

THE WEEK.

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The Week,

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Edited by CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

ZORILLA, the Spanish Radical, is probably alarmed by the evidences of increasing esteem on the part of the Spanish people for their king. He has issued a vigorous manifesto, proclaiming the necessity of a Spanish Republic and defining the Republican programme, of which one important and suggestive item is the assimilation of the colonies. He assures the world that there will soon be a revolution in Spain, that it cannot but succeed, and that "a Republic is the only form of government that will allow Spain to enjoy order, morality, justice, and liberty." Whatever one may think of Republicanism as against Monarchism, and above all Bourbon monarchism, it is obvious that King Alfonso is making rapid growth in the regard of his people; and it looks as if Zorilla's proclamation were a note of much-needed encouragement to his disciples. Never has there been more real sympathy between the people of Spain and her restored monarchy than at this moment, when the king has, by his firmness and capacity, commanded the nation's respect, and by his earnest patriotism apparently gained its affection; when, moreover, people and prince together are smarting under the insult of a powerful neighbour. It is possible that the Spanish people, in its present stage of development, may with better reason look for justice, order and liberty under a constitutional monarchy than under a government resting solely on its own unpractised hands. Spain has not had the discipline and training in self-government where-with the Anglo-Saxon race has been blessed. One people has tried the experiment of undertaking to govern itself and to learn how afterwards. The cabin-boy made himself captain at a bound, and only now is beginning to show some mastery of the science of navigation. It was a bold experiment, that of France, and led to some wild sailing and several disastrous shipwrecks. If France has ultimately succeeded, it has been after titanic and agonizing effort, the lesson of which is not likely to be lost upon other nations.

At the farmers' convention, lately held in Winnipeg, a delegation was appointed to wait upon the Dominion Government and ask that the griev-

ances under which the settlers are now suffering be removed. A deputation to the local legislature was also appointed, with the duty of pressing the legislature to assert its claims to the right of chartering railroads within the limits of the old Province of Manitoba. It was moved in amendment that the delegates be sent to the Imperial Government to ask separation from the Dominion and the establishment of a new western federation. While this amendment was lost, it is a fact worthy of careful notice, that the proposal received some support and a large amount of serious consideration. In view of the recent statement of Lord Lorne in Glasgow, that Canada was in all respects practically independent, a statement which might go for what it is worth, but that we hear it echoed daily in our midst with fatuous reiteration, it is remarkable with what readiness crops up the tendency among us to run like babies with every squabble to Downing Street. It is not probable that the Imperial Government would pay aught but the most meagre attention to the delegates' request, but this by no means alters the principle upon which should be based our consideration of the facts. The question of the integrity of Canada is one which concerns Canada herself, and within herself she should keep the discussion of it.

THERE is now a breeze of altercation between the party press respecting the statement of Mr. Sackville West, British Minister at Washington, to the effect that during the fiscal year ended 31st October, no fewer than sixty-four thousand Canadians crossed the line and took up their abode in the United States. Over the mere emigration of this number of persons we ought not to suffer ourselves to become excited, since in every country a portion of the population maintains a perpetual outgoing and incoming; but if it can be shown, as unfortunately it can be to some extent surmised, that a great many of such of these as left the older provinces would have gone to our own North-West but for the evil repute into which that territory is being brought by the agents of party, and for party interests, there is cause for the deepest sorrow. The North-West has its disadvantages—great and abiding must be the drawback in a treeless country swept by bitter winds and supplying no coal; yet, in view of the cheapness and fertility of the land, and the ease with which it can be cultivated, suitable immigrants, if no other obstacles were shown to be in the way, would continue to come in and settle; but we fear that the policy which keeps up an incessant cry of grinding monopoly by railway companies, and criminally oppressive land regulations by Government, has begun now to bear its fruit in the countries from which we ought to draw our population; to make the emigrant look upon our North-West as a land full of oppressions, and therefore to be avoided. Railway monopoly perhaps there is, oppressive and bitter monopoly, but it may be unavoidable, and better than no railroad at all; unsatisfactory the Government land regulations may be, but surely there can be no set purpose in making them unsatisfactory, least of all in Canada, where the first aim of legislation is to satisfy votes. But whatever foundation there may be for the cries of discontent, it is the duty of patriotism to refrain from picturing our western Canada in such a guise that the immigrant landing in the New World will pass our territories with a shudder.

ALL those who are desirous to see preserved the peace and good-will which are essential between our brotherhood of united colonies, must be glad to know that the long-standing and intricate question of the Boundary dispute is now, through mutual concession, or rather through mutual common sense, on a fair way for settlement. Ever since the confederation the situation of the western boundary of Ontario has been open to dispute, but it was not till Manitoba began to develop into a province of importance, to assert her possessions and declare her territory that the conviction forced itself upon the Federal authority and the Governments of the other provinces concerned that means should be taken to define the boundary and set at rest the disputes. After some fruitless efforts in the direction desired, at last it was agreed that the question of finding the line should be left to arbitrators selected on behalf of the Federal and Ontario Governments, and agreeably to this decision Chief Justice Harrison, Sir Edward Thornton and Sir Francis Hincks were appointed. On the 3rd of August, 1878, the arbitrators made their award, which confirmed to Ontario the region then and still in dispute. It is out of this award that has grown all the bitter inter-provincial discords that have disgraced the constit-

uencies through the late electoral contests; the Reformers, who support the finding of the arbitrators, contending that that finding should be, and was intended to be, "final and conclusive," the Conservatives, on the other hand, maintaining that the decision could only be made valid by act of the Federal Parliament, some of them even going so far as to say that the declaration of the awarders was of no more value than so much waste paper. Mr. Mowat and his party, who stoutly maintained the validity of the award, declared through the election campaign that Sir John Macdonald was well aware that the finding was good and binding, but that dominated by the influence of the French *Bleus*, who were jealous of the growing importance of Ontario, he dared not admit his own convictions; while the Conservatives charged the Reformers with trampling underfoot the common sense of constitutional law, and with stirring up race enmities and inter-provincial strife, for party interests. However true or false may have been the allegations on either side, the decision of the arbitrators remained a dead letter, the territory in dispute being in the meantime claimed by both Ontario and Manitoba. It is not necessary to recount the recent disgraceful occurrences at Rat Portage, a place in the debatable land, where Ontario officials engaged in carrying out the instructions of their Government were seized by officials of the Manitoba Government, carried off, and locked in prison at Winnipeg. Call it by whatever name you will, this clashing of authority and violent seizure, was, so far as it went, an act of inter-provincial civil war, and a most disheartening example to that unity and mutual good-will which are the first essentials of a nation's well-being. It was therefore with a general sigh of relief that the public read the other day that the Governments of Ontario and Manitoba had decided to make mutual concessions, that the Federal Government, whose premier is declared to have dictated the course of Manitoba, had given its consent to the compact, and that the whole case was to be referred to the Imperial Privy Council for final settlement. Against the custom of submitting questions of a complex local nature like this to outside and disinterested arbitration we have nothing to say, and Canadian history furnishes examples where such reference was expedient and successful; but we do most emphatically enter our protest against thus running to England with every little provincial dispute about which the proper institutions in our own country must be competent to know much better than any tribunal in Great Britain. Such a custom degrades us by undermining self-reliance, and cultivating dependence upon the judgment of others, while it dwarfs and depreciates us in the eyes of the Mother Country.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

THE mist has cleared away from the battle-field of party in England, and we see the armies drawn out for the coming conflict. A moment of the most critical importance in the political history of the Mother Country is drawing near. It is evident that in the general election now impending the leader of the Radical party, Mr. Chamberlain, intends to secure victory by an alliance with the Irish Home Rulers. He has openly thrown himself into the arms of Mr. Parnell by consulting him in regard to an appointment; he has spoken of the Irish members in the most flattering terms; he has stepped in front of the Cabinet to advocate, in language verging upon violence, a change in the Irish Franchise which would bring a great accession of strength to the party of Disunion. He had evidently become very sanguine as well as extremely eager; but within the last few days he has met with a reverse. Hostility to the Union and to England is popular only with the very limited number of Englishmen who want revolution before all things. Mr. Chamberlain did not venture to submit the Irish question even to his Convention at Leeds. His policy was silence about the Union while he courted the favour of the Irish leaders and strengthened his alliance with them in other ways. But the success of this strategy depended on the reticence and moderation of Mr. Parnell. At the Dublin banquet Mr. Parnell cast reticence and moderation to the winds. Putting aside the agrarian question, or touching on it only to palliate the crimes of the League, and saying nothing about any redress of grievances to be obtained by constitutional means, he gave expression without restraint to his political feelings and intentions, avowed in the most defiant manner his enmity to England and showed beyond the possibility of doubt that his aim was the dismemberment of the United Kingdom. The pointed omission of the Queen's name from the list of toasts was obviously intended, not as a personal insult to Her Majesty, but as a declaration of rebellion. Mr. Parnell has exigencies of his own which do not exactly square with those of his would-be ally; he is under the necessity of keeping agitation at the boiling point, lest he should lose the supplies, the bulk of which comes from the most violent section of the party. He is also, like other Irish leaders, in constant danger of forfeit-

ing his leadership by moderation and of being supplanted by some more dynamic rival. After this explosion, however, the position of his friend in England becomes embarrassing, and Mr. Chamberlain must begin to fear that even in his faithful Birmingham some rebellious pulse of British patriotism may be felt.

Mr. Chamberlain denies the existence of any dissension in the Cabinet. We know to what such denials amount. They are deemed legitimate so long as the dissension is short of an actual split. Lord Beaconsfield showed by his practice that he deemed them legitimate even after the tender of a resignation. The misgivings intimated the other day by Lord Hartington on the question of the Irish Franchise present a marked contrast to the eager and excited declamations of Mr. Chamberlain. The secrets of the British Cabinet are faithfully kept, and any pretended reports of its deliberations may be confidently set down as fictions. But British statesmen do not live in seclusion; and society must be strangely mistaken with regard to the political sentiments of Lords Granville, Spencer, Derby, Hartington, Selborne, and Carlingford if the general policy of those statesmen is not widely different from that of Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke. That Mr. Gladstone will, by the exercise of his supreme authority, succeed in constraining the two sections to acquiesce in a common course of action is more than likely; that if left to themselves they would go different ways may be regarded as morally certain. Even their present cohesion is largely due to the profound unwisdom of the leader of the Opposition. Sir Robert Peel, were he now at the head of the Conservative party, would, we may be sure, do his best to gather within its pale all who were united by fear of Dismemberment, socialism and revolution. But Lord Salisbury, an incarnation in his public character of the narrowness and arrogance of caste, does his utmost by his reckless and insolent harangues to repel from his standard all but the members and followers of a Tory aristocracy which is now in the last stage of weakness. Those Whigs and moderate Liberals in a junction with whom lies his only hope of forming a force strong enough to cope with the forces of political or social revolution, are the special butts of his invective and satire. Nor do his ill-starred efforts fail of effect, for his literary and oratorical talents, which are of a very high order, and his remarkable faculty of giving his gibes a pointed form, make his indiscretions tell. Compared with him, his feeble and derided partner, who has not the power of making any impression at all, is a pillar of the falling State. Among the many dangerous features of the situation, not the least dangerous is the hopeless weakness of the Conservative Opposition.

The practical upshot is the dictatorship of Mr. Gladstone, in whose breast are now the issues of the political future. If the greatest Parliamentary genius and the widest range of Parliamentary experience combined with the loftiest morality and the most varied culture, were sufficient guarantees for absolute wisdom in the treatment of all political questions, there would be no room for the slightest misgiving. But there are strong and weak points in every statesman, as well as in every horse: Pitt was almost imbecile as a war minister, and Chatham's home policy was a blank. Mr. Gladstone is seventy-four; and though his mind is wonderfully, as his body is miraculously, young, for his years, he must be a prodigy, indeed, if he can as readily as in his earlier days admit the new lights of experience and discard at once a cherished policy which events have condemned. Moreover he has been long a king; and to the king's as to the old man's ear unlimited approbation is apt to be grateful and remonstrance unwelcome, as the crafty courtier knows too well. Even in his prime this illustrious man would have been better fitted to deal with almost any situation than with the present: in dealing with the present situation, a man full of coarse practical vigour like Palmerston would always have been his superior, though far his inferior in other respects. While full of refined sensibility, he is, perhaps, a little wanting in more commonplace emotions; at least the unutterable disgrace of allowing innocent men and women to be butchered by scores, or kept in daily fear of their lives by lawless terrorists, merely for obeying the laws of the land, did not seem to make on him the impression which it made on others till the butchery reached the circle of his own family. Of Ireland and its people, unfortunately, he has seen hardly anything, and it is from others, and chiefly from men imbued with fantastic notions of Tribal right, or extreme agrarian theorists, that he has derived the impressions upon which his policy is founded. Never, it is believed, in the series of his brilliant speeches has he dwelt on that which all whose opinion is most worth hearing pronounce to be the main root of the evil—the reckless and thriftless multiplication of the peasantry on a soil which cannot possibly maintain them. But when he has once adopted a policy, no matter on what ground, it is his nature thoroughly to identify himself with it, and, becoming doubly wedded to it by defending it in debate, he so dresses it up with his marvellous eloquence as to make it

appear absolutely flawless, not only to others, but to himself; for great orators are always more or less the victims of their own power of persuasion. That his Land Act is working a perfect cure is apparently his belief, and he no doubt ascribes to it the lull in the storm of outrage which observers on the spot ascribe with one voice to the firm administration of coercive law. His Homeric studies are not more remarkable as a pleasant proof of the comprehensiveness of a statesman's tastes than from the evidences which they afford of his power, on a subject with which he is not specially familiar, of maintaining the merest fancies in the face of the most decisive facts. He is now going to do what terrible experience shows to be of all things the most dangerous; he is going to bring on a political revolution in the midst of social and agrarian agitation. This it was that led to the great catastrophe in France. Turgot probably would not have done it. Necker did it, but though a skilled financier, able, benevolent and upright, he has not left behind him the name of a great statesman. Yet Necker, a life-long Liberal, if he failed to control the torrent which he had set flowing, must, at all events, have known his own mind; he would scarcely, when he was upon the eve of pulling down the aristocracy, have given so singular a proof of his unabated reverence for title as Mr. Gladstone has given in making Tennyson a peer.

