

**Pages Missing**

# THE WEEK.

Ninth Year.  
Vol. IX., No. 10.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5th, 1892.

\$3.00 per Annum.  
Single Copies, 10 Cents.

## THE WEEK:

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART

TERMS:—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00  
Subscriptions payable in advance.

Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage prepaid,  
on terms following:—One year, 12s. stg.; half-year, 6s. stg. Remittances  
by P.O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the  
Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptionable in character and limited in  
number, will be taken at \$4.00 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for  
six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per  
insertion for a shorter period.

No advertisements charged less than five lines. Address—T. R.  
CLOUGHER, Business Manager, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

European Agents—SMITH, AINSLIE & Co., 25 Newcastle Street,  
Strand, London.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

### CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
Economy in a Wrong Direction .....	147
The Bye-Elections .....	147
Canada at the Columbian Exposition .....	147
Newfoundland and Canada .....	147
Impure Ice .....	148
Imperial Customs Union .....	148
The Crucial Question .....	148
Manning and Spurgeon .....	148
The United States and Chili .....	149
Is it Magnanimous? .....	149
Sectarian Education in Germany .....	149
PROFESSOR WORKMAN'S CASE .....	Presbyter, 149
THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY: ITS EARTHLY TABERNACLE .....	J. C. Sutherland, 150
THE COMING SHELLEY CENTENARY .....	T. Arnold Haultain, M.A., 150
A TALE OF TWO SONNETS .....	Sarepta, 151
THE KINGSTON SATURDAY NIGHT CLUB .....	G., 152
FLORENTINE VIGNETTES .....	Alice Jones, 152
MY FRIEND BESIDE THE WESTERN SEA: VILANELLE .....	Emma Playter Seabury, 153
A MYSTERIOUS BUT TRUE STORY .....	Fairplay Radical, 153
PROFESSOR BALDWIN'S "PSYCHOLOGY" .....	154
PROFESSOR ALFRED CHURCH'S "HOMER" .....	154
THE RAMBLER .....	154
CORRESPONDENCE—	
Disbarring of Cattle .....	Robert Strachan, 155
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA .....	155
OUR LIBRARY TABLE .....	155
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSIP .....	156
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE .....	157
CHESS .....	159

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.

**E**CONOMY was the watchword which gained the present Mayor of Toronto his elevation to that responsible position. There is no doubt both room and need for greater economy in some directions in the management of our civic affairs, and we are glad to see some indications that Mayor Fleming means to hold fast to his motto. But there is economy and economy—a true economy and a false economy—or rather a semblance of economy, which is really no economy at all, but the opposite. This remark has just application, we believe, to more than one of the economies recommended by Mayor Fleming since he came into office, but it is suggested particularly by his reported statement that \$2,700 per annum is "far too large" a salary for the librarian of the Public Library. When we consider the varied and rare qualifications required in an efficient librarian—knowledge of books, courtesy and urbanity in bearing, experience in the complicated and difficult details of library management, high moral character, etc.—the wonder is rather that a thoroughly competent man is available for the salary indicated, which is less than that which would be offered to an able member of any of the learned professions. A greater wonder is that any public or private citizen could grudge so moderate a remuneration to an officer so faithful and efficient as Mr. Bain has proved himself to be. We do not believe that the citizens of this wealthy and prosperous city either need or wish that those who have for years been giving them faithful service, and the advantage of qualifications which it must have taken no small portion of the study and experience of a lifetime to acquire, should be dealt with in a narrow and niggardly spirit. Rather should the city set an example of justice and liberality to all employers. We hope that Mayor Fleming's suggestion, if he really made it, will not commend itself to the Board or Council.

**T**HUS far party honours in the bye-elections have been pretty evenly divided. The Liberals have gained one seat, which will of course count in their favour on a division, but, for reasons before given, it is evident that this victory was due to exceptional causes and affords no evidence of increase of Liberal strength. The increase of the Liberal majority in Lincoln is fully offset by that of the Conservative majority in Cumberland. The Opposition papers say, with some appearance of truth, that the contests thus far are no true test of the relative strength of parties, the Government having resorted to the old and, it was hoped, discarded tactics of bringing on the elections first in the constituencies where they are tolerably certain of success, thus gaining whatever advantage is derived from the prestige of victory at the outset. It is already pretty clear that the effect of the revelations of last session at Ottawa, as a weapon against the Government, is fully counteracted by that of the discoveries now being made in Quebec, as against the Opposition. On the whole there seems to be no sufficient reason to suppose that the relative strength of parties will be materially affected by the results of the bye-elections. In the Maritime Provinces Sir Richard Cartwright's severe remarks in disparagement of that section of the Dominion electorate are being used against him and his party with considerable effect. One would have supposed that so keen a politician as Sir Richard would have foreseen the inevitable result of the tone of disparagement and wholesale denunciation of one part of the Dominion, and have restrained his indignation as a matter of policy, if for no better reason. From the patriotic and national point of view nothing would be more disastrous to the future of the Confederation than that suspicion or dislike should arise between the Provinces, or party lines come to coincide to any considerable extent with Provincial boundaries. There is some reason to apprehend danger from this source. Every true Canadian, not to say every aspiring statesman, should set himself to counteract such a tendency to the extent of his ability.

**A**LL Canadians of every shade of political creed must approve the vigorous action which is being taken by the Dominion Government to secure a creditable representation of the resources, productions and progress of the Dominion at the forthcoming World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago. It is gratifying to learn that the keen interest manifested by representatives of our various industries bids fair to make the task of those who have charge of the matter comparatively easy. No other country, excepting of course the United States itself, occupies so favourable a position in reference to location, and there seems to be really no good reason why Canada should not profit almost as much by such an opportunity to call the attention of the world to what this country is, what its people have done and are doing, and what its vast territory and unbounded resources make it capable of doing for the future of the race, as the great Republic itself, and that too without having to share the grave financial responsibilities which the latter has shouldered. It is to be hoped that producers of every class will co-operate heartily with the Government and its commissioners in their efforts to make the Canadian exhibit one of which the country can be proud. Our attention has recently been called, in this connection, to a somewhat novel, and yet, so far as we can see, a perfectly legitimate and feasible proposal, to call the artistic talent of the country to the aid of the commissioners in such a way as to bring its claims to the world's attention into view in an original and striking manner. We refer to Mr. Hamilton McCarthy's suggestion that an allegorical figure, designed and sculptured in the highest style of art which Canada can produce, should be prepared and placed in a conspicuous position in the Canadian quarter of the Exposition. Mr. McCarthy himself has demonstrated in the best possible way, by his own productions, that Canada has the talent necessary for such a work of art. He has already outlined a design which seems well adapted to embody not only the native beauty, vigour and individualism of our youthful nation, but also to suggest in a striking manner the sources of her strength and the largeness

of her aspirations. The idea is a good one, and we hope that those who have faith in Canadian resources and sympathy with Canadian aspirations will spontaneously give our foremost sculptor all the encouragement he needs, financial and otherwise, to enable him to at once set about the execution of his rich design. Such a statue would pay a double debt, as being at the same time an exhibition of Canadian art and a suggestion of Canadian resources and ambitions.

**A** DESPATCH from London, of doubtful authenticity, was published the other day, to the effect that reciprocity negotiations were soon to be renewed between the Canadian and United States Governments, and that Newfoundland was in the meantime importuning Lord Knutsford to sanction the famous Bond-Blaine draft treaty on her behalf, prior to the opening of the said negotiations. The last sentence does not lack verisimilitude, but the first part of the alleged despatch is evidently unfounded, since nothing seems to be known at Ottawa of any proposed negotiations, or of a conference looking to such negotiations. The mention of Newfoundland and the Bond-Blaine draft treaty reminds us, however, that there is a question of veracity, or something very nearly resembling it, between our Minister of Marine and prominent members of the Newfoundland Government, which should be cleared up with as little delay as possible. These questions relate chiefly to two points. In the first place, whereas, as will be remembered, the action of Newfoundland in taxing flour and other Canadian products was represented here as an act of retaliation in return for the taxing of Newfoundland fish, which had become necessary, in justice to our fishermen, Mr. Harvey, a member of the Island Government, in one of his letters to the *London Times*, states positively, and quotes a clause of an Act which has been on their statute book for years to prove, that the present Government of Newfoundland had nothing to do with the alleged retaliatory tax, but that it came into operation automatically, as the result of the action of the Canadian Government. He avers, moreover, that our Government was not ignorant of this fact, as they had been informed in a friendly manner that such a proviso was in the Newfoundland Act, and that the Government of that Colony had no power to prevent its operation, even had they wished to do so, in advance of a meeting of the Legislature. The other point is of still greater importance. The gist of it is contained in the following extracts from a letter addressed by the Hon. Robert Bond, Colonial Secretary of Newfoundland, to Mr. Munn, of Montreal, in reply to an enquiry from that gentleman. Mr. Bond quotes from a report of the speech of Hon. Mr. Tupper, delivered in Toronto on December 16th, as follows:—

Under the Bond-Blaine negotiations it was proposed to shut out our flour and other products of the western part of Canada out of that market, and to impose a tariff discriminating in favour altogether of the goods and products of a foreign country, the United States of America.

And proceeds:—

I hesitate to believe that the Hon. Mr. Tupper deliberately asserted that which he knew to be untrue; yet I can only say that if he did make the statement contained in what purports to be a report of his speech at Toronto on December 16, it was one contrary to the facts and for which no possible excuse can be forthcoming. The Bond-Blaine "negotiations" did not propose to shut out Canadian flour and the products of the western part of Canada from Newfoundland; neither did they propose a tariff discriminating in favour of the goods and products of a foreign country, the United States of America. When a similar statement was forwarded by the Canadian Cabinet to Her Majesty's Government as the justification for its unwarrantable interference with the Newfoundland negotiations, this Colony at once intimated to the Imperial and Canadian Governments that such a contingency was not contained in the proposed convention or contemplated by the Government of this Colony. As a member of the Canadian Cabinet, the Hon. Mr. Tupper must have been aware of this, even if his own interpretation of the "negotiations" had led him into error, hence my unwillingness to believe that he made the untruthful statement that has been attributed to him.

The point at issue is, it will be seen, of great importance, inasmuch as the alleged discrimination against Canada constituted the strongest, if not the only reasonable,

ground on which Canada could claim a right to interfere with the action of her sister Colony in the matter. The only reply we have seen from Hon. Mr. Tupper was contained in a speech in which, so far as we could gather from the report, he somewhat hesitatingly adhered to his original interpretation of the purport of the draft treaty in question. But the matter certainly needs to be cleared up, for Canadians have a right to know the whole facts, in order that they may be in a position to do justice to their colonial cousins. No doubt the question will be brought up when Parliament meets, but it seems desirable that the Minister of Marine and Fisheries should, for the sake of his own reputation, either substantiate his statement or frankly admit his error.

THE Mayor and Council of Toronto have taken a serious responsibility in permitting the practice of cutting ice on the bay for cooling purposes to be continued. Apart from considerations of anybody's self-interest, which should be held entirely subordinate in such a matter, the very fact that the ice so procured is admitted to be unfit for ordinary household purposes, should be sufficient to condemn its use in the butchers' refrigerators. That at least is the view which would, we think, at once suggest itself to the unscientific mind. In a matter in which the lives and health of the people are at stake, no risks should be taken. It is in the highest degree unlikely that hundreds of tons of this ice can be in use in the butchers' establishments all over the city without more or less of it finding its way into general consumption. And even if it were possible to avoid that danger and guard against the use of the impure article in every case for any other than cooling purposes, is it quite clear that the disease germs can be taken into the system only as they are swallowed with the food or water? Is not their very presence in the atmosphere a constant source of danger? That is a question on which we should have the best scientific opinion before deciding a question of so much importance. If there is a doubt on this point, would it not, in the meantime, be safer and consequently right to give the residents of the city the benefit of the doubt? It is urged that to forbid the cutting and use of ice from the Bay would mean the loss of employment to many citizens during the winter season when employment is most needed and hardest to be found. It is evident that even this consideration, the importance of which we fully admit, should not prevail against the public health. But there is surely a fallacy in this reasoning. The ice is a necessity for the butchers. It must be procured from some locality. The only result of closing the old source of supply would be to cause the butchers and others interested to look elsewhere for a purer article. If it had to be brought from a greater distance, or procured with greater difficulty, the effect could only be to increase rather than diminish the demand for labour. One thing is clear. So long as there is any good reason to fear that the ice in question is a source of danger to the health of the city, it is a disgrace and a crime to permit its use, and those who are the responsible guardians of the interests of the citizens at every point, are guilty of a neglect of duty in permitting it. Should not the matter be left in the hands of the Board of Health and they held responsible for the results?

IF enthusiasm and perseverance in what the advocate believes to be a good cause deserves success, Col. Howard Vincent certainly ought to succeed in his advocacy of the project of an Imperial Customs Union. If it can be shown that such a scheme would benefit the colonies without injuring the Mother Country, and that it is within the bounds of the reasonably practical, no true Canadian could desire to put the slightest obstacle in the way of its promoters. In the meanwhile, it can only be of service to the cause to point out clearly from time to time, not only the difficulties which beset the scheme in itself considered, but any weaknesses or fallacies in the arguments advanced in its support, which may tend to raise false hopes in the minds of those who may be inclined to favour it, without having time or opportunity to make personal investigation in regard to its real prospects and merits. We have more than once confessed ourselves to be utterly sceptical as to the possibility of inducing the people of Great Britain to consent to any scheme which proposes to again tax their food, no matter by whom the proposal may be advocated or for what purpose. We have seen as yet no reason to change our mind on this point. The applause with which a public assembly of British operatives in any locality particularly affected by the operation of the McKinley tariff may greet a sanguine orator who has a rem-

edy to propose, in the absence of anyone disposed to point out the objections which in the opinion of others as well qualified to pronounce an opinion would make the remedy worse than the disease, cannot be regarded as such a reason. Be that, however, as it may, the people of the Mother Country may safely be left to decide the question, so far as their interests are involved, for themselves. The practical point for us to consider is the relation of the question to our own people and interests. To what extent did Col. Howard Vincent's Canadian tour justify him in the very sanguine representations which he is making in England in respect to the warmth of his reception in Canada, and the heartiness with which his project was welcomed by the Canadian people? There is no question of intentional misrepresentation on the part of Col. Vincent. He no doubt is fully persuaded that the great majority of Canadians are ready to give a hearty endorsement to the principle of an Imperial customs union. Nor need it be doubted that the general tone of the meetings which he addressed while in Canada was such as to give apparent ground for that belief. The real question is, to what extent were those meetings representative of the sentiments of the Canadian people as a whole? May it not have been that the announcement of his subject and the general purpose of his tour were such as would naturally have the effect of bringing out in the main only those who were favourable to the scheme of which he is the ardent advocate? If so, it is clear that any conclusions based upon the verdict of those meetings would be necessarily one-sided and misleading. In this connection it must of course be borne in mind that Col. Vincent's mission was in no sense official. Had it been otherwise—had he come clothed with representative powers such that it would be understood that important conclusions and perhaps legislative measures depended upon his report, the meetings might have assumed a very different complexion. As it was and is, it is, to say the least, questionable whether anything more can be inferred from those meetings than that a considerable and not uninfluential section of the Canadian people would be prepared to consider favourably, a proposition looking to some form of commercial union with the Mother Land. To what extent even they would be prepared to make such a union reciprocal by substantial tariff concessions in favour of British manufactures, would be another and a very important question.

WE certainly desire to do full justice to Col. Vincent's patriotic motives and to appreciate at their true value his disinterested efforts to draw into closer commercial relations the scattered portions of the great British Empire. Has he the statesmanlike qualities which are generally found essential to success in leading an important movement of the magnitude of that which he is now seeking to promote? We have not yet, perhaps, the means of judging. But it must be confessed that some portions of his reported speeches suggest grave doubts on this point. Note, for instance, such passages as that in which he describes the journalistic enemy—whoever that may have been—as having "attacked him (me) with malignant venom from town to town, sought by poisoned words to misrepresent your patriotic feelings, and, mindful of his dastard aim to bring about the independence of the over-sea portions of the Empire of Britain, to separate them from the Motherland, dished up with vinegar and garlic all the garrulous growlings of venal traitors and set them before the Sheffield public as the real expressions of Canadian feeling," or that in which he characterizes the arguments of those whose views do not agree with his own as "the post-prandial maunderings of sleek professors," or "the essays of venerable peers and the twaddle of party hacks." But whatever may be thought of the probable effect of that mode of parrying the criticisms of unbelievers, it is at least incumbent upon the advocates of a revolutionary change in the fiscal policy of the Empire, to give a clear answer to the fundamental objections of those who are not necessarily unfriendly to the project, however they may be disposed to examine closely into its merits before committing themselves to unqualified approval. This is, we hold, especially true of the crucial dilemma which has more than once been presented in these columns, which has also been urged from the opposite point of view by leading English journals, and to which we have never yet seen any clear answer, or attempt at answer. That dilemma may be stated from the Canadian side somewhat as follows: Canadian farmers are, we are assured, to be greatly benefited by a discriminating tax on foreign grains at British ports in

favour of colonial products. But the British market for colonial grains could not be made freer than it now is, thanks to the free-trade policy of the Mother Country. It can hardly be denied that that market is already ample to absorb all, and many times more than all, the present products of the colonies and all they are likely to produce under the most favourable conditions, for many years to come. Of what possible benefit then could a British tax upon foreign imports be to Canadian farmers, save by increasing the price of their products in the British markets, a result which the British labourer is constantly assured would not follow, and which he would be likely to say very emphatically must not follow? Sir Charles Tupper's singular theory that the price of grain may be raised without any increase in the price of bread, the amount of the tax being either borne by the generous bakers or diffused in some mysterious way into space between the passage of the grain from the docks and its emergence in manufactured shape from the ovens, is, we fancy, rather too rarified to find many adherents.

