THE WEEK.

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The Week,

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE chief event of the last week has been a squall in the financial region. The barque, however, which was struck by it had not only been carrying too much sail but carrying it in a way forbidden by all the laws of financial navigation. Had she gone to the bottom instead of righting, as it seems likely that she will, the catastrophe would neither have been unexpected nor undeserved. When a financial institution has machinery for doing indirectly what the law will not permit it to do directly, it is putting in jeopardy, for illicit gain, not its own character only but those of all the sister corporations; and its managers would have little reason to complain if instead of receiving ready help when they had brought themselves into trouble by their practices they were to find the door shut against them in their need. Nothing of this kind can happen without shaking public confidence in the banks in general, and furnishing plausible arguments to the agitators who are always instigating politicians to lay marauding hands upon the money trade and to play tricks with the currency. Yet this community has as little reason as possible for mistrust. The manner in which our banks, and not only our banks, but our financial corporations generally have passed through the commercial vicissitudes of the last ten years is surely most creditable both to the ability and to the integrity of the managers. Serious failure has hardly occurred outside of the French Province, and even there it has by no means equalled either in magnitude or in turpitude the failures of the Glasgow Bank and of other banks in that which is deemed the first of commercial countries. The character of our banks may fairly be coupled with that of our law-courts as a proof that in every department except that of politics we are sound.

THE effect of Sir Richard Cartwright's speech continues; and the speech itself is still the theme of general talk, though the organs of the Press on both sides are a little afraid of the subject. This is not due to oratoric brilliancy. Sir Richard is always a clear and strong speaker, especially when he is making a financial statement, yet he can hardly be called eloquent, nor was there anything very striking in his language or form on this occasion. But he had something to say. This it was that made his words come like rain to a thirsty land. With speaking oratorically excellent, with irreproachable sentiment, with keen criticism and invective in the forensic style, the party and the country had been feasted to satiety, and they had cried out like the clown in the ancient comedy, "Admirable, by Heaven; but what you are talking about I cannot tell." They can at least tell what Sir Richard Cartwright is talking about, whether his opinions appear to them admirable or not. He has given them a sensation like that which is produced by the long-expected tug of the engine among the passengers in a train which has been kept waiting till everybody is tired. Two things every political party must have, a leader who will lead it and a policy which the people can understand. The need of the second will never be supplied by mere criticism, however just, by indignation, however righteous, or by professions of superior virtue, even though they may be to some extent well founded. The country takes all this as the ordinary stuff of campaign speeches, yields at most a languid assent, and gives the leader who will lead and who at least promises to do something for the country a majority of two to one. It was by declaring for fiscal independence and a national tariff that Sir John Macdonald turned the tables on his victorious enemy and recovered power. If the Grits wish to oust him again they must let the country know what line of policy different from his they will pursue when they have the Government in their hands. They must show that a change of administration will bring some intelligible gain. This, Sir Richard Cartwright seems to understand, and hence the remarkable success of his speech.

FLAGS have their significance even in street decoration, but we wonder whether this is thought of at all. On the residences and public buildings of our cities how common is it to see the Stars and Stripes grouped with the Union Jack on all gala days, and in every effort at interior decoration where bunting is used. This may have no political significance, but if it has, why do not our ultra-loyal journals frown upon the practice? It may be that the matter is accidental, and is not really noticed by the public; nevertheless, the custom must strike a stranger as odd that the American flag should be almost exclusively used with the British in dressing up the town for a fête. Were the flags of other nations grouped along with them, there would seem to be no undue preference; but this is seldom the case. It is certainly natural, considering the common origin of both countries, that the flags of the two great English-speaking families should be twined together in tender embrace. This, of course, we do not quarrel with, unless—perish the thought!—these gay bits of bunting, despite the N. P. and our protective tariff, are manufactured for this market on "the other side," and that this is the reason of our seeing so much of the Yankee flag.