THAT Socialism and Agrarianism under various forms are rife in England, and enhance by their presence the danger of political change, every turn of the conflict shows. Like an inflammable gas they pervade the air and are always ready upon the slightest occasion to burst into flame. An explosion of them has immediately followed the revelation of the frightful state of things which prevails in some of the low quarters of London. As a revelation it seems to be regarded, though surely no fact could have been more familiar, or had been more often brought by economists, philanthropists, moralists and novelists, before the public mind, than the existence of these hideous expanses of want, ignorance, misery, brutality and filth, in close juxtaposition and soul-sickening contrast with the abodes of opulence, luxury and refinement. In all great commercial cities we find this terrible shadow waiting on prosperity. London has now more than four millions of inhabitants, and like other great English cities, especially Liverpool, it has been receiving for many years past, in addition to its own quota of pauperism, a constant influx of Irish of the same class with those who are now peopling Conway Street, in Toronto, and who peopled the Five Points at New York. To provide these immigrants at once with decent houses, and to change their sanitary habits, would be beyond the power, if it were within the responsibility, of any city government. But much has been done in several of the great cities of England, in Liverpool among the rest; and more might be done in London if the Radicals and their Irish allies would allow the City Government Bill to be introduced, instead of blocking it in the interest of political revolution. Lord Shaftesbury and others who have spent their lives in the practical work of social reform, treat the subject like genuine philanthropists, with calmness as well as with feeling, and point out that shrieking is of no use, and that remedial agencies are in operation which a spasmodic recourse to heroic remedies would only paralyze. But the politicians on both sides embrace the opportunity of making capital. Lord Salisbury plays once more the game of Tory Democracy, and tries to divert the minds of the people from political revolution by magnificent promises of economical reform. That economical reform is much more urgently needed by the suffering masses than political revolution is what many people, not wanting in political liberalism, are fully prepared to believe; but Lord Salisbury holds out expectations which he will never be able to fulfil, and he is in considerable danger, by his exciting language, of adding a Faubourg St. Antoine to the other elements of combustion. Mr. Chamberlain, on the other side, improves the occasion by framing tempestuous indictments against the landlords, and inciting the people beforehand to use the votes which he is about to put into their hands for the purpose of a confiscating onslaught upon that hateful class. If the extended franchise is to be immediately used as an engine of social war, stormy times certainly await the country. Landlordism in England has during the past centuries had much to answer for; but it is fair, though it may not suit the purpose of a trumpeter of agrarianism, to say that, besides the improvements in cities recorded in Mr. Chamberlain's own paper, there has been within the last forty years a great and general improvement in the dwellings of the labourers in most parts of the country. As in the case of the French monarchy and aristocracy, so in most revolutions, it is not upon the generations that are the chief sinners, but on the generation which begins to reform that the Deluge comes.

A BYSTANDER.

It is rumoured that Tennyson received \$1,000 for his poem in a late number of *The Youth's Companion*.

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION—A RETROSPECT.

THE important question of University education is again fairly before the public. It has, however, assumed a new phase, and practically takes the form of a new proposition:—"Shall university expansion take place in one direction only and through one agency, or shall that expansion be general and through the various recognized agencies now existing in the Province."

The numerous letters which have appeared in the daily press seem rather to have mystified the matter. They have obscured the vision of the public as to the simple issue which has really been presented in the revived agitation. The endless personalities which have been indulged in have tended still further to complicate the question which the Legislature may have to deal with.

The discussion seems to have originated in a request from the authorities of University College for aid from the Legislature for that institution. This request has been endorsed by graduates of the University of Toronto in various parts of the Province. It has, however, been objected to by the representatives and graduates of the outlying colleges, chiefly on three grounds, viz: 1. That it is unjust and inexpedient to tax the supporters of these colleges for the maintenance of a sister institution which only became a child of the State eight or nine years after these colleges had practically become provincial institutions. 2. That if aid be granted by the Legislature for the first time to University College, the outlying colleges have a prior claim, as former recipients of such aid. 3. That if the principle of subsidizing University College be concurred in by the Legislature, and thus the old policy be revived, there is no justice or reason in excluding the older colleges from participation in this State aid.

The past history of this great University question has thrown a baleful shadow over the present discussion. It seems impossible for the letter writers on the subject to get from under this shadow, or to rid themselves of the ill-feeling which past discussions has engendered. Hence so many depreciatory references to the institutions and representative men engaged in the discussion. This probably need not be wondered at on reviewing the various stages through which this question has passed. The very institution itself which is chiefly concerned was founded by royal charter, obtained by Archdeacon Strachan in 1827. This charter was based upon a principle of great injustice to the entire body of Nonconformists in Upper Canada, and of wrong to the vast bulk of her population. Nor was this injustice removed nor the wrong righted for many years afterwards, and until many bitter words had been spoken and wounds inflicted which bore sad fruit afterwards.

The first practical, yet entirely abortive, attempt to make King's College a provincial university, was made in 1843—two years after the Methodists and Presbyterians had in self-defence been compelled to found universities of their own. This they did at a great sacrifice. And it should be borne in mind in this connection, that they did so with the sanction of the Imperial and Provincial authorities of the day, and with the aid of Government subsidies. These Government subsidies were continued in renewed form (as I shall hereafter show) for fifteen years, until they were discontinued by Hon. J. Sandfield Macdonald. Their institutions were in this way effectually incorporated with the general educational system. In point of fact they were more truly "national" (as the phrase is)—for they imposed no tests on students—than was the institution which now assumes that character.

By the time that the liberation of this institution from its sectarian trammels took place in 1849-'53, the really provincial universities at Cobourg and Kingston had become recognized as most important factors in our educational system; and from them alone, up to that time, could students of all denominations obtain a university education. They have not changed their policy in this respect, but they have been made to suffer by the liberation of King's College from its exclusive control and obnoxious tests.

The University Acts of 1849-1853 were a great step in advance; but they were specious and delusive in those very provisions (in regard to the outlying colleges) in which they should have been specific, comprehensive, and generous. The time had not yet arrived when full justice would be done to Nonconformists. And although Hon. Robert Baldwin, then head of the Government, was well disposed, public sentiment was not fully ripe on this subject, and the late Bishop Strachan was then Mr. Baldwin's uncompromising antagonist, and permitted no toleration in this respect.* The

* Indeed, so strong was the feeling against so-called "dissenters" in those early days, that Dr. Ryerson was himself purposely passed over, when a Superintendent of Education was appointed, in 1842, because he was a Methodist. See "Story of My Life," pp. 345-348.

University Acts gave, of course, pre-eminence to King's College, as reconstructed; but they did nothing for the other universities except to offer them the barren distinction of an affiliation with the new university on unequal terms, so far as any provision for financial support was concerned. Thus, except in freeing King's College from sectarian control, the Acts of 1849-1853 accomplished nothing in the desired direction of university consolidation. Indeed they had the opposite effect, for the Bishop, on the one hand, rallied his friends and established Trinity College, and the Methodists and Presbyterians, on the other hand, finding the affiliation clauses of the Act delusive, soon withdrew all connection with an institution which offered to them no substantial advantages in lieu of what they would have had to give up. Thus a grand opportunity for combining forces and providing for future extension and economy was lost. And worse than all, much bitter feeling against the favoured institution was caused by disappointment and isolation and by the straitened circumstances in which the older universities found themselves placed. This unhappy state of things culminated in the great university struggle of 1860-'62, which for the bitterness and the ill-will which it engendered exceeded all former contests on this question.

The effect of this struggle was such that the proposed comprehensive scheme of consolidation suggested by the University Commission of 1862 was rejected, and another grand opportunity for promoting substantial progress in university matters was lost.

The result of this prolonged contest was to stimulate in a remarkable degree denominational activity in regard to university education, so that in a few years, instead of one great university with several outlying colleges as feeders, we have now no less than seven chartered universities in Ontario.

Things have thus reached that point in the discussion, and so much personal feeling has been evoked, that I fear it will be difficult to get our university leaders to sit down together and calmly consider the whole question. And yet the recent address of Principal Grant is so moderate in its tone, and so comprehensive in its scope, that it furnishes a reasonable basis for the consideration and satisfactory settlement of this troublesome question, if our university disputants would only moderate their zeal and listen to sober reason on the subject.

I have not touched upon the wide question as to the doubtful policy of a single university for a whole community. The example of France, as shown by Dr. Lyon Playfair, should be a warning to Ontario in this matter.

J. GEORGE HODGINS.

THE C. P. R. BY THE KICKING HORSE PASS AND THE SELKIRKS.

II. ON THE ROAD TO CALGARRY.

ACROSS the plains and prairies for 840 miles, what a distance it seemed eleven years ago, and what possibilities were involved in the journey. Though our path was to be through the heart of "the fertile belt," as much thought was required in arranging an outfit as if we had intended to cross the Sahara. Everything was necessary because it might be needed. We could not stop to plough, and plant potatoes, and wait for them to grow. To hunt for buffalo might be as tedious a way of supplying ourselves with provisions. To put our trust in Indians would be as risky as to trust in princes, for if we chanced to meet with a band, it would be sure to be foodless, and with the charming simplicity that characterizes the noble savage—would expect us to divide our supplies in a right royal and brotherly manner. The only oases we could look forward to were the H. B. forts, three or four hundred miles apart. And once on the trail, forty miles a day was considered very good travelling.

Last August, we stepped on board a car at the Winnipeg station on Monday morning, and on Wednesday night we slept in Calgary.

Of course, the modern style of doing the North-West is very satisfactory to those whose supreme object in travelling is to get over the ground. And, as we were anxious to get into the mountains as soon as possible so as to get to the other side of them before winter, we did not grumble at railway speed. But everyone missed the joys of the old style; the glorious rides across the interminable plains, down into the widely eroded valleys that the smallest streams make, up and down the picturesque slopes of the Touchwood Hills, and along the far-extending banks of the North Saskatchewan; jogging quietly on for hours, after or before the carts, and turning aside only when our botanist called us to look at a new flower or plant; bursting into full gallop, shouting like school-boys out for a holiday, and as we rode far ahead—buoyed up with the excitement arising from the feeling that everything was new and that there was no knowing what we might see at any moment; perhaps, bringing down a prairie hen that rose from

the thick grass so close to our feet that it seemed a shame to shoot; or hitting a duck on one of the innumerable lakelets that dot the face of the country, and getting mired in vain attempts to secure it, each man then upbraiding his fellow for not bringing a dog as part of the outfit; one day chasing a shambling but most nimble bear through bushwood, and the next excited by signs—that proved fallacious—of a herd of buffalo; camping beside glistening lakes or on velvety prairie, where we slept literally on roses; stimulated from morning to night by an atmosphere the purest, sweetest, and most charged with electricity we had ever breathed; able to eat chips of dry pemmican three times a day or oftener, and ready to swear that Lucullus had never known our joys of the table; sleeping every night a sleep as sound as that which knows no waking, and rising before dawn at the half-breed's cry of "lève, lève," bright as larks and hungry as hawks. Every man of our party declared that he never had had such a trip before. And yet this year we preferred to go—by rail!

One sees little anywhere from a railway carriage; and when the country is pretty much of a dead level, covered with a uniform net of thick grass, green or russet, according to the time of year, the view from the window soon ceases to interest, and no one regrets that he misses two or three hundred miles of it during the night. And we learn as little by hearing as by seeing. The information picked up by the way, chiefly in the odd minutes at stations, is not of the most reliable nature; and nowhere is it so difficult to get at the truth as in the North-West on either side of the boundary line. Of course, it is a part of every man's religion that the country and his section in particular must be cracked up. And when you point to indifferent crops, or tell of hardships your friends have encountered, or drawbacks undeniably connected with the North-West, these are at once put down to some malign genius indifferently known as "the Government," or "the Syndicate," or "the banks." A man with these to fall back upon is armed at all points. He has a complete Ready Reckoner, and is saved the trouble of thinking, while he has the comfort of knowing that somebody—against whom he may have no personal ill-will—is to blame for every calamity. His causal judgment is satisfied, and at the same time his patriotism and self-respect are preserved intact. Fortunately, I was not dependent for information on the only sources open to flying visitors. I had visited the country three times and spent several weeks chiefly in farmers' houses, and had learned something of the hard facts of the case. It is no use blinding our eyes to the truth that the sun of the North-West has its spots. Ten or eleven years ago I could get few to believe that there was anything good there. Two years ago few would allow that there was anything bad. Bye-and-bye we shall understand that like every other country it is a mixture of good and bad. We may be thankful for enormous areas of good land, vast fertile plains that shall be an inheritance for our children's children, unless we go on begging strangers—in mercy to us—to come and enter on the possession of 160 acres apiece, without necessarily fancying that it is better than Ontario or Nova Scotia. I, for one, would be very thankful for another Ontario. The North-West has many disadvantages. The one that will be felt most sorely for many a day was the "boom" of two years ago that unsettled values and demoralized the people. Floods, grasshoppers, early frosts, monopolies, Chameleon land-policy have been small evils compared to the drinking and gambling, the rage for speculating engendered, the laying out of imaginary town-sites and consequent cheating by wholesale, the formation of wild-cat companies, the fictitious values everywhere, the attempt to build up towns before there was any country to support them, and all the other evils connected with the craze to get money suddenly, to get it without working and to get it at other people's expense. Gray-haired men seemed to lose not only their old-fashioned honesty, but their senses. They talked as if half a million or a million of people could be poured into a country by one road in a year of five or six months, and a wilderness of stubborn glebe turned into the garden of the Lord by affixing names to town-sites and locating railway stations. The settlement of the North-West will take time, and the more time it takes the better for the country in the end. Intending settlers, too, had better make up their minds to endure hardships or stay at home, for they need not expect to escape what has been, and always will be, the fate of the average immigrant. The men who made Ontario and the other older Provinces were of the right stuff. So are the men who have settled in Minnesota and Dakota, hardy Norwegians, Swedes, Welshmen, Canadians who lived at first on potatoes and milk, and were blind to the necessity for completing railways before they had obtained patents for homesteads. The change wrought by them on the appearance of these prairie States in ten years is marvellous. Men of the same stamp have gone into our North-West, and unless we flood the country with a baser sort, like nobody need go to the North-West but workers and that almost the only

workers needed are farmers. There is hardly any honest way of making a living there except by taking it out of the ground. And the farmers have special difficulties to contend against, such as scarcity of lumber, high prices for fuel and low prices for produce, owing to distance from markets of the world, not to speak of terrible risks that have been attended to already. To handicap them under the policy of protecting them may be the last straw added to their burden, and, therefore, they protest with one voice against the increased duty on agricultural implements. Of course, the object is simply to keep out American wares, and the Ontario manufacturers gave a pledge not to increase their price. But the Nor'-Wester stubbornly answers that the American wares are not kept out, and that next session the duty ought to be doubled if the object aimed at is to be accomplished. He must have the best agricultural implements that can be made, on account of the shortness of the season and the high price of labour. Every handling of grain costs at least 5 cents a bushel, and manual labour must be minimized to the utmost. Perhaps I may be allowed to suggest a compromise. Old books are now allowed to come into Canada free of duty; and perhaps the Government may see the propriety of admitting also ploughs, harrows, and binders not less than seven years old. The suggestion at any rate is worthy of consideration by the intellects that devised the plan of taxing only the best books, and claiming that a sensible relief was thereby given to public and university libraries.