DEATH is making prodigious and relentless strides these winter months, and is claiming his victims with an impartiality which recalls strikingly the familiar words of the old Roman poet. Not only does he knock with equal boldness at the hut of the labourer and the palace of the king; he shows likewise that he is no respecter of the plain cloth of the parson or the prelatical purple. The disappearance from the stage within a few weeks of each other, of the two men who, in widely different spheres and by broadly contrasted methods, wielded perhaps more influence respectively in religious circles than any other two men in England, affords much material for reflection and comment for those whose province it is to deal with religious matters. Though the secular journal may scarcely feel at liberty to enter into this province to any great extent, it may not be amiss for even it to note the great gulf which separated these two men, albeit both of them professed to be servants and disciples of the same Master, and to draw their instruction and inspiration, in a large measure, from the same book. That necessary modifying clause, "in a large measure," covers, it is true, what was probably the chief source of the very different views held and the very different methods adopted by the two men. While the one recognized a living personal authority as co-ordinate with the inspired volume, the motto of the other was always "the Book! and nothing but the Book!" We think it was Cardinal Gibbons who was reported at one time as saying that the Roman Catholics and the Baptists stood at the two extremes of religious thought, all other denominations occupying intermediate ground at a greater or less remove from one or other of the two poles of full sacerdotalism and absolute individualism. Be that as it may, it would not be easy to conceive a more complete contrast than that between the Baptist Minister standing up without surplice or stole—we are not sure whether he retained to the last the white necktie which in the earlier years of his ministry he wore as a slight mark of the clerical calling—on an unadorned platform, preaching in the simplest Anglo-Saxon, with no accompaniment in the service but that of congregational singing, and the gorgeous robes and elaborate ceremonial of the mass as celebrated by a Cardinal of the Romish Church. When we come to the closer test of deeds in the service of humanity, it is perhaps less easy to distinguish between the two species of clericalism by their fruits. Each was earnest in good works, self-denying, devoted. If Spurgeon was the more active in deeds of charity, even consecrating the means given him for his own personal use to the work of feeding the hungry, clothing the destitute and educating the ignorant, it may be said that Manning, on the other hand, was broader in his sympathies with the masses in their struggle against the tyranny of capital and caste, as was evidenced by his great services to the dock-labourers in their life-and-death struggle a year or two since. In one most important respect, however, it seems difficult to doubt—though of course the adherents of Manning's ecclesiastical system will more than doubt—that the general influence of the dissenting preacher's life and teaching tended much more powerfully to the permanent freeing and uplifting of the downcast and oppressed of every class than that of the great Roman prelate. The one stood for the fullest individual freedom of thought, the other for absolute authority in religion. By consequence, the influence of the one was wholly on the side of universal education and intelligence, the other on that of unquestioning intellectual subjection. The question which

of the two has set in motion intellectual and spiritual forces which will last the longer and work the more powerfully for the good of the race, is one well worth the best consideration of every thoughtful mind.

THE reply of Minister Pereira, of Chili, to the ultimatum of the President of the United States is conciliatory and almost submissive. It contains, nevertheless, some points which are of special interest in their bearing upon the suggestion which we made last week to the effect that President Harrison's message must be regarded as a one-sided statement of the affair. That message, for instance, conveyed the impression that the Chilian authorities had never clearly expressed regret for the Valparaiso affair, whereas Minister Pereira, in his note, "regards it as his duty to declare *once more* (the italics are ours) that the Government of Chili laments the occurrence," etc., and reminds the President of "the fact that five days after he (Minister Pereira) had taken charge of the Department of Foreign Relations, he addressed to the Minister of Chili in the United States a telegram which, in the part relating to this matter, says, "Express to the United States Government very sincere regret," etc. It is to be noted, too, that the Chilian Government, while yielding perforce to the President's demand, persists emphatically in its declaration that the attack on the American marines was not preconcerted, or caused by hostile feeling to the United States; though he admits that in the nature of the case it would be impossible to prove that there was no doubt as to the special cause. While it must be confessed that appearances are rather in favour of President Harrison's view of the matter, the fact of this persistent denial on the part of the Chilian Government shows clearly that the case was one for arbitration, rather than for dogmatic assertion backed up by superior force. On the other hand, it is undeniable that the note of Senor Matta was insulting in the extreme; imputing, as it did, intentional deception and falsehood to the Chief Executive of the United States. The insult was so gross that it is probable that no nation conscious of power to enforce its demand would have accepted anything less than the unequivocal withdrawal and apology which has now been made. It is indeed hard to understand how a responsible Minister of any Government, with any proper sense of the dignity and responsibility of his position, or even with the training and instinct of a gentleman, could have been betrayed into the use of such language in a grave official despatch. On the other hand, again, it cannot escape impartial notice that the refusal of the President to await the decision of the Chilian court, which, Minister Pereira declares, commenced its preliminary enquiry in the morning which followed the night of the conflict, and whose slow progress was, he affirms, the result of the rules of procedure established by Chilian laws, which it was not possible for the President of the Republic to modify or set aside, was in direct contrast with the position taken by the United States Government in regard to the nearly similar case which arose touching the operation of her own courts in the difficulty with Italy. In nothing is the submissive spirit of Chili more apparent than in her consent, now to proceed without awaiting the decision of her own examining judge. Nothing could be handsomer in itself, or more flattering to the United States, than the offer of Chili to submit the main question to the Supreme Court of the latter. One is reminded of the action of Great Britain and Canada in the affair of the confiscated sealing vessels. Perhaps we should not be very far astray if we were to guess that British advice and influence may have had something to do with this perhaps unique proposal.

SINCE the foregoing was written, the reply of President Harrison to Chili's despatch has been published. That reply in itself is all that could be desired and is what would be expected from a great and magnanimous nation, conscious of its power. The President desires Minister Egan to "assure the Chilian Government that the President will be glad to meet in the most generous spirit these friendly overtures." But if a Washington despatch to the *New York Herald* may be relied on, this message of peace was quickly followed by another conceived in a very different spirit, as follows: "While Chili's apology is in terms all that this country could ask, yet there is one thing more to be done before the dignity of the United States will be fully satisfied. Chili must salute the Stars and Stripes." This cablegram itself lacks dignity and savours of petty vindictiveness to a degree that makes us

reluctant to believe that it has actually been sent. What makes it still more improbable is the fact that it is so inconsistent with the despatch which preceded it. It has all the appearance of an afterthought. If actually sent it must have been the outcome of a sinister influence brought to bear from some quarter, probably for party purposes. It reminds one of what we sometimes see in the case of private quarrels, in which the valour of one party waxes or wanes very perceptibly in inverse ratio with the demonstrativeness of the other. It is, of course, true that the requirement of a salute of the kind indicated is by no means uncommon in the case of international quarrels, but it is also true that it has often been foregone by magnanimous Governments—as, *e. g.*, by Great Britain in the recent trouble with Portugal—for good and sufficient reasons. There is little room for doubt that those reasons exist in the present instance. It is extremely doubtful whether the state of popular feeling in Chili will permit the Government to submit to this additional humiliation. It can hardly be denied that it would have been much more noble on the part of the great Republic not to have made the demand. We are disposed to go further and question whether such a mode of humiliating a conquered enemy is not unworthy of a great Christian nation under any circumstances. We shall be disappointed in our estimate of the feeling of the better classes of the American people if such a requirement, which looks much as if prompted by the naval officers who are said to be longing for a brush with their little antagonist, be not heartily condemned and repudiated.

WE have more than once been constrained to express wonder that a people so intelligent and so spirited as the Germans could take so patiently the large doses of paternalism which their dashing young Emperor is fond of serving out to them from time to time. It has always seemed reasonable to suspect that he would overshoot the mark some day and find himself in open conflict with the freedom-loving and self-ruling instincts of a brave and manly race. The fact is, we suppose, that there is really so much that is liberal and progressive mixed up with his wordy claims of absolutism, and that his tendencies towards reaction have hitherto been manifested in so harmless a shape, that the good nature of the people has not been seriously ruffled. That this is the correct explanation seems pretty clear from the emphasis with which the liberal spirit of the nation is now protesting against the zeal without knowledge which has prompted the Emperor to attempt to crush out scepticism by handing over the children of the nation to the tender mercies of the clergy, for that is probably the meaning of his Educational scheme. In making this attempt, he seems to be actuated by no narrow sectarianism. He may not deem one sect, or one system of religion as good as another, but he evidently believes that any form of religious belief is better than none. It is something in his favour that he does not attempt to have the religious faith of the coming generation of Germans cast in some one chosen mould, or fashioned after one prescribed pattern, though it must be confessed that such an attempt would have been more logical than the course which he has approved. Indeed, from a logical point of view, it is not easy to conceive anything more absurd than to invoke the authority of the crown to compel the teaching indifferently of two systems of belief so diametrically opposed to each other as, *e. g.*, Roman Catholicism and Evangelicalism in any of its forms. But be that as it may, it is evident that the German intellect is too clear to be blind to the evils which have always followed and which must always inevitably follow the handing over of the children of a nation to the training of a priesthood. The experiment of handing it over to a variety of priesthoods has probably never yet been tried, but is hardly likely to afford better results. The fact that the Government has so far yielded in the struggle as to consent to refer the Education Bill to a committee may probably be taken to indicate that the Emperor is not rash enough to enter into open conflict with the will of the nation, and it is very likely that a way out of the difficulty may be found without subjecting the loyalty of the people to too severe a strain.

THAT which is called firmness in a king is called obstinacy in a donkey.—*Lord Erskine.*

A FACE that has a story to tell. How different faces are in this particular. Some of them speak not; they are books in which not a line is written, save perhaps a date.—*Longfellow.*

### PROFESSOR WORKMAN'S CASE.

THE conclusion to which THE WEEK has come, after considering the enforced resignation by Professor Workman of his Chair in Victoria University, invites some further consideration on the merits of the particular case. No doubt these may have been discussed in the organ of the Methodist Church, but the public generally is not well acquainted with them; and in these matters the public, as well as the denomination, has an interest. A university professes to be the greatest organ, not only for teaching, but for discussing, truth. Admittedly, new views of truth are unpalatable to those accustomed to old views; but, none the less, investigation is welcomed, because

Truth like a torch  
The more it's shook it shines;

and again and again it has been proved that truth which was at first disliked and dreaded has been not long after welcomed as a friend and ally.

What, then, are the facts of the case? We have no exact knowledge of them, and therefore write subject to correction. The public desires only the broad outlines and forms its judgment on these. Professor Workman was appointed to his Chair some years ago. He must have been considered competent even then by the Board of Regents. Had he remained at Victoria ever since, doing his duty in a routine way, he would certainly be a Professor still, in the enjoyment of better health than he now has as well as in the enjoyment of his salary, of the respect of the Regents and the confidence of the Church with which he is connected. But he felt that duty demanded that he should master his subject. He proceeded to Leipsic, studied there for five years under acknowledged authorities in Hebrew and cognate languages, and then gave proof of capacity for independent research by publishing a critical investigation of the text of Jeremiah, which Professor Delitzsch—a man honoured for scholarship and piety by the whole of Evangelical Christendom—pronounced to be "a work of valuable and lasting service." Naturally enough, Dr. Workman, on his return, was received by the University authorities and students with all the distinction to which he was entitled. Canada has as yet produced no work in theology, biblical criticism or oriental literature known to the outside world. Here, at any rate, was a promising beginning. Again, had Professor Workman been content to do his duty in a routine way, and raise none of the questions that have been discussed for more than a century on the Continent of Europe, and that are now being freely discussed in every other seat of learning in Britain and America, he would certainly be Professor still, and every graduate of Victoria would mention his name with pride. But, he again felt that duty demanded thoroughness, truthfulness and sincerity. He gave a lecture to the Theological Union, in which he showed the modern point of view of looking at Old Testament prophecy, and indicated that it was the one occupied by himself. He must have known that most of his hearers accepted the traditional interpretation of the passages to which he more particularly referred; but he knew also that the traditional interpretation is rejected by every critic, and that it is not demanded by the Creed or Confession of Faith of any Church in Christendom. Thereupon the Board of Regents relegated him to the Faculty of Arts. Now, again, had Professor Workman been content to teach his classes in a routine way and evade questions that eager students would be sure to put, he would still be Professor, and possibly after a few years he might have been allowed to teach the Divinity as well as the Art students. But he again felt that duty demanded a nobler course. He told the Regents frankly that it was impossible to teach Hebrew, even in the Arts course, without discussing the interpretation of the passages studied; that it would be inconsistent with truthfulness on his part not to give his students the utmost help and the clearest light in his power; and he therefore asked to be allowed to do, not only part, but the whole of his work. His enforced resignation followed.

Are these substantially the facts of the case? If they are, they certainly show that Dr. Workman is a man of whom Canada may well be proud. If they are not, the public should be informed. Assuming that the facts have been given with substantial accuracy, let us ask wherein the Professor offended and what are the lessons to be drawn from the treatment he has received.

In the first place, he has not been tried by any Church Court or any Civil Court. Admittedly he is not guilty of shortcoming in scholarship, teaching power, or moral influence over students. His offence is that—according to the judgment of the Board of Regents—he is heterodox. But surely an ecclesiastical court or—in the case of the Church of England a civil court constituted for the purpose—should have found him guilty of heterodoxy. If the Board of Regents considered itself a court, it should have proceeded to a regular trial, stated the article or articles in the Methodist creed which the accused had contravened, and called on him to offer pleadings in defence. If it considered this beyond its province, and felt that it would be too long to wait for a decision by conference, an immediate solution, which the Professor himself suggested, might have been accepted. The question might have been submitted to a body of experts, especially as this is the first case of the kind that has occurred in Canada, without the slightest loss of dignity to any party in the case. Of course, it may be added here, that no one doubts the power of the Board



to dismiss a Professor, with or without cause. We are dealing with the righteousness of the act.

In the second place, the students, we find, have already learnt the lesson that the freedom of investigation, which is not only allowed but demanded in connection with every other subject, is forbidden in connection with Biblical criticism, under the severest pains and penalties. His successor is publicly warned that if he does go to Germany to study, he must have his conclusions formed before he goes or run the risk—under penalty of losing his position—of committing spiritual as well as intellectual suicide. The people who glory in an open Bible are told that the teachers of their teachers are not allowed to study it freely. And the public are advised that a university, in the last decade of the nineteenth century, is bound hand and foot to the traditional interpretations of the eighteenth century as regards the Old Testament at any rate.

It may be asked here, where then are we to draw the line? May Professors teach any conclusions at which they may have arrived? We are not dealing with this large question at present, but are simply occupying the position taken by THE WEEK, that each case is to be decided by itself on its merits. Professor Workman claims that he is not heterodox, that he does not deny the prophetic element in Old Testament Scripture, and that he is in accord as regards the point in dispute with the overwhelming mass of modern criticism and scholarship. His claim has certainly not been disproved. It has simply been voted down by a majority.

PRESBYTER.

### THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY: ITS EARTHLY TABERNACLE.

A SOCIETY that is doing a great deal of scientific work quietly is the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club, which has members all over the Dominion. The proceedings of the club are published monthly in the *Ottawa Naturalist*. The January number of this year contains the inaugural address of the President, R. W. Ells, LL.D., of the Geological Survey, delivered on December 17th last. His subject was, "The Work of the Geological Survey of Canada." As an old and successful member of the Survey, Dr. Ells was well fitted to do justice to the subject, and he has done so, we think, in an impartial spirit.

The Geological Survey was subjected to a good deal of criticism several years ago, but Dr. Ells certainly proves that taking into consideration the immense field to be explored and the comparatively small amount of money annually at its disposal, the Canadian Survey compares favourably with any other in the world. The comparison with the admirable United States Survey is decidedly interesting. Owing to their more southerly position, the field parties there are enabled to spend a very much longer period in exploration than in Canada. Again, "in many of the American States local or state geological surveys are, or have been, carried on, by which the structure and mineral resources of each have been investigated by the state authorities and at the state's expense, and thus the work of the general survey has been greatly facilitated." In the third place, the U.S. Survey has a great deal more money at its back than the Canadian. On this point Dr. Ells says: "If now we compare the personnel and the financial outlay of the world's two greatest surveys in point of extent of area to be surveyed, we can see more clearly under what additional disadvantages the Canadian brethren of the hammer labour. Thus the expenditure for the year 1887-88 of the American Geological Survey, exclusive of publication, was about half a million dollars; that of the Canadian Survey for the same year about one-fifth of that amount, including publication and all expenses of management. A portion of this sum, amounting to about \$20,000 only, was divided among sixteen parties, whose operations extended from eastern Nova Scotia to Alaska, and included surveys in all the provinces, with special examination of the country east of Alaska and the Mackenzie River Basin, Hudson and James Bays and Lake Winnipeg and vicinity. In numbers the staff of exploration comprised in all, including assistants, thirty-five persons. In addition, work was carried on in the branches of Palæontology, Botany, Chemistry and Natural History, the results of that year being comprised in twelve scientific reports, besides that of the Director, which were published in two volumes of 1,364 pages, in addition to the bulletins on Palæontology and Botany. The American Survey during the same year employed in the Geographical branch alone eighty-five assistants, in addition to the chiefs of the several divisions, of whom there were fifteen in connection with the outside or geological work proper, and twelve for the associated branches, among whom are many of the leading professors in the different universities, men most distinguished in their special lines of work. With such a command of men and money magnificent results may be confidently looked for, yet in the published volume for the year mentioned there are only four scientific reports, besides that of the Director, with twenty-four administrative reports, corresponding with the summary reports of the Canadian Survey, and describing only the season's operations as carried on by the different parties, but not giving the scientific results, the whole being comprised in a magnificently printed and illustrated volume of 710 pages. In addition to this, as in the Canadian Survey, bulletins containing special reports on the work of the various associated subjects were also published. Comparing results, then, in so far as these can be ascertained,

it is evident that the Canadian Survey has continued to maintain the high standard of work which it has ever enjoyed from its commencement and is giving at least full value for the amount of money expended thereon."

That, of course, is only a comparison for one year, but there is no reason to think that Dr. Ells would willingly select a year particularly favourable to Canada. And there is no reason to think that Dr. Ells, although he is a member of the Survey, is exaggerating when he says: "That the Geological Survey has ever borne an excellent reputation both at home and abroad is due, probably, first of all, to the excellent reputation of its founder, the late Sir William Logan, and secondly to the fact that the great majority of its staff have laboured to their utmost with hearts filled with a love for the profession and with the desire to achieve great results."

