

# THE WEEK:

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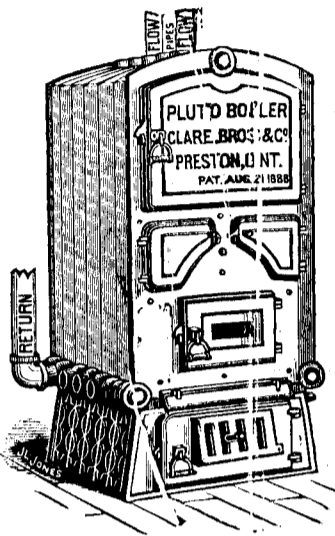
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THOSE who had hoped that the members of the Canadian Commons were at length fully awake to the necessity of resolute action to purify the atmosphere and elevate the tone of political life in the Dominion must have had their faith seriously shaken by the results of the Cochrane investigation. A more lame and impotent conclusion than that reached by the majority vote on Friday morning it would be hard to imagine. The whole system, which treats every office, high or low, in the gift of the Government, as a party perquisite, to be given to the faithful as a reward for party service is utterly bad. But if there is a lower depth to which practical politics under the manipulation of partyism can fall, that depth is surely reached when petty offices are put up at auction by local wire-pullers, empowered to use the patronage influence of the Member for the constituency as a means of exacting contributions to the funds of the party. When a majority of twenty-five in the Canadian House of Commons, all of whom are supposed to have heard or read the evidence taken before the Cochrane Committee, can solemnly declare by their votes that the sums of money exacted from those who received the appointments in question were voluntary contributions, and that there was no evidence of knowledge and complicity on the part of the representative of the riding, it is evident that there is no longer anything to hope for from the high moral sense of the House, as at present constituted. As Colonel O'Brien pointed out, the evidence may not have been, and probably was not, sufficiently direct and conclusive to warrant the finding of the minority report and the exemplary condemnation and punishment of Mr. Cochrane. But in the light of the evidence, and in the absence of any denial on oath from himself, it would be hard, we believe, for any intelligent and candid man seriously to doubt that Mr. Cochrane did know of the methods which were being adopted by the Committee, though, on the other hand, few will claim that the fact was proved in a manner that would or should satisfy a court of justice, or warrant a verdict of guilty. It is to be regretted that the Opposition, blinded in their turn, we suppose, by party feeling, had not seen the last mentioned fact and modified their report accordingly. Had they done so, it is almost inconceivable that a resolution

constructed on the lines indicated in Colonel O'Brien's eminently fair and judicial speech, could have been voted down by any majority, however subservient. The effect of such a finding, while it might not have involved the expulsion and perhaps criminal prosecution of the Member, would have been to declare emphatically before the country and the world that a great political crime had been committed, and that the people's representatives in Parliament did not hesitate to stamp and reprobate it as such. As the matter now stands, every intelligent elector who places political morality above party must agree with Colonel O'Brien that the mild statement at the end of the report, which met the approval of the House, that the transactions of the Patronage Committee in East Northumberland were reprehensible, fails altogether to give the country a true idea of their nature, and that the conclusions of the report itself are paltry, inadequate, and even "contemptible." It is possible to believe, with one Member who supported the majority report, that the Committee of East Northumberland electors who sold the offices did not realize that they were doing anything very wrong; but such an opinion saves their honour at the expense of their intelligence and moral perception, and, if accepted, would itself be one of the strongest reasons why the pronouncement of Parliament should have been clear and unmistakable. The most singular and suggestive remark in the whole debate was that of Mr. Skinner, who wound up the ablest speech made in defence of Mr. Cochrane, with the ambiguous declaration that "taking the whole case together, the hon. member for East Northumberland comes out of it with clean skirts, and if not entirely clean, they are as clean as is necessary for his protection in this House." Such a remark from the chief advocate of the report, combined with the singing of the chorus "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" by the victorious majority, completes a view of the Canadian Commons which we are sorry to have set before the British and American public.

THE verdict of the Commons in the case of Mr. Cochrane may no doubt be taken as foreshadowing that which will be rendered in the case of Sir Hector Langevin. The issues involved are very similar. The main point for a thoroughly independent and conscientious member to decide is whether any and if so what weight should be allowed in a matter involving the reputation and political life of a Member of Parliament, or a Minister of the Crown, to moral as distinguished from legal evidence, or, to put it otherwise, to probability as a ground of action. If the legal maxim that a person is to be held innocent until he has been proved guilty by evidence satisfactory to a Court of Justice be made the rule of Parliamentary action, no room is left for hesitation in either of the cases in question, or, indeed, in most others in which the conduct of a shrewd politician is involved. If on the other hand the principle were adopted, in favour of which there is a good deal to be said, that a Member of Parliament, and above all a Minister of the Crown, must be, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion, the practical results would no doubt be serious. To act on the first or strictly legal rule, as the Government and its supporters seem to have done in the Cochrane case, is to do away with the chief advantages of a Parliamentary investigation. If that is the admitted principle, it would obviously be much better to refer all questions involving the reputation of a Minister or Member at once to a properly constituted court, thereby saving much of the time and expense of an enquiry by a Committee of Parliament, and securing with a much greater degree of certainty a correct judgment. The reports of the proceedings of the Committees, especially that of the Public Accounts Committee, show that there is a wide difference of opinion among the Members on this point of procedure, the Government partisans on the Committee generally seeking to apply the strict rules of court practice, those of the Opposition contending for liberty to pursue the investigation freely without regard to judicial rules and precedents. Indeed, if we are not much mistaken it would not be very hard to show that the views of the same members of the Committee are not always the same to day as yesterday in regard to the strictness or otherwise with which legal principles and rules should be applied. Many of the sharp disputes which have made the meetings of

the Committees badly famous have arisen in regard to this point. Mr. Lister protested the other day in strong language against the persistent obstruction which, he alleged, he had had constantly to meet in his efforts to elicit the truth from reluctant witnesses. It is a great pity that the Committee had not reached a clear decision before entering upon the investigation in regard to the laws by which its proceedings should be governed. To the onlooker, anxious only to see the whole truth brought out, it does seem not a little strange and suspicious that the Members of the Government on the Committee should carry their adherence to alleged legal customs so far as to prevent the reading of evidence taken in connection with a trial in court, on which Mr. Lister relied to establish the infirmities of memory of a former witness who had gone out of reach. Whatever may be the legal aspects of the matter, it was surely bad policy on the part of the friends of the Secretary of State to object to the reading of any document having an important bearing upon the question of his complicity in a doubtful or corrupt agreement. If Mr. Chapleau is, as he protests, utterly innocent in the matter, he has nothing to fear from any evidence that may be forthcoming, and he and his friends should welcome everything from every source that would help to bring out the whole truth.

UNIVERSITY Extension, the meaning and advantages of which were so well described in Dr. Laflamme's address, quoted and commented on by Dr. Grant in our columns last week, is, we make bold to say, the most interesting and important of the many educational movements to which the last half century has given birth. Dr. Grant calls attention to the fears that have been expressed in some high educational circles, lest in our zeal for University Extension we so dissipate the time and energies of our Professors as to find in the end that we have little left in the universities worth extending, and observes that this warning "ought to make thoughtful men pause and consider the whole matter thoroughly before trying the experiment in Canada." Such thorough consideration will, we are persuaded, convince the thoughtful not only that the fear of possible injury to the universities is groundless, but that University Extension, on sound principles successfully carried out, could not fail to prove most helpful and stimulating to the work of the university proper. To put the reasons which seem to us to warrant this assurance as briefly as possible, we may say that the two great needs of our universities, and of most American universities, are money and students. When these two are forthcoming all else can be provided with comparative ease, if the business is in the right hands. Now, a moment's reflection will show us that the supplies of both these essentials are sure to increase in direct ratio with the numbers of those who become interested in the work of the universities; in other words, in the higher education. If, then, by a well-wrought system of University Extension, three persons could be thoroughly interested in the work of the universities—as everyone will be who is made sharer to a greater or less extent in the advantages they offer—for everyone who is now so interested, it naturally and almost of necessity follows that there would be in a short time a corresponding increase in both students and endowments. It may, therefore, be safely prophesied that the institution which gives its aid and influence freely, generously, heartily to this good work of bringing facilities for higher education within the reach of multitudes who have hitherto been debarred from all such pursuits and ambitions, will not be long in discovering that the investment was one of the best it could have made. We hope, however, that our Canadian universities will throw themselves into the work with higher and more unselfish motives.

TWO other points touched by Dr. Grant in considering the possibilities of Canadian University Extension suggest a word of comment. Let us premise, however, that our present aim is rather to invite discussion than to offer opinions. In the first place, is it necessary to assume, as both Dr. Laflamme and Dr. Grant naturally do, looking at what has been done in England, that the teaching and lecturing in connection with a scheme of University Extension



sion must be done wholly by university professors? Is it not the fact that in almost every considerable town or city, such as are likely to be chosen as centres for this work, there are to be found men and women, graduates of the universities, some of them specialists in certain lines of investigation, who have kept up their studies, and whose services could be utilized with excellent effect in such a work? In not a few cases, we venture to believe that such persons would throw themselves heartily into the work, asking little or no remuneration, for the sake both of the benefit that would result to themselves and the pleasure they would take in becoming intellectually helpful to others. Such teachers would often more than make up in enthusiasm what they might lack in experience. If we might venture on a personal instance, we might refer by way of illustration to the study of Shakespeare, that was conducted in the Rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association last winter, under the direction of Mr. William Houston, M.A., Librarian of the Ontario Legislature, by a studious and enthusiastic class of considerable size. The universities could be very helpful in such a movement by examining the work done and giving it fair recognition, according to their own standards. Dr. Grant further suggests that as a central fund would be required for various purposes, such as conducting examinations, paying a secretary, etc., even although the whole payment of lecturers and other local expenses should be borne by pupils and local societies, "the Minister of Education might very well ask the Legislature for a modest grant." There is, it seems to us, room for question whether the receipt of Government aid might not prejudice the movement at the outset in the eyes of many who would cordially approve of it as a purely voluntary work. It would also, to our thinking, be at least doubtful whether a larger success, though it might be slower in coming, would not ultimately be reached along the lines of purely voluntary and philanthropic effort. Those are, however, questions of detail. What is at once needed, and we should be glad to see some influential educators take the initiative, is that a meeting of all interested in such a work should be called at an early day, with a view to the formation of a University Extension Society for Canada.

THE annual complaints in regard to the results of the annual examinations conducted by the Education Department have lost nothing of their usual vigour this year, and their echoes have hardly yet died out. For years the same outcry, directed partly against the character of the examination papers, partly against the reading and valuation of the competitors' answers, has followed close upon the heels of the public announcement of results. Even the recent changes, which have had the effect of throwing the examinations almost wholly into the hands of the teachers themselves, have seemingly not availed to allay the dissatisfaction. How is this? Is the public to infer that the combined wisdom of teachers, professors and Government officials is unequal to the task of devising a fair and workable system of examinations? Or do unsuccessful teachers merely raise this recurrent hue and cry in order to cover up their own shortcomings? Some suggest that neither is the true explanation, but that the fault is in the machine itself, that there is too much "examination" in the whole business. Is it possible to expect satisfactory results, they ask, from a system under which the reputation of schools and the standing and emoluments of teachers are made to depend upon the hap-hazard results of a set of examinations? The best educators in the land are forced to admit that the work even of the most famous schools and teachers is, of sheer necessity, a race for the examination goal—a perpetual training and drilling and cramming with a view, not to healthy and harmonious mental development, but to success at examinations. To this end teachers are worried and pupils are driven. From the beginning of term to the dreaded day of examination all are hurrying and scrambling. The teacher knows full well that his reputation and very likely his situation depend upon the speed with which he can prepare his best pupils for the ordeal, the number of them who can be trained in a given time to take high marks and the number of marks they can be trained to take. One of the inevitable results is, that an undue share of the teacher's energy and attention is given to the promising few and corresponding injustice often done to the unpromising many. The teacher who knows what true education is and conscientiously uses his knowledge is left far behind in the race. His school becomes a bye-word and the teacher has often, poor fellow, to abandon the profession

in disgust, for some other in which honest work counts for more, and artificial and superficial show for less. In saying these things we are rather giving utterance to the views of many able and thoughtful educators, than expressing the results of personal observation. For our own part while we are fully persuaded that examinations as usually conducted are injurious and often fatal to true educational work, we are unable to see clearly how they can be dispensed with, or what can be substituted for them. Until some substitute can be devised we can only fall back on the old principle that there are examinations and examinations, and that it is the fault of the examiners themselves if the questions they ask and their modes of estimating the values of answers given are not such as to put hasty and superficial workers at fault, and cramming at a discount, and to give the rewards to true and faithful educational work. Whether the whole system of honours and prizes is not a vicious one is another question, to which many of the thoughtful do not hesitate to give an affirmative answer.

THE formal opening of the St. Clair Tunnel on Saturday was an event of more than ordinary interest. From the engineering point of view it marks the success of a new method, and reflects the highest credit on the Canadian engineer, Mr. Hobson, who, as Sir Henry Tyler informed the guests at the dinner given in honour of the achievement, had designed the tunnel, had had constructed under his own superintendence all the necessary apparatus and appliances, and had himself successfully carried through the work. The invention and use of the circular or tubular shield driven by hydraulic pressure has rendered sub-marine tunnelling comparatively easy under conditions which without that device would have made it well-nigh impossible. As a commercial enterprise this tunnel, which is the offspring of a necessity created by the demands of a traffic several times greater than that which passes through the famous Suez Canal, not only reflects great credit upon the energy and enterprise of the Grand Trunk Railway, but demonstrates the utility of the freest intercourse between the two countries which it connects. It is no wonder that several of the orators took occasion to dwell on the folly of the fiscal policy, which places a Customs officer at each end of the subway as soon as it is opened, to obstruct the traffic which that way has been constructed at great expense to facilitate. The occasion further suggests the powerful influence which these great international railways exert in promoting friendly intercourse and good feeling between the two countries. It is evident that with the increase of traffic along these lines the ties of self-interest which should bind the two peoples to perpetual peace, by rendering any interruption of commercial intercourse disastrous alike to both, are multiplied and strengthened. Nor is the sentiment created one of sordid self-interest alone. The speeches of representatives of England, the United States and Canada, alike happily bore witness to the fact that international commerce tends powerfully to promote international good-will. They also tended to show that there is no necessary connection between the most intimate commercial relations and political amalgamation, and no reason why we might not for a century have the freest commercial intercourse with our mighty neighbour, without any sacrifice of Canadian independence or nationalism.

THE Seal Question seems to be coming again to the surface. Probably the statement that Sir Julian Paucotote has protested against an alleged violation of the terms of the *modus vivendi* by the North American Commercial Company need not create much uneasiness. If such a complaint has actually been made, it is most likely that the difficulty is due, as explained by a Washington correspondent, to a mere difference of opinion as to whether the number of seals which the Company in question was permitted to take should be counted from the date of the agreement or from the beginning of the season. The British Government seems to have taken the latter view; the Commercial Company, and it is not unlikely the Washington Administration, the former. But it is inconceivable that a mere matter of 5,000 seals, more or less, could be permitted to interfere seriously with the progress of negotiations. A much more alarming incident would be a wide difference of opinion, which there seems to be some reason to fear, between the British and the American Commissioners as to the danger of extermination of the seals by open-sea fishing. The report of the three Commissioners who were sent to Behring Sea by the Washing-

ton Government to examine and report on the condition of the fisheries there is said to be to the effect that the practice of hunting seals in the open sea must be stopped, if it is desired to perpetuate the species. The British Commissioners have not yet been heard from, but the view above presented is not only contrary to probability, as seen from the common sense point of view, but contrary to what is said to be the testimony of the masters of the sealing vessels, who, though perhaps interested witnesses, have certainly the very best opportunities for ascertaining the facts. The firm tone of the London *Times* may be taken to indicate that Lord Salisbury does not intend to yield to unfair or arbitrary demands; while its reasoning that the danger of extermination does not arise from hunting on the high seas, but from excessive slaughter of the animals in the haunts where they are perfectly helpless, appears sound. The report of the British Commissioners will be awaited with interest, and in the hope that when it is presented the two Governments may speedily find a place of compromise in some arrangement midway between the two extremes of opinion. It is not unlikely that this is one of the cases in which truth, as well as safety, is to be found in the *via media*.

THOUGH it is now certain that British marines have not taken possession of and fortified Sigri, in Mitylene, as was believed when we went to press last week, the incident has not yet been fully explained. That there was something in it more than mere customary drilling or manœuvring there still seems reason to believe. It has been said that British ships have long had the privilege, by permission of the Porte, of drilling on or among the islands of the Archipelago, but if this had been a customary movement it could hardly have attracted so much attention. Much less could it have led to a formal request from the Turkish Government for explanation. It is probable that Lord Salisbury's explanation may soon be made public. In the meantime the most reasonable conjecture is, perhaps, that while the British Government had no intention of committing an outrage by taking possession of a bit of Turkish territory in time of peace, they may have designed the movement as a feint, suggesting to both Russia and Turkey the ease with which Great Britain could settle the question, if necessary, by taking the guarding of the Dardanelles into her own hands. The significant and determined declaration of the *Standard*, supposed to be inspired, that "as long as Turkey effectually guards the Straits, England will not interfere, but immediately the Government of the Sultan, in a fit of timidity, perversity or bewilderment, shows itself incapable of performing that imperative duty, England will assuredly not shrink from having recourse to expedients for meeting the difficulty," coincides with this view. The least that can be inferred from the Mitylene occurrence and this declaration combined is that the British Government were not unwilling that it should be known that a strong British fleet is within striking distance of the Straits, and will not hesitate to take action if necessary. Whatever the ultimate results of this attitude, there can be little doubt that it will, for the present, be effective in preserving the peace, and enforcing the continued observance of the Treaty restrictions in respect to the Dardanelles. There is no reason to believe that Russia is yet ready to venture on open violation of the Treaty.