THE victory of Mr. Gladstone over his assailants in Parliament on the Egyptian question appears to be now assured. His escape from defeat is ascribed to the address with which he has divided the settlement into two portions, against neither of which, separately, can the Opposition direct its attack with advantage. But the real secret of his strength is the hold given him over his party by the Franchise Bill, which no section of the Liberals, except perhaps the very conservative Whigs, would be willing to imperil, and the safety of which is specially important to that very section of ultra-Radicals, which would be most likely to bolt on the Egyptian question. Moreover, the Prime Minister has in his hand the screw of dissolution, of which the force, in the present uncertain mood of the constituencies, is very great. To his parliamentary power and strategy, however, Mr. Gladstone will owe the triumph which the cooler heads even of the Opposition evidently regard as inevitable, though they are once more goaded into the breach by the uncontrollable violence of Lord Randolph Churchill and his train. If the terms of the settlement with France are anything like what they are believed to be, the nation cannot be proud of the result, nor is it at all likely, French character being what it is, that the concessions now made will avert quarrels and a renewal of the difficulty in the near future. Mr. Gladstone may well accuse the malice of fate which has set him, in his declining hour, to deal with diplomacy and war.

THERE were twenty-two failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, an increase of six from the preceding week, and against twelve and twenty-seven respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1881 and 1883. In the United States there were 153 failures during the week, as compared with 187 in the preceding week, and 165, 153, and 103, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882 and 1881.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

Mr. Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress," of which the first bulky volume is before us, derives importance, and will no doubt gain immense vogue and circulation, from the nomination at Chicago. It shows literary ability of the best, because the least artificial, kind, and it has an interest beyond that which any skill in composition or mere knowledge of history could infuse, as the description, by a strong and sagacious politician, of the men with whom he has mingled in public life, and the affairs in which he has borne a leading part, while the section of history which it chronicles is the momentous period of the Civil War. The work is a really valuable addition to political literature. The analysis of character is keen; the judgments calm and fair. In the early portion we feel that the writer is telling us his whole mind: as we advance our confidence in his frankness lessens; the shadow of a coming candidature seems to fall upon the page; inconvenient episodes are omitted or thrown into the background; there is an increasing tenderness of handling, and a visible disposition to conciliate. It was inevitable that the vocation of the writer should appear in his modes of judgment, and that the tribunal before which public character is cited by him should be generally that of popularity rather than of conscience. We follow with intense interest the course of the history as it draws toward the great catastrophe. But it is impossible not to be struck, as we read, with the inherent weakness as well as the improbity of the political characters commonly formed under the demagogic system. Among all these famous stump-orators and intriguers not one was found who could make a bold and strenuous effort to avert the great calamity. That the war might have been averted seems probable, if Mr. Blaine's estimate of the original forces of Secession is true. According to him, its strength was confined to the Gulf States, its real adherents in the other States being so few that the conspirators dared not submit their ordinances to the people, while there was a large party intensely opposed to it in Virginia as well as in North Carolina and Tennessee. It was, in its inception, not a popular movement but an oligarchical plot, and its life centered in a group of men almost all of whom were at Washington and within the grasp of the Federal Government. Yet these men were allowed in open Senate to renounce their allegiance and take their departure for the South with the avowed purpose of organizing a dissolution of the Union and, in case of resistance to their treason, a civil war. The politicians could only look on in helpless bewilderment, pouring forth torrents of stump-oratory, chopping constitutional logic, debating whether it was lawful to coerce seceding States or only to force them to obey the law, and really thinking, each of them, more about his own position and popularity than about the mortal peril of the State. When they did act, all they could do was, in the form of the Crittenden Compromise, to tender to the slave-owner abject submission and the total surrender of every principle on the Slavery question as the price of his continuance in the Union; and even this they did when the time for it was manifestly past, and apostasy could have no possible effect but that of inflating the insolence of Secession and unbracing the moral nerve of loyalty. A rough and resolute West Pointer, with nothing but the country in his heart, would have been worth a great deal more in that hour of peril than all these orators and tacticians. Perhaps, after all, it was well that the war should come, and that slavery should be utterly destroyed; but statesmen are not acquitted when good comes out of enormous evil, which was preventable, and which it was the business of statesmanship to prevent.