But we have not yet touched upon the subject of our article, namely, the Museum of the Survey at Ottawa, or, in other words, its earthly tabernacle, which falls far short of what it should be. Its chief and completely fatal point is that it is not fire-proof. The magnificent collections of fossils, minerals and natural history specimens which have been gathered yearly since 1844 are at the mercy of the commonest kind of accident. There is much in the museum, of course, that mere money and time (of no account in a young country) can replace, but there is much, again, that neither time nor money can replace. A new, permanent and fire-proof building is needed. No visitor to the Capital, in any way acquainted with the value of the Survey, can fail to see the inadequacy of the present building. At a moment when retrenchment is filling the political air, it may be inadvisable to speak of expenditure, but it might not be impossible to prove that a suitable home for the Geological Survey is as important to the country at large as the building of a railway out to Mr. Come-Down-Handsomely's timber limits.

J. C. SUTHERLAND.

Richmond, Que., Jan. 15, 1892.

### THE COMING SHELLEY CENTENARY.

AUGUST 4, 1792, is one of the most memorable dates in the history of English literature," says Mr. Addington Symonds. "On this day Percy Bysshe Shelley was born." And on the corresponding day of the present year England intends to celebrate the centenary of this her first lyrical poet.

Shelley has of late years been growing more and more popular. Where once miso-Shelleyists abounded, Shelleyolaters do now much more abound. Mr. Edmund Gosse includes him in his list of great English poets, and devoted a series of lectures to him recently at Cambridge; Professor Dowden thought him worthy of an elaborate two-volume "Life," a work which elicited a magazine article from Matthew Arnold; Browning wrote an essay upon him; and latterly by the very University from which he was expelled eighty years before there has been published an excellent edition of the "Adonais," annotated by Mr. William Michael Rossetti. In his own day he was regarded as an anarchist, a subverter of morals and society. To-day we differently interpret his politics and call his religion by quite another name. What has brought about the change?

First, perhaps the greater tolerance of the age. And we are especially tolerant with regard to great men. Carlyle exercised a wide influence in this respect. His estimate of Cromwell, of Mirabeau, of Mohammed, of Johnson opened the eyes of critics and brought about a more liberal method of judging of the lives and works of leaders of thought. True, it has sometimes, in the opinion of many, been carried to excess. The puritanical element, still strong in English feeling, hesitates before M. Taine's laudation of Byron. Not many follow Mr. Froude in tracing to conscientious religious scruples Henry VIII.'s sextuple matrimonial experiments. Rousseau's admirers have still to combat the antipathy aroused in the majority of the readers of the *Confessions*. But perhaps these very excesses are the best proof of the existence of a more tolerant spirit. We have learnt not to expect too much of the genius. We have learnt that æsthetical faculties of a high order are, in an imperfect world, not synonymous with moral faculties of a high order; that though, as Goethe insisted, "all art must and will have a moral influence," yet, at all events to a certain extent, in the words of Schopenhauer, "it is as little necessary that the saint should be a philosopher as that the philosopher should be a saint." This being granted, much of the opprobrium under which Shelley lay has been removed, thus admitting a less biased appreciation of his poems. That Shelley's conduct now and then requires extenuation his most ardent disciples are constrained to admit. But to paint "the real Shelley" is a task, in the words of *Punch's* Belgravian *mater familias*, "worse than wicked, it is vulgar."

Second, this interest is evinced regarding a man peculiarly interesting to our present age. What are to us the questions of prime importance, the problems most frequently discussed, the lines of thought chiefly occupying the public mind? Surely they are largely of a sociological nature. The rights and duties of the individual considered as an integral portion of the community are now the subjects of books, of magazine articles, of public deliberations. Society in all its complex aspects is the study begun by this last decade of the nineteenth century. The Renaissance was the period of intellectual and artistic

activity; the Reformation of religious activity; the French revolution of political activity; the nineteenth century of scientific activity; the twentieth century will be the period of sociological activity, and we to-day are witnesses of its birth. But what has this to do with our interest in Shelley? Everything. It is just because Shelley, poet though he was, was so intensely interested in sociological problems, and was so intensely modern in the solutions he proposed for them, that to-day he is able to speak to us, not as with an alien voice, unintelligible and far distant, but as if he were amongst us and one of us. Indeed in this he is more than a modern. "He is emphatically," says Mr. Rossetti, writing in 1886, "the poet of the future." His earlier productions, omitting his youthful romances, certainly are more occupied with theological than with political subjects. But this was natural to youth. That latterly the bent of his mind was towards the contemplation of man in his relationships with his fellow man needs no proof. "I consider poetry," he himself said, "very subordinate to moral and political science." And again, "Should I live to accomplish what I purpose, that is to produce a systematical history of what appears to me to be the genuine elements of human society." Look too at his poems, at the "Masque of Anarchy," "Hellas," "Charles I.," "The Revolt of Islam," and above all "Prometheus Unbound"—what is this last but a utopia, a moral and sociological utopia, loftier in its imaginative flights than has entered into the heart of Plato or Bacon or Sir Thomas More or Mr. Bellamy or Mr. William Morris to conceive? His Irish episode is another proof. And perhaps the most convincing of all is his posthumous "Philosophical View of Reform," "a piece of writing," says Professor Dowden, "which may be viewed . . . as a prose comment on those poems that anticipate, as does the 'Prometheus Unbound,' a better and a happier life of man than the life attained in our century of sorrow, and toil, and hope."

The third factor in the present fascination which he wields I take to be the character of his poetry. "As a poet," says Mr. Symonds, "Shelley contributed a new quality to English literature." All the critics are agreed as to the novelty of this "quality," though naturally they variously characterize and interpret it. Professor Masson, in a very Scotchy—Scotch, of course, in a purely Charles-Lambian sense—article in *Macmillan's Magazine* declares that "Shelley's poetry (has) something very peculiar in quality . . . It is very peculiar." This does not throw much light on the peculiarity, unless we regard that extraordinary sentence, "Shelley is pre-eminently the poet of what may be called meteorological circumstance," as enlightening. It would be as much to the purpose to call Wordsworth pre-eminently the poet of what may be called the vegetable circumstance, and to think that by so saying we understood "the cloudy, hidden, inner meaning" (to use Mr. Ruskin's phrase) of his subjectively-descriptive poems. Matthew Arnold, too, made no attempt to explain Shelley's uniqueness. In fact he is equally unsatisfactory as an expositor. He applies to him those magnificent words: "A beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." Certainly "the void" is a little better than Masson's "meteorological circumstance"—a phrase which might lead the ignorant to imagine that Shelley's poetry had to do with hygrometry or degrees Fahrenheit. It was Matthew Arnold, too, who declared that "the man Shelley . . . was not entirely sane, and Shelley's poetry was not altogether sane either." Well, one of "those who know" spoke of poetry as a divine madness, and another spoke of the poet's eye "in a fine phrensy rolling." Mr. Symonds is perhaps the most lucid and at the same time appreciative in his explanation of this "new quality"—"a quality," he says, "of ideality, freedom, and spiritual audacity." Is it not exactly these three things that most powerfully appeal to us to-day? To us, who for the last fifty years have been the thralls of "science"; who have been taught to believe in the non-existence of everything invisible at the other side of a objective or in a 6 ft. reflector; upon whom materialism has laid its cold hand, explaining thought as a glandular secretion and emotion a thing to be measured by the correlation of forces; whose teachers scout the idea of an immaterial universe and scoff at spirit; to whom the highest ideal is a multiplication of the discovery of natural laws, meaning by "natural," laws relating to ponderable and tangible objects of sense; to whom biology is all in all, and sarcoid and stimuli the explanation of the sum of existence—to us, I say, thus schooled for half a century, Shelley's poetry with its ideality, its freedom, and its spiritual audacity brings with it airs from Heaven.

Many not insignificant evidences there are of an approaching release from the four clay walls of science, falsely so called. True science, I grant, has worked wonders. It has revolutionized the modern world, and through it the memory of the nineteenth century will live for all time. It is when science usurps the spheres of philosophy and religion and takes upon itself to explain the content of mind and soul that it fails. Science has to do with external objects of sense; and to attempt to expound all ontology by means of matter and force is as if algebra were to attempt the formulation of a system of ethics by means of *a*, *b*, and *c*—for matter and force are as purely symbols, as much unknown quantities, as *x*, *y*, and *z*, and natural science is as limited in its scope as the six books of Euclid. But there are, I say, significant evidences of a change. The growing interest in oriental phases of philosophy, even if this is shown by such movements as theosophy and so-called Buddhism, are straws

showing the direction of the wind. So is the Society for Psychical Research. So are those curious currents of thought which attract devotees to faith-healing, Christian science, and similar extravagances. Hypnotism, thought-transference, mental suggestion, telepathy, again, are receiving grave attention. The curiosity aroused concerning the lives and thoughts of such men as Paracelsus and Jakob Boehme; the dictated and printed "trances" of Anna Kingsford; the publication of such books as "The Occult Sciences," "Isis Unveiled," "The Secret Doctrine," "Phantasms of the Living," "Karma," "The Occult World," "Scientific Religion"; the revival of cheiromancy—all these are greater or lesser proofs that the pendulum is swinging back from the ultra-scientific extremity of its arc. And to those whom this newer influence has reached the author of the "Epipsychidion," of the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," of "Prometheus Unbound," of "Adonais," of "The Triumph of Life," of "The Defence of Poetry," speaks a language not understood of the scientific; vague perhaps, altogether untranslatable into prose, impossible of verification or ocular demonstration, but "of imagination all compact." This spiritual audacity it is which marks out Shelley amongst all his contemporaries as the particular object of the enthusiasm of the youth of to-day. Keats is unrivalled in the exquisite delicacy of his poetry *qua* poetry; Byron's poetic power is magical; Wordsworth's insight into the heart of Nature and his occasional sublimity of expression over-awe us; Moore we cherish; Scott we love; Leigh Hunt we admire; Coleridge we marvel at, but Shelley, in the words which Edmond Scherer used of another great English poet, "wraps us in the skirt of his robe and wafts us with him to the eternal regions where he himself dwells."

However, it had not been my intention to descant thus on Shelley's fame: "I hope," as Keats said of the mythology of Greece, "I have not dulled its brightness." My object is a more practical one. England, I say, is intending to celebrate the centenary of the nativity of her greatest lyrical poet: the Shelley Society are collecting subscriptions for another representation of "The Cenci," a concordance to his poetical works is ready for publication, and doubtless more than a few books and magazine articles will commemorate his birth. Could not Canada contribute her share to the celebration? This is called a young country, certainly it abounds in youth and youthful enthusiasm. Have we not then some who would undertake to produce a memorial volume to the fame of him whom Gillfillan beautifully named "the eternal youth," and thus show that the great Dominion is not wholly joined to idols, to the idols of the market place? I venture to think that if (and I may be pardoned for mentioning names already so well and widely known) promises of contributions of verse or prose could be obtained of M. Louis Honoré Fréchette, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, Mr. Mair, "Fidelis," Mr. W. D. LeSueur, "Sarepta," Mr. Archibald Lampman, Mr. W. W. Campbell, Professor Alexander, "Seranus," Dr. Archibald MacMechan, Miss Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald, and other Canadian *littérateurs* and *littératrices*, little difficulty would be experienced in obtaining also a publisher. Who will express an opinion on my proposition?

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

## A TALE OF TWO SONNETS.

ABOUT thirty miles to the south-west of Paris, between Versailles and Chartres, in the Isle of France, still stands the ancient Chateau de Rambouillet in a park of some three thousand acres, with a background of old French forest. One of the finest of old French houses still, though sadly ruined and renovated since it was first erected by one of the old d'Angennes in the fifteenth century. Many a historic scene has been enacted beneath its machicolated tower since Francis the Great breathed his last breath of vanity there in 1547; plots have been developed, wars declared, courts have been held, poets have been crowned; but of all the strange and varied matters which have been enacted between its walls the following is one of the most singular. It is valuable, also, to the student of the history and literature of that time, and is unique in the annals of poetry.

Catherine de Vivonne, the daughter of the Marquis de Pisani, was born in the year 1588, and twelve years later was married to Charles d'Angennes, afterwards Marquis de Rambouillet. She was a quick and clever girl, desirous of knowing everything and everybody worth her acquaintance. She had a taste for literature in its most artistic form, and poetry and belles-lettres especially delighted her, as did the illustrious authors of her day. She became well acquainted with all the shining stars in the galaxy of the new literary heaven of the seventeenth century, Francois de Malherbe, the chief classical poet, and his pupils, Racan and Maynard; Voiture, master of lighter verse; Balzac, Sarrasin, Scarron, La Mesnardière, and the coming Corneille. The Marquise knew them all, and loved nothing better than to invite them down to Rambouillet to meet the wits and beauties of the court and such of the young soldiers of the times as were not engaged in the wars. Wise and witty were the parties that met now and again under this hospitable roof, but pleasant greetings were followed by regretful partings and impatient waitings for later invitations. Then all of a sudden, in 1608, the clever Marquise bethought herself of an open house for all her friends, where they could meet at any time *sans cérémonie*, and so she started her famous *salon*, the Hôtel de

Rambouillet, where met everyone worth meeting. Afterwards it grew very ceremonious indeed, perhaps because so many coteries started fashionable literary circles of their own, and rather ridiculed it unconsciously; *les précieuses* sprang up, whom Molière so mercilessly satirized, and the *salon* degenerated sadly. The young Marquise was, of course, the central figure and the ruling spirit. She was worshipped, and no longer was her name to be Catherine. It was resolved to anagrammatize it into something unique and classical, and so, after receiving many suggestions and ideas, Malherbe, who was then over fifty years of age, and his poetic disciple, Racan, who was some thirty-five years his junior, calmly sat down together and spent a whole afternoon arranging the letters of their patron's name until they finally decided the anagrammatic title should be Arthénice. The *salon* flourished at its best between 1630 and 1650, and it was about the year 1635 probably that the great sonnet war was waged. Malherbe was dead, but the classical impulse he had given to his poetry lived in his school. Maynard and Racan still lived in mediocre celebrity. Voiture was the greatest poet, though Chapelain and La Mesnardière, Scarron and Sarrasin were also in high favour.

Isaac de Benserade was a young Norman poet, in his second decade only, and attached to the great house of Condé. He was thought a brilliant man, and had evinced a versatile genius, Biblical paraphrases and Ovidian rondeaux tripping like saints and sinners from his facile pen. One fine evening Benserade appeared at the Chateau de Rambouillet with a somewhat formidable roll of manuscript in his hand. It was usual for the poets to bring their latest compositions to recite, and then give them to some lady friend after they had been commented upon by their brothers of the irritable tribe. Benserade had not appeared recently at the Chateau, and it had been whispered about that he was engaged on a large work. It was clear that night it was finished.

Vincent Voiture was present with all his friends, but none of them approached the young Norman except in the most formal manner. Some expressions he had used a few weeks before regarding one of Voiture's sonnets had been repeated to the protégé of Gaston d'Orléans, and Voiture had bitterly resented the criticism.

Among the illustrious visitors that evening were Armand de Bourbon, Prince de Conti, and his niece, Marguerite, one of the beauties of the house of Condé.

The Marquise de Rambouillet received Benserade very graciously, and asked him to read his poem.

"What is it, Monsieur, sacred or secular?" asked the Prince.

"The former, your highness. It is a poetic paraphrase of the book of Job."

"Magnificent subject," murmured the Prince.

"The devil is said to know the Bible by heart," remarked Voiture to his coterie.

Benserade unfolded his manuscript and read his somewhat long poem to an audience that grew silent through appreciation of its vigour and fine language. Voiture and his party dared not interrupt, much as they would have liked a scene. When it was finished the Marquise first broke silence after the applause had died away.

"Monsieur, I congratulate you. It is a work that will live when we are all forgotten. To whom is it dedicated?"

Breathless attention awaited the reply. The young Norman was a favourite with all the ladies, and each wished in secret the honour might be her own. Voiture whispered to Sarrasin: "Madame la Marquise has bespoken it surely." Benserade bowed to the Marquise and said: "If the pleasure of the Prince de Conti permits it, it is to his beautiful niece, the Marguerite of our garden of beauty, I offer the poem." The Prince was flattered and bowed his consent. Marguerite blushed, and looked her best of beauty as Benserade bent before her on one knee.

"Fair lady," he said, "it is said that only one man can write sonnets to-day, but I have ventured to indite one to explain my gift to you. It is poor, perhaps; but since Ronsard is dead I am not afraid of others," and he gave poem and sonnet to Marguerite.

Voiture, at whom this shaft was deliberately aimed, flushed angrily and bit his lip, but said nothing. His companions, however, were not so quiet.

Sarrasin, who was of quick temper, stepped boldly forward and said: "If the sonnet is so fine, why should we not hear it? Read your sonnet, Benserade."

"Nay, mon ami, it was not written for you. I throw no pearls to pigeons."

Voiture drew Sarrasin away to prevent a quarrel, but the hot-headed fellow exclaimed: "You dare not read it, Benserade, before Vincent Voiture, who is your master."

The young Norman thereupon requested the sonnet from Mademoiselle Marguerite, and with no further ado read in impassioned tones the following composition:—

## SUR JOB.

Job de mille tourments atteint,  
Vous rendra sa douleur connuë;  
Et raisonnablement il craint  
Que vous n'en soyez point emuë.

Vous verrez sa misère nue;  
Il s'est luy-même icy dépeint:  
Accoutumez-vous à la vue  
D'un homme qui souffre et se plaint.

Bien qu'il eût d'extrêmes souffrances,  
On vit aller des patiences,  
Plus loin que la sienne n'alla.

Il souffrit des maux incroyables;  
Il s'en plaignit, il en parla,  
J'en connois de plus misérables.

Immediately Benserade finished reading a commotion began, which did not end for several years. Such a scene occurred as was never before witnessed in the *salon*. The friends of the poet applauded him loudly and were full of praises for the sonnet, whilst Voiture and his companions laughed and jeered, turning it to ridicule, and calling their opponents Jobelins and Jobistes. The Prince de Conti declared the sonnet was fine, and believed no living poet could produce a better one. Voiture, who, by this time, had grown excited, asserted that on the following evening he would produce a sonnet in competition at the *salon* of Madame la Duchesse de Longueville, a copy of which he would send to the Prince, the Marquise and Benserade himself. The commotion increased with the announcement and continued till the *salon* closed that night. Voiture and his coterie rode off full speed to Paris. Benserade remained at the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

Early the following morning came formal invitations to the residence of the Duchesse de Longueville, in Paris, to hear Monsieur Vincent Voiture read his incomparable sonnet to Uranie. It had been written; Voiture could not sleep until he had carried out his poetical threat and therefore had not slept at all that night.