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the London *Times*, the overflowing of American tourists of the common and lower class varieties is interfering with the enjoyment of pleasure-seeking Englishmen, who find themselves pursued "into every pleasant retreat," and who, in consequence, are not frequenting some of the favourite resorts in as great numbers as formerly. The world is large, and access to most European resorts is free to those who can pay for it, if we may be allowed the paradox. We are unable, therefore, to sympathize very deeply with this new grievance of the persecuted English traveller, especially as he can be pretty safely trusted to take care of himself, and to maintain the national reserve and exclusiveness, even under circumstances so unfavourable as the proximity of a company of enquiring Yankees. A question of somewhat wider interest is that raised by the New York *Tribune*, through an interview with Senator Washburn, of Minnesota. That gentleman is very uncompromising to the great army of American sight-seers, which every year invades the European Continent, "spending \$75,000,000 of American money," and "bringing back nothing to speak of." The Senator says that "Europe

is filled with American travellers, and but few of them know anything about their own country. Many of the idiots go abroad to study the French and German languages when they don't know anything about their own; neither do they know anything about the history of their country, and their ignorance is displayed when any questions are addressed to them on the subject." *America* is tempted to think that Mr. Washburn must have been singularly unfortunate in the class of Americans with whom he came in contact during his sojourn abroad, and that, if his observations of European institutions and people were equally unfortunate, he might far better have spent his vacation fishing for whitefish in the blue waters of Lake Michigan, or basking on the torrid shores of Lake Minnetonka. *America* believes that most Americans who go to Europe for purposes of pleasure return with their ideas broadened, at least in some directions:—

They may not go as sociologists or students, as specialists or the promoters of enterprises; but from the mingling with other people, and the seeing of other places they are bound to derive ideas which will eventually aid in benefiting their native country. Travel is the best eliminator of prejudice, and even the summer-garden tourist who does Paris in two days, and who is whirled from Inverness to the Rigi in a week, unless he be born an idiot, is bound to imbibe a certain amount of information—even though he does nothing more than look out of a railway carriage window—which will leave him more intelligent and liberal-minded. When he lands on the dock at New York, and is met by a swaggering boor, in a gold-lace cap, who turns his luggage upside down and scatters it over the wharf in confusion, unless he breaks the laws of the country by offering him a \$5 bribe, he will unconsciously remember that he was subjected to no such treatment on landing at Liverpool. When he walks off the dock and sees a burly brute in a policeman's coat pouring forth a string of oaths while he mercilessly clubs an unfortunate victim, his mind will turn to the trim English "bobby" who, without club or revolver, without oath or rudeness, manages to control the traffic of the Strand. When he is assailed by a horde of hackmen in their shirt-sleeves, their mouths smeared with tobacco-juice, who demand \$5 to take him to his hotel, he will remember that on the other side he drove in a neat hansom cab the same distance for thirty-seven cents.

*America* is hard on its own country, but it is no doubt right in its main contention. There are of course all varieties of travellers, but the average American is keenly observant, while that mind must be singularly unreciprocative indeed which can spend even a few weeks in visiting foreign countries, especially those of Great Britain and Europe, without divesting itself of some narrow conceits and prejudices, and imbibing some larger ideas. We believe, in fact, that this American craze for foreign travel, though it may lead to very ridiculous apings and assumptions on the part of some of the vulgar rich on their return, is, on the whole, doing much to tone down the less agreeable eccentricities of the American people, and to improve the national character. Nor should it be forgotten that a considerable and constantly increasing proportion of those who go abroad from the United States are the peers in education and intelligence of the citizens of any other country, and as fully prepared to profit by foreign travel.

The pamphlet recently issued by Mr. Pedro Montt, the confidential Envoy to Washington of the Constitutional Government in Chili, is a clear and straightforward document, and seems to bear the impress of truthfulness. The account it gives of the Constitution of the Republic of Chili and its growth during the last fifty years is most interesting, and, if it may be relied on, reveals a degree of enlightenment at the present time which Chili to compare not unfavourably with even the most advanced of modern states. Education, we are told, is general and popular, and the Constitution has most wisely limited the universal suffrage it confers, by the condition that the citizen, in order to exercise the franchise, must be able to read and write. The story of the betrayal of trust, usurpation and tyranny of Balmaceda corresponds closely with what we have hitherto been led to believe were the facts, and it would seem, from other evidence than Mr. Montt's pamphlet, that the statements and news bulletins of the "Junta" during the struggle were at least comparatively truthful, while those issued by Balmaceda were characterized by nothing so much as by what the *London Spectator* calls their "enormous lying." The course of the Congressional leaders since their decisive victory seems to have been moderate and wise. So far as appears they have refrained from the vindictive vengeance which it was feared they might be tempted to wreak upon those who, from hope of gain or fear of consequences,

adhered to the cause of the fallen tyrant. The act of the Provisional Government, in assuming responsibility for the enormous debt incurred by Balmaceda, is one which, while it redounds to their credit and that of the nation, cannot fail to have a most reassuring effect abroad. The plan of campaign of the Congressional party, as now revealed by the event, seems to have been not only wisely conceived, but conducted with rare courage, skill and patience. In nothing were these qualities more strikingly manifest than in the manner in which the "Junta," who were at the head of affairs, bided their time, and refused to move until they had, by means of the revenues collected from the nitrate districts, which they held under the protection of their fleet, thoroughly equipped the small army they were able to raise with the most formidable implements of modern warfare, gatling guns, the terrible Mannlicher rifle (the new Austrian arm), light artillery, etc. Having waited, as the *Spectator* says, as "revolutionists have never waited," till all was in readiness, they transported their troops by sea to the south, landed them and marched straight to Valparaiso and victory. Read in the light now thrown upon it from various quarters, the story of the struggle is full of interest, and lovers of Constitutionalism and liberty the world over, while rejoicing in the overthrow of the treacherous would-be tyrant, will cordially hope that the brave little Republic has again entered upon a long career of peaceful progress.

#### ON THE ATLANTIC COAST.

The sea is the road of the bold,  
Frontier of the wheat-sown plains.

—R. W. Emerson.

THE south coast of Nova Scotia with its magnificent harbours, frowning headlands and dreaded reefs, over which the waves of the mighty Atlantic seethe and thunder, their hoarse voices crying of woe and wreck to the anxious waiting hearts of the fishermen's wives, is a strong contrast to the coast scenery of the Bay of Fundy on the opposite side of the Peninsula. Mighty Blomidon stands pre-eminent among the Bay headlands, which, though bold and rocky, are of a warm red colour, and the brown foam-flecked waves chant their own story of usefulness to the farmer. The great orchards and miles upon miles of lush-dyked marsh might readily belong to a country hundreds of miles from that other coast, with its granite rocks and clear green waves. On this lovely afternoon in the early fall, the farmers of Hants, Kings and Annapolis are busy harvesting their grain, now and again casting complacent glances toward their great orchards, heavily laden with apples, turning crimson and gold in the mellow sunshine. On the Atlantic coast, in the little town of Lunenburg, this same golden afternoon, the inhabitants are all alive with a common interest in their harvest—the harvest of the sea. Merchants and owners interested in the catch; mothers, wives, sisters and sweet-hearts interested in the welfare and safe return of loved ones, who have done business on the great waters all summer, near the dreary shores of Newfoundland and Labrador, for the herring fleet is coming in, to be followed in a week or two by the bankers. Every harbour and cove in this county has its little fleet of schooners engaged in the fishing of mackerel, herring and cod. Each vessel carries from eighteen to twenty men, and when the fleets are fitting out and returning, the population of the town of Lunenburg is increased by a thousand or more of these sturdy, sun-browned toilers of the sea. For a week or ten days the vessels have been straggling in by twos and threes and half dozens. On this bright afternoon a goodly number are in sight, staggering up from an under world through the faint horizon line between sea and sky, all sail set, flags flying, cheery heave ho's and snatches of song in German and English accompanying the sharp report of the swivel guns. But alas! must there always be a "rift within the lute"? The flags of one schooner are at half mast. A hush falls upon the waiting crowd, eyes are strained to catch the vessel's name, and when it is sadly spoken more than one face blanches with the terrible thought: "O God, is he mine?" In former years the number of lives lost in the fishing was appalling. The crews of many of the Gloucester and Cape Ann vessels were Nova Scotians, and disasters were more frequent among the Americans than in the taut homebuilt schooners. Latterly the increase of schooners and vessels engaged in foreign trade has given home employment to nearly all our seamen. But in spite of this, every year brings its own heartrending stories of men lost in the fog, or washed overboard in fierce gales, of overturned dories and vessels ground to pieces among the breakers on a rock-bound coast. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in the thrilling story "The Madonna of the Tubs," tells the events of a year in a fisherman's home. The story has a happy ending, and those who are familiar with like scenes in our fishing villages rejoice as heartily as Rafe and his mother "in the breeze that has blown a man home." The other side of the picture has been presented with equal power and pathos by the late Thomas C. Garvie in the poem "Drowned." There are few families, indeed, in a fishing village who have not sad memories concerning those

Tangled in rigging and ropes,  
And fenced by the wreck of spar and the ruin of mast,  
Where the purple sea-plant gropes  
And wanders over their dead.

The history of Lunenburg county, rich in stirring incident, follows closely that of the famed Acadian counties of the Bay. The first date connected with Lunenburg town is 1630; it was then called Merliguesh, an Indian word meaning Milky Bay. September 12, 1745, a letter dated at Quebec and written to Count de Maurepas, gives the location and number of settlers at Mirligueche, among them one "Paul Guidry alias Grivois (jovial or jolly) a good coast pilot." Eight years after this date, and two years before, the Acadian troubles had culminated in the melancholy story of exile. Paul Guidry alias (jolly), "the good coast pilot," might have found profitable employment in bringing to Merliguesh and adjoining bays the vessels of the travel-worn German colony, who came under the protection of the British Government to settle this new land." The colonists numbered about one thousand four hundred and fifty, and came from homes in Wurtemberg, Saxony, and other parts of the Vaterland. The heads of families received fifty acres of land and ten additional for each child. The Government also provided them with materials and utensils for house-keeping, arms and ammunition, necessary at first for defence against their Indian foes and afterwards for protection from the privateers who swarmed off the coast during the American Revolution and the war of 1812. Every settlement of eight houses was entitled to a block-house, and all along the coast and on the islands the sites of these places of refuge are still shown. On the 30th of June, 1782, the town of Lunenburg was invaded by privateers who destroyed the batteries, burned and plundered houses, and carried off Colonel Creighton and five of his men prisoners. The merchants of Lunenburg again sustained heavy losses, in the war of 1812, by the capture of fishing schooners and vessels engaged in the West Indian trade. The numerous neighbouring coves and islands, especially those of Mahone Bay, were favourite resorts of pirates, and afforded a hiding place for their ill-gotten wealth. Tradition tells that the Anglicized Mahone was originally the French word Mahonne, meaning a Venetian boat. The pirate vessels were low and narrow and often propelled by long oars called "sweeps," giving them a strong resemblance to Venetian craft. Oak Island in Mahone Bay has become famous through the search for treasure, supposed to have been buried there by the world-renowned pirate, Captain Kidd. Nearly fifty years ago a man named McGinnis, in wandering about the island, saw a block on the branch of an Oak tree, and under it a luxuriant growth of red clover, which was not growing elsewhere on the island, proving that the ground had been disturbed. His curiosity was aroused and with several companions he began to dig; at the depth of ten feet they found a mark and a platform of oak plank, and at each successive ten feet a platform, until they had reached a depth of ninety feet. They were then obliged to desist by water coming into the pit. The work has been prosecuted from time to time by different companies. For a long time the mysterious influx of water baffled the workmen; it rose and fell with the tide, and they became convinced that there was a drain seaward. Search was made and the mouth of the drain uncovered; it was formed of large boulders placed small end down and the interstices filled with cocoanut fibre to prevent the sand from falling in. The last project was to build a coffer dam beyond the mouth of the drain, to keep out the tide; a steam-engine was employed to pump the water from the pits, and a large number of men laboured, often at the risk of their lives. The works are now abandoned and the stockholders are poorer if not wiser men. Bauckmanns Beach is now the grand rallying ground for treasure seekers visiting Lunenburg; the treasure found here is particularly valuable to the antiquary, and has been handed down to us from the stone age, in the shape of axes, chisels, and other implements of stone, and arrow heads of quartz flint and agate. The arrow heads are beautifully formed, and seem quite as fit for their deadly work as when handled by admiring braves in the long ago. This old-time axe factory at Bauckmanns Beach was probably one of the earliest industries of the land which is now our "Great Dominion." Many of the islands are noted for the tragic stories of murders committed by Indian foes and white friends. Every little cove and inlet of Mahone Bay has its settlement of well-built houses, trim gardens, and dazzling lime-washed fences. Even the familiar lime-wash here "suffers a sea change." The fishermen bring home the heads of codfish, which are boiled and the water used in mixing the lime, making it very smooth and so hard that a sharp knife has to be used to remove it. A cabbage plantation is an unfailing adjunct of these German homesteads. The owners still retain their national love of Sauerkraut. The cabbage-worm respects this prejudice and leaves their gardens undisturbed. Chester and Mahone, on the Bay, are important villages; Chester is becoming a summer resort for American tourists. Bridgewater, fourteen miles from the mouth of the beautiful La Have, is a flourishing town; the headquarters of the Nova Scotia Central Railroad are located here. The citizens are very wide awake and public-spirited, and have not hesitated in carrying out enterprises which are but matters for discussion in older and wealthier towns. Judge Mather B. Des Brisay, of Bridgewater, has written a history of the county full of interesting details of its early settlement, and to which the writer of this article is indebted for the story of the treasure seekers at Oak Island and the tradition of the Mahone. Judge Des Brisay is also the owner



of one of the finest collections of Indian curiosities in the Province. Lunenburg, the shire town, was named from the Duchy of Lüneburg in Lower Saxony, the home of many of the settlers. It is built on a very narrow peninsula, and enjoys the distinction of a harbour in front, and also at the back of the town. It has by no means the unpainted, untidy appearance of the orthodox fishing port. The houses are well built and nicely painted; the windows inside and out are gay with flowers, and every little garden patch is sweet with roses, pansies and mignonette.

Another German characteristic is the universal love of music. Nearly every house has a piano or organ, and the towns and villages a band. The first brass band of Lunenburg was awarded the carnival prize for the best country band in the Province. The churches profit by this love of music, and there is no lack of congregational interest in the singing and services. The Protestant denominations are well represented, but the most interesting to strangers is the Lutheran. They have opened this summer a fine new church, beautifully finished in native wood. The church service is used in English, and is readily followed by those accustomed to the Church of England service. The church book contains the famous Augsburg Confession of Faith submitted to the Emperor Charles V. in 1530, and among the signatures is Ernst Duke of Lüneburg. The sermons are in German and English. The Presbyterian (Dutch Reformed) and Lutheran congregations have been greatly blessed by the earnest labour of such spiritually-minded men as the late Rev. Dr. Duff and the Rev. Carl Ernst Cossman, or, as he is lovingly called, Father Crossman. An interesting relic belonging to the Lutheran Church is the chest for holding the church documents, plate and money, which the fathers of the congregation brought from Germany. The chest is about three feet long and two high. It is of very hard wood, bound and ornamented with brass, and has two heavy locks, and a slit in the top for contributions. The old people all speak German, the younger generation English, which is very shaky in regard to the pronunciation of r's, w's and v's. Many read both German and English, and all readily follow a sermon in German. The quaint old customs and merry-makings of the early settlers are dying out, and the belief in folk-lore stories and superstitions is being swept away by the matter-of-fact public schools. The silvery-haired old grandfather shakes his head sadly over the unbelief of the grandson, who listens, enjoys, and questions as to the real happening of the folk-lore tales, the truth of which the narrator regards as almost a part of his religion. The enterprising American tourist has found out this delightful old world settlement. Artists are growing enthusiastic over the beauties of Mahone Bay and the La Have River. Numbers of Halifax yachts are to be found cruising about the coast. A well-known Halifax family has a delightful summer residence on Hermann's Island, which is a centre of hospitality. Boating, bathing, yachting and deep-sea fishing are to be had in perfection, and the weather during June, July and August is charming. The summer air is crisp and bracing; the sun shines in a sky as clear and blue as that of Italy. The great waves of the Atlantic roll proudly in and break in lines of soft white foam on the beach. Occasionally in the later summer there comes an afternoon when the sun is hidden by a purplish-grey mist. There is no sunset, and the fog comes creeping in with a mysterious quietness. But the wildest grandeur of old ocean is to be seen in the autumn gales. Then the wind shrieks and raves over the dark heaving mass of the ocean with its long lines of foaming breakers, and great white-capped waves thundering along the beach, and sending showers of spray high over the cliffs. It is days and nights such as these that cause the strained, anxious expression in the faces of so many of the fishermen's wives. Full well they know the danger of the little schooners beating about outside the iron-bound coast in the teeth of the gale. Canadians are justly proud of their land of magnificent scenery. The grandeur of the mountains, lakes, rivers and forests is unsurpassed. The boundless prairie, stretching away in dim lines to the horizon, gives a sense of freedom and immensity akin to that of the ocean. The westward march of civilization will change in a few years the face of the prairie. But the ocean will move on unchanged, unmarred, until in the fullness of time—"there shall be no more sea."

CHRISTINA R. FRAME.