There is one part of his subject with regard to which it is very hard for Mr. Blaine or any American politician to keep the path of truth and justice. The time seems at last to be approaching when Anglo-Americans in general will cease to pride themselves upon being the transmitters of a foolish feud, or to regard as a part of their national religion a senseless and degrading rancour towards the country from which their blood, language and institutions are derived, whose literature is theirs, and to which, as soon as they personally rise in the world, they always set about tracing their pedigrees. But to the politicians and to the historians, who, with perhaps one honourable exception, are almost as much on the stump as the politicians, common fairness to the English people or Government would still seem a sort of literary sacrilege. They deem it their sacred duty, whether they believe it or not, to speak and write as if they believed that of two branches of the same race which have barely been severed from each other for a hundred years, while one is absolutely upright, disinterested and noble, the other is utterly vile, and never can have any motives but the basest. If England or a British statesman has ever by accident done a right act it must have been for some bad object. Mr. Blaine begins by disparaging the abolition of the slave trade, which he wishes to insinuate was so timed by British cunning that the trade expired only when the market in the United States was closed, as though the United States had been the only market for slaves. What would Mr. Blaine say if an English writer asserted that the motive of New Englanders for legislating against importation, was the desire to sell their own slaves to the South, as in fact they did before they entered on the crusade against slavery? Calumnious interpretation may taint the best deeds in history. Mr. Blaine seems, like other American writers, to assume that the cause of the North was so evidently that of morality as to challenge the unhesitating allegiance of every moral being. He forgets that in his history of the Crittenden Compromise he has exhibited the North, by the lips of its leaders, renouncing the moral cause, and avowing its willingness, if by the return of the slave-owners to the Union its material interests could be preserved, not only to give slavery new securities, but to enthrone it forever above the constitution itself, and place it, as far as possible, on a level with the ordinances of God. England did make a great sacrifice to the moral cause: she faced the ruin of her greatest industry rather than accept the French Emperor's invitation to open by joint intervention the cotton ports of the South. There was a struggle between parties in England; there was a struggle in the North itself between the Republicans and Democrats; nor could anything which British Tory journals said about the iniquity or futility of the war transcend the language of the Democratic press But the majority in England was on the side of the Free States, and it prevailed. The escape from British ports of two or three Confederate cruisers which were armed elsewhere, though deeply to be lamented and afterwards rightly atoned for, could not counterbalance the immense service rendered to the Northern cause by the refusal of Great Britain, in face of the strongest temptations, to join France in a recognition of the Confederacy and in an intervention which, for the time at least, must have been decisive. But the American Anglophobist takes no notice of divisions of opinion in England: he always represents her people as a unit in iniquity. At the bottom of his heart he hates the Englishmen who were in the right and who thereby balked his malignity, more, if anything, than those who were in the wrong. Not seldom he has beneath his swaggering Republicanism other lurking tendencies which make him feel that the hostility of the aristocracy is poorly compensated by the friendship of the common people. That the recognition of the confederates as belligerents should continue to appear a wrong to any man of sense, is surprising. What else could have been done? This war was not a civil war in the ordinary sense of the term: it was to all intents and purposes international. The Union had been, for the time, split by a line of cleavage at once social and territorial into two separate nations, the Government of each of which was through the whole length and breadth of its own territory completely established and perfectly obeyed. The Northern nation was trying to conquer the Southern nation, but never for a moment ventured to treat its soldiers or its citizens as rebels. The Federal Government had itself declared the struggle a regular war by proclaiming a blockade of the southern ports. It might have been more courteous to wait for the arrival of the American ambassador; but the defence of the British Government was that recognition of belligerency was inevitable, and that by making it an accomplished fact the possibility of an altercation was avoided. It is very satisfactory to find that Mr. Blaine regards a war between the United States and Great Britain as one of the greatest calamities that could befall the civilized world. There is not the slightest danger of war, or even of unfriendly feeling, except that which arises either from the conspiracies of Irish dynamiters, from the vote-hunting machinations of the demagogue, and the Anglophobia, which is a part of his stock in trade. The better and more high-minded American, happily, is growing ashamed of Tammany domination, Anglophobia, and the demagogue at the same time.