The evening arrived and with it not only the invited guests, but a great gathering of wits, poets, actors, painters and court society, who had heard of the duel between the poets. The de Longueville doors had to be thrown open to all-comers and it was with great difficulty room could be found for the crowd. Such an unexpected gathering within caused an unwonted assembly without. The people gathered in crowds, and the students made themselves heard when they learned the cause of the meeting. "Voiture" and "Benserade" became the party cries at first; but as the names of the sonnets became known "Job" and "Uranie" were shouted aloud from side to side as the crowd divided into factions, which quickly called each other Jobelins and Uranins, or Jobistes and Uranistes. The authorities sent to find out the cause of the disturbance and could scarcely credit that it was a competition between two sonneteers.

Within the Hôtel de Longueville, a brilliant scene was taking place. The Duchess held a regular levee and the rival parties took opposite sides of the great *salon*. The Prince de Conti, his niece Marguerite, his chief protégés, Scarron and Courart, Desmarests and other poets, l'Abbé Esprit of the Oratory and many priests, supported Benserade; whilst the de Longueville house was fully represented as patrons of Voiture, with Sarrasin, La Mesnardière and others. After several hours of general conversation the Duchess requested silence and called upon Voiture to read his sonnet. Silence was obtained within the *salon*, which was quickly filled to overflowing; but the noise of the crowd without continued as loud as ever. However, with the closed windows and doors it sounded like a far-off disturbance and made a peculiar chorus as it were. Vincent Voiture stepped to the dias on which the Duchess sat, knelt and kissed her hand and, rising, stepped back three paces and read the following sonnet:—

## SONNET D'URANIE.

Il faut finir mes jours en l'amour d'Uranie,  
L'absence ni le temps ne m'en scauroient guerir,  
Et je ne voy plus rien qui ne pût secourir,  
Ni qui scaut r'appeler ma liberté bannie.

Dés long-temps je connois sa rigueur infinie,  
Mais pensant aux beautez pour qui je dois perir,  
Je benis mon martyre, et content de mourir,  
Je n'ose murmurer contre sa tyrannie.

Quelquesfois ma raison par de foibles discours,  
M'incite à la revolte, et me promet secours,  
Mais lors qu'à mon besoin je me veux servir d'elle:

Après beaucoup de peine, et d'efforts impuissans,  
Elle dit qu'Uranie est seule ayable et belle,  
Et m'y r'engage plus que ne font tous mes sens.

The sonnet was finished and the Uranistes vented their enthusiasm in prolonged applause. The crowd without echoed with louder voices the cries for Voiture. The Jobistes cried for Benserade, and the tumult increased within and without the palace. Those who were not shouting were eagerly criticizing the Uranie sonnet both for and against. At the end of an hour the Prince de Conti requested Benserade to repeat his sonnet on Job, which the poet did. This was followed by more tumult and angry discussion. The breach between the two parties became wider, and it was soon apparent it could not be healed. Without, the students had already come to blows and a general fight was taking place which was only ended by the appearance of a body of soldiers sent to clear the streets. Within, several quarrels and challenges had taken place, and the Prince and the Duchess were on the point of a serious quarrel. At last all the guests departed and the streets of Paris became moderately quiet again.

The next day, however, the news of the sonnet competition spread all over the town. The world of fashion, the court, the brotherhood of the arts, the students, the tradespeople, the servants, the workmen, and the very beggars and gamins took up with excitement the question of which was the better sonnet. The whole place was full of Job and Uranie. They became war cries for the students who argued practically with clubs and daggers. Jobelins and Uranins became words of derision and enmity. The professors in the schools took up the theme, and lectured on poetic principles as exemplified in their respective faults and merits; the wits of the town invented



jest and they passed rapidly through all the quarters. The rival poets could not appear outside of their lodgings without becoming the centres of enormous crowds who made them recite their sonnets, which they yelled in chorus line after line. Copies of the poems were printed by the thousands, and everyone possessed them or knew them by heart. All this tumult continued for several months. One night at the Hôtel de Rambouillet Pierre Corneille appeared; he was very seldom seen there though always welcome. The Marquise received him kindly and soon in the course of conversation asked his position on the Job-Uranie dispute.

"Ah! Madame! it is to settle that question I have come to-night." The Marquise was delighted. She ordered silence in the *salon*, and told everyone that Monsieur Pierre Corneille wished to settle the dispute about the two sonnets. Great excitement ensued. Pierre Corneille was well known; but his position in the great dispute was not, and here he had come, after all these weeks of riot and wrangling, to settle the matter. Corneille bowed to the Marquise and produced a small piece of paper.

"Behold this paper, mes amis. That contains the solution of the difficulty. Whilst you and all the town have been fighting and quarrelling over *Voiture* and *Benserade*, I have been carefully studying their sonnets, and at last have embodied my conclusions, which are final, in these verses. Seeing how well sonnets are received to-day, I, too, have written in the form of a sonnet, and I hope no one will write against me in another."

Much applause greeted this opening speech, and there was a general idea that Corneille meant to be satirical. The future master of tragedy read the following:—

SUR LES SONNETS D'URANIE ET DE JOB.

Deux sonnets partagent la ville,  
Deux sonnets partagent la cour,  
Et semblent vouloir à leur tour  
R'allumer la guerre civile.

Le plus sot et le plus habile  
En mettent leur avis au jour,  
Et ce qu'on a pour eux d'amour  
A plus d'un échauffe la bile.

Chacun en parle hautement  
Suivant son petit jugement,  
Et s'il y faut mesler le nostre,

L'un est sans doute mieux résolu,  
Mieux conduit, et mieux achevé,  
Mais je voudrais avoir fait l'autre.

In its turn this sonnet became popular, and hundreds of sonnets, epigrams, satires and other verses were written by all who could make a rhyme on the subject, whilst pamphlets and tirades in prose were as numerous. One of the cleverest squibs that appeared was by Sarrasin, who wrote a gloss on the Sonnet de Job. It consisted of fourteen verses, of four lines each, the last line in each being a line of Benserade's sonnet. It was addressed to *l'abbé Esprit, de l'Oratoire*. The poem is too long for reproduction here; but the first, sixth and last verses read as follows:—

- (1) Monsieur Esprit, de l'Oratoire,  
Vous agissez en homme saint,  
De couronner avecque gloire  
Job de mille tourmens atteint.
- (6) Diriez-vous, voyant Job malade,  
Et Benserade en son beau teint,  
Ces vers sont faits pour Benserade,  
Il s'est luy-mesme icy dépeint.
- (14) J'ayme les vers des Uranis,  
Dit-il, mais je me donne aux Diables,  
Si pour les vers des Jobelins  
J'en connois de plus misérables.

At the Court itself the Job and Uranie debate engaged the attention of the royal family, noblemen and ministers, and, on one occasion, La Roche du Maine, a maid of honour to the Queen, was asked which sonnet she favoured. It is possible La Roche had never read or heard either, or it may be that she was a wit of great discernment, for, after being pressed hard for an answer, she surprised and convulsed everyone by declaring herself in favour of the *Tobie* sonnet. The word *Tobie* was just the thing to tickle the French mind. It meant nothing and described nothing; but thousands who cared nothing for the Job or the Uranie sonnet declared thereafter that they were champions of the imaginary *Tobie* sonnet.

The quarrel died a natural death after a long and protracted course of fever. The words remained as popular cries and reproaches long after the sonnets were remembered.

It is not the writer's intention to revive this ancient and singular dispute; but it will probably be admitted by all impartial readers that the "Sonnet d'Uranie" is a more thoughtful and finished production than the "Sonnet de Job"; though in admitting this it by no means follows that it is necessary to endorse a recent critic's opinion, "that it is difficult to think of any living writer who could surpass, or of any writer living during the last two centuries, who could have surpassed the mixture of gallantry and sincerity in the Uranie sonnet."

It is sincerely to be hoped that no living writer will attempt the feat. SAREPTA.

CARELESS women are spendthrifts of their tongues; careless men of their purses.—*Vauvenargues*.

CONQUER your foe by force, you increase his enmity; conquer by love, and you will reap no after sorrow.—*Buddha*.

THE KINGSTON SATURDAY NIGHT CLUB.

THIS club consists of a limited number of persons who have associated for the purpose of discussing political, social and economic questions on their merits, and without reference to party interests. Recently a discussion took place on, "Reciprocity with the United States from the Canadian Side," of which the following is an abstract:—

A. The word "Reciprocity" appeals sympathetically to Canadians who are no longer young. The effect of the Treaty of 1854-66 on Canada was felt so immediately and beneficially that, ever since its repeal, a renewal of it in some shape has been one of the objective points of Canadian foreign policy. The avowed object of even the N.P. was to bring about reciprocity of trade through reciprocity of tariffs. The N.P., however, was a fatal mistake. It has contracted trade at home, driven away large numbers of our youth to look for employment abroad, shut us out from our natural markets on the continent of which we are a part, and made living in Canada almost as dear as in the United States. What is the remedy? The old Reciprocity Treaty would be best; but, as there is no chance of that, Unrestricted Reciprocity is proposed. *Prima facie* there is everything to recommend that, but the following objections have to be considered. (a) It implies an infringement of the vested rights of the manufacturers whom we have called into being. But, seeing that change would be made gradually and would have the promise of permanence, all healthy manufactures could adjust themselves to the new conditions. (b) It would lead to Annexation. But, that is the direction in which our present system of protection is leading. (c) Loss of revenue. If that forced us to fall back on direct taxation, it would be a good thing. (d) Discrimination against Britain. But, Britain discriminates against us when it suits her, and we are doing so against her by means of the N.P. Our taxes are so adjusted as to shut out her manufactured goods, and it matters nothing to the British manufacturer whether that is done in the interest of his Canadian or his American rival. (e) It would mean on our part a transition from a high to a higher protective policy. But, this would be neutralized to a great extent by the extension of the free area for trade. This continent would be the largest free-trading area in the world.

These objections, then, do not amount to much. The real objection shows itself when we go into details. It would involve the framing of the Canadian tariff at Washington, and when we had surrendered our commercial liberty, we would be in a less favourable position than now to arrange for political union, should we even desire that. Men have tried to make out that Unrestricted Reciprocity and Commercial Union are two things, but to me they are indistinguishable.

Two alternative remedies have been suggested. First, cultivate the British market. But this can never be anything more than our second best. It is open to the whole world, and is therefore the cheapest in the world, and those who live nearest to it can always undersell those who live three or four thousand miles away. Secondly, that Britain should give her Colonies a preference in her markets. There is only one chance that Britain will ever venture on so desperate an experiment. Should the new reciprocity policy of the United States succeed as well as its promoters expect, and extend to other countries besides those to the south of the Republic, so as to cut Britain off from markets that she now has, she may feel compelled to cultivate trade within the Empire by giving special preference. Meanwhile, Canada is "between the devil and the deep sea."

B. I do not agree with the positions that have been assumed. How can the United States be our natural market when it is our great competitor in neutral markets? It has been assumed that the price we get for our products is the price of the same articles in the United States, minus the duty and transportation charges; but that is not so, as a matter of fact. If the duty were abolished to-morrow, the Canadian producer would not find the price of his products increased by the amount of the duty now charged. The McKinley Bill hits us in barley and hay, but so far as these are concerned it is a blessing in disguise. The farmer who sells his hay is racking his land, and it is a good thing that he should be forced to change his methods. Independently of the Bill, and prior to it, other causes were bringing about depreciation of the price of barley, and our farmers after a while will accommodate themselves to the new conditions. They have done so to a remarkable extent already. At any rate, crying for Reciprocity is crying for the moon. The question has passed with our neighbours from the economic into the political stage, and wisdom and self-respect should make us recognize that. Let us act on their principles in dealing with them, and on Free Trade principles in dealing with Britain. Britain is not only a natural market, but also the country from which we get the best emigrants and where cheapest money is to be had. We could make this a cheap country to live in by placing the duties on English goods at the lowest possible figures and making the most at home of our natural products. We would thus successfully compete in foreign markets, with the United States, even in countries where they have reciprocal treaties. This would, of course, mean the extinction of some minnow industries that have been artificially propagated by the N.P. If the counters of our retail dealers were covered with English goods, these goods would be bought not only by ourselves, but by American summer

travellers. This involves discrimination against the United States; but that is the principle, in substance if not in form, on which they act towards us, and therefore they could not complain.

At a late meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, their spokesman brought arguments against Unrestricted Reciprocity that are unanswerable; but he had not a word against English competition. Healthy Canadian manufactures need not fear that, as it would be mitigated by a revenue tariff.

C. We do not assume that if the duty were taken off the Canadian farmer would get the whole of the benefit; but he would get the greater part of it. If you take two pools of water, a larger and a smaller, the larger the higher of the two, and cut a channel between them, both would be influenced; but the smaller pool would rise more than the other would fall.

D. Our policy should be free trade all round, limited only by a revenue tariff. Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States would only tie us down to her false economic position. We fancy that we prosper when we merely sell, but our aim should be to sell, only that we may the more freely buy. Depend upon it, the process of exchange will take care of itself. The present condition of business in the United States, notwithstanding its enormous crop of last year and the exceptional demand for it in Europe, shows this. England, on the contrary, finds no difficulty in making exchanges with the United States and Russia, the countries that raise the highest walls against her. Instead of putting duties on imports, we should rather put export duties on any raw material that we can work up advantageously in Canada. England, about the end of the 14th century, put export duties on wool, timber, tin and other materials, and the result is admitted by every writer to have been a marked industrial development. The repeal of our export duty on logs was therefore a great mistake. We have within the country all the elements for successful manufacture of wood, and yet we are recklessly sending away this raw material which it will soon be impossible to replace. An export duty should also be placed on all minerals that can be as favourably smelted in this country as in the United States.

E. As the hour for adjournment has come, I am willing to read a paper when we meet again to show that the policy outlined by B should be adopted by us, as it would lead to preferential trade within the Empire. G.

FLORENTINE VIGNETTES.

"FLORENCE lies out on her mountain side," under winter skies now—skies that are often as dull and grey as those of the north. When the white mist rises from the Arno, and the cypresses of San Miniato and of Monte Oliveto show blue and indistinct, and the heights of Fiesole are scarcely seen. Then comes the first breath of the tramontana, and with it the mists disappear and the skies become of an opaline clearness and hardness, and every dusky olive tree and white villa on the neighbouring hills is clearly and crisply defined, and the dark, bare slopes of Monte Morello deepen into crimson and purplish tints, and the distant Carrara mountains glow with the splendour of their first snow-fall. There the Lung Arno lies, a long white curve in the sunshine, where people loiter to watch the floating ice in the sleepy green water; or, if there has been much rain up in the mountains, the tawny current, and to note how near it comes to the height of former floods, which are carefully marked on the walls. One may loiter in the sunshine of the Lung Arno, but one hurries briskly enough through the dark side streets, where the tramontana whistles so icily. How frozen everyone does look on these tramontana days in Florence. The peasants go along wrapped in the folds of their great cloaks; the horses are well covered with the red rugs, which make such a vivid note of colour in the streets; the old women huddle over their scaldinos.

Only the fashionables are not deterred from taking their daily "trottata," that drive which is expressly stipulated for in many an Italian bride's contract.

The "grandes dames" are all in closed carriages, wrapped in those white or grey furs, for which the Italians have such a weakness. But if it be a Sunday or festa, no matter how keenly the wind blows, there are plenty of people afoot as well—stout mammas, with plump, dark-eyed daughters, generally dressed alike. Blue cloaked officers and slim young dandies, smoking the thinnest of long cigars and eyeing the damsels appreciatively; family groups, going at that slow pace peculiar to their pursuit of pleasure, and which is so maddening when you are trying to make your way along the crowded pavement. All these stroll homewards along the Lung Arno from the Cascine, when the sky is growing golden for sunset over behind Monte Oliveto.

It is at sunset that these bright, clear winter days deepen into greatest beauty. On Christmas Eve we climbed the steep curves that wind up the slopes of San Miniato, and, just as the red flush was creeping over the mountains, reached the terrace before the church, and stood looking down on the domes and spires of the city, and on the hills that enclose it. A blue vapour hung over the town, through which the great dome of the cathedral rose majestic, and the turretted tower of the Palazzo Vecchio soared—those two outlines that always rise before one's mind's eye with the word "Florence."

But the mist had not risen to the mountains, which deepened and glowed with the sunset light against the pale clear east.

I suppose that no lover of George Eliot could stand in that spot without recalling that passage from the introduction to "Romola," where she fancies some mediæval Florentine standing there looking down on those familiar outlines, and recalling the turmoils and triumphs, the loves and hatreds of the past.

Even George Eliot is not free, I think, from that common fault of over-much idealizing of that grim, vindictive, mediæval Florentine past, in which I always feel so sincerely thankful not to have lived.

But still this very spot reminds one of one of the deeds that shine out like gems from those dark mediæval pages. It was here, climbing the narrow pathway to San Miniato, one Good Friday, that the young Count Giovanni Gualberto met, unarmed and alone, the murderer of his only brother, against whom he had sworn vengeance.

The guilty man, seeing no hope of escape, fell on his knees, and, extending his arms crosswise, entreated mercy in the name of Him who had died upon the Cross that day.

Gualberto's sword was stayed as he remembered our Lord's prayer for His murderers, and after a moment of fearful inward struggle he reached out his hand, and raising the murderer from his knees, bade him go in peace. The tumult of his spirit unstilled, he went on his way into the church, and, kneeling before the crucifix on the altar, wept and prayed, supplicating mercy by the mercy that he had shown. To his excited fancy, the figure on the Cross bowed its head in gracious answer to his prayer, and from that moment his life was changed. He left the world, and, entering the Benedictine order, became a monk at San Miniato, but, being elected Prior by the brothers, he fled to the solitude of Vallombrosa.