*Maitland Hants, N. S.*

### CRIMINALS CONFESSING THEIR CRIMES.

THE facts connected with the recent execution of John Conway at Liverpool for the mutilation and murder of a boy are very suggestive and full of instruction. The murderer, who was apparently an Irish Catholic, was one of the leading members of the executive of the Seamen and Firemen's Union, which has caused so much trouble and loss in the British shipping trade. His confessor, Father Bonte, insisted upon the prisoner making through him a public confession of the crime. Conway's last words were: "All my persecutors to be forgiven by me and by my God." This is additional proof of how prevalent the habit is in Ireland of looking upon the officers of justice and the witnesses as "persecutors." If there were no such "persecutors" society would be dissolved. After the execution, Father Bonte, addressing those present, said: "Gentlemen, before we leave I want

to read to you a declaration which he has made this morning. It is as follows: 'I accept the sentence that has been pronounced against me as just, and I now offer my life in satisfaction to all whom I have offended, to God, to my religion, to my country, to the parents of the victim, to the victim himself, and to society. Drink has been my ruin.' The prisoner had signed the document. Father Bonte, continuing, said: "I tried to impress upon him the necessity of this; he resisted considerably to make this public declaration, but he eventually consented to express this sentiment through me." Public confessions like this are very rarely—if ever—made by Catholics in Ireland. The only faint approach to reparation that a murderer can make is a public confession, as in this case. If it was the rule in Ireland, there would be a great diminution in the number of serious crimes. Men guilty of agrarian murders often pose as martyrs, and, on being absolved, profess to die sinless. There is a notable instance of this in French's "Realities of Irish Life," page forty-three, of Longman's sixpenny edition. A man was hanged for having conspired to commit murder—such being then the law. When urged to confess and assist justice on his life being spared, he at the second interview, replied: "I will tell nothing; I have seen my priest and am now prepared to die. I am content to die for my country." The truth was, that he and two others were hired by about twenty farmers at so much per week, to dog like thugs the intended victim, and murder him when there would be a good chance of their escaping. They did this for upwards of a year. The prisoner had been caught, blunderbuss in hand, lying behind a hedge when his intended victim had got within a few yards of the ambush. If his confessor had acted like Father Bonte, there would have been an end of such crimes in that region. Instead of as in Father Bonte's case, compelling him to make what reparation he could to society, he had induced the hitherto wavering criminal to refuse to do so. Practically the priest sent him to the gallows. It would greatly diminish serious crime if a rule was adopted that convicted criminals should not have confessors, unless they authorized them like Father Bonte, to make the confession public. But, in this era of moral cowardice, it requires a great statesman to carry such a measure. If this could have been done after the verdict in the Cronin case, the public would have learned who it was that planned that dreadful murder. There is but little doubt upon the subject, but seemingly he will escape earthly justice. Sooner than be debarred from absolution by their priests, those who were sentenced to life-long imprisonment would have yielded him up to justice. Father Bonte has initiated a great public service, which may, in time, lead to valuable results. If such a man was raised to the episcopate he would do much to harmonize the intelligence of the rising generation of Catholics with their Church. Surely if a convicted criminal refuses to publicly confess, he should have no indulgence: the welfare of society at large is of vastly more importance than sparing the feelings of a vile murderer; but this is the age of sham-liberalism, which says it is better that a hundred law-abiding men should suffer rather than that one deeply-dyed scoundrel should be justified.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

### TELL ME WHAT IS LOVE, MY HEART?

TELL me what is love, my heart?  
Thou canst surely say now,  
Ere the wonder doth depart  
That hath come this way now.

Love's a storm, heard 'mid trees  
By the summer weighted;  
'Tis the honey (hive and bees)  
Crushed by swain belated.

'Tis a ripple on the calm  
Tide of tranquil feeling;  
'Tis a soul-prick and the balm  
Held to it for healing.

Nay, I said, but tell, my heart!  
Say it in good sooth now—  
What is love? Ere love depart  
Tell me all the truth now.

For a willing learner, thou,  
In and out of season,  
Must the secret know, I trow:  
Hath it rhyme or reason?

Love, ah love, my heart replied,  
Is the mystic token,  
Through the ages, undenied,  
Soul to soul hath spoken.

'Tis a rosy-winged delight,  
From earth's cares releasing;  
'Tis the source of purest might,  
Fount of joy unceasing.

'Tis a perfume from the East  
O'er a garden blowing;  
'Tis a new face at a feast,  
Or a strange star showing.

'Tis a sweet surprise, a fear  
With a fond hope twining;  
'Tis the casket's self grown dear  
For the jewel shining.

'Tis the tremour in the breast  
Of the lark at waking;  
'Tis the young moon's silver crest,  
And the grey dawn breaking.

J. H. BROWN.

### OTTAWA LETTER.

THE strike of the lumber hands still continues, but happily all apprehensions of violence were speedily removed. The calling out of the militia is now felt to have been an unnecessary step, though their prompt appearance on the scene doubtless had a good effect upon the more turbulent of the strikers, who might not otherwise have been so ready to listen to the earnest entreaties of their leaders to preserve order and respect property. The manly attitude of the strikers as a whole has commanded for them respect and no little sympathy. They promptly repudiated the few acts of force committed at the outset by some outsiders, and gave an impressive object lesson by furnishing from among themselves guards for the protection of the mills and the mill owners' houses. The militia consequently had but a day's duty of the most uneventful kind. The meetings of the strikers have been noticeable for their orderly character and the moderation of the language used. A similar spirit has characterized the conferences between the committees of employers and strikers, and the large processions which traversed the streets daily. One professional labour agitator from Montreal is reported to have used, if not exactly incendiary expressions, at least suggestions of *vis major*, but even he claims to have been misreported. Some mistakes have been made, such as preventing purchasers from carrying away lumber from the yards and interfering with the loading of barges, and here and there a few rough words may be heard from knots of strikers, but, on the whole, the behaviour of the men has been as admirable as it is surprising. They are receiving promises of support from Labour Associations throughout Canada and the United States, and some of the Hull merchants have arranged to furnish provisions on credit. The leaders seem confident of ability to carry the strike on to the end of the season and of obtaining their full demand which is twenty-five cents a day more wages and a reduction of the working hours to ten.

On the other hand, the employers are equally firm of attitude. There are some signs of weakening among the mass of the men, many of whom are in the strike against their personal inclinations. All efforts at compromise have hitherto been rejected by both sides, though both have discussed all rational proposals fairly and temperately. There are, however, hopes that they will meet half-way after all. The speakers at the men's meetings laid great stress on the importance of avoiding drunkenness, and recommended a mild form of lynch law for any offender in that respect. It is certainly a thing to be remarked that not a drunken man is to be seen, and the police court is unusually idle.

Since the last of these letters Lieutenant-Governor Angers' communication to the Governor-General has been laid before the Senate, and the Baie des Chaleurs business has passed into a new stage, the Quebec "crisis" being now over for the time being. Opinions may vary as to its prudence, but there can not be much difference as to the ability and forcefulness of the letter which His Honour sent to Mr. Mercier. It not only sums up with great lucidity the points brought out in the Senate's investigation, but makes some new ones, notably that the Provincial Treasurer was not authorized by Order-in-Council to draw any money for the railway, that raising money by letters of credit without the sanction of the Crown is illegal, and that such a system of finance is injurious to the public credit. The demand for an explanation in no way ignored Mr. Mercier's rights as the adviser of the Crown, though the request for his co-operation in the appointment of a Commission of Judges must have given him a pretty good idea that no other advice would be taken than that which His Honour wanted. Strong situations require strong measures. The efficacy of this action by Lieutenant-Governor Angers has been speedily demonstrated by the acquiescence of Mr. Mercier in the appointment of the Commission desired, which is to commence work at once. That the caucus of Mr. Mercier's supporters could see no other way out of the situation is good presumptive proof that there can be no serious constitutional objections raised to the Lieutenant-Governor's course of proceeding. Pacaud is now energetically repudiated by them, and perhaps they anticipate his playing the rôle of Thomas McGreevy. If the Commission pushes its enquiries beyond the ground covered by the Senate, some sensational disclosures may be expected, for there seems little reason to doubt that the facts brought to light in the investigation at Ottawa were but the skeleton of a highly interesting drama. The Lieutenant-Governor's account of the Honourable Mr. Garneau's complaints about the strong pressure brought to bear and the threats used to make him do things he objected to doing, are but a mere suggestion of the incidents. Rumour also has it that to fully understand this matter the old adage of diplomacy, "*cherchez la femme*," must be acted upon.

Toronto is to have a Highland regiment of militia, \$5,000 being down in the estimates for its organization. The debate on the Langevin-McGreevy reports began on Monday, and, at this writing, is progressing slowly and uneventfully. Mr. Girouard, the Chairman of the Privileges and Elections Committee, made the suggestive remark in opening the debate, that if his own feelings, after presiding at one hundred meetings of the Committee, were to be consulted, he would like to see the report adopted without discussion. As he followed this with the reminder that conclusions are generally arrived at by a strict party vote, his commentary was more caustic than perhaps he intended. The result, as far as the country is concerned, would probably be the same if not a word were said in the House of Commons. Mr. Tarte was moderation itself, though he did tell some home-truths about the manner in which all political independence was sought to be crushed out by what he termed the double conspiracy of which Thomas McGreevy was the central force. He was rather inclined to minimize Sir Hector Langevin's share in the transactions, and a good deal occupied with explanations of his own position, admitting naively that he had had to do a good deal of intriguing to meet the intriguers, and appealing to Mr. Laurier for confirmation of his statements as to the resolute efforts and outspoken threats of political destruction and personal punishment made against him.

It was expected that with the close of this debate the serious work of the session would be ended, as there remained nothing else likely to occupy time, and prorogation on Saturday next was confidently expected. Another serious charge has, however, been sprung on the House by Mr. Lister, who has given notice of motion for a committee to enquire into the relations of Mr. Haggart with the firm of contractors who built the famous section B of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Though the transactions in question date back to 1879, Mr. Haggart was a Member of Parliament then, and he is charged with having become interested in the profits of the firm, in the name of Peter McLaren, one of the partners, of having secured changes greatly in the interest of the contractors, and of having managed subscriptions for political purposes out of the profits. An investigation of this sort and on this particular subject may lead to an almost indefinite lengthening of the session. Pending Mr. Haggart's reply there is a good deal of suppressed excitement, and no small wonder as to what is coming next. X.

BURIAL CUSTOMS OF THE HURONS.\*

THE region to which I desire to carry my audience is one full of historic interest, made doubly so from the fact that Parkman has so frequently referred to this part of North America in his valuable writings, and also from the fact that the early Jesuits first commenced their missionary labours in this district. No matter how one may view or in what light one may regard the work which the Jesuits had undertaken in Christianizing the Aborigines, we cannot but admire their great zeal, endurance and indomitable courage, and students in quest of knowledge concerning the traits of the Indians are deeply indebted to these missionaries for their keen observations and copious notes which give us such an insight into the Aboriginal manners and customs. The Huron Indians inhabited what is now known as the County of Simcoe, in the Province of Ontario, Canada, situated between two large bodies of water—on the north lies the Georgian Bay, with its 30,000 islands, and on the south the clear crystal waters of Lake Simcoe. The locality was in every way an ideal one for an Aboriginal site. The country was well wooded, game was plentiful, large and small lakes abounded, which not only gave a plentiful supply of pure water but were also full of fish, while small streams flowed in various directions. With such favourable surroundings it is not surprising that the Hurons had remained in the same locality for centuries, and had it not been for their implacable foes, the Iroquois, they might possibly be there yet. But in 1649 their dreaded enemy descended upon them and slaughtered Indian and Jesuit alike, and the few who escaped sought refuge in the Islands of Georgian Bay, from whence shortly afterwards they removed to Lorette, near Quebec, where the remnants of that once great tribe can be now found and are known by the name of Wyandots. The County of Simcoe has proved a most prolific field for the archaeologist to work in, and for fifteen years I have devoted much time to the examination of earthworks and to the collecting of relics. I have secured some four thousand (4,000) objects in stone, shell, bone, pottery and copper. Many of the specimens deserve to be ranked amongst the finest of the so-called Neolithic period. As reports of the various forts and earthworks, which I have surveyed, have appeared frequently in public print, I shall not now refer to them. I desire simply to make a few remarks on the burial customs of the Hurons.

Their places of sepulture are of three kinds: the ossuaries (or depositories of human bones), single graves and mounds. The ossuaries contain the remains of from a few to several thousand bodies, and it is principally in these that specimens are found. I might say that I opened one of these large pits in South Orillia township and dug through human bones nearly ten feet deep. In order to account for the interment in such large numbers in one spot, it is necessary to explain the custom which resulted

in such a practice. The "Feast of the dead" was one of the Indians' most solemn and religious rites; when an Indian died, it was the custom from time to time to erect a rough stage, place the body on top and every eight or ten years collect the remains so placed, scrape the flesh from the recent dead and bury them in one large hole. The functionaries on whom the duty of scraping devolved were denominated "bone pickers." As the bodies were cast in promiscuously, it is very difficult to find perfect crania among the bones so deposited. From thirty of these ossuaries I have only succeeded in securing about forty perfect ones. One skull was particularly interesting from the fact that it had been broken through in three separate places, and yet the Indian had lived for years apparently as the wounds were completely healed. When one has seen an ossuary it is easy to recognize them whenever one may find them, owing to the circular depression of the surface, which is traceable to the decay of the bones. One singular circumstance in connection with these ossuaries is worthy of mention, and it is that they either contain many relics or are entirely devoid of them.

With regard to the single graves, of which I have opened some 350, I do not suppose there were more than fifty which contained anything but the human bones. In certain cases the bodies were in a sitting posture, but usually they were not placed in any particular position. The sepulchral mounds in the United States are usually very large, but the Huron mounds are only three to four feet high and about sixty feet in circumference, and of no regular shape. These contain from six to twelve bodies, placed some two feet apart; differences in the shape of the crania are observable in many of these sepulchral places. This might be accounted for by the practice of attaching prisoners of war to the several tribes and also by that of occasionally uniting the remains of a shattered tribe with a tribe that had conquered. There is certainly a difference in crania which have been found in the same locality, so that if we were to find the brachycephalic and the dolichocephalic types under the same mound we should in this way be able to account for such an occurrence. Besides intermarriage among members of the same clan was forbidden by some tribes, so that if a member of the turtle clan aspired to the paternity of a Romulus or Remus it behoved him to seek the affections of a lady from some other clan than his own. In a pamphlet sent me by its author, Mr. Lucien Carr, of the Peabody Museum, Boston, Mr. Carr gives the mean measurement of sixty-seven crania taken from stone graves in Tennessee; he found five dolichocephalic, eighteen orthocephalic, twenty-nine brachycephalic and fifteen much flattened. Mr. Carr observes that the measurement of the above mentioned crania (exclusively of the flattened heads) indicates that they belong to the two extremes of classification. The measurements of Mr. Carr correspond with my own experience, for I have observed a considerable diversity in the crania of the ossuaries, mounds and single graves. The dolichocephalic type is characteristic of the Eastern tribes. Crania, which have undergone compression when young, have a conformation which is as manifest internally as it is by the exterior. It is by many believed that the burial of articles with the dead was a religious act, but my own observations do not lead me to think that it was necessarily so. We know that the Indians lived strictly up to their belief and if it had been an act of religion to thus bury articles I maintain that in each and every grave some articles would be found. But, as I have pointed out, the single graves do not, in many cases, contain anything, and where the large ossuaries have been carefully examined some of them have not contained a pipe or bead, while a single ossuary in close proximity might contain a thousand articles. Now my theory is this, if one of these "Feasts of the dead" should occur during a propitious season many articles could be spared, but if a famine stared the Indian in the face, which frequently happened, they would be too poor to spare articles, and it appears to me that the act of burial was not one of religion but an act of respect.

The valuable paper by Mr. Wilson on Jade articles, and the theory advanced by Professor Putnam that possibly the jade for making these objects came from China is one worthy of close investigation, but must at present be referred to with much caution. That the Aborigines traded over a vast extent of country is evidenced by the fact that we find Southern shells, pyrula perversa, and other such species in our most Northern graves, while in the South copper implements are found which show by their laminated structure that they are of Aboriginal workmanship, and the material is identified as coming from Lake Superior from the large amount of silver it contains.

THE PERSONALITY OF THINGS.

WE are all more or less pantheists. We invest everything with a halo of personality, the quality *par excellence* of deity. By familiarity with the world all things come to shine with a dim aureola of character, rudimentary morals and intelligence that evade a straight, scientific stare, but quiver to the careless glance like the chaos of colour which haunts the closing of the eyelids.

Houses are most knowing things. Their great unblinking eyes are continually on the stretch, and strain to catch every glimpse of the moving life that flows about their gables. But their faces are imperturbable, and their thoughts only to be guessed at. They very seldom show emotion, though I once knew a house that had unmistakable tear-streaks on its care-wrinkled clapboards. But

within! stairs seem positively to chuckle with malice when we take a step too many in the dark. Rooms are pleasant or gloomy on much the same principle as countenances. A low chamber and a narrow brow alike fail to call out our best powers of converse, while mean thoughts are strange and awkward under a twenty-foot ceiling.

Trees are mildly sympathetic. They seem, though, to be profoundly interested in their own affairs, so their sympathy is not to be counted on. A row of shining, slim-trunked young maples by a country road is debonair, and a bit supercilious; they will shade you a little if you like, but much prefer you should admire their taste and elegance in attiring themselves in trig green draperies in summer, or rustling red and brown when the October evening skies grow pale and cold. But an old, hoary tree, of the "scraggy" variety, with yards of sombre moss hanging to its palsied limbs, and a bare, barkless branch or two projecting its lightning-scorched nakedness against a young, warm sky, is deplorable. Feel? There is conscious disgrace and decadence in every creak of the once supple boughs, and the gnarled age that vainly attempts to hide itself behind the scanty foliage. The most sociable trees and the best behaved are those whose forest sanctity has not been invaded by the deadly inquisitive axe. They are the natural aristocracy of the vegetable world, their associates are in keeping with themselves, and their gracious gentility is untainted by any suspicion that they are merely for ornament, or planted for the sake of the fruits which they give as a knightly largesse to the forester. Erect and courtly in perpetual council, the great elms and firs and beeches, and the lesser nobility of birch and aspen, serenely occupy their ancestral earth, quietly governing the whole race of underbrush that flourishes beneath their larger presences.