The most cheerless sight about Winnipeg is the small amount of land under cultivation. As we approach Portage la Prairie things look better. Beyond that again, the reservation of the mile belt would make you fancy that the country was still uninhabited, were it not for the elevators at points like Brandon and Virden testifying that there must be a great deal of grain raised for export as well as for home supply. The general appearance of the soil is all that can be desired. It is not the rather low-lying, swampy-looking, heavy, black-loam of the Red River Valley, but fine rolling prairie, intersected with good hay meadows, patches of wood, and ponds well covered with duck; a light dry loam on good clay, fertile though not of inexhaustible fertility, and much more easily and pleasantly worked than the abominably sticky mud near Winnipeg. The 400 miles from Winnipeg to Moose Jaw, extending south to the boundary line and to the north and north-west indefinitely, is a glorious land that will yet support a population of millions. The winter is merciless to the ignorant and unprepared, but there is no healthier climate and no better soil in the world. Life flows with a full current. No sense of lassitude is felt. I do not know the percentage of sickness, but it must be unusually small. At one of the railway stations I met a student who had left Kingston three months previously used up with his winter's work, looking like a Hercules. "Yes," he responded to my congratulations, "I have gained forty pounds in weight, but"—and the tone changed to melancholy as he evidently thought of how much more he might have gained—"I was ill for some weeks after coming here."

Regina we passed in the night. Moose Jaw is an ambitious city, with about a hundred very unpainted, most new-looking buildings; shops chiefly, perhaps a half or fourth of which may be needed. The business of founding cities is terribly overdone by our work-shunning generation, but this evil, too, will right itself. At Moose Jaw the soil is apparently a warm friable clay, fit to produce any kind of crops, could a sufficient rainfall be depended upon. The little grain that we saw was short, though the heads were well filled, and every one—even those who had been in the country only a week—swore stoutly that it had been an exceptionally dry season. Mr. Chollop is not confined to the other side of the boundary line, though it is only there that he is found in all the glory of war paint. We were told that at Moose Jaw the current of immigration had ceased to flow, and that thirty miles farther west good land ceased and would not be seen again till we came under the lee of the Rocky Mountains. The proof of this was the all-powerful "they say."

Soon after leaving Moose Jaw the hills of "le grand Coteau de Missouri" stretched right across our path. These are immense ridges of drift that extend from the Missouri to the South Saskatchewan, marking the western limit of the deep water of that ancient glacial sea whose icebergs sailed over what are now the prairies of Manitoba and Assiniboia, and left striae on the underlying limestone that are plainly read to-day in the quarries at Selkirk and Stony Mountain, and on the splendid cellar floors of the village of Stonewall. The hills are about thirty miles broad, and two hundred feet higher than the plains on either side. The railway winds cunningly among them, cuttings here and there revealing the character of the drift.

After travelling as far as Medicine Hat, or nearly three hundred miles beyond Moose Jaw, we came to the conclusion that the country is neither desert nor semi-desert. It is not equal to the Fertile Belt.

There the soil is loamy, the rainfall abundant, pasturage always superb, and the traveller seldom out of sight of trees. Here the grasses are short, and in August dried to russet colour, except in marshes, or where fires had run, and new grass had sprung up. But we saw almost no bad lands. The soil is pretty much the same as that round Moose Jaw, apparently capable of bearing all ordinary crops. Tree-planting on an extensive scale should be encouraged, as it is, by the Central and State Governments and the Northern Pacific Railway, in Montana and Dakota. That and every kind of cultivation tend to increase the rainfall. Of course, settlers are not likely to offer themselves as subjects to be experimented on, when there is so much good land elsewhere, and the Syndicate has therefore at once set men at work to break a few acres at different points all along the line, with the intention of seeding those plots in the spring, and so testing fairly the soil and climate over this enormous area. Not a moment has been lost. This is simply another instance of the ready initiative and the "go" displayed on every occasion, in such startling contrast to the "how not to do it" of Government. The heads give their time and strength to the work, unfettered by the thought of how this or that constituency is to be influenced, or this or that political friend to be rewarded, or by the necessity of having to explain in eloquent speeches innumerable their own virtues, omniscience and economy, and of proving that everybody else is, and always has been, generally lunatic or worse. Governments ought to have advantages over any private company. They can command the services of a higher class of men, even when salaries are moderate, because the positions are presumably more permanent and there is more honour in serving a Government than a company. But when faction reigns, the heads of departments have to attend supremely to their political interests. Every one under them knows that party exigencies are paramount, and as these come in everywhere, paralysis is the result. The people insisted on the construction of the railway being taken out of the hands of the Government; and if no improvement on the party system can be devised, they are likely to call for Syndicates to manage our forests, our Indian department, our education, and everything else that is of importance to the common-wealth as a whole. GEORGE M. GRANT.

EGERTON RYERSON.

ONE of the most noteworthy objects for a thoroughly interesting book, as far as English-speaking Canada is concerned, is the life of the late Chief Superintendent of Education in Ontario. "This life has been attempted," to borrow the *bon mot* of George the Fourth, by Dr. Hodgins, Deputy-Minister of Education, who has pieced together with little literary skill the "Story of my Life," bequeathed to his care by his patron. Egerton Ryerson's genuine merits and services to Canada are not made clearer to the reader of his autobiography by the adulatory tone adopted by his Deputy, who is certainly no fit Boswell for the Johnson of the Educational Department. The book is very poorly made. The paper is bad, the typography coarse and indistinct, the engravings are hideous; but worst of all is the part of the work for which Dr. Hodgins is responsible. Deputy-Ministers of Education must in some cases get their education by deputy. Leaving this unsatisfactory book, let us consider the circumstances which determined the career of a man who has left his mark, to a great extent for good, on the Educational System of this country, and on the important branch of the Christian Church of which from first to last he was a devoted adherent.

Egerton Ryerson was born in March, 1803, in what is now the County of Norfolk. His father was one of the American Tories who, after their forced expatriation, called their hatred of the American Whigs loyalty to the muddle-headed Hanoverian, King George the Third. The Ryerson family, originally Danish, had long been resident in Holland, and afterwards in the Dutch Colony, since known as New York. His mother, "a tocherless lass," with a long pedigree of Massachusetts Puritan ancestry, was a Miss Stickney. The elder Ryerson settled on a grant of 2,500 acres of land between the present village of Vittoria and Port Ryerse, the latter being the property of his elder brother Samuel, whose name had been docked of its final consonant by a clerical error in his Army Commission.

Both father and uncle were men of importance in their district, and a most interesting picture of the life on a pioneer farm in their early days is given in a memoir, by Mrs. Amelia Harris, daughter of Colonel Ryerse, which is published in the second volume of Dr. Egerton Ryerson's "United Empire Loyalists," of which, in a literary point of view, it forms the most valuable part. Hard work, temperate habits, plentiful food, and the affectionate care of a very tender father and mother, who, amid the rude surroundings of the backwoods, still retained the traditions of culture derived

from their former life, contributed to form Egerton's character. He was educated in secular studies by a Mr. Mitchel, who had married his youngest sister, and had charge of the district grammar school. But his mother's influence for good had a special influence over his mind. "That to which I am principally indebted for any studious habits, mental energy, or even capacity or decision of character, is religious instruction, poured into my mind in my childhood by a mother's counsels, and infused into my heart by a mother's prayers and tears. When very small, under six years of age, having done something naughty, my mother took me into her bedroom, told me how bad and wicked what I had done was, and what pain it had caused her, kneeled down, clasped me to her bosom, and prayed for me. Her tears, falling upon my head, seemed to penetrate to my very heart. Though thoughtless and full of playful mischief, I never afterwards knowingly grieved my mother, or gave her other than respectful and kind words."

As early as the age of twelve Egerton Ryerson came under the religious impulse which was to dominate his future life, and set the seal of its earnestness on all his political and educational work. It did not come from the ecclesiastical system to which in common with most of the aristocratic class of U. E. Loyalists, his father and uncle were attached. As Jesuitism with its renewal in the new world of the age of miracles and martyrdom had Christianized French Canada, so the religious life of English-speaking Canada came from the Loyala of Protestantism, John Wesley. The English Church of that day in Canada, like its mother Church in England, very closely resembled the French Church before the Revolution, as described by Carlyle: "A stalled ox, mindful chiefly of provender." It lay in the inaction which was between two revivals: the evangelical revival of Wesley, and the neo-Catholic revival of John Henry Newman. But genuine missionary work was done by the unpaid evangelists of Methodism, and such books as "Case and His Contemporaries." Through every part of the first pioneer settlements of English Canada, through the first years of struggle, when clothing and moccasins were taken, as in the *Coutume de Paradis*, from the skins of beasts, when the good wife was glad to make her morning meal on bass-wood buds, the Methodist itinerants, despised by the High Church State parsons as schismatics, distrusted by Family Compact Ministers, as sympathisers with American Republicanism, marched their way, like St. Paul, through "perils by land and perils by water." Their much-enduring horses forded rivers flushed with the freshets of spring; they picked their dangerous way through swamps that might have recalled the "Slough of Despond" in the "Pilgrim's Progress"; at night the wolves howled in their track, by day lynx and wild cat, seeing but unseen, watched hungrily the preacher's solitary meal. When one of these itinerant ministers reached a village, or a settlement, all work was suspended; the farmer left the plough in the furrow, the lumberman threw down his axe beside the forest tree, the school-work was suspended, and the children sent in all directions to summon the people of the surrounding district to the preaching to be held that evening. No wonder that the fervour of these men's preaching made a strong impression on Egerton Ryerson. He fasted for long periods, prayed, gave up all his thoughts to religious topics; and, as a natural consequence, became a subject of one of those remarkable illusions not uncommon under such circumstances, and of which the Vision of Colonel Gardiner is the most remarkable instance. It is thus recorded by Dr. Ryerson:

"As I looked up in my bed the light appeared to my mind, and, as I thought, to my bodily eye also, in the form of One, white-robed, who approached the bedside with a smile, and with more the expression of *Titian's Christ* than of any person I have ever seen." ("Story of my Life," p. 25.) No account is suggested of how a boy of twelve, reared in a pioneer backwoods' settlement, could have been familiar with the features of *Titian's Christ*.

When Egerton was eighteen, he was induced by the ministers in charge of the circuit, to become an avowed member of the Methodist Church, and was, in consequence, subjected to much persecution by his father, who even went the length of turning him from the house. Supported by his own conscience and his mother's sympathy, Egerton earned his living as usher in the London District Grammar School. During all this time, as his father complained that the Methodists had robbed him of his son, Egerton hired, from his own scanty resources, a farm-labourer to take his place on his father's farm. Happily the difference was soon adjusted, and the sufferer for conscience sake was restored to his home, and his father's affection.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Mrs. OLIPHANT has gone the way of all authors. She has gone to Venice, and threatens a book on Venetian life.

MA BELLE CANADIENNE.

Ma belle Julie, how joyfully
The robin, from the high elm tree,
A challenge sends to you to sing
With him the merry songs of Spring;
And one so old, so full of glee:

"O sweet the air and blue the sky!
O light and love can never die!
Why think of such a foolish thing
Ma belle Julie?"

"Of May-flowers, sweet as sweet can be,
A wreath that none may wear but thee,—
So fresh, so pink, to-day I bring.
O youth will not be loitering,
Ma belle Canadienne Julie!
Ma belle Julie."

Ma belle Julie, the sun was low
Across the lake, and in the glow
The roses blushed, so fair to see!
And through the wild woods drowsily
The bees went droning to and fro.

I heard afar the rapids flow,
And murmur to a song I know:
"Ma belle Canadienne Julie,
Ma belle Julie!"

Why do thy blushes come and go?
With grave, brown eyes why question so,
When all the Summer day for me
Is full, and breathing thoughts of thee?
No fear, no sigh for long ago,
Ma belle Julie.

Ma belle Julie is fairest when
The swallows turn them south again.
A breath of sadness seems to be
On all the world, and reverently
To chant a sweet and soft amen

For all the weary work of men.
So wistful, kind and gentle then
Ma belle Canadienne Julie,
Ma belle Julie!

No sound from hill to lakeside fen.
Half sad the red and golden glen.
Her eyes in silence speak to me:
O call me once again to thee,
Julie, ma belle Canadienne!
Ma belle Julie!

"Ma belle Julie" through all the year
The poet sang, his heart to cheer.
He saw the swallows come and go;
The mornings dawn, the evenings glow;
The hawthorn bloom, the beech grow sere.

All to his very heart were dear,
They shared his joy and calmed his fear.—
But one alone his love could know—
La belle Julie.

* * * * *

A broken chord, unfinished here,
His last farewell to mortal ear,
Before the tired head was low
Beneath the kindly falling snow:
"Till the eternal spring appear—
Ma belle Julie—"

W. BLISS CARMAN.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case," "An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

II.—Continued.