There is a pleasure all its own in returning to a town where one has already seen the principal sights. One's conscience does not trouble one when inclined to take things easily and to loiter about a bit, and in those loiterings there is an added charm in an old favourite if one comes upon it casually. One is walking along in all the discomfort of the Via Calzaioli, noisiest and most crowded of Florentine ways, when above a foreground of peddler's carts, bright with red and blue and yellow woollen scarves, or with piles of golden oranges, one sees the gray sculptured niches of Or San Michele where stand in calm beauty and strength Donatello's St. George, and Ghiberti's St. Stephen, and one pauses and hesitates undecided whether to go in and look again on the wonders of Orcagna's shrine of the Madonna, and then decides to keep that pleasure for another morning with a clearer light. Or perhaps it is the many tinted marble walls of the cathedral that one catches a glimpse of down some street vista. The other evening I was coming down the Via dei Servi, narrow and gloomy with its great dark palaces, and there at the end hung overhead the vast bulk of Brunelleschi's dome, its great curve deeply red in the lurid light that shone through wild storm clouds, breaking after a day of rain. Every pinkish and orange time stain on the cathedral's marble sides was, in that light, deepened to its most intense tint, so that one could only stand and gaze as at some passing effect of sea or sky, and then going on one's way past the comparative whiteness of the new façade, there it was shining and vibrating with the fairy lights and shadows of an electric light.

It might be difficult, though I confess that I have never tried, to pass through that Piazza del Duomo without pausing for a fresh glance at some one of its beauties, the creamy-tinted bas-reliefs of Giotto's Campanile, or the wonderful details of the bronze gates of the baptistery, which Michel Angelo compared to the gates of Paradise, and which it took Ghiberti forty years of toil to finish. Whenever I stroll into that baptistery, I become fascinated by the spectacle of the making of Christians of new-born Florentines. Here, ever since the walls of the great Duomo rose opposite, and this first cathedral became the baptistery, every Florentine baby, high or low, has been brought for baptism, and here, on a short, dark winter afternoon that had already become too shadowy in the dark church to afford one, more than a glimpse of the mosaics up above, we loitered to watch one group after another approach the font, and one stiff swaddled little bundle after another held up to the sleepy-looking priest, who, after putting the salt in their mouths and pouring the water over their heads, dried and powdered them in such a grandmotherly fashion. Some groups were quite festive, with young girls to carry the long tapers, and a smart white silk coverlet to throw over the baby. But one consisted of one gaunt, bare-headed woman, and the little newly-made Christian, which she grasped with one hand, while she held the lighted candle with the other. The child kept up a shrill, feeble wail, as though foreseeing that the world would not welcome it over-rapturously. The lighted candles threw the figures of priest and acolyte into strong relief as they paused in the middle of one ceremony for an animated argument. We counted four separate parties before we turned away.

Then in one's visits to old friends there are the galleries which are so much pleasanter when you have lost your polite awe of them, even of one boasting so imposing a name as the Uffizzi.

One does not conscientiously go from picture to picture, guide-book in hand, but strolls along looking out for old favourites. The glories of the Tribuna seem to welcome one back; the eternal youth of the Venus de

Medici and of the Dancing Faun greet one; the tender pathos of Raphael's Madonna del Cardellino comes to one with fresh meaning; his portrait of Julius II. and Titian's of Beccadelli enthral one again with their absorbing personality. With all its grandeur the Uffizzi is a pleasant gallery, with none of the vault-like gloom of the statuary halls of the Vatican, and one of its pleasantest parts is that long gallery with its delightful ceiling so richly painted in sixteenth century arabesques.

How one enjoys strolling through it once more, past those delightfully naive, stiff, pathetic pre-Raphaellite Madonnas and Annunciations, and martyrdoms, with their faded colouring and gilt backgrounds. Here are those busts of the Roman emperors, Marcus Aurelius' calm features and Faustina's haughty beauty, and here is that lovely baby head of Nero, which I suppose few women pass without a sigh that he ever grew up to be a man, and which is fixed in one's memory by Browning's lines:—

One loves a baby face with violets there,  
Violets instead of laurels in the hair,  
As it were all those little locks could bear.

Then one has to pay a visit, of greeting to Fra Angelico's musical angels in their little side room, and at the same time perhaps reassure oneself that one is quite as unappreciative as ever of Botticelli's Birth of Venus, though one may never venture to acknowledge the fact to the art critics of the table d'hôte before one feels that one has really said "How do you do" again to the Uffizzi.

ALICE JONES.

### MY FRIEND BESIDE THE WESTERN SEA.

VILANELLE.

My friend beside the western sea,  
The land of flowers and palm, and vine,  
My white-winged message flies to thee.

Across the continent, from me,  
Where lips are ripe and rare as wine,  
My friend beside the western sea.

Where skies are soft, the melody  
Of winds and waters is divine,  
My white-winged message flies to thee.

Sweet dreamy, languorous days be thine  
My wish upon thy summers shrine,  
My friend beside the western sea.

The weary brains glad jubilee,  
Rest, beauty's banquet, all be thine,  
My white-winged message flies to thee.

Drink life's elixir, be care free,  
To waiting memory give no sign,  
My friend beside the western sea,  
My white winged message flies to thee.

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

Dancer, Col.

### A MYSTERIOUS BUT TRUE STORY.

THE following facts were related to me by my elder brother and also by my grandmother. The latter was an authoress and gifted with great common-sense and a very sound judgment. Many years ago my parents occupied a set of chambers in the King's Bench Walk, Temple, London, one of the principal quarters of the London barristers. They had a maidservant who was the guilty or innocent cause of a great deal of trouble. She was said to have been a young woman of average intelligence and generally correct behaviour. A very short time after she was engaged, from some unexplained cause, utensils and occasionally articles of furniture would mysteriously move without anyone touching them, and it was impossible to find out the cause. The girl professed to be as puzzled as the rest. In one of the rooms there was a rather heavy wardrobe, and one day, no one being near, it suddenly fell forward on to the floor, greatly scaring my mother, for my brother had been playing in front of it only a minute beforehand. My father had not a grain of superstition in him, and firmly believed that there was some trickery about the whole business. There were no police in the Temple at that time, the gates being shut at nightfall and watchmen posted there in addition to others who patrolled around. He therefore looked out for and hired the strongest and bravest of the crowd to sit up one night and arrest the mysterious offender, for he was determined to find out who it was that was playing these tricks.

As a preliminary step he primed the watchmen with all the uncanny facts. The author of the "Chronicles of a Clay Farm," recounting an attempt to persuade an oracular and prejudiced farm-labourer to use a surveyor's level, illustrated the suspicious reluctance of the yokel by asking, "Have you ever observed the distrustful manner in which an experienced and wary old dog smells at a wasp's nest?" This pictures the frame of mind of the stalwart constable after my father had "poured the leprous distilment" of the uncanny tricks of possible demons into his ear. My father had a great sense of humour, and I have no doubt rubbed the watchman's nose well into the facts. It must also be borne in mind that that was the period of the dawning of cheap serials—

which largely consisted of warlock, witch, ghost, and cut-throat stories. If any of my readers have ever seen one of the old volumes of The Casket they will understand this. As the constable afterwards explained, he would cheerfully face one or even two burglars, but he would not undertake to tackle Old Nick; and by the time that all was ready he firmly believed that he was about to interview the latter personage and that he, Old Nick, "meant business." As most of the mysterious events had happened in the kitchen, the watchman was located there, and so placed that he could not be approached from behind; the fire was made up, and two candles placed on the kitchen table so as to make the place as cheerful as it could be under the uncanny circumstances of the case. My father sat up in an adjoining room so as to be able to rush to the man's assistance in case of need. My readers must picture to themselves the stalwart watchman in the old-fashioned great-coat—staff in hand, with the old rattle of that period, so as to be able to sound an alarm if necessary—listening to the beating of his heart, to the sombre ticking of the old-fashioned eight-day clock, and to the other watchmen slowly calling out as was their habit as they patrolled: "half-past-eleven-and-a-cloudy-night." In after years often when I have lain awake have I heard the Temple watchmen calling the hour and the weather.

To comfort the man during his uncanny watch, my father sent the girl for a pot (quart) of beer; it was brought in the ordinary public-house pewter-pot and placed upon the table in front of the watchman. She then retired, leaving him to watch over the beer and things in general. Dickens makes one of his characters say: "you cannot taste beer in a sip," but the watchman—still in his chair—was pondering that matter in a more generous spirit when, to his horror, the pewter pot suddenly jumped up a little and fell over upon the table. He had often heard tell of Old Nick, but now he had really come—so he rushed out of the house into King's Bench Walk, and recounted his awful experience to his horrified fellow-watchman; and no possible persuasion could induce him or any of the others to go back for his hat; he positively refused to face Old Nick any further; and my father had to take it out to him. The latter, after a strict search, could find no trace of any trick.

My parents came to the conclusion that it was some trickery on the part of the girl, and that she, in some mysterious manner, procured fulminating powder from medical students. But there was not the slightest evidence of the fact, or that she ever knew any student; and if she—an ignorant girl—had carried about such a dangerous compound for weeks together, she would certainly have come to grief. There never was any trace of smoke or sound, as of an explosion; in addition she would have had to proportion the dose in each case, or there would have been some dreadful accident. Besides this, she was very closely watched, and one cannot understand any sleight-of-hand trick, as she had left the room several minutes beforehand, and the watchman, as well as my father, kept their eyes upon her while she was there, for by that time she was suspected.

Being loth to discharge the girl without further evidence, my father sent her to my grandmother's, who lived in West Square, Southwark; and she undertook to keep a close watch over her. Directly the servant left my father's house all the trouble ceased. Soon after the girl went to West Square she was asked to place in order some flower-pots in a balcony, and while she was doing this my grandmother watched her very closely, but could not detect the slightest evidence of any trickery. But after the maid had left the balcony a very short time, one of the flower-pots jumped up a little, just like the pewter-pot had done, and fell over on its side. My grandmother then came to the same conclusion as my parents, that she must have put some fulminating powder under the flower-pot, although there was not the slightest evidence of the fact, but they could not otherwise account for the phenomena. She was thereupon discharged.

Personally, I disbelieve the fulminating powder theory, but confess that I am utterly unable to explain the facts beyond this, that evidence is slowly accumulating that there is some unknown power or faculty which only one in a myriad possesses—which, when verified and explained, will elucidate such as the above, as well as other mysterious phenomena. There is good reason to believe that there is a great and fruitful truth just below our mental horizon, which, when at an early date it is utilized, will bring about vast changes; greatly reducing the wealth of some who are now rich, and enriching numbers who are otherwise placed.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

"WHAT is the most difficult dental work?" repeated a dentist yesterday. "Bridge work, of course. Here is a sample," and he handed me a model of the mouth of a well-known man about town, who is rather noted for his good teeth. There were but three roots of teeth in the mouth. Two were on the left side and one on the right side of the mouth. To these roots he had attached gold and built up twelve teeth that are as firm in the mouth and as convenient as the original teeth. It was done by soldering gold to the gold attached to the three roots and running it round to the front of the mouth. Then on the front side of this gold the porcelain teeth are so well attached that not a particle of the gold shows, and the teeth look perfectly natural. Indeed, they are in the mouth as firm as natural teeth, and to all practical purposes are the same.



## PROFESSOR BALDWIN'S PSYCHOLOGY.\*

WE are sorry that, by an accident, this volume has not received earlier notice at our hands; and we hasten to assure the reader that the delay has not arisen from any want of appreciation on our part, of the admirable, careful and thorough work which Professor Baldwin has here given us.

It is the fashion with some would-be transcendental philosophers to speak disdainfully of the laborious inductive work performed by the students of empirical Psychology. To them the "a priori" road has such attractions that they look upon those who tread the humbler path of a *posteriori* investigation as belonging to an inferior race. These drudges may at least reply that they are on the ground of reality, of solid fact; that their achievements, of whatever value, are so much ground won for their science; and that, even when they are not able to point to absolutely certain results, they have yet indicated the problems which need solution, in many cases they have pointed out the direction in which the solution must be found, sometimes have shown that one of two alternative solutions must probably be adopted, and, in other cases, have satisfied themselves and others that they have attained to a valid solution.

Such are the reflections which occur to us as we pass from page to page of a treatise which, in every line, bears witness to the scientific calm, and the careful and accurate investigation of facts which the subject demands; whilst the manner of presentation is as lucid and attractive as it is free from dogmatism or self-assertion.

The volume is, in every way, a worthy continuation of the work begun in the previous publication on "Senses and Intellect." In method and scope, as the author informs us, his plan has remained the same. "The treatment of this volume, however, is somewhat fuller: since I have wished to remove, in some degree, the reproach so often and so justly cast upon the general works on psychology that they give 'Feeling and Will' summary and inadequate discussion."

The writer is careful to point out, as before, his own neutral point of view. He maintains the possibility of a psychology which is not metaphysics nor even a philosophy; and in the present volume he believes he has a better field for the carrying out of his purpose than in the previous one, since the phenomena of the emotional and volitional life have not been worked over for purposes of philosophical system, as intellectual phenomena have been.

There is one difference in the arrangement of the present work from that of the ordinary treatises on Psychology. Generally speaking, the Senses are fully treated before the subject of the Intellect is entered upon; and they are only referred to in connection with the emotions. Professor Baldwin has adopted a somewhat different method. Whilst discussing the Senses in the first volume so far as they present the material for thought and knowledge, he reserves the full study of the nervous system as an introduction to the consideration of the Emotions. The advantage of this course is obvious. There are few things more puzzling to the beginner than the transition from sensuous feeling to ideal emotion, and the long gap which generally comes between them does not help him. Professor Baldwin's book is hardly a handbook for beginners, but every student of these subjects will be aided by this arrangement.

Proceeding to somewhat of detail, we wish we could find room to give some little outline of the contents of the book, but it would be impossible to do this with any satisfaction to the reader. We can only say that whether we take the table of contents, or pass from page to page and from line to line, we are impressed with the fulness of the matter, with the thoroughness of the treatment, with the completeness of the results. We have looked in vain for a break. The author, like Nature, *non facit saltum*. Indeed, an impatient metaphysician will sometimes wish that the treatment of some points had been more brief and less complete; but probably the metaphysician would be wrong.

We had almost forgotten to add—a matter which is not of small importance—that the author shows the most extensive and minute acquaintance with every book of any value which has already appeared on the same subject. Professor Baldwin neither slavishly follows his predecessors, nor does he differ from them without due reason given.

We had noted a good many passages for special mention, and we will refer to some out of these many. The author claims something of originality for several of his sections, and before remarking this claim we had noted some of the passages; for example, the remarks on Belief at p. 150. We think, however, the author is slightly hypercritical in his remarks on Professor James. The distinction which he makes between feeling and belief is accurate and acute, yet he would certainly be the first to acknowledge that, from another point of view, "believing" is a perfectly correct expression. The conviction of the reality of our impression is undoubtedly, in a very true sense, a matter of faith.

As a specimen of the author's careful and somewhat technical treatment, we might point to his remarks on the very interesting and difficult subject of Instinct. "Assuming," he says, "in advance that Instinct is a complex

motor phenomenon stimulated from without, empirical observation enables us to make the following remarks in the way of further description: (1) Like impulse, Instinct belongs to the reactive consciousness, and is original. This is now sufficiently understood. (2) Ordinarily, Instinct is not under voluntary control. Here the case differs from the phenomenon of impulse. (3) Instincts are, as a rule, definite and uniform: they lack the idiosyncratic and individual variations of impulse. (4) Instincts are correlated with definite stimulation, to which they afford reflex action."

It is not quite easy, in a short notice, to give a satisfactory account of such a work; but we hope we have made it plain that we regard Professor Baldwin's new volume as reflecting honour upon himself and his university, and as destined to take a high place among the contributions to the important subject to which it is devoted.

## HOMER.\*

NO one who makes any pretensions to acquaintance with human literature can ignore the importance of the Homeric poems. They may be said to stand at the beginning of "profane" literature, and in their own way they have never been surpassed. Among professional scholars and even among enthusiasts outside that class, like Mr. Gladstone for example, Homer has been a name to charm with; and, although scepticism has assailed the story of the origin of the poems, it has never lowered the supreme position which they have occupied.

Of course the best way of making acquaintance with any writer is to read his writings as he put them forth—in their original tongue; and it may be safely predicted that Homer will never lack for readers, and that the noble language in which he wrote will never be neglected by students. But it is certain that the proportion of educated men who study Greek is diminishing; and at any rate the numbers of people who want to know something of Homer without studying his language must be greatly increasing.

For a long time Pope's Homer was the chief means by which English readers obtained a knowledge of Homer; and, in spite of its many faults, no translation has succeeded in dislodging it. Chapman's renderings were much more Homeric, Cowper's were a good deal more accurate, Lord Derby's united good scholarship with a good deal of energy and vitality. Yet we doubt whether Pope is not more read than any of these.

To any one who wanted to get at the real sense of Homer through an English translation, perhaps the best of all means would be the prose versions of Messrs. Butcher, Lang, and others. They are admirable renderings—to be put in the same class with Dr. Carlyle's prose translation of Dante's *Inferno*, and Hayward's of Goethe's *Faust*. It is hardly likely that any translation will altogether supplant these. But we live in a busy age; and it must be admitted that, for our own times and for our own tastes, a good deal of the Homeric poems may be dropped with advantage, and that we shall probably get to know and appreciate their great excellences far better by some such process.

It is hardly possible that this work should be better done than it is in the two volumes now before us. Professor Church is a veteran in work of this kind, and he does not give us a single line by way of Preface or Introduction to either of these books. He lets them speak for themselves; and they are quite able to do so. Let the Homeric student open them where he will, and he must be struck with the accuracy of the reproduction of the original and with the skill of the translator in casting away the non-essential and retaining the substance of the author's thought and expression.

It will be remembered that the *Iliad* begins with the wrath of Achilles as the source of all the misfortunes of the Greeks. Professor Church gives a brief preliminary chapter on "what befell before the quarrel," and then proceeds to give an account of the dispute between Agamemnon and Achilles. Here is the manner in which Agamemnon rejects the prayer of the priest Chryses for the restoration of his daughter: "Get thee out, gray beard," he cried in great wrath. "Let me not find thee lingering now by the ships, neither coming hither again, or it shall be worse for thee, for all thy priesthood. And as for thy daughter, I shall carry her away to Argos, when I shall have taken this city of Troy."