Did you ever realize the cool stubbornness of stones? A gentleman from Prince Edward Island, where rocks are homoeopathically scarce, and soft, insignificant sandstone at that, once told me that he never could get used to "kicking stones" in the uneven sidewalks of the Nova Scotia village where he lived. And speaking of Nova Scotia, who that has travelled by rail from Halifax does not know Windsor Junction? The reason is obvious. As far as human attractions go, Windsor Junction is merely a hostelry in the wilderness, but its other features are most striking. They are rocks—petrifications of that uncomfortable kind that lie about on top of the ground, here and along the "South Shore," in sizes ranging from a hat to a haystack. Rocks are the most ungraceful things that we have dealt with yet. Houses have great possibilities of beauty; a self-respecting tree always puts its best root forward; but stones—poor things—they are never more than "picturesque"; that euphemistic term applicable to everything naturally and irretrievably ugly. So about a rock there is always more or less pathos—whether it be the awkward stone in the foot-path against which you stubbed your toe, who has been kicked and abused to such an extent that his temper has turned sour, and he maliciously delights in offending the pedestrian corn; or the great grey-breasted cliff by the shore, with the brown seaweed about his feet, who, like Prometheus, daily awaits the devouring rush of the twice-returning sea that would swallow the earth in its omniverous maw.

Every locomotive is alive, no matter where it was built, or how much of the operation you yourself may have seen; you may convince my reason, but you cannot overturn my intuitive perception that that black, stertorous creature is an obliging emigrant from the nether world, condemned by some master of the genii to bear heavy burdens, and quite ready at the first opportunity to be true to his nature, and "play the devil" that he is.

And so we might proceed to notice the mute invitation of the worn morocco of your favourite easy chair, or the rampant good fellowship of a familiar walking-stick, or the didactic imperativeness of the mantel clock. Things are more companionable than many persons; and he has missed something who does not recognize his voiceless friends all about him as he does the friend who differs from them in hiding his personality behind clothes and other masks of convention and necessity.

J. EDMUND BARSS.

Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

TIME is a blooming field. Nature is ever teeming with life, and all is seed and all is fruit.—Schiller.

FAME and admiration weigh not a feather in the scale against friendship and love, for the heart languishes all the same.—George Sand.

HE that is proud of the rustling of his silks, like a madman, laughs at the rattling of his fetters; for indeed clothes ought to be our remembrances of lost innocency.—Thomas Fuller.

THE Ontario School of Elocution and Oratory in the new Arcade building at the corner of Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto, opens its fall term on the 5th proximo. Such a school is a tribute to the intellectual progress of our city. The grace and ease of the finished orator or reader are the result of patient practice and persevering study. Unaided, the self-taught labour under great disadvantages. It is unnecessary to refer to the many and important advantages which the faithful student may derive from such a school as this, whether he aim at distinction and success in pulpit, on platform, in parliament, or at the Bar, or to gratify and instruct in the quiet circles of domestic and social life.

\* Notes of a Paper read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Washington, by Chas. A. Hirschfelder.



## THE NEW EMPIRE.\*

## SECOND NOTICE.

IN the first chapters of his work Mr. Howland treats—as we have seen—of the Fall of the Old Empire in which royal prerogative played so great a part, of the Treaty of Partition in 1783, and of its fulfilment or rather lack of fulfilment by one of the high contracting parties. Those two chapters are of special interest to the people of Great Britain and the United States. The succeeding chapters treat of the "Constitution of the New Empire," "Our Centenary Year" and the "Crisis of the Empire." These are of special interest to Canadians.

The Canadian Constitutional Act that created the first of the modern Colonies and was the inauguration of the new Colonial policy of the Empire, took effect by proclamation on December 26, 1791. On September 17, 1792, Governor Simcoe met the first Parliament of Upper Canada in the little town of Niagara, and when the five members of the Assembly or "House of Commons," who were able to be present on the occasion, had been duly summoned to the bar of the two Legislative Councillors or "Lords," he informed them that they were authorized to proceed with the work of legislation, in accordance with what was "no mutilated Constitution but an image and transcript of that of Great Britain." This was the grain of mustard seed from which has grown our present political edifice. Perhaps it is not wonderful that hasty writers fail to understand its significance. One of these, in an article in the *New England Magazine* for September, somewhat superciliously corrects Mr. Howland and informs him that "Canada's autonomy is a victory of quite recent date," and that "the Marquis of Lorne was the last of the Governor-Generals (*sic*) to interfere in Canadian legislation." He might as well tell him that England's autonomy is of quite recent date. The characteristic of the Constitution of England is that under it the people can attain to any degree of self-government which they demand. Thus their liberties have grown, "broadening down from precedent to precedent." So has it been in Canada, just because "the rights of self-government guaranteed to the inhabitants of Upper and Lower Canada did not originate by the capricious grace of a Royal Charter, but by a full irrevocable cession of powers from the whole Parliament of the United Kingdom. . . . The Constitution was a recognition of one of the contentions that had ended in the American Revolution; that charters of self-government were vested rights of the people, not transitory creations of the Royal will." ("The New Empire," p. 353.) Canada in consequence has attained to something much more than Mr. Harte's "complete local autonomy which is the prerogative of all states under a Federal Constitution." In each Province the principle was gradually established that the Government must be in accordance with the well-understood will of the people, and that when the views of the people change, the Government's policy, and the Government, and the Constitution itself must be changed. How different this is from the state of things in the United States, we know from a very significant object lesson now before the world. Last year the people voted against the McKinley Bill, but the vote amounted to nothing. They may vote in the same way this year, but none the less the Bill will stand and so will the Government. Of the Constitution itself, it is practically impossible, save at the expense of a revolution, to secure the slightest amendment. But what is it that the British Parliament cannot do or undo? It has established, endowed, reformed, and disestablished churches; it has changed the succession to the throne, and it can do so again; it can reform the House of Lords or decree that a second chamber is unnecessary; it can abolish the monarchy. All these organic changes it could effect peacefully and without unnecessary waste of time. It has no intention of effecting any of them, but the people listen serenely while radicals propose one or the other or all together. A people trusting in its own good sense, refusing to tie its own hands and call on the world to see how free it is, may be called free indeed. The marvellous elasticity of the British Constitution and its fitness for sober, moral and intelligent men has been proved in Canada, and in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa as well. In all the self-governing Colonies the Councils given originally to represent the Crown have gradually developed into responsible Governments. With this development are associated the names of Haliburton, the Archibalds, and above all Joseph Howe in Nova Scotia; of the Wilmots and Tilley in New Brunswick; of Robert Baldwin and Lafontaine in Old Canada. "The farther step—the work of carrying forward the banner of national development to its last outpost, by establishing the right of Colonies to a voice in international negotiations, proportioned to their interest in them is a work that has been almost begun and almost completed in our own generation." (p. 450.)

In connection with this development, Mr. Howland emphasizes two points. First, that Her Majesty's Government is in fact, though not in name, a purely popular Government. No language can be more explicit on this point than the quotation he makes from a speech to the Constitutional Union by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, the Minister who is regarded as the legitimate successor of the present Conservative Premier of England: "The Crown at this moment is, so far as the vetoing of Bills, declarations of peace and war, treaty rights and all analogous questions are concerned, the Ministry of the day represent-

ing the majority in the Parliament of the day." This is the language of Cabinet Ministers in the New Empire. In the ears of George the Third it would have been rank treason. The throne has been developed "into an engine of popular sovereignty," and has, at the same time, "grown to be the point of union for a growing circle of English nations already widely spread over the world." (p. 376.) It is accepted by all these nations as a better instrument for representing the unity and perpetuity of the State, and for various other necessary or at least valuable political and social purposes than a President who represents directly only about one-half of the people, and who is begotten anew every fourth year, amid a carnival of organized and omnipresent slander, vilification and bribery, of humbug and hocussing, of falsification and confusion of issues that must in time corrupt the strongest moral fibre, while from the outset it has made reverence and general refinement among the people and high ideals among politicians wholly impossible. It may be said that these baneful forces are at work everywhere in a general election. True, and the sooner we try to minimize them the better for us, but it is something that the head of the State should be untouched, while the Government is also more truly popular. Signor Crispi, in the August *Contemporary Review*, tells us that as a "Government of public opinion the French Republic is below the English Monarchy," and Mr. Giddings, in his "History of the Republic," says that Mr. Adams declared to him in 1843 that the Government of the United States "had become the most perfect despotism of the Christian world." Secondly, that in all the self-governing Colonies of a certain stature in point of population, wealth and political experience, Her Majesty acts solely by the advice of the Colonial Ministry, which represents the Colonial Parliament. "Councillors whom the Queen has never seen direct her Royal will in different parts of a world-embracing realm. The Empire has, in this manner, virtually been reconstituted on a Federal basis. Canada, in reference to the legislative powers of her people, her internal administration, and even (it will be seen) the management of Foreign affairs, is at this moment no dependency of any other power whatever. Her true constitutional position is that of a member of a Federal Republic, composed of many nations, united under a hereditary President in the person of the reigning Sovereign." (p.p. 371-2.) It may be objected that, as all the expenses and consequent control in peace, war and diplomacy are entirely in the hands of the Mother Country, in this feature, at any rate, the analogy of a Federal Republic wholly fails. But these matters have arranged themselves in the past to the satisfaction of all parties; they are silently changing, and the present state of things can be re-arranged from time to time, as may be deemed necessary. The resources neither of civilization nor of the British Constitution are exhausted. The outstanding fact, which Mr. Howland points out clearly, is that the great Colonies of the Empire are gradually coming to share in supreme powers, duties and responsibilities, although they have obtained their share, not by any written rule according to which participation in the Imperial Sovereignty is defined. This last development on which Canada entered with the Treaty of Washington in 1870, when her right to participate in the making of British treaties by the truly British method of creating a precedent, had no written authority for its justification; but, like the doctrine of Responsible Government, though unwritten, it was thoroughly in accordance with the spirit of our Constitution. It may be thought strange that the supreme work of government should be carried on by concurrent action of a series of Privy Councils presided over by representatives of the Queen, instead of by one Central Council, but that is actually the case. To maintain the delicate web of relationships that now exists, Mr. Howland suggests that the time has come for giving new functions to our Governor-General; more particularly that in relation to the joint dealings of Britain and Canada with foreign affairs, so far as the United States is concerned, he should be the representative not only of the Queen, but of Her Majesty's Ministers in England, to the Canadian Privy Council, and the organ through which the united instructions of both Privy Councils would be forwarded to the British Ambassador at Washington. In that case the selection of the Ambassador would be made by the concurrent action of the two Cabinets, and his credentials would be countersigned by the Canadian Secretary of State. To hasty writers this might seem a very small change on present practice. In reality it would be very great, its effect on our national status important, and its consequences far-reaching. Canada would "cease to appear to the neighbouring nation as a silent dependency of Great Britain. She would be unequivocally recognized in her new position as an integral part of the Empire, and a partner in its management." I do not see how the change could be agreed to on the part of Britain unless it were accompanied with a good understanding on other matters, such as coast defences and the support of the North Atlantic and the North Pacific fleets.

Mr. Howland is not a member of the Imperial Federation League and he says some hard things of those members of the League who, "still wandering in the darkness of 1774," advocate representation of the Colonies in the Imperial Parliament or other mischievous schemes of union, but he fully admits the services of the Association and believes that whatever differences may be found between his views and theirs "are in respect of means rather than of substantial ends." He sees no necessity for a central Parliament for the new Empire, nor for a central executive,

nor even for a central Trade Council. An Imperial Zollverein or a protective policy, or preferential trade, is also out of the question until "a duty on foreign grain and cattle would no longer threaten new burdens upon English consumers." Should that time come, he considers that "the vast combination of commercial advantages which the United Empire will possess may be used to treat for a cessation of the Tariff war between the nations." "The menace of an Imperial Zollverein will accomplish its purpose so well that it will never be reduced to practice." (p. 413.)

There is, however, one central authority indispensable to the theory of a United Empire, and it we have now, in germ, in the judicial committee of the Privy Council. That is, at present, our Supreme Court of Appeal, but it may not remain so unless it is developed into a truly Federal Court by modifications of constitution and practice. The modifications suggested are the addition of Canadian and Australian members and the establishment of Imperial circuits.

Having sketched the development of the New Empire and of its Constitution, he confesses that "not without corruption have the foundations of the Canadian Confederation, and with it the vaster Confederation that includes it, been cemented." (p. 472.) His remarks on this subject, now attracting the undivided attention of our people, because of the terrible examples forced upon our notice, are worthy of earnest consideration. We must find a remedy for the disease, and we know that in order to find the right remedy we must rightly discern the causes and the roots of the disease. Calmness is needed as well as indignation. As long as man is man there will be sectional interests and sectarian prejudices, bigotry where bigotry is disclaimed, ignorance and passion, needy men and constituencies with a defective sense of what is due to national as distinct from local well-being. How are politicians and a popular Government to deal with these forces? The statesman no more than the philosopher can afford to ignore facts. The Government must be carried on and the leader knows that if he ventures to defy forces his opponents will not. A wise people will therefore do all that can be done to secure the ascendancy of truth and righteousness in public affairs and wise statesmen will give expression to their will, not by posing as purists but by passing measures to reduce evils to the lowest point, by inducing able men to share in the work of government and by making their appeals only to the highest reason and conscience of the people. Mr. Howland traces the growth of the political corruption, now so general, to the party system and therefore to "the pure hand of the father of responsible government himself." A party cannot continue to exist unless it is organized, and organization implies organizers. The harder the work needed to bring out the vote, the more numerous the jackals of each party must be. These must be paid and there is no way of paying them save by appointment to public offices. New offices must be created and fit men must be superannuated that their places may be supplied by men who are unfit. "Commencing with offices, the practice has extended to franchises and bonuses, to lands and forests, to forms and degrees of misappropriation from the mention of which the father of responsible government would have shrunk with horror." (p. 481.)

What is the remedy for this all pervading curse of political corruption which threatens free government everywhere? Mr. Howland advocates two reforms, both of which have been discussed before, and one of which could easily be tried—a modified form of compulsory or obligatory voting, and the simplification of electoral issues. With regard to the first of these his remarks are moderate, and, it seems to me, unanswerable. "The free man who is constitutionally unequal or indifferent to the exercise of his franchise ought to surrender a power which involves a duty as well as a privilege. Continual waiver is practical forfeiture. But forfeiture, instead of being an incidental consequence, ought to be made a certain penalty. Were it enacted that non-user of the franchise for two successive elections should cause deprivation for ten years thereafter, we should soon find few abstentions, except of those whose abstention would be no loss to the public interest. . . . Party organization would then, to a great extent, lose its *raison d'être*. Stringent and effectual regulations for civil service appointment and tenure—even limitation and judicial audit of election expenses—might then have the earnest support of the public, and even of honest Party leaders; and proper principles would begin to recover possession of political life." (p. 484.)

Having given this subject of obligatory voting a little consideration, I may be permitted to say that I am unable to come to any other conclusion, no matter from what point of view the franchise is looked at. I have heard no argument that will hold water against the individual's obligation to exercise the trust which the country commits to the individual. Contempt of court is generally punished, not only by exclusion from the court-house, but by other penalties as well. That men should consider contempt of trust as something praiseworthy, or a mark of their superiority, or that they should expect to be coaxed and canvassed to exercise the trust, will, in future years, be considered about as extraordinary delusions as ever entered the mind of man. Both parties might well unite to pass some measure that would tend to abolish unclean camp-followers, for both ought to be pretty well tired of their sway by this time. The condition to which a portion of the electorate has sunk in all our constituencies, the fact that one Province is so bad that an unexceptionable authority like the *Toronto Globe* declares it to be

\* "The New Empire." By O. A. Howland. Toronto: Hart and Company. 1891.



"rotten to the core," is a loud call to patriotic men everywhere, and to the men of that Province particularly, to unite in finding and applying a remedy. While we do not believe in one law as a panacea, or in the power of any law to change the heart, law can do much to encourage the good and discourage the bad. It is specially made, the Apostle tells us, "for liars, for perjured persons, and if there be any other thing that is contrary to sound doctrine."

G. M. GRANT.

PARIS LETTER.

FRANCE has had such a surfeit of mushroom strikes that the very mention of the word "strike" suffices to break up a conversation. Dissatisfied workmen before going out, or calling their fellows out, have recently adopted the plan of taking a ballot, which has been attended with praiseworthy common-sense results. To this break on irreflexion and hastiness is to be added the formation of mixed councils, composed of masters and men, *ex-quo*, to examine grievances. Many employers offer to take their hands into partnership, or to regulate salaries on the system of profits sharing, provided the workmen will bind themselves—which they refuse—to accept, when necessary, their dividends out of the sweet uses of adversity, as the East African Company pays its shareholders in philanthropy.

While England is occupying herself with a scheme of Federation for her Colonies, based on a recasting of duties, M. Benoist, one of the best authorities on Algeria, proposes that the painter be cut between that colony and France. Algeria costs the Mother Country annually eighty million frs. It is not expected to be a reproductive investment before fifty years, and till a further half milliard of francs is expended, and to be added to the total of ten milliards sunk in the colony since 1830. Loan the necessary cash to the colony, exact payment of interest thereon, and let Algeria cease to look to Paris to make its laws and to design its destinies. Colonial representation in the French Legislature is, at best, but a fiction, for the colonies are only so many costly prefectures, far distant from Paris. France is to be delivered from the incubus of decentralization, to be commenced by autonomizing the colonies, and first of all Algeria. Their connection with the Mother Country, concludes M. Benoist, is something factitious and inorganic, which has no roots in life and that cannot produce vitality.