"You see," he went on, "I haven't learned the vocabulary of radicalism, so to speak. I think I know the fellows you propose to have; they wear long hair, quite often, and big cloaks instead of top-coats, and collars low enough in the neck to show a good deal of wind-pipe. As for the women, they—"

"It is perfectly immaterial to me how any of them shall dress!" she interrupted, with majestic disapproval. "I ought to be very sorry for

you, Courtlandt, and I am. You're clever enough not to let yourself rust, like this, all your days. I don't believe you've ever read one of the works of the great modern English thinkers. You're sluggishly satisfied to go jogging along in the same old ruts that humanity has worn deep for centuries. Of course you never had, and never will have, the least spark of enthusiasm. You're naturally lethargic; if a person stuck a pin into you I don't believe you would jump. But all this is no reason why you shouldn't try and live up to the splendid advancements of your age. When my constituents are gathered about me—when I have fairly begun my good work of centralizing and inspiriting my little band of sympathizers—when I have defined in a practical way my intended opposition to the vanities and falsities of existing creeds and tenets, why, then, I will let you mingle with my assemblages and learn for yourself how you've been wasting both time and opportunity."

"That is extremely good of you," murmured Courtlandt, imperturbably. "I supposed your doors were to be closed upon me for good and all."

"Oh, no. I shall insist, indeed, that you drop in upon us very often. I shall need your presence. You are to be my connecting link, as it were."

"How very pleasant! You have just told me that I was benighted. Now I find myself a connecting link."

"Between culture and the absence of it. I have no objection to your letting the giddy and whimsical folk perceive what a vast deal they are deprived of. Besides, I should like you to be my first conversion—a sort of bridge by which other converts may cross over into the Happy Land."

"You are still most kind. I believe that bridges are usually wooden. No doubt you feel that you have made a wise selection of your material. May I be allowed to venture another question?"

"Yes—if it is not too impudent."

She was watching him with her head a little on one side, now, and a smile struggling forth from her would-be serious lips. She was recollecting how much she had always liked him, and considering how much she would surely like him hereafter, in this renewal of their old half-cousinly and half-flirtatious intimacy. She was thinking what depths of characteristic drollery slept in him—with what a quiet, funny sort of martyrdom he had borne her little girlish despotisms, before that sudden marriage had wrought so sharp a rupture of their relations, and how often he had forced her into unwilling laughter by the slow and almost sleepy humour with which he had successfully parried some of her most vigorous attacks.

"I merely wanted to ask you," he now said, "where all these extraordinary individuals are to be found."

"Ah, that is an important question, certainly," she said, with a solemn inclination—or at least the semblance of one. "I intend to collect them."

"Good gracious! You speak of them as if they were minerals or mummies that you were going to get together for a museum. I have no doubt that they will be curiosities, by the bye."

"I'm afraid *you* will find them so."

"Are they to be imported?"

"Oh, no. That will not be necessary."

"I see; they're domestic products."

"Quite so. In this great city—filled with so much energy, so much re-action against the narrow feudalisms of Europe—I am very certain of finding them." She paused for a moment, and seemed to employ a tacit interval for the accumulation of what she next said. "I shall not be entirely unassisted in my search, either."

A cunning twinkle became manifest in the brown eyes of her listener. He drew a long breath. "Ah! now we get at the root of the matter. There's a confederate—an accomplice, so to speak."

"I prefer that you should not refer to my assistant in so rude a style. Especially as, in the first place, you have never met him, and, in the second, he is a person of the most remarkable gifts."

"Is there any objection to my asking his name? Or is it still a dark mystery?"

She laughed at this, as if she thought it highly diverting. "My dear cousin," she exclaimed, "how absurd you can be at a pinch! What on earth should make the name of Mr. Kindelon a dark mystery?"

"Um-m-m. Somebody you met abroad, then?"

"Somebody I met on the steamer, while returning."

"I see. . . An Englishman?"

"A gentleman of Irish birth. He has lived in New York for a number of years. He knows a great many of the intellectual people here. He has promised to help me in my efforts. He will be of great value."

Courtlandt rose. "So are your spoons, Pauline," he said, rather gruffly, not at all liking the present drift of the information. "Take my advice, and lock them up when you give your first *salon*."

III.

PAULINE had not been long in her native city again before making the discovery that a great deal was now socially expected of her. The news of her return spread abroad with a rapidity more suggestive of bad than of good tidings; her old acquaintances, male and female, flocked to the Bond Street house with a most loyal promptitude. The ladies came in glossy *coupés* and dignified coaches, not seldom looking about them with diletante surprise at the mercantile glare and tarnish of this once neat and seemly crossway, as they mounted Mrs. Varick's antiquated stoop. Most of them were now married; they had made their market, as Pauline's deceased mother would have said, and it is written of them with no want of harshness that they had in very few cases permitted sentiment to enact the part of salesman. There is something about the fineness of our republican ideals (however practice may have determinedly lowered and soiled them) that makes the mere worldly view of marriage a special provocation to the moralist. Regarded as a convenient mutual barter in Europe, there it somehow shocks far less; the wrong of the grizzled bridegroom winning the young, loveless but acquiescent bride bears a historic stamp; we recall, perhaps, that they have always believed in that kind of savagery over there; it is as old as their weird turrets and their grim torture-chambers. But with ourselves, who broke loose in theory at least from a good many tough bigotries, the sacredness of the marriage-state presents a much more meagre excuse for violation. It was not that the husbands of Pauline's wedded friends were in any remembered instance grizzled, however; they were indeed, with few exceptions, by many years the juniors of her own dead veteran spouse; but the influences attendant upon their unions with this or that maiden had first concerned the question of money as a primary and sovereign force, and next that of name, prestige or prospective elevation. These young brides had for the most part sworn a much more sincere fidelity to the carriages in which they now rode, and the pretty or imposing houses in which they dwelt, than to the important though not indispensable human attachments of such prized commodities.

Pauline found them all strongly monotonous; she could ill realize that their educated simpers and their regimental sort of commonplace had ever been potent to interest her. One had to pay out such a small bit of line in order to sound them; one's plummet so soon struck bottom, as it were. She found herself silently marvelling at the serenity of their contentment; no matter how gilded were the cages in which they made their decorous little trills, what prettiness of filigree could atone for the absence of space and the paucity of perches?

The men whom she had once known and now re-met pleased her better. They had, in this respect, the advantage of their sex. Even when she condemned them most heartily as shallow and fatuous, their detected admiration of her beauty or of their pleasure in her company won for them the grace of a pardoning afterthought. They were still bachelors, and some of them more maturely handsome bachelors than when she had last looked upon them. They had niceties and felicities of attitude, of intonation, of tailoring, of boot or glove, to which, without confessing it, she was still in a degree susceptible.

But she did not encourage them. They were not of her new world; she had got quite beyond them. She flattered herself that she always affected them as being gazed down upon from rather chilly heights. She insisted on telling herself that they were much more difficult to talk with than she really found them. This was one of the necessities of her conversion; they must not be agreeable any longer; it was inconsequent, untenable, that they should receive from her anything but a merely hypocritical courtesy. She wanted her contempt for the class of which they were members to be in every way logical, and so manufactured premises to suit its desired integrity. Meanwhile, she was much more entertaining than she knew, and treated Courtlandt, one day, with quite a shocked sternness for having informed her that these male visitors had passed upon her some very admiring criticisms.

"I have done my best to behave civilly," she declared. "I was in my own house, you know, when they called. But I cannot understand how they can possibly *like* me as they no doubt used to do! I would much rather have you bring me quite a contrary opinion, in fact."

"If you say so," returned Courtlandt, with his inimitable repose, "I will assure them of their mistake and request that they correct it." She employed no self-deception whatever in the acknowledgment of her real feelings toward Courtlandt. She cherished for him what she liked to tell herself was an inimical friendliness. In the old days he had never asked her to marry him, and yet it had been plain to her that under favouring conditions he might have made her this proposal. She was nearly certain that he no longer regarded her with a trace of the former tenderness. On

her own side she liked him so heartily, notwithstanding the arousal of frequent antagonisms, that the purely amicable nature of this fondness blurred any conception of him in the potential light of a lover.

But indeed, Pauline had resolutely closed her eyes against the possibility of ever again receiving amorous declaration or devotion. She had had quite enough of marriage. Her days of sentiment were past. True, they had never actually been, but the phantasmal equivalent for them had been, and she now determined upon not replacing this by a more accentuated experience. Her path toward middle life was very clearly mapped out in her imagination; it was to be strewn with nicely-sifted gravel and bordered by formally-clipped foliage. And it was to be very straight, very direct; there should be no bend in it that came upon a grove with sculptured Cupid and rustic lounge. The "marble muses, looking peace" might gleam now and then through its enskirting boskage, but that should be all. Pauline had read and studied with a good deal of fidelity, both during her marriage and after her widowhood. She had gone into the acquisition of knowledge and the development of thought as some women go into the intoxication of a nervine. Her methods had been amateurish and desultory; she had not been taught, she had learned, and hence learned ill. "The modern thinkers," as she called them, delighted her with their liberality, their iconoclasm. She was in just that receptive mood to be made an extremist by their doctrines, the best of which so sensibly warn us against extremes. Her husband's memory, for the sake of decency if for no other reason, deserved the reticence which she had shown concerning it. He had revealed to her a hollow nature whose void was choked with vice, like some of those declivities in neglected fields, where the weed and the briar run riot. The pathos of her position, in a foreign land, with a lord whose daily routine of misconduct left her solitary for hours, while inviting her, had she so chosen, to imitate a course of almost parallel license, was finally a cogent incentive toward that change which ensued. The whole viciousness of the educational system which had resulted in her detested marriage, was slowly laid bare to her eyes by this shocking and salient example of it.

(To be continued.)

JOAQUIN MILLER'S LETTER.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHINESE WALL FOR DEFENCE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—If those few million dollars are burning a hole in the nation's pocket, if they must be expended and must be expended at once, then I advise that they be spent in beautifying and refining the heart of the nation; not in defacing and brutalizing the boundaries of it. Our pastoral hills and level lands and harbours look ten thousand times better in their grassy covers and front and visage that God has given them, than they could be made to look in all the battlements and bristling cannon that could be piled upon them. So much for looks. As for utility, we do not need them. We do not want them in any way. We despise them. And we can afford to despise them. The day of building Chinese walls is done with.

There was a place once not much bigger on the map of the earth than the point of this pen. And yet it stands out to-day like a star. What is Thebes with all her walls and gates to glorious little Sparta? Time has trampled the walls of a thousand unnamed cities in the dust. Yet the splendour of defiant little Sparta shines on forever.

I know of nothing so cowardly as this Chinese cry for walls of defence. It is contemptible. What have we done, or what are we going to do, that we must be getting ready to defend ourselves? But even if we have done something or should choose to do something that might challenge attack, what of it? Are we so weak that we need walls and battlements about our white sea doors?

Nothing of the sort. The simple truth is this country without a single sea wall or fort or battlement, and without a day of preparation, can defend itself against the whole united force of the earth. Our men could leave their work to-day, lick the whole world, and be back to work in a week. It is nothing to boast of at all. It would be an easy thing to do, a little thing, maybe even a mean thing. But such is the strength of this Republic. And let us go ahead; not stop to build walls. Let other nations train armies, cast cannon and build walls. We have other things to do. We have made a new departure over here. We are an example to the world, a law unto ourselves. Our future is before us: not behind us.

Lord Lorne told me last summer that the walls of Quebec, which cost the scandalous sum of more than \$100,000,000 since the Duke of Wellington had reconstructed them, were a continual and costly burden, and a useless one to Canada. The Dominion, I am sure, would be glad if this wall could be sunk in the sea or levelled to the ground. The expense of keeping up this worthless relic of barbarism is enormous.

Senator Miller, of California, called on me here last summer, and incidentally informed me that he voted for the River and Harbour Bill in order that the money in the Treasury might be, in a laudable way, returned to the people. And this same not inexcusable notion might have

been in the mind of the President when he penned his message. But for all that, it is a barbarous idea, brutal; behind us; a long way behind us. We are, at least, as big as Sparta.

A FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR BALL,

and a good many people homeless, and a good many people hungry in this great city of New York at the same time. Those familiar with Gibon will remember that he reckons the beginning of the end of the mighty Roman empire from scenes very similar to that of the great Vanderbilt ball of last week. Of course, one such ball, a dozen such, or a dozen such millionaires make but little difference. But when the love for gold and power and vulgar display becomes so great that the thing becomes universal, then will the Imperial purple be sold to the highest bidder; just as it was in the olden time, because human nature is just as it was in the olden time.

I search history in vain for anything better to balance power and justly distribute power than the old Jewish system of tithes. Then the rich man gave his tenth to the church, and the church gave it to the poor or expended it for the public good in beautifying and building up the holy city. These rich men here in this Republic must not be permitted to be so mean. Their meanness makes them bad citizens and imperils this Republic, which is the hope and pride of the earth. These greedy men must be made to pay tithes; a little something for the land that has done so much for them. This must come sooner or later. And the sooner it is done the easier. We the people say it. The Catholic Church got all the money of Spain once. It was thought to be safe. For around it stretched the strong arms of religion. Yet a Catholic king confiscated it all. And this has been repeated many times in many places. We the people will do the same when necessary.

"BARON" TENNYSON.

Baron Tennyson! Say it over to yourself: and say it over and over again. I am so sorry. For say it over and over and over, I shall never be able to get the sweet sense of Alfred Tennyson out of my mind. And so Alfred Tennyson must remain a poet, be another being from this "Baron." And why did her Majesty give him this warlike title? This one of all others. The old Barons were brutes, bloodthirsty savages.

Let us hope that the sweet, pure poet will not descend to this title. It is an impertinence to ask him to do it. Her Majesty the Queen is great. But not nearly so great as Alfred Tennyson the poet. And the Empress of India can give him nothing at all in the way of dignity and honour which the universal world has not long since conferred.

"'Tis only noble to be good." Years ago the poet referred to something of this sort. He was stronger then, in the full vigour of his functions. And then, too, Dickens was at his side. I believe they both received titles at the same time. But now, in his old age, when weak and worn, they tempt him with nonsense and change his name. And the poor man now puts by that great name which he has won by long and splendid toil, nights and days of effort, years and years of glorious evidence, and walks down and becomes instead of Alfred Tennyson only an English Baron. How awkward he will feel. What a misfit this garment will make! Let us still hope his manhood will return to him and he will remain still Alfred Tennyson.

AN ANTI-CHARITY SOCIETY IN NEW YORK.