A renewal, which it is to be feared will not be the last, of the conflict between the people and the Jews in Eastern Europe, has brought a revival of the charges against Christianity as a religion of persecution; and the cry is swelled as usual by Christians who are more anxious to cultivate a reputation for liberality than to do justice to the faith of their fathers. Christianity has little or nothing to do with the matter. Even in the middle ages the popular risings against the Jews were social and economical in their character, rather than religious. As a rule, the Jews were protected by the popes and eminent ecclesiastics, as well by the kings whom they served as instruments of fiscal extortion. Their enemies were the people, goaded to revolt by their oppressive usury. Difference of religion added bitterness, no doubt, to the cup of hatred, as did difference of race; but extortion was the chief ingredient. On the subject of Hungary, the present scene of these disorders, there is a good book written before the disturbances or the controversy connected with them began, by

Mr. Paget, who shows himself a pronounced Liberal and an advocate of Jewish emancipation. This writer says: "The Jews are employed by the nobles as men of business, as tenants or middlemen, as distillers, and as publicans. From their ability, knowledge of business, and extensive connections, they are, when honest, invaluable in such situations, but they sometimes abuse the confidence reposed in them, and make away with large sums of money, which are conveyed to some of the tribe in Poland or other countries, and which it is impossible for justice to extract, so close and secret is the connection they maintain amongst each other. The Jew is no less active in profiting by the vices and necessities of the peasant, than by those of the noble. As sure as he gains a settlement in a village the peasantry become poor. Whenever the peasant is in want of money, whether from the occurrence of misfortune, or to make merry at his marriage feast, or to render due honour to his patron saint, the Jew is always ready to find it for him, of course at exorbitant interest. All the peasant has to repay with is the next year's crop; and that he willingly pledges, trusting to chance or his landlord's kindness to support him during the winter. In this way the crop is often sold as soon as it is sown, and during the rest of the year the peasant finds himself bound hand and foot to his hard creditor. On this account I have known many gentlemen refuse to let a Jew live in their village, and rather lend money to their peasants themselves, where they saw the need of it, and allow them to pay it back in labour."

This precisely and almost verbally tallies with the description of Jewish practices in Germany given by another religious Liberal, Mr. Baring Gould, and of Jewish practices in Russia given by the British Consuls in their reports to their Government on the riots in that country. The reports indicate more clearly the detestable use which the Jewish usuer often makes of the drinking shop in getting the destined victim into his hands. When to cruel and grinding extortion is added that insolent exclusiveness of race which refuses to intermarry or eat with the people, who can wonder if hatred is engendered in the breast of the peasant, or if it does not always restrain itself within civil bounds? Who can wonder even if in a simple and ignorant population imaginary atrocities should be charged to one who is a real and terrible oppressor? Would our people, tolerant and kindly as they are, remain passive under such an invasion of alien extortioners? The cynical, but on that very account, cool-headed writer of a recent work on Berlin Society says that the antagonism to the Jew in Germany is not likely to subside, and that the much abused Stoecker is not a religious malignant but a leader of the people against oppression. The conflict is deplorable; but it will end only when the Jews in Eastern Europe abandon their extortionate and demoralizing practices, take to the walks of honest industry, and cease to treat their fellow-citizens as unclean. Christendom at all events is not specially to blame for the inevitable consequences of habits which made the Jews odious to all nations before Christianity had come into the world, or while its followers were still a feeble and obscure sect hunted from city to city by the persecuting Jew.

There is an act of justice to be done, in connection with the Jewish question, to an eminent Christian who has been a long time in his grave, and whose name represents an epoch. If you want to enter into the spirit of the middle ages, read Danté, the life of St. Francis of Assisi and, if you can digest medieval Latin, some sections of Thomas Aquinas. The Angelic Doctor has been constantly accused in the course of this controversy, not only by Jewish Rabbis, but by Christian divines ardent in the Jewish cause, of teaching the abominable doctrine that the Jews being the serfs of the King, and their children the children of serfs, it was lawful to baptize Jewish children against the will of their parents. A reference to the text of Aquinas will show that the charge is founded on misconception. After the formal fashion of the scholastic philosophers, Aquinas sets forth the arguments on each side of a proposition, and then sums up and pronounces a judgment. That Jews being serfs, their lord has a right to baptize their children without their consent is one of the arguments on the side of compulsion. The final judgment of Aquinas on the whole question is "That the children of unbelievers ought not to be baptized against the will of their parents, since this has never been approved by the custom of the Church of God, which is in all things to be followed, while it would be contrary to natural justice and fraught with peril to the faith." He adds that the servitude of the Jews is civil, and excludes them not from right divine or natural. In a previous section he has distinguished the case of the Jews and the heathen from that of heretics and apostates. In the case of heretics and apostates, whom he deems bound by their religious allegiance, he sanctions, in accordance with the vicious theory of his church and age, the use of compulsion; but in the case of the Jews and the heathen he says compulsion is by no means to be used, since belief is voluntary; only they may be constrained by the faithful, if means can be found, not to impede the advance of the faith by blasphemies, by evil preachings, or by open persecution." The middle ages were not enlightened or tolerant, but we owe to them a good deal, and they have been painted sowewhat darker than they were. Compared with the Talmud the religious philosophy of Thomas Aquinas is the height of liberality as well as of good sense.