Then the old man went out hastily in great fear and trouble. And he walked in his sorrow by the shore of the sounding sea, and prayed to his god Apollo: "Hear me, God of the silver bow! If I have built thee a temple, and offered thee the fat of many bullocks and rams, hear me and avenge my tears on these Greeks with thine arrows."

And Apollo heard him. Wroth was he that men had so dishonoured his priest, and he came down from the top of Olympus where he dwelt. Dreadful was the rattle of his arrows as he went, and his coming was as the night when it cometh over the sky. Then he shot the arrows of death, first on the dogs and the mules, and then on the men; and soon all along the shore rolled the black smoke from the piles of wood on which they burnt the bodies of the dead. For nine days the shafts of the god went

throughout the host; but on the tenth day Achilles called the people to an assembly.

Now we think that no Homeric scholar will question the accuracy of this rendering or will doubt that it gives a good notion of the spirit of the original; and we believe that the ordinary English reader who knows nothing of Homer or of Greek will get as good an idea of these ancient poems as it is possible to get through a translation.

No less excellent is the volume on the *Odyssey*. With many writers the adventures of Ulysses have been greater favourites than the siege of Troy; and it has been thought that they lend themselves better to translation. In any case we have here a volume which those who are forgetting their *Odyssey* will be glad to have for the refreshment of their memory, and by means of which many may have the delight of learning this wonderful story.

## THE RAMBLER.

ONE reflection suggested by the vision of entrancing artist-womanhood bedecked in emeralds large as half-dollars—the gift of the Emperor of Germany—and diamonds brighter than winter stars—which we call Patti—is, what is the ultimate fate of the riches and jewels, and plate and furniture and bric-a-brac, which all successful *prima donne* somehow succeed in accumulating? The question is a perfectly fair one. From the days of Caradori, Pasta and Malibran to the time in which we live, such artists have unprecedented opportunities for amassing private and personal wealth. Pianos, musical boxes, vases, inlaid desks and tables, statuary and pictures, ornaments of every kind, including pieces of jewellery *par excellence* flow in upon the fortunate *prima donna* or the silver-voiced tenor or the powerful contralto as the case may be. The diamond stud, the enamelled snuff-box, the gold-headed cane, the onyx casket, the jewelled whip—still belong by right divine to the tenor kings of the stage, while furs and flowers, horses and rare dogs, tiaras and parures, brocades and eastern tissues are showered upon the reigning Queens of Song. So the question naturally arises—what becomes of this almost inconvenient mass of personal property, which would have delighted Wemmick if chance had ever led him near the boudoir of a great artist? The law of reaction and the law of compensation appear to work together in this connection. In the majority of cases—far too many—the elegant possessions are converted into money or the equivalent of money. Speculation perhaps ensues; failure occurs, coupled with waning powers, and the great possessions melt as if by magic. Sometimes the fine generosity of the artist is the very stepping stone to decreasing rent-roll. Charitable schemes or political reorganization float before the vivid imagination of the gifted soul, and a fortune is squandered—it may be, at one blow! Who can read of the loves and triumphs of Grisi and Mario and of the rare luxury of their best days without feeling a swift pang of pity for the changed circumstances of the latter years? And the same remarks are equally pertinent of actors. When we recall the brilliant career of such a man as Sothern, do we not wonder at the collapse of his magnificent fortune! Not long ago it was found that Arabella Goddard was almost destitute. And to take the case of just one author, the children of Charles Dickens have had to earn their living almost as vigorously as if they had had Goldsmith or Dick Steele for father. But literature does not afford many such examples. To come back to the *prima donna*, who will reply to the inevitable question—what becomes of such vast earnings? Do they melt, as I have suggested, or do they enrich the nation in museums, or do they quietly fall to the next of kin? Happy happy next of kin, if so; spending what they never earned, reaping what they did not sow, and bearing a name made gracious and imperishable by no effort of their own. Just here sometimes the imperfection of poor humanity assails such in its most pitiable form, and we have the spectacle of a son yielding in despair to suicidal mania because he is not the histrionic equal of his father. Irving must, for once, have cursed his great good fortune which could bring but bitterness and shame of spirit to his son.

In this connection a good deal of nonsense is talked about the "absurd" and "fabulous" prices asked by great artists even towards the end of their careers. The public should remember that the singer and the actor live but in and for the present—they have no share in posterity. Where now are Tietjens and Sontag and Lind—where "the snows of yesterday"? They lived but to make a name and they are now, verily, only names. Their cry for "money" is at least intelligible. For them can come no after-recognition, no apology for the long neglect of years, no discovery of genius in time to come by discerning critics, no reparation of any kind; whatever they are, they are now, here, at this present moment. They feel and understand this, and from this cause springs a certain want of dignity at times, of repose and of full intellectuality. It seems as if their fate were upon them, and as if they could not wait for fame to be proclaimed from the housetops but must proclaim it themselves. This is a part—perhaps an undignified part, even painful—of what we call the artistic temperament, and you cannot get over it. The singer asks her price and does not sing unless she gets it, for well she knows that already "fate knocks at the door!" and soon the "farewell tour" is given and the dark curtain falls.

\* "The Story of the *Iliad*." "The Story of the *Odyssey*." By the Rev. Prof. Alfred Church; with illustrations after Flaxman. Price \$1.00 each. London and New York: Macmillan; Toronto: Williamson. 1891.

\* "Handbook of Psychology. Part II. Feeling and Will." By James Mark Baldwin, M.A., Ph.D. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1891.

At the same time the author does not particularly care about posterity himself. If he could infuse into his reception just a little more of the public's attitude towards a favourite performer he would be glad. He is by no means sure of that after-recognition, and, should it come, he will not be here to see it. On the whole, he harbours just the smallest grain of envy. It is a pretty idea, that of leaving part of yourself behind in tangible forms such as novels and epics and dictionaries, still it by no means satisfies the living man as four thousand dollars a night would. You cannot run up big bills and charge them to posterity—some people do, but not authors—half as easily as you can go and buy everything you want with ready cash in your pocket to the amount of a quarter of a million.

Mr. Alfred Austin was very quick indeed with his Laureatish poem on the death of the Duke of Clarence. It has a fine ring—I append three stanzas—and is perhaps significant in its quickness, since the writer's name has been freely associated with the honourable but *difficile* rôle of Court Poet. The poem was printed in the *Times* of January 15; the death occurred the day before.

O, if She could exchange her lot,  
And now were free to choose,  
With one who in some whitewashed cot  
Over her baby coos,  
And tend the humblest hearth that burns,  
To whose awaiting smile the cherished one returns!

We weep with her. We weep with You,  
No less, loved, widowed Queen,  
Who nurse a loss for ever new,  
A wound for ever green.  
Your brow august is crowned with care,  
So take Her to Your breast, and hush her anguish there!

And you, Sir, who for long, lone years  
Have stood beside the Throne,  
And now would stem a Mother's tears,  
Forgetful of your own.  
For you we mourn, we mourn for her,  
All of us at your side, by His sad sepulchre,

In 1885 Mr. Gladstone wrote to the young Duke as follows:—

"There lies before your Royal Highness in prospect the occupation—I trust at a distant date—of a throne which, to me at least, appears the most illustrious in the world, from its history and associations, from its legal basis, from the weight of the cares it brings, from the loyal love of the people, and from the unparalleled opportunities it gives, in so many ways, and in so many regions, of doing good to the almost countless numbers whom the Almighty has placed beneath the sceptre of England. I fervently desire and pray, and there cannot be a more animating prayer, that your Royal Highness may ever grow in the principles of conduct, and may be adorned with all the qualities which correspond with this great and noble vocation.

"And, Sir, if sovereignty has been relieved by our modern institutions of some of its burdens, it still, I believe, remains true that there has been no period of the world's history at which successors to the Monarchy could more efficaciously contribute to the stability of a great historic system, dependent even more upon love than upon strength, by devotion to their duties, and by a bright example to the country. This result we have happily been permitted to see, and other generations will, I trust, witness it anew."

These are noble words and true, and it is worth while remembering them. No suspicion of mere Jingoism or fustian can attach itself to them—they are the words of a Man, not a Metaphorist.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### DISHORNING OF CATTLE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Upon reading the paragraph on the dishorning of cattle in your issue of the 8th ult., I am constrained to call attention to the absolute illegality of the cruel, inhuman and inhumane practice. Chapter 172, Revised Statutes of Canada, Sec. 2, covers the case. The wording of that section is substantially the same as that in an earlier English Act relating to cruelty to animals, and under this latter the defendant in the case of *Ford vs. Wiley L. Reps.* Q. B. Div., Vol. 23, p. 203, was in 1889 convicted. The Court (Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and Mr. Justice Hawkins) holding "that the operation of dishorning caused extreme pain without adequate and reasonable object, and was unnecessary abuse of the animal, and, therefore, unjustifiable." It is gratifying to learn from the case that dishorning is not practised in other counties of England; this case was from Norfolk, and had long been discontinued in that county where it had then only recently been revived. Probably the practice has, since the decision mentioned, been entirely discontinued. As is pointed out by one of the judges, "if a man wishes for polled cattle he can buy naturally-polled animals." The evidence of distinguished veterinary surgeons shows that dishorning causes excruciating pain of long duration. I take it no one can disagree with Mr. Justice Hawkins when he says that: "Constant familiarity with unnecessary torture to and abuse of dumb animals cannot fail by degrees to brutalize and harden all who are concerned in or witness the miseries of the sufferers, a consequence to be scrupulously avoided in the best interests of civilized society."

Edmonton, N.-W.T.

ROBT. STRACHAN.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

### THE GRAND.

"KEPLER'S FORTUNES" might be termed a "one man comedy," serving as it does chiefly to bring out the eccentricities, singing qualities and humorous proclivities of Gus Williams, a Dutch comedian of good parts, who keeps his audience thoroughly amused. Friday and Saturday the local Lacrosse Club Minstrels hold the boards at the Grand. Next week, Monday, February 8, will witness the arrival of Frohman's New York Company in the comedy drama "Jane," than which, it is said, no more amusing play can be well conceived.

### THE ACADEMY.

"NIOBE" has again sent the patrons of the Academy wild with furious hilarity, Miss Cary in the little rôle proving herself to be a clever actress as also a beautiful woman, and Mr. Melville, as *Peter Amos*, gave a humorous portrayal of the unhappy husband; the rest of the Company were excellent, good houses being the natural sequence.

### HARMONY CLUB.

"THE Beggar Student," Millocker's sparkling comic opera, will be presented by the Toronto Harmony Club, Thursday and Friday of next week, February 12 and 13. The plot is very interesting, and the music contains gems of song and bright harmonic strains, in all of which the local club will without doubt maintain their former standard of excellence. The audiences will be large judging from the great interest that is taken in this perennial event.

### LACROSSE CLUB MINSTRELS.

ALL the arrangements for the local "Nigger Show" are of a complete character. The end men aver that their "squibs and crackers" are veritably novel; this element of itself should be sufficient to commend the "show" to all lovers of the black art. Why even it is whispered that some of our young athletes are already budding *prime donne*, of the male persuasion. A bumper house for the boys!

### THE GREAT POLISH PIANIST.

PADEREWSKI's staying powers have been tested severely throughout his triumphant tour in America; he has been playing incessantly and retaining all his wonted vigour and wonderful power. The American press has exhausted all the adjectives in their vocabulary in his praise, finally dubbing him the prince of pianists. The plan of the Pavilion opens at Suckling's, Friday morning. Concert on the 12th, a week later.

### THE Q. O. R. BUGLE CORPS.

THE Buglers of the Queen's Own Rifles, for whom arrangements are being completed to visit the World's Fair at Chicago next year, will perform at the Academy of Music, this Friday and Saturday, with the Toronto Lacrosse Club Minstrels. They will give five introductory movements out of the twenty-four included in the Grand March to be given at the Fair, and which is pronounced by military authorities to be the finest on record.

### MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THERE is a strangely large amount of "fuss and feathers" flying off at tangents from musical literary pens, sent to the various "dailies" and "weeklies." Have a festival by all means and under a duly recognized and qualified foreign conductor, who could weld together local *matériel*, and let the net proceeds all go to a deserving charity or charities.

"No greater mistake is made," says the *New York Times*, "than that committed by most parents in regard to their children's musical education. 'Until my daughter knows a good deal of music,' a mother will say, 'any teacher will do; later she can be polished by some high-priced professor.' Only yesterday a woman, a friend of mine, who was discussing her little girl's music with me, said: 'I cannot afford to have ——— begin with you, but she shall have a year or two at the end to finish her course.' And I told her if she could afford only a year of my tuition, to let it be the first year. In that year the pupil can form habits, if properly taught, which no amount of good teaching can do away with. It is so foolish to bring a girl at the end of ten years' unskilful teaching and wrong practising, to somebody, and expect him in a year or two years, or ever, indeed, to turn out an accomplished musician. A pupil should be well taught at the beginning, at least—in my opinion she should be well taught all the way through. Girls who have any music in them are worth it, and girls who haven't ought never to approach the piano."—*Musical News*.

THE most elaborate, and at the same time the most beautiful, of modern flags is that of the Dominion of Canada. Heraldically it is in perfect taste and it tells a complete story, is, in fact, a summary of its country's history, as all national flags should be. The various provinces are arranged according to precedence, and at the same time in a manner that gratifies the artistic tastes of the spectators, while over all is the British coat of arms, typifying the connection of the country with Great Britain, a connection of which Canada and Britain are justly and equally proud.—*Scottish American*.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

HOW TO READ THE PROPHETS. By Rev. Buchanan Blake, B.D. Price 4s. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark; Toronto: Presbyterian News Company. 1892.

Some time ago the author of this handy volume published a useful treatise on "How to Read Isaiah," which has been already widely circulated. He has, therefore, returned to the same theme, extending his studies to the other prophets. In the present volume he takes up the greater number of the Minor Prophets, leaving the remaining ones and Jeremiah for a concluding volume. As regards the necessity for a volume of this kind there can be no question. The Minor Prophets, as regards their historical place and meaning, are a sealed book to most readers of the Bible, and this fact must tend to diminish their value as teachers of spiritual truth. Mr. Blake pursues the same method as in his treatise on Isaiah. He gives the prophets in their chronological order, as far as that can be ascertained, and he puts along with them those passages of the historical books which refer to the times and the appearance of the prophecies, so as to make their allusions intelligible. In this part there is condensation, but no addition to the words of Scripture. In the second part he gives fifteen chapters of historical comment in elucidation of the fifteen chapters of extracts given in the first Division. We do not think it possible to have a better introduction to the intelligent and edifying study of these great writings.

THE CORPORATION PROBLEM. By William W. Cook, of the New York Bar, author of "A Treatise on Stock and Stockholders and General Corporation Law." New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1891.

Mr. Cook writes upon a subject of commanding interest. The extraordinary growth of corporations in recent years is occasion for serious concern, because of the evils which easily grow out of them. Perhaps it is partly because of their great possibilities of use that the dangers of abuse are also great. Any man, or body of men, by circumstances or ability placed in a position to serve society is sure to be able to harm society. Great advantages have come from the growth of corporations; the cost of production has been diminished; vast enterprises for the development of natural resources have been carried forward; and the means of transit and of the transmission of news have been brought to a degree of perfection which could not have been realized without that great massing of capital which the corporation plan makes possible. But great abuses have appeared also. The fraud of "watered" stock has been perpetrated frequently; small corporations have been ruined deliberately by powerful rivals; unjust discriminations have been made; the rights of individuals have been disregarded; monopolies have been strengthened; and legislation favourable to the corporation has been obtained by bribery again and again. These things are dealt with frankly by our author, who then discusses remedies, taking up profit sharing, state socialism, regulation by the state, etc. The conclusion of this writer is that, while corporations are certainly dangerous, they will not be able to interfere permanently and largely with the welfare of the people, who have the power to unmake as well as make them. The book is valuable as a compendious statement of the case, rather than as a sufficient treatment of the problems involved.

*St. Nicholas* for February has reached the Library Table and is bright and original as ever. The proportion of sense and nonsense—nonsense after the manner of "Alice in Wonderland"—is agreeably proportioned for the "young folks" to whom Mary Mapes Dodge caters.

THE Western favourite, the *Overland Monthly*, comes to us bright with its new gilt ornamentation. From cover to cover the eastern reader will find matter of interest relating to western life, scenery, literature, and customs. The very first article, "Mission Bells," with its quaint and appropriate illustrations and its distinctive western flavour, gives the reader a warm welcome on the threshold, which the remaining articles, poems, etc., by no means diminish.

APPARENTLY the supposedly strong piece in the current *Cosmopolitan* is Sir Edwin Arnold's "Love and Marriage in Japan," for this title incarnadines, in huge red ink letters, the top of an otherwise not inartistic cover. The article itself, it is needless to say, is intensely interesting. Sir Edwin writes from as full a heart as mind on the subject of Japan. The frontispiece is a portrait of Mr. W. D. Howells who takes his seat on the editorial chair next month.

THE current number of the *Methodist Magazine* (Toronto: Wm. Briggs), from the liberal space devoted to subjects purely literary, historical, or scientific, makes one think that it must be a fortunate body that it represents. Few are the church papers which are not oftener than pleasant arenas for theological or ecclesiastical controversy. But the noise of strife is far away from the *Methodist Magazine*, whose pages contain matter interesting to all. It is singularly fortunate in its editor.

A FINE intellectual face is that of Professor Elias Loomis, which forms the frontispiece of the *Popular Science Monthly* for January. This is an excellent number. The very ably written articles are on subjects of public or scientific interest, and in their variety and excellence form an inviting treat for thoughtful and studious readers.



The illustrations greatly aid the text. By no means the least interesting article in this number is that entitled "Tail-like Formations in Men." From researches by Dr. Bartels, Professor Ecker, Dr. Mohnike, Dr. Ornstein and others, it appears that authentic tails have been discovered in human beings.