I have been implored, and with savage pleasure I call attention to this association. Could any one believe that as we stand upon the verge of days which have been devoted since the advent of Christ to universal charity, that there is a great society of that name, or rather that nature, in New York? Well, there is a flourishing order of that kind here; and it has just held a big meeting and was presided over and addressed by big men, rich men, influential men. Federal office-holders, professed Christians. One is a famous ex-Cabinet minister. They appeal to the public to give no beggar a cent.

Who are the beggars? You find, as a rule, they are those who have been wounded in this battle of life. No, not in the body, but in the brain. They are very helpless. Let them lean just a little on you as they limp on toward the grave, only a few paces ahead. Look at any beggar you meet. Will he live long? He or she will, nine cases out of ten, not live the year out. Measure his or her intellect with yours. Repulsive? Of course, very repulsive. But Christ never seemed to think them so. They mar the beauty of the city a bit. But all the beggars out of purgatory would not and could not put so much shame upon the city as does the existence of this one Anti-Charity Society.

I want you all to remember in this Christmas season, that of all the soldiers of the South, the impoverished men, the homeless soldiers, the men made destitute, desperate, demented, from the long and unequal fight and final overthrow, not one has had any help as the soldiers of the North have. Not one wounded man has been pensioned or paid. And there are wounds of the brain, of the heart greater than the loss of legs or arms. Here is a little drama in verse which happened in Ohio a few years ago:

THE OLD SOLDIER TRAMP.

Yes, bread! I want bread! You heard what I said;
Yet you stand and you stare,
As if never before came a Tramp to your door
With such insolent air.

Would I work? Never learned.—My home it was burned;
And I haven't yet found
Any heart to plough lands and build homes for red hands
That burned mine to the ground.

No bread! you have said?—Then my curse on your head!
And, what shall sting worse,
On that wife at your side, on those babes in their pride,
Fall my seven-fold curse!—

Good bye! I must l'arn to creep into your barn ;
Suck your eggs ; hide away ;
Sneak around like a hound—light a match in your hay—
Limp away through the gray !

Yes, I limp—curse these stones! And then my old bone.—
They were riddled with ball
Down at Shiloh. What you? You war wounded thar, too?
Wall, you beat us—that's all.

Yet even *my* heart with a stout pride will start
As I tramp. For you see,
No matter which won, it was gallantly done,
And a glorious American victory.

What, kind words and bread? God smiles on your head!
On your wife, on your babies!—and please, sir, I pray
You'll pardon me, sir; but that fight trenched me here,
Deep—deeper than sword-cut that day.

Nay, I'll go. Sir, adieu! *Tu Tityre* * * * You
Have Augustus for friend,
While I—Yes, read and speak both Latin and Greek;
And talk slang without end.

Hey? Oxford. But, then, when the wild cry for men
Rang out through the gathering night,
As a mother that cries for her children and dies,
We two hurried home for the fight

How noble, my brother, how brave—and—but there—
This tramping about som-how weakens my eyes.
At Shiloh! We stood 'neath that hill by the wood—
It's a graveyard to-day, I surmise.

Yes, we stood to the last! And when the strife passed
I sank down in blood at his side,
On his brow, on his breast—what need tell the rest?—
I but knew that my brother had died.

What! wounds on *your* breast? *Your* brow tells the rest?
You fought at my side and *you* fell?
You the brave boy that stood at my side in that wood,
On that blazing red border of hell?

My brother! My own! Never king on his throne
Knew a joy like this brought to me.
God bless you, my life; bless your brave Northern wife,
And your beautiful babes, two and three.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL is a large land-owner, with muscular arms, long, broad, flat, and heavy feet, and an iron jaw that holds fast whatever it seizes upon.

His estate, which he adds a little piece to day by day, consists of the British Isles, to which he has given the name of *United Kingdom*, to make folks believe that Ireland is attached to him; the Channel Islands; the fortress of Gibraltar, which enables him to pass comfortably through the narrowest of straits; and the islands of Malta and Cyprus that serve him as advanced sentinels in the Mediterranean. When he has Constantinople, which he claims as his due, he will be satisfied with his slice of Europe.

In Egypt, he is more at home than ever; in that country he can rest on his oars for the present. He took good care not to invent the Suez Canal; on the contrary, he moved heaven and earth to try and prevent its being made. Yet behold him now, as a shareholder, casting his round covetous eyes upon it!

At the extremity of the Red Sea, at Aden, he can quietly contemplate that finest jewel in his crown, the Indian Empire; an Empire of two hundred and forty millions of people, ruled by princes covered with gold and precious stones, who black his boots, and are happy.

On the West Coast of Africa, he possesses Sierra Leone, Gambia, the Gold Coast, Lagos, Ascension, St. Helena, where he kept in chains the most formidable monarch of modern times. In the South, he has the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Zululand; and he is *Protector* of the Transvaal. In the East, the Island of Mauritius belongs to him.

In America, he reckons among his possessions Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the West Indies, Jamaica, part of Honduras, the Island of Trinidad, English Guiana, Falkland, etc.

Correctly speaking, Oceania belongs to him entirely. New Zealand is twice as large as England, and Australia alone covers an area equal to that of almost the whole of Europe.

With the exception of a few omissions, more or less important, such are John Bull's assets.

He has acquired all this territory at the cost of relatively little bloodshed; he keeps it with an army considerably inferior in numbers to that of any of the other Great Powers, and partly composed of the refuse of society, in spite of which I am not aware that at the present moment any of John's possessions are the least in danger.

"But what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" says Scripture. This is just what John Bull thought, and so in the other world he has knocked down to himself the kingdom of heaven—in his eyes as incontestably a British possession as India or Australia.

The French fight for glory; the Germans for a living; the Russians to divert the attention of the people from home affairs; but John Bull is a reasonable, moral and reflecting character: he fights to promote trade, to maintain peace and order on the face of the earth, and the good of man-

kind in general. If he conquers a nation, it is to improve its condition in this world and secure its welfare in the next: a highly moral aim, as you perceive. "Give me your territory, and I will give you the Bible." Exchange no robbery.

John is so convinced of his intentions being pure and his mission holy, that when he goes to war and his soldiers get killed, he does not like it. In newspaper reports of battles, you may see at the head of the telegrams: "Battle of . . . So many of the enemy killed, so many British massacred."

During the Zulu war, the savages one day surprised an English regiment, and made a clean sweep of them. Next day, all the papers had: "Disaster at Isandula; Massacre of British troops; Barbarous perfidy of the Zulus."* Yet these excellent Zulus were not accused of having decoyed the English into a trap: no, they had simply neglected to send their cards to give notice of their arrival, as gentlemen should have done. That was all. It was cheating. As a retaliatory measure, there was a general demand in London for the extermination of the enemy to the last man. After all, these poor fellows were only defending their own invaded country. The good sense of England prevailed, however, and they were treated as worsted belligerents. England, at heart, is generous: when she has conquered a people, she freely says to them: "I forgive you." Above all things she is practical. When she has achieved the conquest of a nation, she sets to work to organize it; she gives it free institutions; allows it to govern itself;† trades with it; enriches it, and endeavours to make herself agreeable to her new subjects. There are always thousands of Englishmen ready to go and settle in such new pastures, and fraternize with the natives. When England gave her Colonies the right of self-government, there were not wanting people to prophesy that the ruin of the Empire must be the result. Contrary to their expectation, however, the effect of this excellent policy has been to bind but closer the ties which held the Colonies to the mother-country. If England relied merely upon her bayonets to guard her empire, that empire would collapse like a house of cards; it is a moral force, something far more powerful than bayonets, that keeps it together.

England's way of utilising her Colonies is not our way. To us they are mere military stations for the cultivation of the science of war. To her they are stores, branch shops of the firm "John Bull & Co." Go to Australia—that is, to the antipodes of London—you will, it is true, see people eating strawberries and wearing straw hats at Christmas: setting aside this difference, you will easily be able to fancy yourself in England.

The Spaniards once possessed nearly the whole of the New World; but, their only aim being to enrich themselves at the expense of their Colonies, they lost them all. You cannot with impunity suck a Colony's blood to the last drop.

It is not given to everyone to be a Colonist.

John Bull is a Colonist, if ever there was one. This he owes to his singular qualities,—nay, even to defects which are peculiarly his own.—*From Max O'Rell's John Bull and his Island.*

* You will find in England people who will tell you that Nelson was assassinated at the Battle of Trafalgar.

† Not only have the Colonies their own parliaments, but they have their ambassadors in London, who, under the name of Agents-General, watch over their interests. These Agents-General are usually ex-ministers of the Colonies.

PERIODICALS.

THE *Continent* for December 19th opens with a charming paper by Helen Campbell, with admirable and characteristic illustrations drawn by Howard Pyle. There is an unusually good poem by Louise Chandler Moulton, entitled "To Maud—At Sea in Autumn." Orpheus C. Kerr contributes chapters xvi. and xvii. of his Bornean novel, of which, just now, the hero seems to be "Oshonsee" the man-ape. Oshonsee and his master, the eccentric naturalist, Dr. Hedland, are engrossing more than their legitimate amount of attention, we cannot but think. Chapter xvii. is an extremely learned chapter. There is an interesting article on "Newspapers in India," by T. K. Hauser, and a bright short sketch by Patience Thornton, of which the hero is a celestial, by name Yik Kee. The editorial department, "Migma," is particularly vigorous and valuable. It contains a very amusing piece of "condensed correspondence."

THE January *Atlantic* opens with the first instalment of a new novel by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, entitled "In War Times." The scene is laid in Philadelphia, and the story gives promise already of some fine and vivid characterization. Of course the first thing one turns to is "The Roman Singer," which is, as it has been from its beginning, the most charming novel of the day. Mr. Lathrop's "Newport" in this instalment contains deep feeling and genuine pathos, when it tells of the death of the child. As for Octavia, she mystifies us completely; and we fail to see what Oliphant can do but despise her thoroughly. Mr. Lathrop's purpose does not yet disclose itself. There is an article by Mr. Henry James upon one whom we may almost call his master, though unlike in many respects—Tourguènéff. "The Bishop's Vagabond" is a very readable short story by Octave Thanet, describing a bit of the motley life at the health resort of Aiken, South Carolina. Mr. Richard Grant White contributes a sequel to his

amusing and keen papers on Mr. Washington Adams in England. A valuable paper is that on "The Political Field," by Mr. E. V. Smalley, who is becoming, like H. H., omnipresent to magazine readers. Dr. Holmes contributes a poem entitled "At the Saturday Club," and Mr. Edmund W. Gosse a sonnet, "Unheard Music." Miss Helen Gray Cone, who has a strange and individual note in her best verse, is hardly at her best, in our judgment, in her poem on "Lepage's Joan of Arc." From the excellent "Contributors' Club" we quote part of a timely paper, which should be laid to heart by all those persons, alas too numerous, who, having much time of their own, nevertheless persist in robbing their friends of sadly needed fragments of scanty leisure:

LONG CALLS.

I was delighted to hear some one say, not long ago, that she did not think she had any right to spend two hours at a time with any friend, without a special invitation, since it could not fail to be an interruption; and it gave joy to my heart that one person so respected the rights of others. Picture some one, who has assured himself that he is not likely to find amusement under his own roof, setting forth in search of a more agreeable place to spend the evening. He hunts from door to door; finding that one family has honestly paid its money and gone to a play, another is dining out, the third enjoying its invited guests, while at the fourth he is met at sight with the information that the ladies are engaged. Perhaps at the fifth he gains an admittance. One person rises hurriedly from the sofa; another puts down her book with a sigh; another comes reluctantly from a desk, where some notes and letters must be written at some time during that evening, and the stricken group resigns itself to the demands of friendship and society. The master of the house returns presently to his avocation, with a brave excuse. It may be eight o'clock when the guest comes; it may be nine, and he may be kind-hearted and unobjectionable; he may even be profitable and entertaining; but he stays until after ten; everybody thinks that he never means to go, and inwardly regrets his presence. For half an hour he could have felt sure of welcome; in that time he certainly could have said and done all that was worth doing, and have been asked to stay longer, or to come again soon, when he took his leave. There is no greater compliment and tribute to one's integrity than to be fairly entreated to sit down for ten minutes longer. Of course we treat each other civilly in an evening visit, but it is a great deal better to come away too soon than to stay too late. In a busy, overworked and overhurried city life, nothing is so precious as a quiet evening to one's self, or even a part of one. We all wish—or ought to wish—to make life pleasant to ourselves and other people, and are ready to be generous even with our time; but no one likes to be plundered and defrauded. It is the underlying principle of our neighbour's action and conduct towards us which makes us thankful or resentful when he comes to visit us.

THE Christmas number of the New York *Independent* is exceedingly rich. It contains an article on "The Mormon Question," by the Hon. George F. Smith, President of the United States Senate; a paper by Bishop Coxe, entitled "The Gift of a Saviour;" an unusually good sketch by the indefatigable, but ever delightful "H H;" and an essay, "Does the World Move?" by Prof. Austin Phelps, D.D. There are many other valuable papers, and several bright and seasonable stories. The number opens with a poem by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman. It also contains an exquisite Christmas lyric, by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spoffard; and a strange and characteristic poem by the late Sidney Lanier, which we quote:—

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, "Abide, abide,"
The wilful water-weeds held me thrall,
The loving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said, "Stay,"
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed "abide, abide,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall."

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade; the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold;
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said: "pass not so cold, these manifold
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall."

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook stone,
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl;
And many a luminous jewel lone
Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist
Ruby, garnet, or amethyst)
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh! not the hills of Habersham,
And oh! not the valleys of Hall,
Avail; I am fain for to water the plain,
Downward the voices of Duty call;

Downward to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

1877.

THE *Contemporary Review* for December opens with a paper entitled "Evolutionary Ethics and Christianity," by Professor Goldwin Smith. M. Emile de Laveleye writes of "The Prospects of the Republic in France." Mr. Samuel Smith's essay on "Nationalization of the Land" is a criticism of Mr. Henry George's work. There are two papers on "The Outcast Poor," by the Rev. Brook Lambert and the Rev. A. Mearns. The light reading of this number is supplied by Mr. Andrew Lang in his exceedingly amusing and interesting paper entitled "Literary Forgeries," from which we quote:

LITERARY FORGERIES.