Judge Noah Davis, in the *North American Review*, takes up the tale of Mr. Roy and bewails the advancing dissolution of the family in the United States. One to six, or even more, he says, is now the proportion of divorces to marriages in some districts and cities. Like Mr. Roy, Judge Noah Davis sees the root of the evil in relaxation of divorce laws. To this source he is disposed to trace even the avoidance of maternity, which is now so palpable and so ominous a fact among the Anglo-American population of the United States. A pair which has a numerous offspring has given hostages to the indissolubility of marriage; this is felt to be the case, and means are taken to prevent the birth of children, in order that there may be nothing, when fancy prompts, to preclude the severance of the tie. That appears to be the Judge's view. If it is correct, the domestic morality of New England is on the road that leads to destruction, and Mormonism, when arraigned, will not lack materials for a retort. It may be doubted, however, as has been said before, whether the lax divorce laws are not as much an effect as a cause. The deeper source of all these phenomena seems to be the progress of a social revolution which is altering the aims and aspirations of women, urging them to "come out of the Egypt of dependence and sentiment," preaching, in the bitter words of John Stuart Mill, that marriage, as it exists, is the worst kind of slavery, jealously separating the interests of the wife from those of her husband, and lessening the honour of maternity. It seems as if society was bent on trying some new set of organic principles with regard to the relations between the sexes, in place of the Christian principles upon which these relations have hitherto been based. If this is the radical tendency of the age, of course it will prevail, and a century hence social observers will be enabled to judge of the result. Momentous, for good or evil, that result will be. It is very well to say that fundamental change may be made with impunity because Nature is sure to vindicate her own laws: Nature is sure to vindicate her own laws if you take arsenic or fling yourself out of a fifth storey window. The full bearings of sexual revolution are not yet seen. They will be seen when the teachings of Mr. Stuart Mill, backed by those of law reformers, shall have thoroughly penetrated the minds of husbands as well as those of wives. Then it will appear that marriage, though essential to the purity and happiness of both sexes, is more especially a restraint laid for the benefit of the women on the roving passions of the men. Let White Cross Associations do what they will to guard female purity: their object is admirable; but they will labour in vain, by preachings or enactments, to extinguish the most powerful of all passions; and if virtuous women refuse to be wives, or to be wives of a different type from that foreshadowed in the writings of John Stuart Mill, lust will reign again as it has reigned before in the eclipse of married love.

A Bystander.

HERE AND THERE.

Owing to a misunderstanding, Mr. Roberts' article on the writings of Mr. Fawcett has appeared, though with some difference of form, both in this journal and in the Chicago *Current*. Though it happened to appear first in The Week, nobody will suspect a journal conducted on so liberal a scale and with such ample resources as the *Current* of borrowing from the stores of a contemporary or publishing any but fresh matter. Every reader of the *Current*, if he notices the circumstance at all, will conclude, as is the fact, that misapprehension is the cause.

In lacrosse, the great game of the season was played on the Rosedale grounds on Saturday, between the Torontos and the Shamrocks, for the championship. Seldom in the history of the game has such a crowd gathered together; hundreds were turned away from the gate unable to obtain admission. The history of the match is not so interesting, as the Shamrocks sadly disappointed their adherents, and finally suffered defeat by three goals to one. After the recent games we have had to record, characterized by much rough play, it is a pleasure to be able to chronicle that this match, in which, in outside circles, an unusual amount of partizanship was displayed, was totally devoid of the rough element. The first game was a very short one, and was at once won by the Torontos; the second, of sixteen minutes' duration, in which good play on both sides was shown, went to the Shamrocks, the third and fourth games, after

respectively twenty-seven and eighteen minutes' play, went to the home team, who thus by their victory have attained the title of Champions of the World.