Of the multitude of Leagues formed in France for everything and nothing, that having for aim to check the rising tide of obscene literature is timely and meritorious. Formerly, when the authorities prosecuted libidinous publications, they feared an acquittal; now they seem to dread a condemnation. In any case the League supplies a want; its members bind themselves not to purchase journals or periodicals from any news vendor who sells immoral publications. Private Catos make the best censors.

I have been informed that England has given the Sultan to understand she will deal with the evacuation of Egypt when her commercial treaty with Tunisia expires, about the year 1893. Then the right of France to run Tunisia on lines partial to her own commerce will raise the question of the evacuation of her "protectorate" also. The French will never give up Tunisia, nor re-allow outsiders to trade with it, except upon conditions formulated by themselves. Cyprus, by the Berlin Congress, is held in trust for Turkey till Russia evacuates Batoum and Kars, and Austria Bosnia. Were France to annex Tunisia, Austria would seize Salonica; Italy, Tripoli; England, Germany, Alexandria, would occupy Besekia Bay, and Triple Allies and England have plainly told the Sultan that no two weights and two measures will be tolerated in his guardianship of the Dardanelles, and should the latter be declared free, they will exact naval stations in the Black Sea on Turkish territory.

The Director of Posts has taken a drastic decision against the cowardly system of calumination by postal cards, where the writers, persons of straw, defame with next to impunity respectable people. The latter are defenceless, for in wrestling with sweeps you catch dirty clothes. Henceforth, all postal cards with defamatory writing on the address face, will not be delivered, but thrown into the dead letter office; if the writing be on the other side of the card, the clerks and postmen have nothing to do with the matter, save to regard it with the secrecy of a letter.

The Russomania malady is on the decline; patriotism is seeking, if not healthier, at least quieter forms for expressing the sympathy of Liberal France, with the great autocrat. Whether there be or be not an executed alliance between the two Governments, people await its action and events to interpret and test its signification. There is a great deal of sentimental war-whooping in the air, but that is losing the "charm" of frightening. I observed a curious scene a few days ago where a crowded *café* listened in solemn silence to the private band playing the "Russian Hymn." It was succeeded by the "Marschall," when instantly a group of Anglo-Saxon tourists stood up, removed their hats, and so remained till the conclusion of the piece. The scene plunged the French into a brown study. Outsiders have been astounded at Senator Jules Simon, aged seventy-eight, a good man gone politically wrong, writing in a journal that since the Cronstadt internation "the face of the world has been changed,"

and that "France has now a true friend in the innumerable array of Tartars." What an inoculation for the leading philosopher, philanthropist, and liberal of France! Jules Guesdes, the leader of the Socialists, asserts that the Muscovite is only using France to promote her own ends in the East and to borrow money from her. More than Socialists think the same. Which of the "Jules" is nearer the truth? I pity M. Floquet in the present juncture; he abstains from all the Russophilism, doubtless feeling that his cry of "Vive la Pologne!" in 1867, under the nose of the late Czar, is a Cain-mark on his brow.

The "Positivists" have had their annual manifestation in memory of their founder, Aug. Comte, the man who claimed to replace God by Humanity. There was no falling off in expounding speeches, but no vital statistics were adduced to show the Positive was becoming a superlative—ism.

The historical fair of St. Cloud—which lasts a month—opened on Sunday last, and most brilliantly. At least 400,000 people were present, for not only Paris, but surrounding regions, contributed their tens of thousands. I have witnessed many of these gatherings, of all the entertainments peculiar to village fairs, *fêtes* and *kermesses*. I have seen the late Prince Imperial at this Greenwich fair riding a cock horse on the merry-go-rounds; paddling his own canoe in the swing boats; enjoying the delights of the peep shows, and applauding various learned cats, dogs, monkeys, birds and serpents, while nibbling a hot *gauffre*, or sucking a stick of barley sugar, with a six feet *mirbliton*, like a lance at rest, by his side. But no St. Cloud *fête* has been more attractive than the present, due to the Franco-Russian alliance, no doubt, as it would be flat burglarly to attribute it to any other cause. There was one draw-back—allowing perambulators to circulate among the crowd. Between cyclists on the high-roads and baby wheelers on the foot-paths, walking has become well-nigh dangerous, or impossible.

A French Sunday crowd is ever a spectacle to be admired; it is so orderly, so elegant and simply dressed; takes its pleasures so gaily and unboisterously; the ring of merry laughter is incessant, and wit is as improvised as the fun. Most things are sold in booths by the wheel of fortune. Not many symbols of Muscovy were to be encountered; even the "blast organs" of the circuses had not the Russian hymn in their *repertoire*. The speculators in gesture dances, and the pornographic somnambulists had been weeded out by the police—so moral sanitation was secured. Perhaps the dominant amusement was the shooting galleries, and the targets proved a fruitful mine for Gallic ingenuity. One especially, which represented the life of a called-out militia man, the latter typified by the well-known Pierrot, or Jack Pudding. Each telling shot sets springs in motion, that revealed camp life incidents. A lucky bullet exhibited Pierrot bidding adieu to his bride-wife; another rouses him up from his camp bed, with knapsack falling on his head; the latter he hides under the bed clothes, and he expresses his fear by the shivering of his exposed feet. Another bullet presents him eating his meal of beef and bread on a log; a mouse attacks his loaf while he glances round for the disturbing enemy. Next scene he is at a campfire, making soup in a kettle out of a captured cat; a bullet causes a shell to explode; the pot is blown to atoms, the cat returns to life with a rat in her mouth, and bolts. Another scene presents Pierrot on guard, near an oak; a bullet leads to an explosion of the tree, and out comes an army of rats that threaten him like the bad bishop of the Rhine. Lastly, he arrives home after his twenty-eight days; one more bullet, and his cottage door is opened by his abhorred mother-in-law, while he observes a stranger making love to his wife in the hall. I notice the increasing number of ladies that enjoy the shooting gallery, and capital markswomen they are in general; right and left their bullets fly into the winning marks. Might not Bouguereau, whose cupid subjects are reproached as being too idealistic, make a plunge into pre-Raphaelism for the next Salon, and give us a god of Love, *mouillé* or *Victorieux*, with a Lebel or a Mannlicher pea-shooter, smokeless powder and nickel missiles? Z.

THE RAMBLER.

MDME. PATTI'S Opera House—its electric blue silk plush *tableau* curtain, its act-drop representing the *diva* as Semiramide driving a pair of fiery steeds, its capacity, appliances and decorations—is the leading theme of many English papers. There is something very genuine, very frank and very winning in the character of Patti. Since her marriage to Nicolini she has made hosts of friends by her staunch attachment to him, and by the independence characterizing her speech and actions. A perfectly natural, kindly, sensible, unperturbed little woman she appears to be, perhaps deficient in the deepest feeling, but not so utterly spoiled by the caressing hands of good Fortune as to have grown selfish, soured or capricious. For although she does build theatres and organize charity concerts and ask enormous prices *et al.*—there is method in her madness, and she shows less trace of caprice than most *prime donnis*. As for jealousy—we hear very little of that too. *Prima donna assoluta* though she be, she has dangerous rivals in a few others, but she is great enough to observe, like famous physicians and men of science, certain rules of professional etiquette. On the whole, the present generation approves of Patti.

I wonder if many people read "Clara Howard" in these days! I ask, because I was looking over a girl's shoulder in the car the other day and she was deep in that old-fashioned but powerful book. At first I thought it was "Clarissa Harlowe," but I soon saw my mistake, and how I had made it. I recommend a study of Brockden Brown's novels to all who are at present interested in the various phenomena gathered under the head of Hypnotism. "Wieland," "Edgar Huntly" and "Ormond" will repay them if they consider how long ago they were written—before the days of Conway, Haggard and Co. Conway revived the simple metaphysical novel, and put in various modern and commonplace touches of his own, thereby strengthening and completing the illusion. The strictly modern mind does not believe in ghosts, in haunted houses, in visions or in supernatural noises and lights. Therefore, if these be your stock in trade, be assured you will not get an audience. But take—after the Conway or Anstey style—a purely modern house; fill it with ordinary matter-of-fact people—a young lawyer, a widowed lady and her daughter, an elderly broker and a spinster aunt; bring on in the first chapter something like this—"I have a story to tell. I think—that in justice to all concerned—and to myself—that story should be told. I—Edgar Cronyn—having witnessed the singular events which the following chapters attempt to chronicle—believe that it is absolutely my duty, as an Englishman, and a lover of liberty, to give those events as they occurred to the public. In these pages nothing is exaggerated, nothing extenuated, nothing *imagined*. You shall hear in plain and unvarnished language, from me, Edgar Valentine Cronyn, Barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple, fourth son of Sir Valentine Cronyn, of Cronyn, Ross, Rutlandshire, my Story of a Life. My own Life—and my own Story—you shall judge of both. For me, I am almost past both"—and you have immediately "fixed" the attention of the general reader. The second chapter in all probability will open somewhat in this way: "There is a quiet, suburban road near the western extremity of Hyde Park known as Kildare Gardens. If you walk up this road you will notice a white brick house standing slightly back, destitute of ivy or creeper, but neat and clean, and with a certain air of old-time dignity about it. Yet it is only a lodging-house. Look at it well. Thirty years ago it was my home. I—a young student—fresh from the country side of Rutlandshire and all its beauties"—etc., etc. The end of this chapter *must* see the arrival of the heroine, and so here she is. "At last I saw the occupant of that room opposite to my own. A woman, older, far older than I was, majestic, exclusive, richly dressed, with a certain air of something dusky, spiced and foreign about her—she glided noiselessly, and as I thought, furtively, to and from her lonely room at regular hours of the night and morning. At last we spoke. She had watched me—as I had watched her. One night she stopped me on the stairs with her rich dark silks and laces falling about her and her great eyes looming in the dusk and said, 'I have need of you. I have work—Work—that you alone can do. Will you do it? Will you follow me?'"

"What was my answer? Heaven knows I *did* do it, that I did follow her—that my punishment is—that I am still following her—whither, I hardly know."

With regard to Hypnotics and Hypnotism, scientifically the system is of use and may be in the future of even greater use, but I should strongly disapprove of people, and particularly young people, attempting experiments either in the direction of magnetism or hypnotism so called. Henry Maudsley remarked once that there is more to be done to prevent hallucinations than to cure them. Healthy balance of all the faculties is to be observed. The study of some natural science should be the best cure for morbid tendencies on the part of abnormally active minds. The Russel Wallaces of science are happily very few. Next to religion science will do most for us in the direction of informing our minds properly with regard to things of the unseen world.

THE LAST PALSgrave.

(LUDWIG UHLAND.)

I, PALSgrave, Goetz of Tübingen,  
I'll sell both burg and town,  
With rents and people, wood and field;  
With debts I'm broken down.

Two rights alone I'll never sell,  
Two rights both good and old;  
One 'neath the dainty convent towers,  
And one in the good green wold.

For convent gifts and buildings brought  
Our old house to the ground;  
Therefore the stately abbot he  
Must feed me hawk and hound.

And, monks, when once ye hear no more  
My bugle horn so free,  
Then toll the bell and seek me out  
Under the greenwood tree.

Under the green oak bury me,  
To the wild birds' merry song;  
And sing o'er me a hunting-mass,  
That lasteth not too long.

THOMAS CROSS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## A THEORY OF THE DELUGE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

STR,—I have just noticed a letter in one of your July issues signed "Saxe," the writer of which requests me to answer his question, "How could Noah find space for his charge in the Ark?" We did not take up the question of the deluge in a theological point of view; we discussed its probability from possible cosmic phenomena suggested by the inferences and inductions of the later geologists.

However the approximate size of the ark being of the length of 525 feet, 87½ feet beam, and depth of hold 52½ feet, with the three decks required to be constructed, and great space of the hold for the storage of supplies, there would certainly be room and to spare for all the creatures mentioned.

KLEIC.

Bancroft, Ont., Sept. 12, 1891.

## A RONDEAU REDOUBLE.

HE sailed away into the burning west,  
Where sunset crimsoned o'er the restless sea;  
With weary aching in her bleeding breast,  
Homeward she walked upon the flowerless lea.

At night she gazed on Heaven's blue canopy,  
Prayed all her prayers, and all her sins confessed  
With stifled sobs; as sad at heart as she  
He sailed away into the burning west.

Robbed of all joy is her love's fairy nest,  
(Save of one hope she knew could never be),  
Yet daily did she watch, in deep unrest,  
Where sunset crimsoned o'er the restless sea.

Day after day the sun set radiantly,  
She every day renewed her hopeless quest,  
And strained her eyes the absent sail to see,  
With weary aching in her bleeding breast.

Winter the place of Autumn soon possessed,  
Then came the Feast of the Nativity  
Weary and sad she watched. Each eve unblest,  
Homeward she walked upon the flowerless lea.

Month followed month, but never home came he;  
Meanwhile the Hand of Death upon her pressed—  
And then he came—learned all in agony—  
And,—broken-hearted—hopeless—sore distressed—  
He sailed away.

A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

## ART NOTES.

POWERS, the celebrated sculptor, was walking in Regent's Park one day when his companion remarked of a lady passing: "What a superb figure!" "Yes," was the response, "but I was just wondering where she put her liver."

THE Misses Walker of New York have offered to give an art building to Bowdoin College, famous as the alma mater of Longfellow and Hawthorne. The building will be equipped as well as built at their expense, and will hold the art collection owned by the college, which is largely formed by the gallery of Governor Bowdoin and by generous contributions from the Misses Walker.

THE model for the statue of Queen Isabella, on which Miss Harriet Hosmer has been at work in her studio at Rome, is almost completed. The Queen is represented in full royal robes, stepping down from her throne, with her jewels in her outstretched hand. The figure is full of grace and strength, and the robes have been most skilfully draped by the artist, giving a pleasing outline from every point of view.

Two important monuments in Pompeii have now been opened to the public, after remaining closed for the last thirty years, because they were used as deposits for objects of art. They are the temple dedicated to Augustus and the women's baths. The latter is the only building in Pompeii in which are preserved intact, without any restoration, the ceilings of the rooms, and the pavement of the tepidarium is also intact. In the temple only one object—but that of great value to art—is preserved, the altar on which sacrifices were offered up. It is of marble, perfect in all its parts, covered with rich bas-reliefs, representing the different forms and incidents of sacrifice. On one side is represented a virgin scattering incense over the altar, while the sacrificial bull is brought up in a procession of priests and musicians. On the other side are sculptured a wreath of oak leaves and two branches of laurel.

MME. MILLET now lives across the village street in a house which ought to have been Millet's, and would have been, were a great man's abode oftener fitted to himself than it is. Shut away from the street by a high wall, and with a roomy studio and hot-house on the grounds, Mme. Millet's residence is the ideal of an artist's home. The rear roof is brown of tile, green with houseleek, yellow

with moss. Roses clamber between the square windows and trees are grouped at no little distance or stand singly about. An old garden and orchard stretch behind the house to the limits of the plain, so that Mme. Millet can stand on her own land and see the landscape of the Angelus widening out to the horizon. With that object she, or her sons for her, bought the property. One son, who resembles his father somewhat, paints very creditably, and another, a very handsome fellow, is an architect. One of Millet's younger brothers is a sculptor and lives in Boston. The family still owns a number of oils and charcoals by Millet, the most interesting being a drawing of himself. They have also some works by Diaz, but the Du Hamels, who have the old place, are singularly rich in small canvases by Diaz, and own some Millets also.—*Charles de Kay, in the New York Times.*

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mlle. RHEA has arrived in New York.

AT Parma the house where Bottesini lived has been marked with a commemorative stone.

ROME has had a celebration of the centenary of the death of Mozart. The Philharmonic Academy took the initiative in this affair.

AT the close of Mme. Albani's engagement with Mr. Abbey's Italian Opera Company next season, she will sing in a number of concerts and oratorios throughout the United States and Canada.

ABBEY, Schoeffel and Grau will have some unusual musical attractions this season. The Italian Opera Company just organized by them will include a chorus of eighty, an orchestra of sixty-five, a ballet of thirty-two and a military band of thirty.

MR. ARTHUR STIRLING's services have been retained by Henry Irving for the promised revival of "Henry the Eighth" at the Lyceum. He will be entrusted with the rôle of Archbishop Cranmer, to which, as one of the soundest and most intelligent of English actors, he may certainly be expected to do full justice.

AT Nice, a marble slab, with a commemorative inscription, has been placed on the house wherein died, in 1840, the incomparable violinist, Paganini. The inscription poetically states that "at the close of the 27th day of May, 1840, the soul of Nicolo Paganini returned to mingle with the sources of eternal harmony, but its supreme sweetness still lives in the perfumed breezes of Nice."

MISS MINNIE GILMORE, the daughter of P. S. Gilmore, the great bandmaster, has written a novel, which will soon be published. Miss Gilmore is highly accomplished, and has already given evidence of the possession of fine literary ability. The forthcoming volume will be looked for with interest, and no doubt it will prove a very acceptable addition to the literature of the day.—*Music Trade Review.*

"THE following true story," says a London paper, "is not encouraging to organists who desire to play high-class voluntaries. One of the most promising of our younger organists essayed Bach's 'G minor Prelude and Fugue' as an out-voluntary lately. When he was well into the Fugue a choir-boy whispered in his ear: 'Please, sir, everybody's gone, and the pew-opener wants his supper, and says, will you please turn out the gas when you've done.'"

THE bandmaster of Washington, John Philip Sousa, after a tour in Europe, concludes that the German bands are brassy and noisy, the English bands "of a nondescript character," and the French bands are the best. He heard no orchestra equal to that of Theodore Thomas. He thinks that "Cavalleria Rusticana" has made the greatest musical success known in Europe for a hundred years, and will have the same success in America. While the story is very simple, it holds the audience spellbound and the music is magnificent.