In the whole amusing history of impostures there is no more diverting chapter than that which deals with literary frauds. None contains a more grotesque revelation of the smallness and the complexity of human nature, and none—not even the records of the Tichborne trial, and its results—reveals more pleasantly the depths of mortal credulity. The literary forger is usually a clever man, and it is necessary for him to be at least on the level with the literary knowledge and critical science of his time. But how low that level commonly appears to be! Think of the success of Ireland, a boy of eighteen; think of Chatterton; think of Surtees of Mainsforth, who took in the great Magician himself, the father of all them that are skilled in ballad lore. How simple were the artifices of these ingenious impostors, their resources how scanty; how hand-to-mouth and improvised was their whole procedure! Times have altered a little. Jo Smith's revelation and famed "Golden Bible" only carried captive the polygamous *populus qui vult decipi*, reasoners a little lower than even the believers in Anglo-Israel. The Moabite Ireland, who lately gave Mr. Shapira the famous MS. of Deuteronomy, but did not delude M. Clermont Ganneau, was doubtless a smart man; he was however a little too indolent, little too easily satisfied. He might have procured better and less recognizable materials than his old "synagogue rolls;" in short, he took rather too little trouble, and came to the wrong market. A literary forgery ought first, perhaps, to appeal to the credulous, and only slowly should it come with the prestige of having already won many believers before the learned world. The inscriber of the Phœnician inscriptions in Brazil (of all places) was a clever man. His account of the voyage of Hiram to South America probably gained some credence in Brazil, while in England it only carried captive Mr. Day, author of "The Pre-historic use of Iron and Steel." But the Brazilians, from lack of energy, have dropped the subject, and the Phœnician inscriptions of Brazil are less successful, after all, than the Moabite stone, about which one begins to entertain disagreeable doubts.

The motives of the literary forger are curiously mixed; but they may, perhaps, be analyzed roughly into piety, greed, "push," and love of fun. Many literary forgeries have been pious frauds, perpetrated in the interests of a church, a priesthood, or a dogma. The further we go back in the history of literary forgeries, the more (as is natural) do we find them to be of a pious or priestly character. When the clergy alone can write, only the clergy can forge. In such ages people are interested chiefly in prophecies and warnings, or, if they are careful about literature, it is only when literature contains some kind of title deeds. Thus Solon is said to have forged a line in the Homeric catalogue of the ships for the purpose of proving that Salamis belonged to Athens. But the great antique forger, the "Ionian father of the rest," is, doubtless, Onomacritus. There exists, to be sure, an Egyptian inscription professing to be of the fourth, but probably of the twenty-sixth, dynasty. The Germans hold the latter view; the French, from patriotic motives, maintain the opposite opinion. But this forgery is scarcely "literary." I can never think of Onomacritus without a certain respect: he began the forging business so very early, and was (apart from this failing) such an imposing and magnificently respectable character. The scene of the error and the detection of Onomacritus presents itself always to me in a kind of pictorial vision. It is night, the clear windless night of Athens, not of the Athens whose ruins remain, but of the ancient city that sank in ashes during the invasion of Xerxes. The time is the time of Pisistratus, the successful tyrant, the scene is the ancient temple, the stately house of Athens, the fane where the sacred serpent was fed on cakes, and the primeval olive tree grew beside the wall of Posidon. The darkness of the temple's inmost shrine is lit by the ray of one earthen lamp. You dimly discern the majestic form of a venerable man stooping above a coffer of cedar and ivory, carved with the exploits of the goddess, and with *boustrophedon* inscriptions. In his hair this archaic Athenian wears the badge of the golden grasshopper. You never saw a finer man. He is Onomacritus, the famous poet, and the trusted guardian of the ancient oracles of Musæus and Bacis. What is he doing? Why, he takes from the fragrant cedar coffer certain thin stained sheets of lead, whereon are scratched the words of doom, the prophecies of the Greek Thomas the Rhymor. From his bosom he draws another thin sheet of lead, also stained and corroded. On this he scratches, in imitation of the old "Cadmeian letters," a prophecy that "the isles near Lemnos shall disappear under the sea." So busy is he in this task, that he does not hear the rustle of a chiton behind, and suddenly a man's hand is on his shoulder! Onomacritus turns in horror. Has the goddess punished him for tampering with the oracles? No; it is Lasus, the son of Herraiones, a rival poet, who has caught the keeper of the oracles in the very act of a pious forgery. (Herodotus vii. 6.) Pisistratus expelled the learned Onomacritus from Athens, but his conduct proved, in the long run, highly profitable to the reputations of Musæus and Bacis. Whenever the oracles were not fulfilled, the people said, "Oh, that is merely one of the interpolations of Onomacritus!" and the matter was passed over.

The opinions of the scholars who hold that the Iliad and Odyssey which we know and which Plato knew, are not the epics known to Herodotus, but later compositions, are not very clear nor consistent. But it seems to be vaguely held that about the time of Pericles there arose a kind of Greek Macpherson. This ingenious impostor worked on old epic materials, but added many new ideas of his own about the gods, converting the Iliad (the poem which we now possess) into a kind of mocking romance, a Greek Don Quixote. He also forged a number of pseudo-archaic words, tenses and expressions, and added the numerous references to iron, a metal practically unknown, it is asserted, to Greece before the sixth century. If we are to believe, with Professor Paley, that the chief incidents of the Iliad and Odyssey were unknown to Sophocles, Aeschylus and the contemporary vase-painters, we must also suppose that the Greek Macpherson invented most of the situations in the Odyssey and Iliad. According to this theory the "cooker" of the extant epics was far the greatest and most successful of all literary impostors, for he deceived the whole world, from Plato downwards, till he was exposed by Mr. Paley. There are times when one is inclined to believe that Plato must have been the forger himself, as Bacon (according to the other hypothesis) was the author of Shakespeare's plays. Thus "Plato the wise, and large-browed Verulam," would be "the first of those who" forge!

Early Christian forgeries were, naturally, pious. We have the apocryphal Gospels, and the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, which were not exposed till Erasmus's time. Perhaps the most important of pious forgeries (if forgery be exactly the right word in this case), was that of "The False Decretals." "On a sudden," says Milman, speaking of the pontificate of Nicholas I. (ob. 867 A.D.), "Of a sudden was promulgated, un-

announced, without preparation, not absolutely unquestioned, but apparently overawing at once all doubt, a new Code, which to the former authentic documents added fifty-nine letters and decrees of the twenty oldest Popes from Clement to Melchisedech, and the donation of Constantine, and in the third part, among the decrees of the Popes and of the Councils from Sylvester to Gregory II., thirty-nine false decrees, and the acts of several unauthentic Councils." "The whole is composed," Milman adds, "with an air of profound piety and reverence." "The False Decretals" naturally assert the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. "They are full and minute on Church Property" (they were sure to be that); in fact, they remind one of another forgery, pious and Aryan, "The Institutes of Vishnu." "Let him not levy any tax upon Brahmans," says the Brahman forger of the Institutes, which "came from the mouths of Vishnu," as he sat "clad in a yellow robe, imperturbable, decorated with all kinds of gems, while Lakshmi was stroking his feet with her soft palms." The Institutes took excellent care of Brahmans and cows, as the Decretals did of the Pope and the clergy, and the earliest Popes had about as much hand in the Decretals as Vishnu had in his Institutes. Hommenay, in "Pantagruel," did well to have the praise of the Decretals sung by *filles belles, blondettes, doucettes et de bonne grace*. And then Hommenay drank to the Decretals and their very good health. "O dives Décretales, tant par vous est le vin bon trouvé"—"Oh divine Decretals, how good you make good wine taste!" "The miracle would be greater," said Pantagruel, "if they made bad wine taste good." The most that can now be done by the devout for the Decretals is "to palliate the guilt of their forger," whose name, like that of the Greek Macpherson, is unknown.

Among literary forgers, or passers of false literary coin, at the time of the Renaissance, Annius is the most notorious. Annius (his real vernacular name was Nanni) was born at Viterbo, in 1432. He became a Dominican, and (after publishing his forged classics) rose to the position of *Maitre du Palais*, to the Pope Alexander Borgia. With Cæsar Borgia, it is said that Annius was never on good terms. He persisted in preaching "the sacred truth" to his highness, and this (according to the detractors of Annius, was the only use he had for the sacred truth. There is a legend that Cæsar Borgia poisoned the preacher (1502), but people usually brought that charge against Cæsar when any one in any way connected with him happened to die. Among the other discoveries of Annius were treatises by Berossus, Manetho, Cato, and poems by Archilochus. Opinion has been divided as to whether Annius was wholly a knave, or whether he was himself imposed upon. Or, again, whether he had some genuine fragments, and eked them out with his own inventions.

Socrates said that he "would never lift his hand against his father Parmenides." The fathers of the Church have not been so respectfully treated by literary forgers during the Renaissance. The "Flowers of Theology" of St. Bernard, which were to be a primrose path *ad gaudia Paradisa* (Strasburg, 1478), were really, it seems, the production of Jean de Garlande. Athanasius, his "Eleven Bookes concerning the Trinity," are attributed to Vigilius, a colonial Bishop in Northern Africa. Among false classics are two comic Latin fragments with which Muretus beguiled Scaliger. Meursius has suffered, posthumously, from the attribution to him of a very disreputable volume indeed. In 1853, a book on "Consolations," by Cicero, was published at Venice, containing the reflections with which Cicero consoled himself for the death of Tullia. It might as well have been attributed to Mrs. Blimber, and described as replete with the thoughts with which that lady supported herself under the affliction of never having seen Cicero or his Tusculan villa. The real author was Charles Sigonius, of Modena.

The most famous forgeries of the eighteenth century were those of Macpherson, Chatterton, and Ireland. Space (fortunately) does not permit a discussion of the Ossianic question. That fragments of Ossianic legend (if not of Ossianic poetry) survive in oral Gaelic traditions, seems certain. How much Macpherson knew of these, and how little he used them in the bombastic prose which Napoleon loved (and spelled "Ocean") it is next to impossible to discover. The case of Chatterton is too well known to need much more than mention. The most extraordinary poet for his years who ever lived, began with the forgery of a sham feudal pedigree for Mr. Bergum, a peddler. Ireland started on his career in much the same way, unless Ireland's "Confessions" be themselves a fraud, based on what he knew about Chatterton. Once launched in his career, Chatterton drew endless stores of poetry from "Rowley's MS.," and the muniment chest in St. Mary Redcliff's. Jacob Bryant believed in them, and wrote an "Apology" for the credulous. Bryant, who readily believed in his own system of mythology, might have believed in anything. When Chatterton sent his "discoveries" to Walpole (himself somewhat of a mediæval imitator), Gray and Mason detected the imposture, and Walpole, his feelings as an antiquary injured, took no more notice of the boy. Chatterton's death was due to his precocity. Had genius come to him later, it would have found him wiser, and better able to command the fatal demon of intellect, for which he had to find work, like Michael Scott in the legend.

The end of the eighteenth century, which had been puzzled or diverted by the Chatterton and Macpherson frauds, witnessed also the great and famous Shakspearian forgeries. We shall never know the exact truth about the fabrication of the Shakspearian documents, and Vortigern and other plays. We have, indeed, the confession of the culprit; *habemus confitentem reum*, but Mr. W. H. Ireland was a liar and a solicitor's clerk, so versatile and accomplished that we cannot always believe him, even when he is narrating the tale of his own iniquities. The temporary but wide and turbulent success of the Ireland forgeries suggests the disagreeable reflection that criticism and learning are (or, a hundred years ago, were) worth very little as literary touchstones. A polished and learned society, a society devoted to Shakspeare and to the stage, was taken in by a boy of eighteen. Young Ireland not only palmed off his sham documents, most makeshift imitations of the antique, but even his ridiculous verse on the experts. James Boswell went down on his knees and thanked Heaven for the sight of them, and feeling thirsty after these devotions, drank hot brandy and water. Dr. Parr was as readily gulled, and probably the experts, like Malone, who held aloof, were as much influenced by jealousy as by science. The whole story of young Ireland's forgeries is not only too long to be told here, but forms the topic of a novel ("The Talk of the Town") on which Mr. James Payn is at present engaged. The frauds are not likely in his hands to lose either their humour or their complicated interest of plot. To be brief, then, Mr. Samuel Ireland was a gentleman extremely fond of old literature and old books. If we may trust the Confessions (1805) of his candid son, Mr. W. H. Ireland, a more harmless and confiding old person than Samuel never collected early English tracts. Living in his learned society, his son, Mr. W. H. Ireland, acquired not only a passion for black letters, but a desire to emulate Chatterton. His first step in guilt was the forgery of an autograph on an old pamphlet, with which he gratified Samuel Ireland. He also wrote a sham inscription on a modern bust of Cromwell, which he represented as an authentic antique. Finding that the critics were taken in, and attributed this new bust to the old sculptor Simon, Ireland conceived a very low and not unjustifiable opinion of critical tact. Critics would find merit in anything which seemed old enough. Ireland's next achievement was the forgery of some legal documents concerning Shakspeare. Just as the bad man who deceived the guileless Mr. Shapira, forged his Deuteronomy on the blank spaces of old synagogue rolls, so young Ireland used the cut-off ends of old rent rolls. He next bought up quantities of old fly-leaves of books, and on this ancient paper he indited a sham confession of faith, which he attributed to Shakspeare. Being a strong "evangelical," young Mr. Ireland gave a very Protestant complexion to this edifying document. And still the critics gaped and wondered and believed. Ireland's method was to write in an ink made by blending various liquids used in the marbling of paper for bookbinding. This stuff was supplied to him by a book-binder's apprentice. When the people asked questions as to whence all the new Shakspeare manuscripts came, he said they were presented to him by a gentleman who wished to remain anonymous. Finally the impossibility of producing this gentleman was one of the causes of the detection of the fraud. According to himself, Ireland performed prodigies of acuteness. Once he had forged, at random, the name of a contemporary of Shakspeare. He was confronted with a genuine signature, which, of course, was quite different. He obtained leave to consult his "anonymous gentleman," rushed home, forged the name on the model of what had been shown him, and returned with this signature as a new gift from his benefactor. That nameless friend had informed