Mr. James Allen replies with the gallantry and vigour characteristic of his pen to Mr. Blake's attack on the Orange lodges. The strength of his case lies in the undeniable fact that the Roman Catholic Church, to repress the encroachments of which the lodges have been formed, is not merely a religious body, but a great social and political organization, directed, as the Encyclical avows, against what Protestants deem the rights and liberties of mankind. Were Roman Catholicism purely spiritual, Mr. Blake would stand on more tenable ground.

It would seem that British officers in command during action, though they may prove themselves incompetent for the post, are treated with more leniency than was the custom with the Romans of old; for the latest *Gazette* announces the appointment of Lieut.-General Lord Chelmsford to the valuable post of "Lieutenant of the Tower of London." Amongst the few grievous disasters which the British forces have sustained in action, must forever stand out that ill-fated day at Isandlwana in the beginning of 1879, which, even at this date, still recalls the errors of the general in command. And though a generous country would fain forget the mistakes of that expedition, it must ever be remembered, as a more heinous blot in the escutcheon of General Lord Chelmsford, that he sought, with apparent rancour, to lay the whole blame of the misfortunes of the day upon a brother officer, who fell on that field in defence of his country and his flag—Colonel Durnford. Those charges were never proved, for the "powers that be"—those somewhat mysterious officials who preside at the Horse Guards—refused to open up the question; yet the present appointment of the living general cannot but be regarded as a tacit approval of his conduct in the matter, and consequently is by many military authorities regarded as a slight to the memory of the deceased colonel.

Details of the "Grand Prix" at Paris are now to hand. Waterloo has, for the eleventh time within the last twenty years, been avenged, and the Parisians, who dearly love a victory over "les Anglais," at their own game, too, are rejoicing accordingly. Useless is it for us to urge that at least the horse which won—"Little Duck"—was English-bred, was even ridden by an English jockey and trained by an English trainer: the horse was born in France, so aught else would be regarded as jealous criticism. The Duc de Castrie has thus for the second year in succession placed the great classic race of France to his credit. "Place aux jeunes" seems at present the motto there as in England, when, in this go-ahead age, young blood comes so rapidly to the front.

The records of benefit and charitable institutions very rarely exhibit such a condition of incompetence, blundering, laxity, and dishonesty, as the following which comes to us from the Antipodes, and which shows that human nature is much about the same, the world over. At an adjourned meeting of the shareholders of the Prudential Sick and Mutual Benefit Society, held a short time ago, it was deemed desirable to dissolve the Society, which was started in July, 1882. It is the old story, how much easier it is to get people to subscribe their money than to devote time and business-like attention to secure good management:—"On account of the widows' and orphans' endowment, medical, and sick funds, attached to the society, there had been £3,072 0s. 9½d. received from the 1st July, 1882, to the 31st December, 1883, and that with the exception of an expenditure of £187 15s. 8½d. the whole of the money had been swallowed up by preliminary expenses and management." The issue was that the society became insolvent before it commenced to disburse any money towards the objects which it was formed to secure. The meeting attributed a great share in this result to the conduct of the late secretary, whom there was some talk of prosecuting, had there been any money left to pay the costs of prosecuting. But that this official did not stand alone in bringing about the downfall of the society was proved by the statement that "there had been no less than seventeen embezzlements by agents found out." But still the secretary, Mr. Nicholls, must have been quite equal to the work single-handed if we may judge from an advertisement which he inserted at the cost of £20 18s. in the English papers, and was as follows: "Immediate employment on arrival in Melbourne, Australia, for 500 energetic resident superintendents, agents, and canvassers for the Prudential Mutual Industrial Society; the only one in Australia. Good men can make ten pounds weekly. John Nicholls, secretary."

