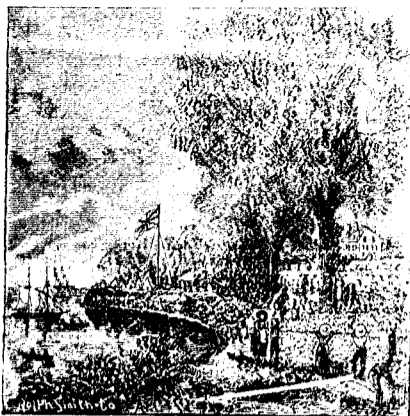
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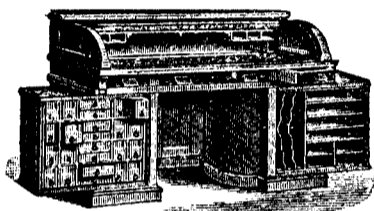
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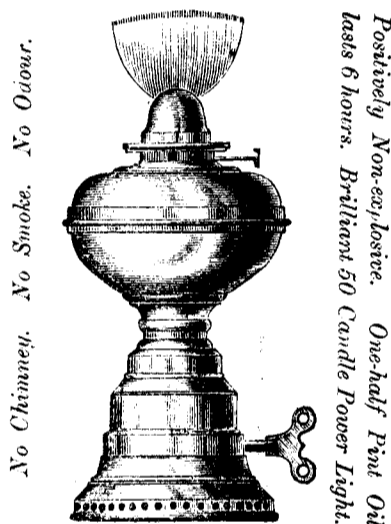
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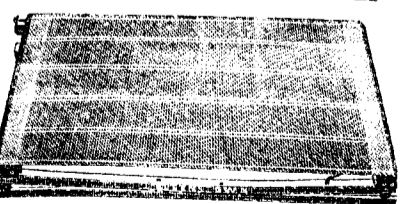
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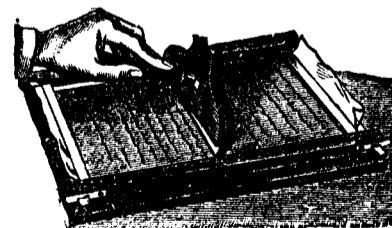
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