him that there were two persons of the name, and that both signatures were genuine. Ireland's impudence went the length of introducing an ancestor of his own, with the same name as himself, among the companions of Shakspeare. If Vortigern had succeeded (and it was actually put on the stage with all possible pomp), Ireland meant to have produced a series of pseudo-Shakspearian plays from William the Conqueror to Queen Elizabeth. When busy with Vortigern, he was detected by a friend of his own age, who pounced upon him while he was at work, as Iasus pounced on Onomacritus. The discoverer, however, consented to "stand in" with Ireland, and did not divulge his secret. At last, after the fiasco of Vortigern, suspicion waxed so strong, and disagreeable inquiries for the anonymous benefactor were so numerous, that Ireland fled from his father's house. He confessed all, and, according to his own account, fell under the undying wrath of Samuel Ireland. Any reader of Ireland's confessions will be likely to sympathize with old Samuel as the dupe of his son. The whole story is told with a curious mixture of impudence and humour, and with great plausibility. Young Ireland admits that his "desire for laughter" was almost irresistible, when people—learned, pompous, sagacious people—listened attentively to the papers. One feels half inclined to forgive the rogue for the sake of his youth, his cleverness, his humour. But the confessions are, not improbably, almost as apocryphal as the original documents. They were written for the sake of money, and it is impossible to say how far the same mercenary motive actuated Ireland in his forgeries. Dr. Ingleby, in his "Shakspeare Fabrications," takes a very rigid view of the conduct, not only of William, but of old Samuel Ireland. Sam, according to Dr. Ingleby, was a partner in the whole imposture, and the "Confession" was only one element in the scheme of fraud. Old Samuel was the Fagan of a band of young literary Dodgers. He "positively trained his whole family to trade in forgery," and as for Mr. W. H. Ireland, he was "the most accomplished liar that ever lived," which is certainly a distinction in its way. The point of the joke is that, after the whole conspiracy exploded, people were anxious to buy examples of the forgeries. Mr. W. H. Ireland was equal to the occasion. He actually forged his own, or (according to Dr. Ingleby) his father's forgeries, and, by thus increasing the supply, he deluged the market with sham shams, with imitations of imitations. If this accusation be correct, it is impossible not to admire the colossal impudence of Mr. W. H. Ireland. Dr. Ingleby, in the ardour of his honest indignation, pursues William into his private life, which, it appears, was far from exemplary. But literary criticism should be content with a man's works, his domestic life is matter, as Aristotle often says, "for a separate kind of investigation." Old Ritson used to say that "every literary impostor deserved hanging as much as a common thief." W. H. Ireland's merits were never recognized by the law.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE ALPHABET; AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF LETTERS. By Isaac Taylor, M.A., LL.D. Two vols. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1883.

The readers of THE WEEK may perhaps fancy their study of the Alphabet so entirely a thing of the past, that we might fitly leave any discussion on the subject to the editors of the rival Royal and Canadian Primers, which demand the first attention of our new Minister of Education. Yet, here is a work by an able and learned philologist, the first sentence in the preface of which says: "This represents the labour of many years." It embraces enquiries of profound interest, affecting the whole question of the origin of civilization; and of scarcely less value to the historian than to the comparative philologist. The problem of the origin of the various Alphabets is by no means a simple one; and it has already been the theme of many scholarly treatises; but Mr. Taylor has embodied here the essence of his predecessors' labours; and added to them important contributions of his own.

We are led back once more, in these volumes, to the Nile Valley, as the cradle land of our civilization. There the primitive picture-writing, akin to that of our own rude Indians, gradually developed into hieroglyphic ideography. From its formal carving on granite and limestone, it passed into the Hieratic, a true cursive handwriting; and from this were derived the old Phœnician characters; the Semitic Alphabet; the letters of Cadmus; the Latin, and ultimately our own English Alphabet.

The Alphabet, however, in use by all English-speaking people for centuries, is not the true English one. That is still to be seen graven on King Alfred's beautiful jewel in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford; and on the more ancient runic cross at Ruthwell in Dumfriesshire. One of the most original and important of Mr. Taylor's results is the determination of the source of the Futhorc, or ancient Gothic Alphabet, including all the later runic variations. The old theory that the runes originated out of a Semitic Alphabet transmitted by Phœnician merchants, is at best a mere guess; and leaves untouched the riddle of the novel arrangement of the order of the letters in all the runic alphabets. Mr. Taylor shows good reason for ascribing their origin to the direct intercourse of the Goths with Greek traders on the Euxine, probably not later than the sixth century, B.C. Along with this he also discusses the mysterious Ogham characters of Celtic Wales, Ireland, and Scotland; and determines their derivation from the Scandinavian runes.

In discussing the picture writing of savage tribes, Mr. Taylor deals with some of the questions most interesting to ourselves. He shows that, at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards, the Mexican picture-writing was just reaching the stage of the phonographic expression of the names of persons and places, as in Itzcoatli, or Knife-Snake, the fourth Mexican monarch. The process is still mere picture-writing, yet the result is phonetic. To this department of the inquiry, however, he has given less attention than to the attractive researches based on such important dis-

closures as the Siloam inscription, accidentally discovered in June, 1880, in a tunnel leading from the Kedron to the Valley of Siloam; or that of Mesha, King of Moab, found in 1868, which, after having defied the waste of time for 2,700 years, was only partially recovered in fragments from the jealous Bedouins, by whom it had been broken up, in consequence of the suspicions awakened by the intemperate rivalry of French and German consuls, and the Turkish governor, to secure possession of this precious relic of a long forgotten history.

The Abu Simbel record is another early inscription of supreme importance, graven by the leader of some Greek and Persian mercenaries of King Psammetichus, who undertook an exploration into Nubia; and halting at Abu Simbel, engraved the inscription which preserves for us the most primitive specimen of Ionic Greek, in the actual alphabetic characters in use in the seventh century before the Christian era. They are still little less perfect than when they were chiselled two hundred years before Herodotus, the father of history, employed the same characters in composing his great work. It is startling to realize the fact that we have thus in existence a literal inscription, with historical names and incidents, belonging to the half-legendary era of the Draconic code.

Our space will not admit of reference to interesting discussions bearing on the Hittite and Cuneiform writing; the Phœnician and Aramean Alphabets, or those of India. As to the Palenque inscriptions of the ruined capital of the Mayas of Yucatan, Mr. Taylor favours the idea of their being rendered in phonetic signs. In this, however, we believe he has allowed himself to be misled by evidence which has been discredited by recent investigators of Maya MSS. The work, as a whole, is replete with interest, and embodies the well digested results of long and careful research in a very comprehensive field of study. D. W.

MONTE ROSA: THE EPIC OF AN ALP. By Starr H. Nichol. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This poem has been praised by the critics too unreservedly. Its great beauty and freshness, its modernity of thought, its majesty of diction, and the strength which has enabled its author to triumph over the difficulties of so strange and new a subject, have blinded even watchful eyes to innumerable technical defects and evidences of careless or hasty composition. No one can read the poem without admiration, without being compelled to acknowledge genius in its author. But there is little excuse for such lameness and lack of a sense of rhythm as are displayed in the following lines, which, it must be remembered, are intended for complete blank verse lines, in iambic pentameter, of the pattern of Shakspeare's

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

We gather these specimens at random, finding them on nearly every page:—

- "Whose white battalions wound the gorge"—
- "Like Medicean tombs, half-finished, twice sublime"—
- "Here mass their force the Alpine monarchs,
Kingly all, and like great kings companionless."
- "Which they who ran have read, scrawled large"—
- "Round her pallid brow; or, lifting, climb the cope"—
- "A soundless cascade, death-struck Niagara"—
- "—Is written, when but degenerate broods"—

It would be easy to multiply instances of such infelicity. The last line quoted will puzzle any readers except those who are unhampered by a prejudice for correct pronunciation. It is equally easy to quote lines remarkable for felicity, aptness and interpretive power. What can be better, in reference to the action of rains upon the bare rock-face of the mountain, than:

"The stealthy depredations of grey rain"—

Or this of the mountain brooks:

"That smoke along their course with rocket speed"—

There is exquisite music in the following extract, which at the same time contains a specimen of a line which is not blank verse, being one time-beat short:—

"The dash—the soft innumerable dash
Of the sun-waves' foamless surf, in which the stone
As gently broke as break the close-sealed buds
Of dauntless violets, when young March
Hunts pallid winter from the greening fields."

In the section entitled "The Glacier" occurs an echo of Goethe's

"Wie das Gestirn,
Ohne Hast
Aber ohne Rast"—etc.

in the line:—

"Which, like calm planets, knows nor haste nor rest."

The same section contains the following passage which proves that Mr. Nichol, in spite of his occasional artistic sins, has a capacity for delicious and skilfully woven verbal music:—

"But sunrise brings the pulse of life to it;
For rustling through its pores like wind in corn,
Millions of new-born rills begin to drip
With myriad morning-murmur musical."

The defect of this section is that too much stress is laid upon the rather obvious fact of the glacier-surface not being very well adapted for agricultural purposes. Another too frequent fault is the admission of rhyming couplets, unpleasant in blank verse. But it is easier, and more fitting, to praise the great beauties of this work than to call attention to its comparatively secondary blemishes. It is a triumph of which Mr. Nichol may well be proud to have succeeded in making true and beautiful poetry out of modern scientific facts and theories. Evolution is well sung in the following lines:—

—"And that unlettered time slipped on,
Saw tropic climes invade the polar rings,
Then polar cold lay waste the tropic marge;
Saw monster beasts emerge in ooze and air,
And run their race, and stow their bones in clay;
Saw the bright gold bedew the elder rocks,
And all the gems grow crystal in their caves;
Saw plant wax quick, and stir to moving worm,
And worm move upward reaching toward the brute;
Saw brute by habit fit himself with brain
And startle earth with wondrous progeny;
Saw all of these and still saw no true man.
For man was not, or still so rawly was,
That as a little child his thoughts were weak,
Weak and forgetful and of nothing worth;
And Nature stormed along her changeful ways
Unheeded, undescribed, the while man slept
Infolded in his germ, or with fierce brutes,
Himself but brutal, waged a pigmy war,
Unclear as they, and housed with them in caves,
Nor knew that sea retired or mountain rose."

And what a strong passage is this:—

"A wall so sheer no snow doth cleave to it;
Barely the many-fingered mosses cling;
So deep its plunge, that half a measured league
Of reeling air not brushes to its base,
Where spire-tall pines as grasses seem to wave:
And from its dizzy brink the traveller,
Swooning with fear, plucks back his hasty foot,
As if a mottled snake had stung it suddenly,
Or skulking death, in ambush 'neath the brim,
Caught at him sharply, calling loud his name."

Forcible, new and imaginative beyond question is this of the Monte Rosa herself, who

"Joins in the loud illimitable tumult,
And while the scowling rabble of low cloud,
Spits out its snowflakes to confederate winds,
Plucks in the fleecy waste to every cleft,
And craftily with shuttles of the blast
Weaves a new surface to her seamless robe."

We can find space for but one more extract, which describes in chaste and perfect verse a glacier lake:—

"Whose depths untenanted
See never minnow herding in its pools,
Nor swift-finned pike dart on the silly dace,
Nor painted trout surprise the gilded fly,
But peacefully the prisoned waters smile
Within their sea-green bowls of carven ice,
Fit goblets for great Thor and Odin great
When wandering from dim Asgard in the north
They raised the hunt amid Archaic hills;
Pellucid meres, whose baby wavelets low
Break softly on the sharp unpebbled marge,
Where grows no sedge, nor music-making rush,
No cress, nor water-loving flag, nor mint,
Nor odorous lily brave in white and gold."

MESSRS. COPP, CLARK & Co. have issued their valuable "Canadian Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge" for 1884. It contains "full and authentic commercial, statistical, astronomical, departmental, ecclesiastical, educational, financial, and general information"—to quote from its title page. It also contains a map of Ontario.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND, by Max O'Rell. Translated from the French. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- A WOMAN'S REASON, by W. D. Howells. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
- A WOMAN OF HONOUR, by H. C. Bunner. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
- WRECKED? by W. O. Stoddard. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.
- POEMS, by Frederick Locker. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.
- THE CANADIAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, for 1884. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- WALT WHITMAN, by Dr. R. M. Bucke. Philadelphia: David McKay.
- TO LEeward, by F. Marion Crawford. Toronto: Hart & Co.
- IN THE CARQUINEZ WOODS, by Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- BUT YET A WOMAN, by Arthur S. Hardy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- BEYOND THE GATES, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

WHILE Henry Irving has been criticised, and applauded by one audience after another of Americans, it seems that the members of his company, or rather the correspondent who accompanies them, have been turning the tables by criticising—and by no means always applauding—the American stage. There can be no manner of doubt that Wyndham has already taught us on this continent a lesson, which Irving's performances will emphasize. The American public have learnt to like a certain order—in some sense a new order—of things, and in the not very remote future it will be necessary that actors and managers should provide just these things. The American public want now—and I believe the Canadian public, for the matter of that—a thoroughly finished all round performance. They want that performance attended to in all its minor details, with perfect appointments of stage setting, scenery and dresses. They want to be rid of conventionality in these things, and to have the stage in reality what it has always professed to be, a mirror of real life. How little this has been realized in past years on this continent with the prevalence of the so-called star system, and with stage appointments which, however costly, are of the most Pre-Raphaelite order of conventionality, no one who is familiar with the modern school of acting can have failed to observe. American theatres are miracles of taste and luxury before the curtain. It is more than a pity that the stage appointments should in the majority of cases fall so very far behind.

Upon Irving himself and his acting I hope to send you a paper next week, as I expect to see him during the next few days in Boston. I remember many of the Lyceum first nights, and my recollections will be pleasantly revived by a nearer view of the great tragedian who figured in all of them, then only indeed commencing that series of magnificent revivals which made the name of his theatre synonymous with all that there is of artistic correctness and a disregard of old time conventional ties. I have always indeed looked upon Irving as a curious case of what the logicians call a contradiction in terms. The veritable iconoclast of conventionality he is, or was, at times the most conventional of actors, of which more anon.

I WOULD say a few words about Mr. Torrington and the Philharmonic Society, who are working systematically and exceedingly well upon the "Elijah," which is promised us as the musical treat of the season. An orchestral rehearsal with the chorus last week gave me an opportunity of judging of the state of progress, and I may say, with confidence, that the indications are of an unusually fine performance. Mr. Torrington, with whom I spoke on the subject, tells me that the choir are to commence immediately upon Max Bruch's "Lay of the Bell," which is to form the staple of the second concert's programme.