IN various foreign theatres the price of admission to the pit or parquet and the gallery is the same. At Nîmes, France, the other day, a theatre-goer bought a ticket for the pit, and on entering found that it was full. So he demanded his money back, but it was refused, and he was told he could find a place in the gallery. He declined to go up there, and brought suit for the return of his money and suitable damages. He was sustained by the local tribunal, and the manager was compelled to pay back the entrance fee. It is said that this case will serve as a legal precedent in France and Italy.

MR. LAWRENCE IRVING recently completed at Worcester, England, the third week of his career as a professional actor. His performances were marked, even though all his parts were small, by the most peculiar mannerisms. While playing Nym he dragged his legs, and dropped his jaw, and chopped his words after the manner of his father, and made impressive use of a very serviceable voice. But he has individuality of his own, and though it is impossible to say yet awhile whether he will make a good actor or a bad one, it is noteworthy that he begins by avoiding merely stereotyped and conventional methods. Off the stage he is conspicuous because of his long black hair, eyeglasses perched on the bridge of his nose, a sallow but interesting face, and an air of much indifference to surrounding things.

THE death of a niece and pupil of the famous Taglioni recalls the circumstance that that celebrated dancer's great rival, Duvernay, is still alive, in the person of an aged gentlewoman, the widow of a wealthy Cambridgehire squire. Barham introduces the names of the two public favourites into "The Execution," where he makes my Lord Tomnoddy lament that—

Malibran's dead, Duvernay's fled,  
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead.

Within the last few years the surviving *ex danseuse* has distinguished herself by erecting a magnificent church for the benefit of her Catholic co-religionists in Cambridge. The building, which is imposingly situated close to "Parker's Piece," was consecrated only the other day.

IN his new opera, "Nero," Signor Boito has devised a novel opening, which may or may not be produced at La Scala next carnival. There is no overture. The orchestra, it is stated, is not employed during the whole of the opening chorus, which refers to the revolt of the Romans against Nero, and is sung partly behind the scene. The orchestra is not heard at all until the Emperor appears among the rabble, endeavouring to quell the tumult. The stumbling upon eccentricity in the search for originality is no new story in the annals of art. The opera, "L'Enfant Prodigue," performed in dumb shows, goes beyond Boito however. Perhaps someone will oblige us with an opera in which the words are spoken and the orchestra play in dumb show. Another variety might be a great musical drama, in which vocal performers are heard in one act and the instrumentalists in another. It may be, however, that the device in "Nero," suggested probably by the vocal introduction to the overture to Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," is not too extravagant and is a legitimate artistic effect.

ONE of the strongest companies on the road next season will be Augustus Pitou's stock company, which will contain several members of the Lyceum company—Nelson Wheatcroft, Grace Henderson, Vida Croly, William Faversham. In addition there will be Minnie Seligman, a woman with great emotional power and much magnetism; W. H. Thompson, one of the most remarkable character actors in the country, and one of the few men capable of hiding his personality so completely that even his friends cannot always recognize him; Adelaide Stanhope, the wife of Wheatcroft; Helen Bancroft, one of the beauties of the stage, and Jane Stuart, a most capable and satisfactory juvenile. That is a strong combination. The repertoire of the company will include "A Modern Match," by Clyde Fitch; "Her Release," by Edward Cadol; "A Loving Legacy," by Frederick Sydney, and "Geoffrey Middleton, Gentleman," by Martha Morton. The rights to "Her Release" are owned in England by the Kendals, and Charles Hawtrey, manager of the Comedy Theatre in London, has purchased the English rights of "A Loving Legacy."

EXTRACTS from the letters of a sportsman at present in Manica, published in the *Umtata Herald*, give interesting and exciting details of the big game prospects of that territory. Writing from the vicinity of the Pungwé River (where, he says, all is quiet now, and good health prevailing), he adds: "The game most plentiful is buffalo, seacow, elands, hartebeest, blue wildebeest, roan antelope, sable antelope, bushbuck, and many smaller kinds of game. One afternoon a native chief asked me to shoot some hippopotami, and, as I had nothing to do at the time, I went out and shot six of the brutes. One day also, when I had about 200 native followers, I rode out from the waggon (this was, of course, after I returned to same), and shot seven very large elands. The weight of some of these must have been about 1,400 pounds each. On another occasion, when coming from the Pungwé to where we left the waggon, I had to get some meat for my boys, and as we did not want much I was trying to shoot a bushbuck, when I fell in with a pig, and shot it instead. Imagine my surprise when next moment I heard a crashing of the bush ahead, and coming towards me immediately I saw a herd of about 350 to 400 buffalo, with heads down and tails in the air, smashing everything that came in their way. I guessed at once what this meant, and rushed in behind a lot of bamboos to save myself from being trodden to death by the mad brutes in full stampede."

I ENTERTAIN a strong conviction that . . . the coloured people will be more and more drained off from the higher and colder lands, to which in the past they were carried by the will of the master, or on which they found refuge in escaping from slavery, down into the low, hot, moist regions bordering the Gulf of Mexico. That in these regions the negro finds his most favourable habitat and environment does not require physiological proof. He is here, in the highest sense, at home. The malarial diseases, so destructive to Europeans in this climate and on this soil, have little power over him. At the same time, the industrial *raison d'être* of the negro is here found at its maximum. In the northern States that *raison d'être* wholly disappears. . . . Even upon the high lands of the old slave States . . . there is little which the negro can do which the white man cannot do equally well. Nay, in the up-land cultivation of the cotton crop, I entertain the conviction that the vigorous, resolute, white element, free from the incubus of human slavery, will more and more assert itself, the large plantations of former times being subdivided into small cotton farms.—*Gen. F. A. Walker, in the Forum.*



OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE CALENDAR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO FOR THE YEAR 1891-2. Toronto: Rowsell and Hutchison. 1891.

The Calendar of the University of Toronto has naturally and properly emerged from the form of pamphlet to that of volume; and a handsome volume too. Every kind of information respecting this great institution will be found in the Calendar, the form and appearance of which do great credit to printers and binders.

MEMORY'S CASKET. By Mrs. Lucy H. Washington. Price \$1.50. Buffalo: Moulton. 1891.

It is not quite easy to review a volume like this. On the one hand, it is impossible to regard Mrs. Washington as a poet; on the other, it would be equally unjust to speak of her verses as rubbish. It appears from the publisher's notice that the authoress some years ago put forth a volume of verses which met with considerable acceptance, and that they are now republished, together with some later efforts. The spirit of the poems is uniformly excellent, and the expression is generally pleasing.

CHANSONS POPULAIRES DE LA FRANCE. Edited by Professor T. F. Crane. Price \$1.50. New York: Putnam; Toronto: Williamson.

This little volume of popular French ballads is in every way one of the most charming little books we have ever seen. The selection of the most popular ballads which have been traditionally preserved in France is made with competent knowledge and taste. The texts have been taken from the best editions. Where necessary explanatory notes are given at the end of the volume. The paper and type are perfect and exquisite, the illustrations are extremely pretty and good, and the binding corresponds, that is to say, it is exquisite. It is not often possible to use superlatives in this fashion in the reviewing of books. We are assured that no reader who cares for this kind of literature and purchases this volume of French ballads will charge us with exaggeration.

THE RACE PROBLEM AND OTHER CRITIQUES. By H. W. Holley. Price \$1.00. Buffalo: Moulton. 1891.

We have here a series of Essays and Reviews, some of which have perceptibly, and all of which have probably, done duty before in periodicals. If so, they were quite worth collecting, and in any case we are glad to see them collected in the present form. The first paper on the Race Problem is devoted to a subject which is properly occupying much attention in the United States. "Looking Backward," the second paper, on Mr. Bellamy's ridiculous book, deals with it from the point of view of its lack of originality, and is hardly severe enough. "Stoddard vs. Poe" is a well-merited castigation of Mr. R. H. Stoddard for a somewhat brutal, but happily rather silly, attack upon the poet—forty years after his death. There are eight other papers, short or long, and all of them worth reading. We ought not, perhaps, to complain of occasional Americanisms.

INTERFERENCE. By Mrs. B. M. Croker. Toronto: William Bryce.

The writer of this very interesting novel is no new hand at the work, and every page shows the workman's hand. Some of the situations are a little abrupt, but the turning point of the story is, we believe, original. The principal male character in the book is intended to fall in love with a very pretty girl not in her teens, and he very nearly does so, but finds her out and falls in love with her young, pretty and good cousin. The mother of the older girl hands to her a letter intended for her cousin by the simple device of turning Betty into Belle. But perhaps we have revealed enough of the plot. The manner in which the denouement is reached is clever and not unnatural. The copy is in Bryce's cheap library, and it is printed in large, readable type. It would be well to give the price, which we suppose to be about thirty cents; and we must repeat that every book should bear upon its title page the date of its publication. The present book is of this year, as is shown by the date of its entry given on the back of the title page.

BROWNING AS A PHILOSOPHICAL AND RELIGIOUS TEACHER. By Professor Henry Jones. Price \$2.25. New York: Macmillan; Toronto: Rowsell and Hutchison. 1891.

We think that Mr. Jones, who is Professor of Philosophy in the University College of North Wales, has taken the right view of Browning in treating him as a thinker and teacher rather than as a poet. In saying this we are far from denying that Mr. Browning often gave evidence of great powers of expression. We are even willing to admit that some of his writings were of great poetic beauty. Still we think that no one who took account of his whole work would think of him as essentially and peculiarly a singer. Professor Jones does, indeed, insist upon the high poetic qualities of Browning, putting him among the first of his class. "Whether," he remarks, "he be a greater poet than these [Pope and Wordsworth] or not—a question whose [?] answer can benefit nothing, for each poet has his own worth, and reflects by his own facet the universal

truth—his poetry contains in it larger elements, and the promise of a deeper harmony from the harsher discords of his more stubborn material." At the same time he points out that Browning was not a poet who sang "for singing's sake," but a thinker and teacher who found poetry the best vehicle for his thought. "He is clearly," says Mr. Jones, "one of that class of poets who are also prophets. He was never merely the 'idle singer of an empty day,' but one for whom poetic enthusiasm was intimately bound up with religious faith, and who spoke 'in numbers,' not merely 'because the numbers came,' but because they were for him the necessary vehicle of an inspiring thought." We are sure that Browningites will find this a very helpful volume, and that many of those who do not entirely sympathize with that *cultus* will learn to appreciate the poet more highly. We think Mr. Jones is quite right in putting Browning in the same class with Carlyle; and this is high praise.

LE 38ME FAUTEUIL; OU SOUVENIRS PARLEMENTAIRES. Par Joseph Tassé. Montreal: Sénécal. 1891.

Our readers are probably aware that there is a very considerable Canadian-French literature, and that it is of a highly meritorious character. We can say with confidence that this character will not be lowered by M. Tassé's new volume, which gives an account of the five members of Parliament who occupied the thirty-eighth chair or desk (*fauteuil*) whilst M. Tassé himself was a member of the House. He calls it a chair of honour, the most distinguished, apart from those occupied by Ministers and the chiefs of the Opposition. "From 1878 to 1887," he says, "I had the honour to form a part of the House of Commons. During that time I represented the Capital of the Dominion, a city two-thirds English-speaking, and which has treated me too splendidly for me to have anything but the pleasantest recollections of it." We almost wish we had put these words in M. Tassé's charming French, for we acknowledge the difficulty of reproducing it in English. It is, he says, "an exceptional city! a city which loves journalists!" We need hardly tell our readers of the brilliant career of M. Tassé in that department. In the House of Commons, M. Tassé says, he occupied the thirty-seventh desk, in the middle of the third row, on the right. "A good place, without pretence. Not far from the Ministers, face to face with the Opposition. I have always liked to see the blows coming. One can parry them the better." The whole book is written in this happy manner. The five gentlemen who are here commemorated are Messrs. J. A. Mousseau, L. F. R. Masson, Charles J. Coursol, Joseph Royal and Désiré Girouard. The sketches are interesting not merely from a personal point of view, but in regard to the political history of the period. We are reminded of the agreements and disagreements of M. Tassé and his friends with Sir John Macdonald, of whom they were generally supporters. If we had space, we should give as specimens the author's sketches of Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blake. The reader will find them on the second and following pages, and we are sure he will not stop there; nor at the striking and enthusiastic words given to Sir John Macdonald, "*le vieux magnétiseur! l'un des grands maîtres d'homme du siècle. Il est de la famille des Bismarck, des Beaconsfield, des Palmerston, des Metternich.*"

MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND. Edited with a Preface and Notes by the Duc de Broglie. Translated by Mrs. Angus Hall. Vol. III. New York: Putnam; Toronto: Williamson. 1891.

If some portions of the present volume are less lively than we might expect from their author, we think that no one could possibly call this a dull book; nor can we at all sympathize with those expressions of disappointment which have come from some of those who have reviewed these memoirs. It is certainly true that these pages do not sparkle continually with epigrams and witticisms; but, if this is a disappointment, then the same kind of disappointment meets us in almost all the memoirs of all the wits who have ever lived. The present volume has, however, a deep and solid interest as giving the testimony and experiences of a man who took a leading part in the Congress of Vienna, and was ambassador in London immediately after the revolution of 1830 and after the accession of Louis Philippe.

It is, in a way, amusing to learn the first impressions of a sagacious man like Talleyrand, then present at the Congress of Vienna, when the news reached him of the escape of Buonaparte (as he calls him) from Elba. They heard of the difficulties at first encountered by Napoleon on his way to France. "This intelligence," says Talleyrand, "is very reassuring." But it was not long before they learned that the abhorred Corsican was being received throughout France with universal enthusiasm.

Of much interest is the account given of the flight of Louis XVIII., of the entrance of Napoleon into Paris, and again of the occupation of the city by the allies after the battle of Waterloo. Everyone now knows the story of the design of the Prussians to blow up the bridge of Jena. We suppose the story is true, and that the attempt was prevented by the Duke of Wellington and King Louis. If it is, the Germans had grown much calmer by the year 1871, as those will testify who witnessed their occupation of great part of France at that time.

We have abundant evidence, throughout this volume, of Talleyrand's loyalty to his own country, and of the

dignified and spirited manner in which he contended for her claims. It should be remembered, too, that we have not merely his own word for this, but the testimony of the Duke of Wellington as well. On this point we may refer our readers to page 140, where details will be found relating to the proceedings at the Congress of Vienna. The Prince is also most generous in acknowledging the assistance rendered by his colleagues at the congress.

It is amusing to read the arguments which he uses against the conduct of the allies in returning to the various picture galleries of Europe many of the works of art of which Napoleon had robbed them. To us his arguments are singularly unconvincing, and we are glad that they proved so to the powers. The story of his retirement from the ministry of Louis XVIII. seems entirely honourable to himself. We see no reason to doubt his loyalty to the Bourbons; and, although he took office under Louis Philippe, we see no reason to doubt the truth of his words when he says, "I can honestly declare that I never ceased to desire the continuance of the Restoration, and this was only natural, considering the part I had taken in it; I did nothing to disturb it, and utterly repudiate all connection with those who boast that they helped in its downfall." We had noted many points of interest in this volume, and would specially refer our readers to a passage on Lord Palmerston at page 281; but we must go no further. In noticing the first volume of these memoirs, we spoke of the admirable paper, printing, and the beautiful appearance of the work generally. We also remarked that the translation was very indifferent. We are happy to remark, in connection with the present volume, that it retains all the good features of its predecessor, but that the translation is very much better.

LIEUT.-COLONEL HENRY KNOLLYS, R.A., opens the September number of *Blackwood's Magazine* with a capital descriptive account of "Diamond-Digging in South Africa." "The Songs and Ballads of Fife" are adequately treated by Aeneas Mackay. "Across Rannoch Moor" and "My Pythagorean Friend" are excellent short stories. Moira O'Neill cleverly argues for "Macbeth as the Celtic Type." The other matter of this sterling old magazine is quite up to the mark.

BRET HARTE continues his sprightly serial, "A First Family of Tasajara," in the September number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. C. J. Hamilton presents a vivid and sympathetic pen picture of that illustrious though once despised reformer and teacher, "Henri Pestalozzi," whose life was so pathetically epitomized in "his own immortal words: 'I lived like a beggar to teach beggars to live like men.'" Arthur Montefiore gives a short description of "Fruit-Growing in Florida." It is not surprising we suppose, in an age when gambling is so fashionable, to find an article on "The Humours of Baccarat," though we fail to detect in it either literary or moral benefit. Professor Stockley's "A Sermon in Rouen" is a bright touch of French life. Alan Adair tells well "The Story of an Oak Tree," and W. P. J. closes the number with a pleasant deliverance on the subject of "The Great Work," in literature.

THE *Westminster Review* for September opens with a bright and well-written article on "The Italian Ministry"; its pen pictures of Di Rudini and the prominent members of the Italian Cabinet are admirable. Edmund R. Spearman writes very ably under the caption "Eve's Mission"; on "Eve dans l'Humanité," by that brilliant Frenchwoman, Maria Desraismes. C. H. d'E. Leppington treats of a question of to-day in "Side Lights on the Sweating System." In his article on "The Malthusian Doctrine," Mr. A. J. Ogilvy is good enough to tell us that he has presented "some points that, so far as I know, are new." Under "Hodge," Mr. J. J. Davies writes knowingly of the English farm labourer. William Schooling, F.R.A.S., contributes ably to popular science in discussing the progress of "Telescope and Camera," and Randolph Lee introduces an old favourite in his article on that literary nimrod, "Christopher North."