For simple, graceful, though perhaps not over-ambitious illustrations, one can commend this month's number of *Cassell's Family Magazine*. And the letter-press deserves equal and similar praise. A practical and well-illustrated article on the Mount Mellic embroidery will be useful to all needle-women. And Deborah Platter teaches better than any cookery book the art of broiling, grilling, and frying. Under the heading "Treasure-Trove in Central Canada" is a short description of mining activity at Sudbury—a region which cannot be too widely known. The article is rightly highly laudatory and sanguine.

THE first place in the latest number of *Greater Britain* is given to "Canada" by Daniel Watney. It is a criticism of "A Canadian Editor's" "What Englishmen are Doing for Canada," a polemic against the scheme of Mr. Howard Vincent, and a strong advocacy of free trade for the Dominion as the best and only condition for a rapid, healthy, and normal development of our natural material resources. "How long," asks the writer, "would the tariff wall stand with freedom on one side and the McKinley duties on the other?" But he makes no attempt to grapple with the difficulties in the way of a definite answer to this very suggestive question.

FROM the sceptical character of David G. Ritchie's article entitled "The Logic of a Ghost Advocate," which opens the *Westminster Review* for January, the psychical reader would be led to infer that the writer had never seen a ghost and to remark that Mr. Ritchie may yet "see and believe." "The Colonial Government of Great Britain" is an article of Imperial interest. Walter Lloyd disposes of "Inspiration and Truth" to his own satisfaction. Mr. D. F. Hannigan reviews "Surgeon Parke's African Experiences," and J. Dacosta treats of "Our Indian Frontier Expeditions." Matilda M. Blake asks the question, "Are Women Protected?" and from the records of the criminal courts provides a negative answer. Lady Florence Dixie, in "The Horrors of Sport," says that she "has taken part in sport of many and varied kinds, in many and varied parts of the world. I can handle gun and rifle as well and efficiently as most 'sporting people,' etc., and then proceeds to read a lecture to sportsmen which would delight the heart of a vegetarian, but which will certainly not find favour with the lovers of "the roast beef of old England." Other articles and a review of contemporary literature complete the number.

THE *Magazine of Poetry: a quarterly review* (Buffalo: W. Moulton) astonishes us regularly four times a year. Here is the January number, the commencement of a fourth volume, with one hundred and twenty-four pages, chiefly poetry; with seventeen portraits; and with twenty-nine distinct and separate biographical notices of poets or poetesses. Is there not cause for fear lest, at this rate, the stock of poets and the volume of poetry will not long hence run out, and the *Magazine of Poetry* come to a unique but untimely end owing to a sheer lack of material for subjects or copy? Is there not also still greater cause for fear lest, from the self-imposed necessity of reproducing the features and blazoning abroad the merits of some score and a half of American writers of verse every three months, the gentlemen connected with this arduous task may possibly be a little put to it to find, even in their spacious and populous country, men and women deserving of this high honour? Other features of this unique magazine there are which are significant. What a taste for poetry must exist throughout the length and breadth of America to delight in some four hundred double-columned pages of reprinted poems yearly. For this feature of the magazine it must be which gives it life and brings it fame. Certainly it cannot be the stiff portraits, all or nearly all merely reproductions of photographs. Neither can it be the biographical notices, which are brief to a fault, and as stiff as the portraits. Neither can it be the reviews, for, despite its title, not one single sentence of criticism does the *Magazine of Poetry* permit itself. Yet another peculiarity is noticeable. One and all of the seventeen personages to whose histories we are treated are angelic: they come of wonderful pedigree, they are born with "fertile minds," they evince "absorbing love" for the good or the beautiful or some other such thing; they have the honour to belong to this or that celebrated body or institution—in short their biographies lead us to think that a country that can produce such a crop is indeed a goodly country, and perhaps really the greatest country on the face of this earth—which we understand to be its own firm belief. But the personages are not quite all denizens of the United States. We are pleased to see Mrs. Annie (sic) Rothwell brought to public notice even under this curious nomenclature. Mrs. Rothwell's name is well known in Canada, and there are many who would be greatly interested in knowing much more of her life and writings than is given in the three short paragraphs devoted to the biographical notice appended to her name and portrait.

ALL our readers, probably, will see the *Century Magazine*, and will also know what to expect in it. No lengthened notice of it, therefore, is necessary here. Messrs. Kipling and (the late) Wolcott Balestier's "The Naulahka" has reached an interesting stage—the plot thickens.

The same may be said of *Scribner's Magazine* for the current month and its serial story, "The Wrecker," by Messrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. It is more difficult in this piece of fiction to determine the respective shares in the composition of the twin collaborators than in the case of "The Naulahka." Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, it must be remembered, was also Mr. Stevenson's collaborator in that exquisitely funny story, "The Wrong Box." This magazine also contains a beautiful six-stanzaed poem by Mr. Archibald Lampman, entitled "Comfort of the Fields." It has been remarked that the bulk of Canadian poetry is purely descriptive, objective. Mr. Lampman's present poem bears out this assertion. "What would'st thou have," he asks:—

What would'st thou have for easement after grief  
When the rude world hath used thee with despite,  
And care sits at thine elbow day and night,  
Filching thy pleasures like a subtle thief?  
To me, when life besets me in such wise,  
'Tis sweetest to break forth, to drop the chain,  
And grasp the freedom of this pleasant earth,  
To roam in idleness and sober mirth  
Through summer airs and summer lands, and drain  
The comfort of wide fields unto tired eyes.

This is the first stanza; the next four and a-half are occupied with pastoral descriptions of summer scenery—very beautiful, very rhythmical, very poetical; and only in the concluding four lines does he return to himself:—

The mighty mother brings us in her hand  
For all tired eyes and foreheads pinched and wan  
Her restful cup, her beaker of bright wine;  
Drink, and be filled, and ye shall understand!

Those ultra-patriotic readers who delight in detecting in the poetical productions of their own country a distinct flavour of that country (a questionable taste: is not the severest indictment brought against Shakespeare—that by Goethe, in his criticism of "Hamlet" in "Wilhelm Meister"—the reproach that he was insular; and is not his highest praise that he was of no age and for no time?) will be more than pleased to find this in more than one phrase or sentence of "The Comfort of the Fields"—in "through hallowed slopes of pine, where the long daylight dreams, unpierced, unstirred, and only the rich-throated thrush is heard"; in "by broken beaches tangled with wild vine, and log-strewn rivers murmurous with mills"; in "old fences overgrown with briar, muffled in vines, and hawthorns, and wild cherries, rank poisonous ivies, red-bunched elder-berries"; in "gray mullein towering into yellow bloom"; in "some foam-filled rapid charging down its rocks with iron roar of waters"; in "across wide-reeded meres, pensive with noon, to hear the querulous outcry of the loon." Some of these are exquisite. This is the way Keats would have written had Keats been Canadian.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CARLYLE'S niece, Mrs. Carlyle, *née* Mary Aitkin, is said to be engaged on a work dealing with the character and genius of her uncle. She was for some years his literary assistant.

MR. JEROME or his publishers are certainly possessed of a very venturesome spirit. He is about to launch the *Idler*, a new monthly magazine, and of the first number he intends to print a first edition of 100,000 copies.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY announce for publication early this month a practical work on electric lighting, entitled, "A Guide to Electric Lighting for Householders and Amateurs," and the author is S. R. Bottone.

SCARCELY a dozen persons were present at the marriage of Mr. Rudyard Kipling with Miss Balestier, which took place on the 18th ultimo. Among these were Mr. Henry James, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. A. M. Poynter, and Mr. W. Heinemann.

THE editor of THE WEEK is still confined to his house and incapacitated from work by the sequel of the malady now so general—"la grippe." His coadjutors, however, look forward to his being enabled to resume charge of the paper during the course of next week.

M. RENAN, who, we are glad to learn, is improving in health, is engaged on the correction of the last proof-sheets of his "Mélanges," or collection of articles and documents, most of which have already appeared in print; the book will be brought out in the course of a few weeks.

"BURNS Americanised; Burns with 'no crudities of expression, no expletives, no vulgarisms, and no allusions to alcohol.' Who will buy? Here's a chance for the untutored dwellers in 'the land o' cakes.' It is an expurgated edition by an American lady-editor."—*Literary World, London.*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY announce a new book by that deservedly popular writer, Miss Arabella B. Buckley, author of "The Fairyland of Science," "Life and Her Children," etc. The title of this work will be "Moral Teachings of Science," which the author is said to have invested with special interest.

"MUTINY Memoirs; being Personal Reminiscences of the great Sepoy Revolt of 1857," by Colonel A. R. D. Mackenzie, C.B., Hon. A.D.C. to the Viceroy, is the title of a new book published by the *Pioneer Press*, Allahabad, India. The price is two rupees. Many of our readers will recognize the name from personal acquaintanceship with the author's son, now resident in Toronto.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY will publish in March the first number of a new quarterly review devoted to religion, ethics and theology. It will be under the charge of an editorial committee consisting of Profes-

sors Charles Carroll Everett and Crawford Howell Toy, of Harvard; Rev. Orello Cone, D.D., President of Buchtel College, and Rev. Nicholas Paine Gilman (managing editor).

AN Association for the Promotion of Profit Sharing has recently been formed in New York. The U. S. Labour Commissioner, Carroll D. Wright, is President. It is their intention to establish a bureau of information for the benefit of firms interested in profit sharing, and by various publications and addresses before commercial and other clubs to promote the discussion and extension of this industrial reform.

THE title of Tyndall's forthcoming book is "New Fragments." Among the subjects which are treated are The Sabbath, Life in the Alps, The Rainbow and its Congeners, Common Water, and Atoms, and Molecules, and Ether-Waves. In addition to the popular treatment of scientific themes, the author devotes several chapters to biographical studies. Among the subjects of these studies are Count Rumford and Thomas Young, and there are also chapters on Louis Pasteur, his Life and Labours, and Personal Recollections of Thomas Carlyle.

PROFESSOR A. C. COOK has edited Shelley's "Defence of Poetry," which is published by Messrs. Ginn and Company, uniform with Sir Philip Sidney's work on the same subject issued somewhat more than a year ago. The notes are fewer, but Thomas Love Peacock's essay on "The Four Ages of Poetry," which called forth Shelley's "Defence," is given entire. In the Introduction, Professor Cook makes a comparative study of the views of Shelley and Sidney, discusses Shelley's literary style, and considers the question of the relative value of inspiration and labour as factors in poetic creation.

THE Halifax *Mercury* has inserted a new and extremely happy feature in its columns, namely a page devoted to the higher aspects of the humanities: a literary miscellany embracing criticism, comment, poems (usually those of Canadian production), light and interesting narratives and descriptions—in short a fragrant *pot-pourri* very pleasant to the busy man who, in addition to the politics and news which a newspaper supplies, is glad to devote "A Quiet Hour" (as this page is entitled) to reading matter of a more æsthetic description. Such a page ought to—and no doubt does—find many admirers, especially as it is uncommonly well edited.

BOOKS in elucidation of Browning continue to fall from the press, and distinguished among the rest is a really excellent, if late-born, "Primer" (Macmillan). The author, F. Mary Wilson, confines the introductory portion to a short sketch of Browning's life, and a somewhat longer one of his genius, more remarkable for frankness than for originality; the remainder, that is to say, four-fifths of the volume, is occupied with introductions to the separate poems, in which each is described and its relation to the philosophy of Browning, as understood by her, is set forth. The volume is the result of careful study, and unites with an admirable simplicity a very welcome freedom from obtrusive hero-worship.

"It is supposed by unthinking people that all that is wanted is a mere collection of current literature for the use of the common people. Those who reason thus mistake the object and purpose of a great library. The successful study of any subject requires access to collections far beyond the reach of persons in ordinary circumstances, and which few, excepting public libraries, could be expected to possess. Education is the great problem of the day. A great library furnishes the arms and weapons wielded by the educator, without which he would be powerless. The clergy, the teachers, the scholars, the students in every branch of knowledge, the artists—here find the materials which they work up into forms of usefulness and benefit to society."—*Sir James Picton, from his son's "Biography."*

PROFESSOR ROGER B. JOHNSON, of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, contributes a long and appreciative review of Professor J. Mark Baldwin's second volume of the "Handbook of Psychology," that devoted to Feeling and Will, to *Science* (New York), in the number for January 29. "The promise made by Professor Baldwin in the preface to his first 'Handbook,'" he says, "has been fulfilled. The expectation aroused by this promise has perhaps been more than gratified, since in the 'Psychology of Feeling and Will' we have the same rigorous scientific treatment which characterized the former volume, applied to subject matter which, for reasons now known to be suicidal, has been worked over for college text-books with far less care and satisfaction than the strictly intellectual operations. It must be a source of congratulation to teachers of psychology to know that we are now having given us year by year psychologies which deal with the stubborn complexities of mind from a standpoint that bids fair to give us soon, if it has not done so already, a veritable 'New Psychology.' . . . To read Baldwin's chapters on the will (for these were well worth the space of a separate review), is to feel that a mind of admirable scientific temper has been at work throughout. Approaching the phenomena of mind from the naturalist's point of view, he has guarded against the tendency, all too common in these days, of trying to drive the principle of physical causality through a multitude of facts, naturally and philosophically recalcitrant to such treatment. The great lesson of his two volumes is, that in psychology the application of scientific methods and canons to mental phenomena affords no results which a cautious metaphysic may interpret as casting discredit on spiritualism in philosophy."



READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE PASSENGER PIGEON.

THE American passenger pigeon is now recognized as a British bird. Several examples had occurred, and whilst some of these were probably "escapes," others doubtless were wild birds. These had perfect plumage, were taken in an exhausted condition, and their crops showed only the slightest traces of food. As is well known, the passenger pigeon is a bird of immense powers of flight, and in its overland journeys often flies at the rate of a mile a minute. Wild birds, however, can only come from America; and this opens up the interesting question as to the possibility of birds crossing the Atlantic without resting. Naturalists of the present day say that this feat is not only probable, but that it is actually accomplished by several wild birds. Mr. Darwin somewhere asserts that one or two of them are annually blown across the ocean, and it is certain that half-a-dozen species have occurred upon the west coasts of England and Ireland which are found nowhere but in North America. Mr. Howard Saunders states that passenger pigeons are often captured in the State of New York with their crops still filled with undigested grains of rice that must have been taken in the distant fields of Georgia and South Carolina; apparently proving that they had passed over the intervening space within a few hours. It certainly seems remarkable that a bird should have the power of flying over 4,000 miles of sea; but recently two different writers have recorded the fact that they noticed pigeons settle upon water to drink, and then rise from it with apparent ease. And Mr. Darwin says that where the banks of the Nile are perpendicular, whole flocks of pigeons have been seen to settle on the river and drink while they floated down stream. He adds that, seen from a distance, they resembled flocks of gulls on the surface of the sea.

AN INGENIOUS TRAP.

WHERE do the monkeys come from? Doubtless thousands of people have asked themselves this question. Yet it is one easily answered. Nearly all one sees in the United States come from Georgia, a little village a short distance from the Panama Railroad. On a Mexican transfer camp, it is now chiefly inhabited by negroes, who do not mind the fever-laden atmosphere. This region is the paradise of monkeys. They travel in groups around the woods, led by an older monkey. When the people receive information that the troop is near the village, they repair to the woods in crowds to capture them. Their plan is very simple. They cut a hole in a cocoon large enough for a monkey's paw. The nut is now hollowed out, and a piece of sugar is placed inside. A string is tied to the nut, and the trap is placed in the way of the approaching monkeys. The animals are the most inquisitive known next to man, and when they spy the nut in goes a hand and grasps the sugar, but the hole is too small for the hand to be withdrawn with the prize, and so the monkey holds on, and is dragged along by means of the string, and is followed by a crowd of his fellows, towards the ambush. At the supreme moment a large net is spread over the animals, and they are made prisoners before they know it. They are sold to the employes of the Panama Railroad, and reach the north through commercial dealers. In South Africa the baboon was, until late years, considered a vegetarian, and his worst offence was stealing mealies from the garden when he got a chance. Now he seems to have joined the carnivora—at least he is not above tearing open the young lambs. He also robs all the beehives and steals the honey, doing the work by night when the bees are drowsy and dull. The baboon is a blessing in that he attacks the wild aloe and pulls the pith out for food. It was hoped that he would rid the country of the prickly pear, but as the substance of both leaf and trunk is nothing but water, there is not much likelihood of it. The baboon has made himself such a nuisance in civilized Africa that shooting and poisoning clubs are fast destroying him. The poison has to be taken with palatable surroundings to fool him, but he is not proof against temptation, and so he dies.

DO THE LOWER ANIMALS KNOW HOW TO PLAY GAMES?

SUCH is the question to which a lady writer in a magazine has essayed to give an answer, and certainly one remarkable instance which she quotes would seem to show that birds in their wild state "go in for" organized romps just like children at a Christmas party. Mr. Andrew Crosse, the distinguished naturalist, was one day looking out of his study window, in a house on the Quantock Hills. From this window he could see into a court-yard a little distance away, which was sheltered by walls and was remote from any noises or disturbance of any kind. By and by the naturalist saw a robin engaged in dragging the apparently dead body of another robin round and round in a circle on the pavement. It looked just as if the live robin had fought with and killed the other, and was indulging in the cruel triumph of pulling the lifeless body of its rival over the stones, as Achilles dragged Hector round the walls of Troy. Just as Mr. Crosse had come to the conclusion that the strange proceeding of which he was privileged to be the witness was the termination of a battle to the death between two bird enemies, the live robin suddenly stopped and threw itself on its back, as though stark dead. Its wings were half-distended and rigid, and its legs upturned to the sky. Never, apparently, had there been a robin more dead than it was. Meanwhile,

the other robin went through an exactly converse transformation scene. It had only been shamming dead, and now woke up into full and vigorous life. Seizing on its feathered companion, it dragged the latter in its turn all round the same circle, and repeated the process several times over. The conclusion of the scene was that both birds flew off together to some neighbouring trees. Now, this story, related by the widow of the eminent authority on natural history to whom we have referred, might be set down as an exaggeration or distortion of what really happened, only that the observer was himself a trained scientific expert, not likely to let his eyesight be interfered with by his imagination. The peculiarity of the incident lies in the fact that the performers were wild animals. They had not been trained to play this game by any showman's devices, but they had, out of the pure merriment of their own hearts and the liveliness of their bird intellects, evolved a game of "Let's pretend," like "Alice in Wonderland," and carried it out with perfect success.—*Daily Telegraph*.