THEODORE THOMAS has projected a series of classical concerts for young people in New York, which promise to open a new field of musical education. If it be possible to instil into young hearers a liking for a better class of music than they are generally accustomed to hear, the enterprise will deserve all the praise which it is getting from the press and public. But great care will have to be exercised in the selection of programmes, which must be interesting and melodious as well as classical, if they are to succeed in weaning young people by degrees from the extravagant love of melody which is inherent in most of them. And surely the Waldweben from Wagner's "Siegfried" is rather indigestible food for infants.

In next issue of THE WEEK we will refer to the concert lately given by the Toronto Choral Society at the Horticultural Gardens.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

In a letter to the London *Times* Ouida emphatically denies the rumour that she has been converted to Roman Catholicism by M. Capel.

It is reported that Messrs. Scribner have in press a volume of verse by Mr. Andrew Lang.

THE same firm will publish next spring a collection of verse by the graceful poet, Mr. H. C. Bunner, who is editor of *Puck*. The volume will be entitled "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere."

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. are issuing a new novel by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, entitled "To Leeward." It is a story of Italian life and society.

"THE GOSSIP" calls attention to a fact that should be comforting to *literateurs*. M. Zola has built himself a country house at the cost of 300,000 francs.

ACCORDING to *Bradstreet's* Canada had thirty-three failures last week, as against twenty-six the corresponding week of 1882, and seven the corresponding week of 1881.

THE Christmas issue of *The Mail* is an admirable one, rich, and distinctively Canadian. It is made up of contributions from our most eminent Canadian writers.

TENNYSON lately declined an invitation to dine at the Royal Palace of Copenhagen, on the ground that he had not a dress-coat in his travelling portmanteau.

WILL CARLETON is now living in Boston, and will soon, if report be true, publish some verse on city subjects treated in a spirit similar to that in which he has treated country life.

MORMONISM is not going to remain silent under censure. President John Taylor, of the Mormon Church, has prepared for the January number of the *North American*, a statement of the political and social attitude of the Latter-day Saints.

"THE GOSSIP" cannot refrain from calling attention to the *American confidence* expressed in the earlier portion of Mr. Joaquin Miller's letter contained in this number of THE WEEK. It is very refreshing, but not inexplicable.

MESSRS. DAWSON BROS. are pressing on the publication of the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada." It will be a quarto volume of 700 pages, with many plates, some of them chromo-lithographs, and several artotypes. *The Gazette* is doing the letterpress, under the supervision of the publishers. The Burlands are doing the lithographing, and Desbarats the artotypes.

KEATS' only sister, Fanny, is still living in Madrid. She married Señor Llanos, a Spanish gentleman, of liberal politics, and the author of "Don Esteban," "Sandoval, the Freemason," and other illustrations of the modern history of the Peninsula. During the existence of the Spanish Republic, he represented Spain at the Court of Rome. Their son, Juan Llanosy Keats, is an artist of high repute in Spain.—*Ex.*

IF Lord Lytton fails to "do justice to the memory of his mother," his executrix will straightway publish no fewer than 300 letters of his father. What a feast would then be in prospect! We might hope that something unsavoury, piquant, would be set before us, to stimulate the palates now perhaps a trifle jaded with letters and confessions and disclosures. But perhaps the executrix will be appeased, and the letters burned.

THE January *Century* thus accounts for the fact that Dumas père was never an Academician: In his time the Academy would have fainted at the idea of letting in a man so spontaneous, irrepressible, imaginative exuberant and original, to say nothing of the Bohemianism of his life and the Africanism of his head. Guizot was then king of the Academy, and he was a prig.

"THE GOSSIP" congratulates the editor of the *Pilot* on the success of his venture. This new Independent-Conservative journal, which commenced its career in Montreal simultaneously with THE WEEK in Toronto, promises excellent things. It is readable from the first to the last of its eight pages. Its editorials are fearless, vigorous, and unconventional.

Truth states that it charged the *Herald* \$150 per column a day for advertising the *Herald's* drop in rates. The *Herald* took six columns for a week, and paid to *Truth* a total of \$6,300. About the same rate was paid to the *Journal*, and much higher rates to the *Sun*, *World* and *Times*. The total cost to the *Herald* for the week's advertising could not have been less than \$50,000.—*Ex.*

A CURIOUS announcement is made in London. It is a periodical to be called *Lords*. If it be not a sarcastic hoax, it will be a near relative of the book on deportment, so popular a little while ago, which purported to be written by "A Member of the Aristocracy." It is announced that all the contributors to the new magazine will be members of the aristocracy, and the editor a literary man who sits in the House of Peers. It is fortunate for Tennyson that he has been raised to the Peerage. He thereby becomes eligible as a contributor to *Lords*.

THIS is from *Hatper's Bazar*:—"An old fellow who had known Hawthorne, was met by Mr. Harry Fenn the other day in Salem, who vouchsafed to the artist the information that Hawthorne 'writ a lot o' letters—I heern he write a scarlet letter too, whatever this was;' while another old duffer, looking over the artist's shoulder as he sketched, exclaimed 'I'd give a thousand dollars if I could draw like that—yes, I would, fifteen hundred!'"

LORD OVERSTONE, the British financier, whose recent death was referred to by Sir Francis Hincks, in his article in the last number of THE WEEK, was a very parsimonious Cræsus. A few months ago, at a luncheon party

of four persons, the butler served two partridges on a solid silver dish. His Lordship started and uttered an exclamation of anger for the domestic's benefit and then proceeded to cut one of the birds into four parts and distribute them. Nothing else followed this slender repast; but when the dish was taken out (with the uncut partridge) Lord Overstone gave a sigh of contentment, and said, triumphantly, aloud: "I told the cook this morning that one would be enough, and she forgot it; but it didn't make any difference, after all."

"THE GOSSIP" quotes the following paragraph from the *New York Sun* for the edification of peculiarly ambitious ladies: "Margaret Brent, said John L. Thomas in a lecture before the Maryland Historical Society, was the first woman in America to claim the right to vote. She landed in St. Mary's City on the St. Mary's River in 1638. She was connected with Lord Baltimore either by blood or marriage. Leonard Calvert, Lord Baltimore's brother, suddenly prostrated on his deathbed and not having time to make his will, said to Margaret Brent, 'Take all and pay all.' Then he asked for a private conference with her, and she received his dying words. She took the Governor's house and lived in it. As Leonard Calvert was agent of Lord Baltimore, she claimed control of all rents, issues and profits of Lord Baltimore. The Court confirmed her in this position. She claimed that she had the right to vote in the Assembly as the representative of Leonard Calvert and also of Lord Baltimore. She claimed, not one, but two votes." On Jan. 21, 1648, when the Legislature assembled at Fort St. John's, she demanded her right to vote as a member of the General Assembly of the State of Maryland. *It was denied her.*"

To judge from the columns of some of the leading London papers, it looks very much as if we should shortly see a revival of the old discussion between the merits of personal and anonymous journals. The tendency in the direction of the French style of signed articles is rapidly increasing in some of the leading Radical papers. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was the first in the field. For some time back, the second leading article in that paper has almost always been written by some prominent man who has affixed his name to it. For instance, a few days ago Lord Shaftesbury appeared in the unaccustomed rôle of a journalist, and contributed a very interesting article on the housing of the London poor. Now the *Daily News* seems to have taken the notion, and publishes a long article on much the same subject, signed by the well-known dramatist Mr. G. R. Sims. In this country, too, it has become quite popular of late among newspapers to have certain articles written in the first person. One thing is certain, articles written in this manner are far more interesting than those which have the everlasting "we" running through them. When the pronoun "I" is used, one gets at the individuality of the writer, and ultimately becomes familiarly acquainted with him. Everybody knows that "we" do not write the editorials and leading articles in the dailies, and it would not be a bad idea if the editors of the *Sun*, *Tribune*, and other papers would adopt "I" instead of "we" in their editorial columns. Perhaps in these days of scurrilous journalism, however, this would hardly be safe, for if the writers of certain editorials in certain papers were known, the law instituted by Judge Lynch would be brought into practice every day.—*The American Queen.*

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.—British Columbia has put in a demand for a share of the fishery award.—The St. Vincent de Paul Society has undertaken the relief of distressed Irish immigrants in Toronto.—Two other bodies from the wreck of the *Eclipse* have been thrown upon the land near Warton.—Bedford has voted \$7,000 to the Kingston and Pembroke Railway.—On Monday night, the 17th inst., Rat Portage was visited by a destructive fire. The loss is estimated at not less than \$100,000; and out of a community of about 700 persons fully seventy have been left homeless and destitute. An appeal for help has been made to Ontario and Manitoba.—On Monday, the 17th inst., a mail stage had left Kingston with seven passengers, and reached the crossing near Cataragui when engine 37 of the Grand Trunk Railway came along from the west with a heavy train. The stage was caught by the hind part and frightfully wrecked. Mrs. Armitage, aged seventy-five, a widow, residing near Odessa, was sitting in the back seat. She was carried with a portion of the wreck some forty-one yards and hurled to the ground in the ditch. The hub of the wheel fell upon her, and she was dead when taken up. Mrs. Joseph Gorrie, aged thirty-five, of Westbrook, was carried eighteen yards and flung into the ditch. She was unconscious, but alive, and died at half-past six o'clock. Mrs. Henry Wartman, of Glenvale, had her arm broken and received other severe injuries. Fred. Warner, Wilton, and Douglas Storms, Odessa, medical students, going home for the holidays, were pitched through the

stage windows, but came out unscathed.—Ottawa proposes to levy a municipal tax on banks.—A Nottawa farmer was killed near Collingwood on Monday last by falling from a load of boards into a ditch.—Lord Lorne was presented with the freedom of the city of Glasgow on Monday, and, in an address which he delivered, he declared that Canada was now independent both in form and reality; but that if she should be threatened by any great power her position would be a dangerous one without England to back her.—Affairs in Quebec are enveloped in a mist. Various rumours have floated about respecting what Mr. Mousseau will do under the circumstances. Some declared that he would maintain his position till after he had learnt his fate by a direct vote of the Legislature. Others affirmed that he was anxious to resign the premiership, but required a judgeship, and that Sir John was not disposed to elevate him to the Bench.—Messrs. Ross and Cameron were banqueted by the Middlesex Reformers on Friday, 21st inst.—The British forces in Egypt will be increased to 10,000 men.—The new Cantilever bridge over Niagara was tested successfully on Thursday last.—The schooner *Capalea*, with a cargo of lumber, went ashore at Waukegan, on Tuesday night, 18th inst., after dark. Two men on board, after heroic exertions, were saved, but their feet were badly frozen.—Farmers living in the vicinity of Cataragui, Kingston, will petition the railway committee of the House of Commons to have the crossing over the railway at this place suitably protected. One jurymen has estimated that 100,000 vehicles cross the railway at this point during the year.—Bishop Sweatman has issued his customary Christmas pastoral.—Another brakeman has been killed at St. Thomas.—Each day the enterprise of building the Canada Pacific Railway is revealed in a more gigantic sight; and the latest news is that the directors have been at Ottawa praying the Government for better terms.—1,600 employés have been discharged from the West Shore Railway.—It is proposed to open the Toronto Free Public Library on February 1st.—*L'Etendard* has charged M. Mousseau with having received \$5,000 as a corruption allowance in connection with the contract for the Quebec parliament buildings.—Reform newspapers are sponsors for the story that Sir John is endeavouring to get Mr. Costigan out of the Cabinet, and that, to this end, he is inspiring Conservatives in New Brunswick to carry a crusade against the Minister of the Interior. The rumour is very probably unfounded.—A Collingwood man has been arrested for stealing a horse.—Masked burglars fell upon and killed a man near Picton, on Friday evening last.—A number of delegates representing the Toronto, Montreal, and Hamilton Board of Trade had an interview with Sir John Macdonald on Saturday last.

FOREIGN.—Four comets are now visible at Buenos Ayres.—The Crown Prince has paid a visit to the Pope.—Two Missouri men have traded wives. One of them gave a baby as boot.—The Chamber of Deputies has granted 200,000,000 francs, additional, for the Tonquin expedition.—Certain Turkish officials are said to have given help and information to El Mahdi.—From the massacre of Hicks Pasha's army it is said that two Europeans have escaped.—Great Britain has decided not to interfere in Soudan, but consents to allow Turkey to send a contingent.—Reichonnet, head of the post-office department of the Federal Council at Berne, speaking at a military banquet recently, said:—"Be on your guard. Let the Swiss people prepare to defend their country. Many black clouds are gathering on the European horizon. War, long averted, will hardly be escaped after 1884, and may even come next spring."—There is the usual report of agrarian murders from Ireland: Clonbar has had one and Cavan another.—While out hunting the Czar was painfully injured.—The *St. Augustine* has been burnt in the Bay of Biscay.—The good people in Dublin who admire O'Donnell propose to erect a monument to the memory of that murderer.—Within the next fortnight the Government will send 6,300 troops to Tonquin.—The dynamiters have become disgusted with the smallness of their usual operations, and now are hatching depredations by which they hope to shake the world. Therefore the news comes that they have decided on blowing up London Bridge; in which case Macaulay's New Zealander will get his tour through civilized countries much sooner than he expected.—A sub-committee of the U. S. Senate have taken up the project of protecting the fisheries along the American seaboard.—Sontay has fallen into the hands of the French.—Four Glasgow dynamiters have been sentenced to penal servitude for life, and four for seven years.—The *New York Tribune* has been boycotted.—Mary Anderson, it is said, is to be married to an English Duke.—Upon certain conditions, it is stated, the island of Hainan will be ceded to England.

At the meeting of the Canadian Institute on Saturday evening last, Alan Macdougall, Esq., C.E., read a paper on "Abattoirs."

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WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15. Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of urbercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxomca, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death. Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue. Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers, MESSRS. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada, and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.

What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A.H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh. Oakland, Ont., Canada, March 17, '83. Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son: DEAR SIRS,—Yours of the 13th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease, and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for Catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that is hard for me to realize that I am really better. I consider that mine was a very bad case; it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but I feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you. You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers. Yours, with many thanks, REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

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