PROFESSOR TYNDALL's very able and very instructive article on the "Origin, Propagation, and Prevention of Phthisis," opens the *Fortnightly Review* for September. "Lowell and His Poetry" are treated by Sidney Low with fine critical ability and generous warmth. Frederic Harrison follows with a scholarly and graphic "Survey of the Thirteenth Century." William Archer, under "A Pessimist Playwright," gives a literary estimate of the alleged Belgian Shakespeare, Maurice Maeterlinck, and his lauded play, "La Princesse Maleine," together with extracts from the tragedy showing Maeterlinck's curious literary form and his curt yet pithy dialogue. Karl Blind entertains the archæologist with "A Greek Explorer of Britain and the Teutonic North." Francis Adams' article, "Social Life in Australia," is very good reading, and if the reader longs for lighter matter Professor Symonds and the editor provide it respectively in "Swiss Athletic Sports" and the stirring western story, "A Triptych."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Alexander, Mrs. Well Won. 30c. New York: J. A. Taylor & Co. Habberton, Jno. Out at Twinnetts. 50c. New York: J. A. Taylor & Co. Molloy, J. Fitzgerald. Sweet is Revenge. 50c. New York: J. A. Taylor & Co. The Calendar of the University of Toronto 1891-1892. Toronto: Rowsell and Hutchison.

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CARMEN SYLVA—Queen Elizabeth of Roumania—is reported to be dangerously ill in Venice.

JULIEN GORDON has prepared a thoughtful paper for the October *Lippincott's* entitled "Healthy Heroines."

CHARLOTTE EMBDEN-HEINE intends to publish the letters which her famous brother, Heinrich Heine, addressed to her.

THOMAS HUGHES has written an introduction for the English edition in one volume of Lowell's poems, which Macmillan is about to bring out.

MRS. GRAHAM R. TOMSON is making a collection of all the best cat poems in the English language. Mr. Arthur Tomson will illustrate it.

MISS HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE, granddaughter of Nathaniel and daughter of Julian, has written a story which the Harpers will soon publish.

W. W. STORY, the well-known United States literary sculptor, will contribute the "Corso of Rome" to the October number of *Scribner's Magazine*.

FREEMAN, the historian, who is perhaps the best informed student of the Eastern Question in the world, is preparing an article for the *Forum* on "The Peace of Europe."

SWINBURNE has written for the October *Forum* an article giving his estimate of a number of minor English poets, and Archdeacon Farrar contributes "An English Tribute to Lowell."

MR. CRAVEN LANGSTROTH BETTS, of New York, has a Persian love poem in press of Welsh, Fracker and Company, of that city called "The Perfume Holder," over a thousand lines in length, and rendered in Chaucerian Pentameter.

A NEW monthly magazine devoted to the discussion of social and economic questions, and the advancement of the organization of charity, to be called the *Charities Review*, will make its appearance on November 1. It will be published by the Critic Company, New York.

MR. WEDWORTH WADSWORTH, one of the best known of American landscape painters and water-colourists, has just issued, through the press of D. Lothrop Company, an exquisite collection of his own pictures and verses under the title, "Leaves From an Artist's Field Book."

A MANY-SIDED man is Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland, now writing of "Hans Breitman," then studying palmistry, again translating German poetry into graceful English verse, amusing himself with wood-carving, studying folklore, establishing art schools, or camping with gypsies.—*Harper's Bazar*.

BARRETT BROWNING, son of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, lives in a palace in Venice, and is a painter as well as a sculptor. His home is filled with the furniture and books which his illustrious father and mother used, and on the walls hang their portraits taken at different periods in their lives.—*Harper's Weekly*.

MRS. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS-WARD has recently completed a biography of her late father, Prof. Austin Phelps, which will be published at an early date by the Scribners. An interesting feature of the book is the autobiographical matter relating to Prof. Phelps' youth and early manhood.

MAX O'RELL's new volume of travels called "A Frenchman in America" will be published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York, late in October, who also announce "Thirty Years of Wit," by "Eli Perkins," which will probably be one of the most popular books of humour ever published in the United States.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON has enlarged and re-written the biographical study of Hogarth, which he prepared for the Great Artists Series some ten years ago. The new edition will be elaborately illustrated, and will appear early in the fall. Mr. Dobson is also editing Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World" for the Temple Library, published in America by Macmillan and Company.

MR. PINCHES, of the British Museum, is to write for the *Expository Times* a series of articles dealing with the Old Testament and the Cuneiform Inscription. He will go over the whole field of discovery in this department, incorporating and correcting Schrader's latest edition, and adding the new material which has been made available since it was published.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY have in press for immediate publication a new edition of Miss E. E. Brown's "Life of James Russell Lowell." This new edition, which will be both timely and welcome in view of the poet's recent death, will be increased by the addition of three chapters of new matter bearing on Mr. Lowell's life and work, and bringing the volume up to the time of his decease.

WOLCOTT BALESTIER, who has collaborated with Rudyard Kipling in the new novel which the *Century* will publish, is a young American now living in London. He is a writer and a business man as well, being a member of the recently organized firm of Heinemann and Balestier, of Leipsic, which is publishing a series of copyrighted English and American novels on the continent of Europe in the fashion of the Tauchnitz editions.

THE *Century* has had in preparation for a year or two a series of illustrated articles on "The Jews in New York," written by Dr. Richard Wheatley. They deal with many phases of the subject, including occupations, festivals and feasts, family life and customs, charities, clubs, amusements, education, etc. Dr. Wheatley has gathered the materials for these papers in long and close study, and he has had the assistance of several well-known Hebrews.

A CIRCUMSTANCE of unique interest in the literary and dramatic world was the successful *début* of David Christie Murray, the novelist, both as dramatist and actor at the Globe Theatre, London, on the evening of August 27. Murray's play is entitled "Ned's Chum." It is a story of Australian life, and all the critics agree that the author demonstrates unusual dramatic talent, while his abilities as an actor are far above the average of the actors of the English speaking stage.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce "The Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes," new large-paper edition in thirteen volumes; also new Riverside Edition, in thirteen volumes; "Abraham Lincoln," an essay by Carl Schurz, with a new portrait of Mr. Lincoln; "The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri," translated by Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of the History of Art in Harvard University, with notes, in three volumes; "The History of Historical Writing in America," by J. Franklin Jameson, Professor of history in Brown University, sixteen mo., \$1.25; "Letters of Lydia Maria Child," with a biographical introduction by J. G. Whittier, an appendix by Wendell Phillips, and a portrait. New edition.

To the Editor of the *Tribune*:

SIR,—The newspapers are full of tributes to Mr. Lowell—scholar, poet, statesman; may I offer, in his memory, a tribute to the gentleman? More than thirty years ago a party of Harvard freshmen were going from Cambridge to Boston in a horse-car. Mr. Lowell was also a passenger. Somewhere along the way there entered the car a woman, old and poorly dressed. The seats were all taken, but not one of the young cubs stirred. Mr. Lowell quietly rose and insisted upon the woman taking his seat. One, at least, of those freshmen has never forgotten the rebuke.

A COUNTRY RECTOR.

Stockbridge, Mass., Aug. 14, 1891.

THE *Athenæum* says: "We hear that the India Office authorities contemplate making search among the archives of Lisbon for documents and records which will throw light on the period of the Portuguese ascendancy in India—a period which is very meagrely represented by such documents as came into the hands of the East India Company, and have been since preserved. There is understood to be a good deal of material among the State papers at Lisbon for the earlier history of Western domination in India, and the Keeper of the Records at the India Office is to visit Lisbon shortly for the purpose of examining and making copies of the more important documents bearing on the subject.

PROFESSOR MARTIN HERTZ, of Breslaw, has taken the initiative in an enormous enterprise of a philological study of Latin. Mommsen, Vahlen and Diels have studied the question with him. The intention is to compile a historical dictionary of the Latin language, in which each word will be traced from its origin, and conducted through its variations of meanings to the Latin root, inclusive. It is estimated that the work will consist of ten quarto volumes each containing 1,200 pages, and the preparation will take about eighteen years. Fifty savants will have in charge the collection of the documents, which ten other distinguished Latinists will reduce to writing. The expense is estimated by Mr. Hertz at 500,000 marks; by the Academy of Berlin at 1,000,000 marks (\$125,000 and \$250,000), which will be covered by the Prussian State.

WALTER BESANT tells the following ghost story from his own experience, the scene being an old inn in Northumberland: "I drove back and spent the evening alone in my inn, reading certain books of the Queen Anne time, and at eleven o'clock went off to bed. My room was a very old room, and the inn itself was at least three hundred years old. All this is introduction in order to show you why the thing that I saw took the shape that it did. For in the middle of the night I woke suddenly and sat up startled. I found the room perfectly light; the door, which I had locked, flew open, and there walked in three ladies, dressed in the Queen Anne costume, with the pretty old stiff cardboard ornament of the head and everything. Never before had I understood how beautiful was the Queen Anne dress. The ladies sitting down on chairs round the fire (which was now burning merrily) began to talk, but I know not what they said. Suddenly—it shames me to confess the thing—I was seized with a horrid terror. I leaped from the bed, pulled back the curtains and pulled up the blind. It was about three in the morning, and twilight. Then I turned to my visitors; they slowly faded away."

WE sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

THE love of study, a passion which derives great vigour from enjoyment, supplies each day, each hour, with a perpetual round of independent and rational pleasure.—*Edward Gibbon*.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## THE ELEPHANT'S SAGACITY.

A WRITER in the *Illustrated American* says that in work which requires the application of great strength combined with good judgment the elephant is supreme; but as a mere puller and hauler he is not of great value. In piling logs, for example, the creature soon learns the exact manner of arranging them, and will place them upon each other with a regularity not to be excelled by a human workman. Sir Emerson Tennent, in his work on Ceylon, mentions a pair of elephants who used to raise their wood-piles to a great height by rolling the logs up an inclined plane of sloping beams. The same writer was once riding near Kandy, toward the scene of the massacre of Major Davies' party in 1803. He heard a queer sound in the jungle, like the repetition, in a hoarse and discontented tone, of the ejaculation of "Urmph, urmph!" Presently a tame elephant hove in sight, unaccompanied by any attendant. He was labouring, painfully to carry a heavy beam of timber which he balanced across his tusks, but, the pathway being narrow, he had to keep his head bent in a very uncomfortable posture to permit the burden to pass endways, and the exertion and inconvenience combined led him to utter the dissatisfied noise which had frightened the horse. When the creature saw the horse and rider halt, he raised his head, reconnoitered them for a moment, and then he flung down the timber, thoroughly appreciating the situation, and pushed himself backward among the bushwood so as to leave a passage for the horse. But as the horse did not avail itself of the pathway, the elephant impatiently thrust himself deeper into the jungle, repeating his cry of "Urmph!" but in a voice meant to invite and encourage. Still the horse trembled, and the rider, anxious to observe the instinct of the two intelligent creatures, forbore any interference with them. Again the elephant wedged himself farther in among the trees and waited for the horse to pass, and after the horse had done so timidly and tremblingly, the wise creature stooped, took up his heavy burden, and, balancing it on his tusks, resumed his route, hoarsely snorting his discontented grunt as before.—*Science*.

## AN ANTIQUARIAN FIND.

AN antiquarian find which will excite interest all over Europe has lately been made in Røvemose peat bog, near Hobro in Jutland, Aalborg Amt. The objects are all of silver, the principal piece being a very large basin, on which have been fastened plates of silver hammered out with figures of men, women and animals. The basin is twenty-six Danish inches in diameter, but scarcely eight inches high. One or two pieces are apparently wanting; but it is hoped they will turn up when the moss is minutely examined. The eye-holes of the figures are now empty, but had evidently been filled with coloured glass. One of the plates, which is nearly seventeen inches long, shows warriors, with helmets and other ornaments. One figure is a god with a wheel at his side, and on another are two elephants. A third shows a horned god in a sitting posture with his legs crossed orientalwise. All these have apparently nothing to do with Northern mythology, as was at first supposed. The whole find has now reached the Danish National Museum, and we see that these pieces belong to the god-lore of the Gallic peoples. The god with the wheel, for instance, is the Gallic sun god. The whole is the work of a Gallic artist at that early period when the Roman and Gallic peoples first came in contact. Allowing time for these things to wander so far north, the date would seem to be, as regards Denmark, the first century before Christ. Other things belonging to this Gallic group have been found previously in this country. The total weight of precious metal hitherto exhumed is about twenty Danish rounds.—*The Academy*.

## MOUNTAIN CROWS.

THE carrion crows in Switzerland do not seem to leave the larger, luxuriant valleys, where they are tame enough, and will sit in a fruit tree and croak within a dozen yards of the observer. One never gets such close looks at crows in England (unless a lucky chance with the gun has been had), and the sight is interesting. On the lower slopes, as far as the woods of deciduous trees extend, we find the jay perhaps a little tamer than at home, for here no keeper seeks to nail his head over the doorway, but half-hopping, half-flitting among the leafy branches in the old familiar way. Where a rushing stream has its banks bordered with scattered bushes the jay pushes its way up into the pastures above; but bushes and cover he must have. I once saw a magpie at a considerable elevation (about 3,500 ft.); he flitted up out of a little orchard at the back of a chalet. But on ascending a few hundred feet higher than this we come to the summer quarters of another crow. The nut-cracker in the breeding season loves the higher pine woods, where occasional bird song and call, and perhaps the tinkle of cow bells from a distant alp, are the only sounds; where the tall pines scattered on the grassy slope at the edge of the wood are clad in sweeping boughs to the ground. The nutcracker loves to sit on the top of a pine, and if you are above it you can get a fair view with the glass of his short, rather clumsy, form; his blackish plumage, boldly spotted with white, merely looks grey in the distance.



IN ABSENCE.

My love is far away from me to-night,  
 Oh spirits of sweet peace, kind destinies,  
 Watch over her, and breathe upon her eyes;  
 Keep near to her in every hurt's despite,  
 That no rude care or noisome dream affright.  
 So let her rest, so let her sink to sleep,  
 As little clouds that breast the sunset steep  
 Merge and melt out into the golden light.

My love is far away, and I am grown  
 A very child, oppressed with formless glooms,  
 Some shadowy sadness with a name unknown  
 Haunts the chill twilight, and these silent rooms  
 Seem with vague fears and dim regrets astir,  
 Lonesome and strange and empty without her.

—Archibald Lampman, in Scribner.

MENTAL OVER-PRESSURE.

As the school season approaches, the subject of mental over-pressure becomes important enough not only for parental consideration but for scientific investigation. The capacity of the child, the number and nature of the studies, and especially the length of the recitations, are features which ought not to be overlooked or be left to the discretion of educators. That much can be gained by experimental study of over-pressure is shown by a paper read by Dr. Burgenstein, of Vienna, before the Congress of Hygiene in London, upon "The Working Curve of an Hour." The writer had for his object the study of the mental power of children, and he arranged his experiments with a view to demonstrating the fluctuations of brain power in children during one hour's occupation with a familiar subject. Simple addition and multiplication sums were given to two classes of girls, of an average age of eleven years and eleven years and ten months, and two classes of boys, of the average age of twelve years and two months and thirteen years and one month. After ten minutes' work the sums were taken away from the children; after a pause of ten minutes the work was resumed, the alternation continuing for an hour, so that there were three periods of work. The results were interesting. During the whole experiment the 162 children worked out 135,010 figures, making 6,504 mistakes. It was found that the number of mistakes increased in the different periods, and that during the third period the quality of work was at the lowest. The general result showed, according to the investigator, that "children of the ages stated become fatigued in three quarters of an hour; that the organic material is gradually exhausted; that the power of work gradually diminishes to a certain point during the third quarter of the hour, returning with renewed force at the fourth quarter." The recommendation was made that no school lesson should last longer than three-quarters of an hour, and should be followed by a quarter of an hour's rest. Such a study is of especial benefit at the beginning of the school year. Children are often reprimanded for inattention when they are over-fatigued, and are spurred forward when their minds need rest. "Mental over-pressure" is the usual result.—*Boston Journal.*

THE EARTH'S CRUST.

A QUESTION of considerable importance to scientists, and one about which there has long been a great difference of opinion, is that which relates to the composition and temperature of the earth's crust. This subject has recently attracted the attention of both British and American scientists, but the conclusions which have been drawn from the investigations into this subject have been almost as diverse and many as the scientists who have conducted the enquiries. However much may be known about the earth's crust to-day, it is certain that much more remains to be discovered before any reliable data can be secured which may settle the question under dispute. It has been deemed probable by many commentators on this question that much might be learned from deep boring with a diamond or other drill capable of yielding a solid core for examination, but it should be remembered that the deepest boring which has been made up to the present time was undertaken at Schladabach near Leipsic, and that the drill sunk little further than 5,740 feet from the surface, while geologists claim to be able to find on the earth's surface to-day strata which must have lain at one time 20,000 feet below. The borings near Leipsic, so far from settling the disputed question in regard to the composition and temperature of the earth's crust, seem rather to have set afloat a multitude of new guesses, which have apparently merely the merit of novelty to command them to serious consideration. Yet it seems that the time should be near at hand when modern science should be able to settle something definite in regard to the characteristics of the earth's crust. Is the interior of the earth a pent up reservoir of super-heated gases or a whirling sea of molten metals? Or is it, as at least one eminent English scientist asserts, an almost impenetrable solid? How thick is the world's crust? Is it 20 miles, 80 or 8,000? How hot is it at any great distance below the surface of the earth? Is it merely too great to allow the existence of any forms of animal life, or is the heat, as some assert, as intense as that of the sun itself? These and many more questions will remain for the next generation to solve and explain as it can. The task will be at least an interesting and presumably not an easy one for future scientists.—*Boston Advertiser.*

AUGUST WILD FLOWERS.