PADDLING A KAYAK.

WHEN a Point-Barrow Eskimo is simply travelling along and does not care to make any great speed, he uses an ordinary paddle with one blade, like those used in the *umiak*, but somewhat lighter. As he has to sit in the very middle of the boat, he can not use this as an Indian would, wholly on one side, driving the boat ahead with straight strokes and overcoming the tendency of the canoe to go off to one side by feathering his paddle in the water or by an outward sweep of the blade. First he makes three or four strokes, say, on the right side, and then, as the boat begins to sheer off to the left, he lifts the paddle out of the water and makes three or four strokes on the left side till she begins to sheer to the right, and so on. They do this pretty skilfully, so that the boat makes a tolerably straight "wake," and goes through the water at a pretty fair rate, but, of course, can make no great speed. When the time comes for hurry, out is drawn from under the deck the double-bladed paddle, such as we are all familiar with from the writings of Captain Ross and Captain Parry, Dr. Kane, and all the explorers who have visited the Eskimos of the eastern regions. This is about six feet long and has at each end a broad, oval blade, far more serviceable than the narrow oarblades of the eastern *kayak* paddles. The man grasps this by the middle and dips each blade alternately, regulating the force of his strokes so that the canoe goes straight through the water without veering to right or left. With the double paddle the *kayak* can be made to fairly fly through the water.—*From Eskimo Boats in the Northwest, by John Murdoch, in The Popular Science Monthly*.

A HINT TO SOLICITORS IN PREPARING EVIDENCE.

THE moral aspects of the recent *cause célèbre* in the Divorce Court do not come within our province, but all members of the profession are deeply interested in the question, which was brought prominently forward, of the limits imposed on counsel when cross-examining a witness. The mere suggestion of a certain class of offence is enough to wreck the happiness and shatter the nervous system of many men. It is, therefore, nothing less than wanton cruelty to put such a weapon in the hands of counsel unless something much stronger than bare suspicion justifies its use. If this can be said of the sterner sex, it is surely not too much to expect a more chivalrous sense of duty when a woman's chastity is in question. So long as the rules of cross-examining remain as at present, the public have a right to look to the leaders of the Bar for protection against any abuse of so powerful a weapon for good or evil, and if at any time they look in vain, public opinion (which is very strong on this subject) will certainly make itself heard and felt in other quarters. Meantime the remarks of the President, in his summing up of the case referred to, contained a warning which solicitors engaged in preparing evidence cannot afford to neglect.—*Law Journal*.

THE LARGEST SHIPS AFLOAT.

THE French five-master *France* is the largest sailing ship afloat. She was launched in September, 1890, from the yard of Messrs. D. W. Henderson, at Partick, for Messrs. Bordes et Fils, and her dimensions are as follows: Length 361 feet, breadth 49 feet, depth 26 feet. Her net register tonnage is 3,624, with a sail area of 49,000 sq. feet; and not long since she carried an enormous cargo of 5,900 tons of coal on her maiden passage from Barry to Rio de Janeiro. The largest British ship is the *Liverpool*, of 3,330 tons, built of iron by Messrs. Russell and Company on the Clyde. She is 333 feet long, 48 feet broad, and 28 feet deep. Her four masts are each square-rigged; but she is far from clumsy aloft, is easily handled, and has run fourteen knots an hour for a whole day. Next in size is the *Palgrave*, of 3,078 tons. The United States ship *Shenandoah*, of Bath, Maine, built by Messrs. Sewal and Company of that port, is the largest wooden vessel in existence. She is 3,258 tons register, and will carry about 5,000 tons of heavy cargo. She has just left San Francisco, California, with 112,000 centals of wheat, worth \$175,000. This is the largest grain cargo on record. Another wooden vessel, the *Rappahannock*, also built at Bath, Maine, is 3,053 tons register, cost \$125,000; and 706 tons of Virginia oak, together with 1,200,000 feet of pine timber, were used in her construction. The largest

British wooden ship is the *Three Brothers*, of 2,963 tons register, built at Boston, United States, in 1855. She is 323 feet long, 48 feet broad, and 31 feet deep.—*Chambers' Journal*.

CHINESE DIPLOMACY.

THOUGH the Chinese diplomatist moves slowly, there are some Chinese mandarins whose ways are expeditious and summary. Under the auspices of Chang Chih-tung foreign engineers are prospecting in the neighbourhood of Hankow. They were commended the other day by the Viceroy to the care and protection of a minor mandarin. This personage, rooted in the traditions of the past, viewed the advent of the "Fanqui" with disapproval. He penned a remonstrance, setting forth that it would be unsafe to allow the earth dragon, who has lain undisturbed since the time of Confucius, to be profanely tampered with. The country folk, he explained, were a rough set, who, on seeing strange men, with strange instruments in their hands, probing and peering into the earth, would be sure to be roused to mischief, and, as he professed himself powerless to restrain the riot that might ensue, he prayed His Excellency to reconsider the matter. The Viceroy took in the situation at a glance. He wrote in reply to say that inasmuch as the local official did not seem equal to cope with the situation, he was sending five deputies, with boats and followers, to afford the foreigners safe and suitable escort—all at the expense of the remonstrant. Their visit is said to have cost the worthy magistrate some seven hundred and fifty pounds, and since then Chang Chih-tung has not been troubled with any more remonstrance from the zealous defender of the earth dragon.—*From the Manchester Examiner*.

A PREP AT QUEBEC.

STANDING in any one of the river bastions, and gazing over the ramparts and the glacis, your glance takes in one of the noblest prospects of the globe. To the right the interminable river sweeps down from Ontario and Niagara. In front Point Levi frames the picture with a background of woodlands and buildings, and under your feet is the quaint old-fashioned French town and the crowded shipping. All is as tranquil as the stream itself; but to remind you of old scenes of carnage, and the changed conditions of modern warfare, the *Bellerophon* at this moment fires a torpedo for practice, blowing some 500 tons of the St. Lawrence high into the air, and making in the river a huge circle of mud and dying fish, which goes whirling and expanding down the current. The thunder of the explosion rolls back from Point Levi to Cape Diamond, and dies away high up among the fir-woods on the left, where Wolfe, after delivering his feint attack, landed his forces at night, by a flotilla of boats, and surprised the unsuspecting Montcalm by appearing suddenly on the plateau. The chivalrous Frenchman, instead of confiding in his stone walls, came rashly forth to fight in the open for the possession of Canada, and yonder obelisk marks the spot where Wolfe fell in the instant of victory, and where Montcalm also received his death-wound. It is good to find the names of both heroes linked together upon the memorial here, as well as lower down in the Des Carrières Street. The latter bears a nobly epigrammatic inscription:—

MORTEM VIRTUS COMMUNEM  
FAMAM HISTORIA  
MONUMENTUM POSTERITAS  
DEDIT

—which, for the sake of all patriotic English-women, may be translated:—

Their valour gave a common fate,  
Their worth a common fame;  
English and French we here inscribe,  
In common love, each name.

They say, as the surgeon drew the fatal musket ball from the wound of Wolfe, he exclaimed, "Why, this is not the bullet of an enemy!" and that the gallant General answered, with a faint smile on his dying face—gay even in extremity: "Well, doctor, I don't think it could be the bullet of a friend!" Wolfe has a proud and ornate monument in Westminster Abbey; but here is his true mausoleum, in the fair meadows and forests, the far pine-clad ranges, the broad, majestic river, the peaceful, prosperous Dominion, and, above it all, the flutter and the glitter of that Union Jack upon the flag-staff in the Bastion, which marks it all "British America," a territory one-fifteenth of the whole earth's surface, larger by one-tenth than all the United States, and only smaller than all the Continent of Europe by the area of Spain; a gift to the British Empire bought with most generous blood, and worth retaining while it is willing to be retained, with all the energies and resources of that Empire.—*Seas and Lands. Reprinted from the Daily Telegraph. By Sir Edwin Arnold, M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I.*

QUEEN VICTORIA possesses the oldest watches in the world. She has two beautiful little gold ones by Breguet that are supposed to be a hundred years old. They have silver dials, and are about the size of a two shilling piece. One is a blind man's watch and the other is a repeater. Both go perfectly and are in constant use. Her Majesty's favourite watch is a large plain gold one by Mudge, the English maker. It is about twice as big as an ordinary man's watch.

The New York *Tribune* quotes a Kansas man on one result of prohibition in his State as follows: "The fact that many people in prohibition States are using antipyrine as a substitute for alcohol shows how hard it is to make people sober by Act of Legislature. Kansas druggists sell an immense quantity of quinine, as well as bottles of bitters and tonics by the thousand, and prohibition seems only to succeed in compelling people to change their favourite drink. It is difficult to imagine anyone eating quinine or drinking it in solution for enjoyment or from taste, but the habit is a very common one in almost every large city; and now antipyrine is being taken to in the same way. No one can take large doses of quinine with impunity very often, and anyone who indulges in the antipyrine habit is laying up for himself a stock of suffering and debility which will make life a burden to him."

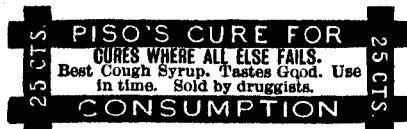
**LIFE-SHORTENING OCCUPATIONS.**—One of the curious features of modern life is the extent to which the most hazardous trades are overrun by applicants for work. The electric light companies never find any difficulty in obtaining all the linemen they need, notwithstanding the fact that the dangers of that kind of business have been demonstrated times without number. The men who work in factories where wall paper is made frequently joke one another over the tradition that a man's life, in this trade, is shortened ten years. A similar belief is prevalent in factories where leather papers are made, and among men who have to handle them, and whose lungs are said to become impeded by inhaling the dust arising from such papers. In certain other factories, where brass ornaments and fittings are made, the air is laden with very fine brazen particles, which are, when inhaled, especially irritating to the lungs. But one of the most singular advertised calls for *employés* that was ever printed appeared recently in a Connecticut newspaper, signed by a firm engaged in the business of building towers. It called for applicants only among those who are young, strong and courageous, and closed by saying: "We warn all seekers for this job that it is of the most dangerous nature, and that few men continue in it more than a few years. In fact it is almost certain death to the workman who follows this occupation."—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

## "August Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had used your preparations

**A worn-out Stomach.** with beneficial results, I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES E. DEDRICK, Saugerties, New York.

W. B. Utsey, St. George's, S. C., writes: I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy.



Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

## BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW IN CANADA.

On Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 12th, 13th and 14th, will be held in this city the Second Annual Convention of the above Brotherhood. As the Constitution and objects of the Order may be unknown to some of our readers and others unfamiliar with it, a few explanatory words will not be out of place. The Brotherhood in general, of which the Canadian Branch is a part, is an organization for young men in the Anglican Church. It came into being some eight or nine years ago; born of the idea of a few young men of Chicago, their object being to provide an organized means of work for the spread of Christ's kingdom among young men.

The platform is beautiful in its simplicity, there being but two chief planks in it. First, to pray every day for the above avowed object. Second, to work for it by a weekly effort to bring fellow men to the Church and to Christ. From that small beginning under God's blessing has grown a band of earnest men scattered in the United States from the extreme east and south to the extreme west and north, and in Canada from Halifax to Winnipeg, numbering between nine and ten thousand workers.

It has been endorsed and heartily welcomed by the Bishops of the American Church and nearly all the Canadian Bishops. A late Convention of the American Brotherhood held at St. Louis was recognized by foremost Churchmen as the event of the church year. There busy men of all classes, clergy and bankers, mechanics and lawyers, clasped hands in brotherly fellowship, and stood shoulder to shoulder on the platform to tell of and discuss methods for work in the Master's name. The Order in Canada, organized some three years ago, numbering nearly 600 men, is resolved to make their conventions just as great an annual event in our country as was the American. They have secured for the coming convention the services of the great American Brotherhood speakers, and one of the leading Bishops of the U.S., as well as our own leading divines and laymen. They have chosen topics round which throb the difficulties of to-day's life. They are leaving no stone unturned to make all who come as delegates welcome. All they ask of the public in general is to take an interest in their meetings and to come to all if possible.

The full programme of these meetings will include grand public services on the Friday and Sunday night at St. James Cathedral, Sunday afternoon services at St. Luke's, St. Margarets, St. Mathews and St. Marks, with addresses, both lay and clerical, and a monster mass meeting in Association Hall on the Saturday evening, when "Christianity and Humanity" will be dealt with in a masterly manner by Canon DuMoulin, Mr. Jas. L. Houghteling, President of the American Brotherhood, and Mr. G. Harry Davis, a prominent Philadelphia lawyer.

If we take any moderately large insect, say a wasp or a hornet, we can see, even with the naked eye, that a series of small spot-like marks run along the side of the body. These apparent spots, which are eighteen or twenty in number, are, in fact, the apertures through which air is admitted into the system, and are generally formed in such a manner that no extraneous matter can by any possibility find entrance. Sometimes they are furnished with a pair of horny caps, which can be opened and closed at the will of the insect; in other cases they are densely fringed with stiff, interlacing bristles forming a filter, which allows air, and air alone, to pass; but the apparatus, of whatever character it may be, is so wonderfully perfect in its action that it has been found impossible to injure the body of a dead insect with even so subtle a medium as spirits of wine, although the subject was first immersed in the fluid, and then placed beneath the receiver of an air-pump. The apertures in question communicate with two large breathing tubes, which extend through the entire length of the body. From these main tubes are given off innumerable branches, which run in all directions, and continually divide and sub-divide until a wonderfully intricate network is formed, pervading every part of the structure and penetrating even to the antennae.—*Lutheran Observer.*

A WRITER in the *Seattle Post* says: "In the forests of Washington and British Columbia I have frequently seen trees dripping copiously during clear, bright days when no dew was visible elsewhere. The dripping was so profuse that the ground underneath was almost saturated. The phenomenon in this case was caused by the remarkable condensing power of the leaves of the fir, and it occurred only when the relative humidity was near the dew point. The dripping ceases after ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, but resumes at or near sunset. In 'Hakluyt's Voyages' there is an account of Hawkins' second voyage to Africa and America, written by a gentleman who sailed with Hawkins, in which it is said that in the island of Ferro there is a weeping tree that supplies all the men and beasts of the island with drink, there being no other available water supply. Further, he states that in Guinea he saw many weeping trees, but of a species different from that of Ferro."

A HUNDRED years ago the natives of the valley of Chamonix who took travellers up the mountain suffered as much as their employers from physical sensations ascribed, no doubt rightly, to the rarity of the air. They were unable to walk more than a few paces without halting. Last autumn, says the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, travellers who walked in early morning from the hut under the Bosses (14,000 feet) to the top (15,780 feet) had the company of five Chamoniards. They went up at a fair pace without resting. Arrived on the top, without a moment's pause, the men took their spades and shovels and began digging. They asserted that they did only about a third less work in the day than in the valley; and that they suffered no inconvenience from a prolonged stay in the Bosses hut; slept well, and ate largely. Their work was to excavate a tunnel in the summit ridge about thirty feet below the top. The object of this tunnel was to reach rock, in which a shelter cave might be excavated. No rock had been found up to September 11. The whole summit-ridge seemed to consist of compact opaque snow of exquisite purity. The rocks, a short distance from the top on the Italian side, were not considered available by the Frenchmen who were desirous of erecting the shelter. It was proposed, as no rock had been reached under the top, to carry there a wooden framework, in shape and size not unlike a bathing-machine, and fix it in the mouth of the gallery, in the hope that it might be dug out next summer and serve as a refuge for such scientific observers as might not be satisfied with the commodious hut near the Bosses.—*Science.*

No other preparation combines the positive economy, the peculiar merit and the medicinal power of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

In shoemaker's measure three sizes make an inch. Esterbrook's pens are made in all shapes and sizes to suit every writer.

PREVENTION IS BETTER than cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla is used by thousands with great success. It is the best blood purifier.

CONSTIPATION is caused by loss of the peristaltic action of the bowels. Hood's Pills restore this action and invigorate the liver.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Dear Sirs,—I took a severe cold in February last which settled in my back and kidneys, causing excruciating pain. After being without sleep four nights through intense suffering, I tried your MINARD'S LINIMENT. After the first application I was so much relieved that I fell into a deep sleep and complete recovery shortly followed.

Lawrencetown.

JOHN S. McLEOD.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Weak Lungs—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

## Help or Die

### Despairing Condition of Mrs. Parham

*Nervous Dyspepsia Sick Headache, Intense Agony.*

"Four or five years ago I was suffering terribly from what the physicians called nervous dyspepsia. It was with great difficulty that I could keep anything on my stomach. I had doctored for three or four years but the medicines did me no good and I grew slowly but steadily worse. Sometimes I would have sick headache lasting as long as three days and nights, which caused me such agony that it seemed as if I had

#### Rather Die Than Live.

I was told to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had no faith, but as I was suffering terribly was willing to try anything. I was in such a condition that it seemed to me I must either have help or die. After I had taken the first bottle I felt certain that Hood's Sarsaparilla was helping me; after finishing the third bottle I was ever so much better; could eat things which I had not before for years. I continued until I had taken six bottles, when I felt

#### Like a Different Person

I am not troubled with those terrible headaches and my stomach is all right. Only those who have suffered as I did can understand my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for the change it has wrought. Since then have taken a bottle or two of

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Every spring. I can not say enough in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla and the good it has done for me." MARCIA E. PARHAM.

Hood's Pills act easily, promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels. Try them.

**PERFECT DIGESTION**

**INSURED**

BY A

**NEW METHOD**

HIGHLY recommended by the most eminent and distinguished men of the medical profession.

Indigestion, Dyspepsia and all Nervous Complaints absolutely cured without medicine by this new and delightful method.

Free pamphlet sent on application, or to rapidly introduce this genuine article a sample will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

ADDRESS—

**E. BELLINGER,**  
60 YONGE ST. TORONTO, ONT.



If with your friends you've been dining, And get home so late in the night, "DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE" in the morning Will make you forget you were

**DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE**

**DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE**

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE makes a delicious Cooling Beverage, especially Cleanses the throat, preventing disease. It imparts Freshness and Vigour, and is a quick relief for Biliousness, Sea-Sickness, etc.

BY ALL CHEMISTS.