IN August most of the wild flowers of hedge and field are generally over, but it is a late season, and we are still, according to the calendar of the flowers, in mid July. I made a note to-day of some still flourishing in our deep lanes and on the open moor. I found the blue sheep's bit, sometimes called a scabius, but I believe it does not own cousinship with that more lordly flower; it is growing and blossoming in every hedge. Beside it everywhere is the tall fox-glove, now, however, breaking down in its stalk and bereft of most of its blossom; the wood sage flowering with its yellowish green bunch of little blossoms; the purple knapweed with a flower like the thistle; among the flowers are already lying the black seed pods; the hawkweed in two or three varieties; the bedstraw with its white blossoms in wonderful profusion; the white starwort, a smaller kind of stitchwort, very pretty; the stoncrop covering the boulders with pink leaves and starry flowers, white and pink; the yellow tormentilla, also star-shaped, that grows with equal freedom in hedge and on heath; the blue vetch growing to the size of a bush; the milfoil or yarrow; the St. John's wort—did one ever see a prettier blossom?—a yellow flower with its strong straight stamens tipped with scarlet; the herb Robert—you find this plant in August, sometimes green of leaf and pink of blossom, sometimes crimson all over—a splendid generous crimson—crimson leaves, crimson stalks, and crimson spikes, the glory of the hedge; nothing in rural England is prettier than the crimson hue of the herb Robert; the wound-wort, with its purple bunch of blossom; the red robin or campion; the pretty basil, with its lip-shaped flowers and its large leaf; the wild raspberry; the wild strawberry; the bird's foot trefoil and the yellow vetchling, so much alike to the untutored eye as to seem the same plant; the pink willow herb, which shows its best when the long seed vessels have burst open and are exposing the fluffy white threads within; the honeysuckle, growing everywhere in astounding luxuriance; the pennywort, its long stalk furnished with greenish white blossoms like a small foxglove; the purple bugle; the valerian, its flowers wonderful for the brightness of their pink and white; the brook lime, growing in moist places—every long branch having its little blue flower at the end of it; the tiny forget-me-not, whose blue is surely lovelier than any other of that colour of myriad shades; one flower alone comes near it in colour—the tiny bog harebell, which grows on the heath, nestling in the shade of the boulders; clover everywhere; long rushes, each with a flower in the middle, as if transfixed; beside them, the delicate lady-fern; spearwort, like buttercup, but for its sharp long leaves; the alder shrub beside the ditch; ragwort just beginning; ferns of every kind; white eyebright; purple heath, now beginning; the grey and lilac heather still in bud. Is not this a goodly flower show to note and catalogue all in a single walk of two hours among the lanes?—*Walter Besant, in Manchester Examiner.*

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MR. WALTER BESANT'S idea of an "Authors' Club" seems likely to have some practical outcome, after all. He is anxious to create "what is called a first-class club on the level, say, of the Garrick, the Savile, of the Arts, of which the first condition of membership shall be some connection with literary life." With this object in view, he recently called a meeting of literary men at which certain resolutions were agreed to. It was decided, among other things, that dramatists, journalists, authors of papers in reviews and magazines, editors of periodicals and others should be admissible to membership—as also "that the new club should be one in which the social attractions should at least equal those of any other club in London," and that it should be "one of reasonable charges and reasonable living." It has not yet been decided whether or no to admit ladies to membership. We fancy that Mr. Besant himself would like them to share the privileges of the club with the male members of the profession. But in any case ladies will be admitted on ladies' nights and on ladies' afternoons, as well as to the concerts or entertainments organized by the committee; and, if they are finally debarred from membership of the Authors' Club, Mr. Besant hopes to establish an Authors' House, which, he thinks, will be especially useful to them.

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## SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

At the Frankfort electrical exhibition there is an interesting feature in the shape of a series of arc lamps supported on a revolving drum. The lamps are kept burning in spite of the movement, and the device is said to be especially valuable for steam-boats, locomotives and lighthouses.

OAK timber loses about one-fifth of its weight in seasoning, and about one-third its weight in becoming dry. Gradual drying and seasoning are considered the most favourable to the durability and strength of timber. Kiln drying is particularly serviceable for boards and pieces of small dimensions, and unless performed slowly is apt to cause cracks and impair the strength of the wood. If timber of large dimensions be immersed in water for some weeks, it is improved, and is less liable to warp and crack in seasoning.—*Scientific American*.

PHOTOGRAPHY on a black background is a subject that is attracting much attention nowadays, while the curious results obtained by double exposures in connection with it are constantly being shown. A rather startling picture found in *La Nature* shows an artist juggling with his own head and photographing himself. To get a suitable background, in order that the bust may be degraded on the black, has hitherto been the difficulty. The artist in question, however, has discovered that the night's darkness from a window or door makes as black a background as could be desired, while the flash light admits of the making of any exposure in front of it. When the door is used the model is placed face to the apparatus, a little back of the embrasure, and the light is flashed at the side. A deep, black shadow, projecting behind the sitter, gives the desired black background.

THE Pacific Post Telegraph Company lately had a gathering of some 500 guests at the opening of a new telegraph office in San Francisco. After shortly describing the various instruments, the superintendent said he was often asked how long it took to telegraph to different places and get a reply. He would, therefore, now send telegrams to Portland, New York, Washington, Seattle, Tacoma, Canso (Nova Scotia), and London, enquiring about the weather. The first reply came from Portland in 3 minutes, "Weather fine"; the next from New York in 3 minutes 10 seconds, "Misty and warm"; Washington in 3 minutes 11 seconds, "Misty and warm"; Seattle in 3 minutes 21 seconds, "Misty and calm"; Tacoma in 3 minutes 28 seconds, "Misty, cool, and calm"; Canso (Nova Scotia) in 4 minutes 20 seconds, "Cold and misty"; while the answer "Misty and cold" came from London in 6 minutes 22 seconds.—*Electrician*.

## "German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since." PETER J. BRIALS, Jr., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.

IN November next there will be held, at the Crystal Palace in London, an international exposition of electricity, which will last several months. It was projected in consequence of the successful one held at Vienna, and will be subject to the same conditions. The objects exhibited will be received from October 12 to November 3, and the arrangements must be complete by the 6th of November.—*Paris La Nature*.

THE origin of vegetable life on the globe presents as many difficulties as the study of the birthplace of man. Sir Edward Forbes, many years ago, propounded a theory of "numerous centres of creation"—a theory that has met with more or less favour. Lyell and Darwin seem to have entertained some such views. Professor Macoun inclines to the belief that the plants of North America had their original home in the north, and that all the flora which we find only in a fossil condition originated in the same manner, in one spot in the northern regions, and have migrated southwardly.—*New York Independent*.

FROM a recent issue of *Nature* we learn that M. Raspail has lately called attention in the Zoological Society of France to the serious diminution of birds in that country through destruction of their nests. Some insectivorous species are becoming very rare, while the ravages of parasites on useful plants are extending. Boys, of course, do a great deal of the mischief; and of the various animals which attack nests (the squirrel, the hedgehog, the dormouse, the magpie, etc.), M. Raspail regards the cat as the worst offender. On a recently wooded property of about seven acres he observed last year as follows: Out of thirty-seven nests, carefully watched, only eight succeeded; twenty-nine were destroyed, fourteen of these by the cat, though effort had been made to ward off this insatiable marauder. On a large property in the centre of a village the owner had about eighty cats annually caught in traps. The place having lately changed hands, the gardeners estimate that more than one hundred nests were destroyed last year, three-fourths of these by cats. M. Raspail advocates a rigorous application of the law for protection of insectivorous species, the disqualification of the cat as a domestic animal, and the giving of prizes to foresters and others for destruction of all animals which prey on eggs and young in the nest.

THE necessity of devoting to sleep several hours in each day, says the *Lancet*, is too obvious to admit of serious question. The proper selection of these hours is also, for those who would prolong and usefully employ life, a very needful consideration, though its importance may to some be less evident. We have all met with persons, outside of hospitals and of parliament, who do half or more of their daily work after nightfall, and sleep long after earlier rising men are awake and busy. Some of these are wont to extol the comfort of their morning slumbers. They describe as immense the refreshment they receive from six or seven hours thus agreeably spent, and no wonder, for the sense of present satisfaction must be very marked, and that for definite reasons. Man, in common with most of the animal creation, has accepted the plain suggestion of Nature that the approach of night should imply a cessation of effort. If he ignores this principle his work is done against inherited habit, and, so far, with additional fatigue. It follows, too, from our ordinary social conditions, that he must use artificial light, and sustain its combustion at the cost of his own atmosphere. Naturally, therefore, when he does rest, his relief is in proportion to his weariness. As in many other cases, however, sensation is not here the most reliable guide to judicious practice. Established custom affords a far truer indication of the method most compatible with healthy existence. The case of the overworked and the invalid lends but a deceptive colour to the argument of the daylight sleeper. In them excessive waste of tissue must be made good, and sleep, always too scanty, is at any time useful for this purpose. For the healthy majority, however, the old custom of early rest and early waking is certain to prove in future, as returns of longevity and common experience alike show that it has proved in the past, most conducive to healthy and active life.—*Science*.

A DESPATCH from Dr. W. H. Burk, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, who accompanied the Peary polar expedition, announces the arrival of the *Kite* at St. John's, Newfoundland, on her return voyage. Lieutenant Peary, whose leg had been broken, was left with his wife and five companions in winter quarters at McCormick's Bay, Murchison's Sound. All on board the *Kite* were well, and the scientists brought home with them large collections of the flora and fauna of Greenland.

IN regard to the disease producing or pathogenic germs, says the *Sanitary News*, it is important to understand what forces or agencies will retard their multiplication or wholly destroy them. In emergencies, chemistry is resorted to and antiseptics and disinfectants are employed, but in the proper prevention of disease such emergencies should not be allowed to arise. Sunlight, pure air and thorough cleanliness are natural enemies to disease germs. They cannot flourish where they have not their proper food, and that is found in dampness, darkness, mould and filth. Keep the habitation flooded with sunshine and pure air, keep away all filth and dampness, and the germs of disease will find no foothold, no nidus in which to breed, or food on which to grow. Nature is struggling all the time to keep her domain healthful and a fit habitation for man, but man shuts out the air and light, contaminates all things about him, and disease is the reward of his recklessness and neglect. There is more health in a sunbeam than in drugs, and more life in pure air than in the physicians' skill. The sunlight may fade your parlour carpet, but better that than have disease fade your cheek. The wind may "tan" and "freckle" the face, but it is better tanned and freckled than thin and sallow. Help Nature to keep your habitation healthful by allowing her forces an opportunity to operate. There is more health about you than disease. Health is man's natural condition. He has to violate some law before the penalty of disease is inflicted. He can place about him such conditions that disease-germs will invade his system, or he can live amid surroundings so pure that health will bless him both in his freedom from physical ills and in the sweet consciousness of right living.

THE October *Domestic Monthly* will contain, as a supplement, a handsome plate in five colours, of some of the new fall fashions. These plates are very expensive, but they will be a feature of the *Domestic Monthly* hereafter, and no change has been made in the subscription price. All the popular departments of the magazine are retained and improved. The October number contains over 150 illustrations, and is as handsome a periodical as one would care to see. It is the most complete of the fashion magazines, and its stories and sketches are always readable. It is a constant wonder how the publishers can give so much for so little money. It has justly been called the cheapest good magazine published. The *Domestic Monthly* is published at 853 Broadway, New York, at \$1.50 a year, post paid, with \$1.00 worth of patterns to every subscriber.

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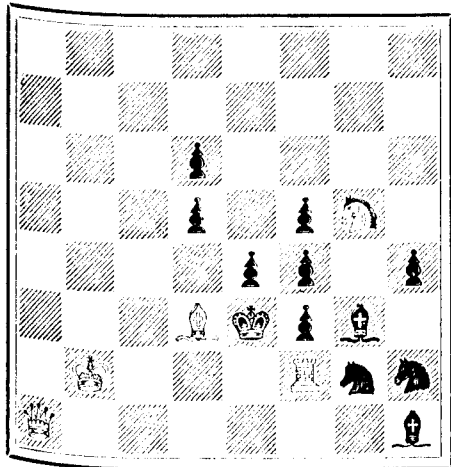




CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 601.

By P. G. L. F.  
BLACK.

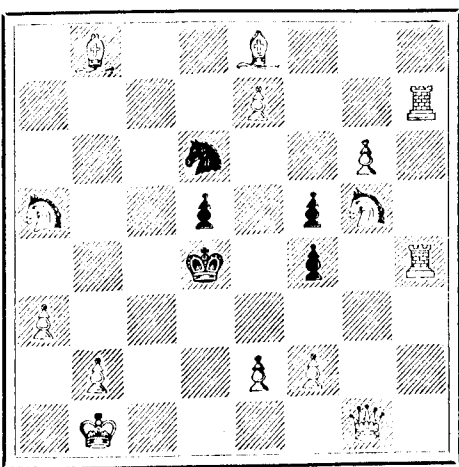


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 602.

By Mrs. W. J. Baird.  
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 595.

- White. 1. Q-K 1
  - 2. Kt-B 3 +
  - 3. Q mates
  - Black. 1. K x P
  - 2. K moves
  - if 1. K-Q 6
  - 2. moves.
- With other variations.

No. 596.

Q-Q 5

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. W. R., Windsor.—In Problem 592 if White play 1. Q-Q 3 Black will answer P x Kt and there is no mate.

CHESS AT THE EVER-FAMOUS REGENCE.

A lively skirmish, with a pretty and very curious mating finish, played at the Cafe de la Regence, Paris, June 3, 1891, between Mr. Chas. A. Maurian, of New Orleans, and Mr. C. W. May, an American amateur residing in Paris.

ALLGAIER—THOROLD.

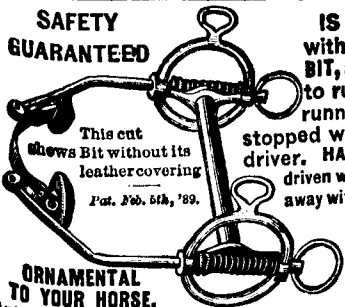
- |                    |                |                      |                |
|--------------------|----------------|----------------------|----------------|
| Mr. C. A. MAURIAN. | Mr. C. W. MAY. | Mr. C. A. MAURIAN.   | Mr. C. W. MAY. |
| White.             | Black.         | White.               | Black.         |
| 1. P-K 4           | P-K 4          | 9. B-Q B 4 +         | K-Kt 2         |
| 2. P-K B 4         | P x P          | 10. Castles          | Q x R P        |
| 3. K Kt-B 3        | P-K Kt 4       | 11. Q-Q 3            | Kt-B 3         |
| 4. P-K R 4         | P-Kt 5         | 12. P-K 5! (b)       | K-K R 4 (c)    |
| 5. Kt-Kt 5         | P-K R 3        | 13. B-K Kt 3! (d)    | Q-K 2 (e)      |
| 6. Kt x P          | K x Kt         | 14. B-K R 4! (f)     | Q-K 1 (g)      |
| 7. P-Q 4           | P-Q 3          | 15. B-B 6 +!         | Kt x B         |
| 8. B x P           | Kt-Q B 3 (a)   | 16. P x Kt mate! (h) |                |

NOTES.

- (a) Having entered upon the 7. P-Q 3 defence, he should have gone on with the normal continuation, 8. B-K 2; 9. B-K 2, B x P (+); 10. P-K Kt 3, B-Kt 4; 11. Castles, etc. There is no time to spare as yet for the development on the Q's wing.
- (b) The correct move, evidently played with an eye to the pretty possibilities that result from having the White P at K 5.
- (c) Which looks singularly good at first blush, but—
- (d) Turns out singularly bad on account of this curious and seemingly unanswerable reply.
- (e) If instead, 13. Q-Kt 4, White mates in three by 14 R-B 7 (+), K-Kt; 15. R-Q 7 (dis. +), P-Q 4; 16. B x P, mate! Of course the same mate ensues if 13. Q, or Kt x B.
- (f) A markedly zealous prelate in pressing his attentions on her Majesty!
- (g) He might have saved the mate by giving his Q for B here by 14. Q-K 3, but that had been, as poor Captain MacKenzie was wont to say, "but a plunge of despair."
- (h) A highly elegant and remarkably curious mate.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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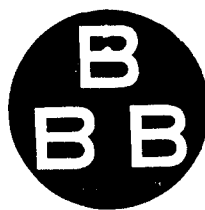
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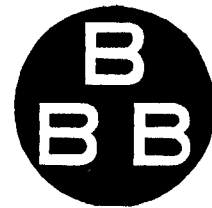
All such diseases as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Boils, Pimples, Blotches, Skin Diseases, etc., are caused by wrong action of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, or Blood, and may be cured by correcting this wrong action and regulating and purifying all the organs, thus restoring perfect health. B. B. B. will do this promptly, safely, and surely. It succeeds where other remedies fail. Even many forms of Cancer yield to its curative powers. Price \$1 per bottle, six for \$5, or less than a cent a dose.

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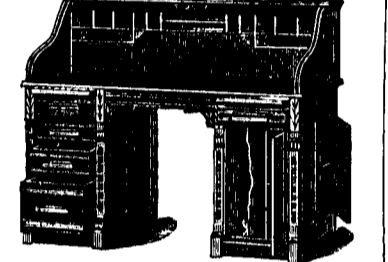


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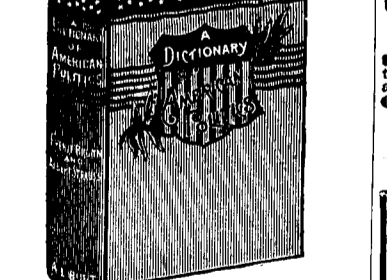


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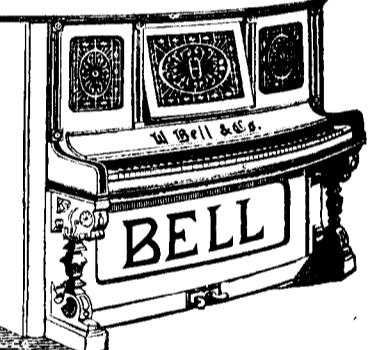
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