TORONTO'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

Historical retrospects should at least have this value, that they enable the youth of the present to appreciate the heritage which it enjoys from the toil of the past. In a busy and somewhat material age, not many of the community have the time, and some not the inclination, to dip very deeply into local history; but the week's festivities in connection with the Semi-Centennial celebration of Toronto's incorporation as a city suggest as not inappropriate a glance along the lines of what may be termed the historical backbone of the Province's metropolitan life. Judged by Old World measurements, fifty years in the annals of a town is but the brief period covered by a single adult life. By the standard of the New World they are as "a cycle of Cathay." How eventful has been the period, not only in the history of Toronto, but in that of every portion of the country, do we find the marvellous record. In many instances, so incredible seems the transformation from the wilderness to the city, that it requires some power of imagination to picture the primitive beginnings, or to realize and locate the period when Nature had sway over the place. But, the while, more than Nature was being transformed. The whole aspect of things has in the space of a lifetime undergone change. Our good home-spun forefathers had no railways, no screw-propelled steam-boats, and no telegraphic and telephonic life. Neither had our grand-mothers the sewing machine, the photograph album, and the penny-post. As yet, indeed, the place knew them not, for the saddle-horse and the *bateau* had brought no Loyalist to the northern shore of the lake; and the trading-post by the Humber had long been abandoned by France. Prior to 1793 the forest had scarcely ever borne the tread of a white man's foot. Through the region there was but the streak of the Indian trail, and the "pass" by which the Iroquois blood-hound found the fold of the Wyandot. Even the name of Toronto hovered for leagues over the district, no one even dreaming where or when it would alight. With the advent of Simcoe the scene changed, though at his coming the circumference of the city was but the line of stake-pins of the Mississaga's hut.

Three years under this active administrator saw York rise into existence; Yonge Street cut through to the Holland River; Castle Frank shoot its pinnacles over the pines of the Don; and Russell Abbey made ready for the meeting of the First Parliament under President Russell, his successor. More than simple must have been the attractions of the place, when the next few years saw it visited by the Duke of Kent and the Marquis de Liancourt, and the town emerge into an emporium of commerce, a theatre of journalism, and the seat of the professions. But its rise was not wholly due to the enterprise of civilians or to the undisturbed pursuits of a time of peace. The rude nursings of war cradled the city's limbs into lusty life. The year 1812 gave Dr. Strachan to York and took from the field of honour the gallant Brock. Three summers afterwards, despite Chauncey's sacking of the town, York visibly commenced to grow apace, and the first steamboat began its traffic on the lake. In 1815 the census enumerators record the town's possessions as 300 buildings and a population of 2,500 souls. Ten years later, the Canada Land Company, under its Commissioner, Galt, began its operations; the sciences of philosophy and natural history burst into local blossom, and society had its first Public Assembly and Grand Ball. Now, we may be sure, the town was on its feet.

Presently Toronto neared the second great episode in its civic life. Sir John Colborne, in 1828, had come upon the scene, and four years previously Mackenzie had founded *The Colonial Advocate.* It was a period of great activity: Osgoode Hall was being built; the foundations of Upper Canada College were laid; and King's College had been given its charter. With the town, however, it was not all smooth sailing. Personal government and the Family Compact bred political dissension, and the framework of the Province was shaken in its socket. It was the day of small trials and large grievances; of expulsions from the Legislature and petitions to the Assembly; of fierce harangues in Parliament and violent arraignments in the Press. Even the incorporation of the city became a subject for wrangle, and its municipal system was founded amid the noise of faction and with the bitterness of party strife. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the population of the town rose to the neighbourhood of 10,000, and "Toronto" superseded the old appellation of York.

The year 1836 saw the arrival of Sir Francis Bond Head, with, as he tells us in his *Narrative*, "Mackenzie's heavy book of lamentations in my portmanteau and my remedial instructions in my writing-case." Unfortunately, he was no political physician, and the air became quickly charged with the din of treasonable meetings, insurrectionary projects, appeals to the people, and the culmination of these heated vaporings—the Mackenzie "rising" and the *emeute* on Montgomery's farm. From now to the union of the

Provinces the city had "a bad time," and it required all Lord Durham's astuteness to conciliate disaffection and restore the reign of public confidence and good feeling. This, in some measure, was accomplished, and Toronto took another leap on the highway of civic progress, and extended its branching arms over the area between the old Sydenham Road and the bay. It may help the reader, who is familiar only with the Toronto of to-day, to form some idea of the condition from which the city emerged, if we quote a description of the place at the period of the Rebellion, though, it is to be said, the writer was no doubt suffering at the time from a fit of "the blues." The painter of the scene is Mrs. Jameson, the celebrated author, and wife of the then Chancellor of Upper Canada. Says her petulant ladyship:

> "A little ill-built town, on low land, at the bottom of a frozen bay, with one very ugly church, without tower or steeple; some government offices, built of staring red brick, in the most tasteless, vulgar style imaginable; three feet of snow all around; and the grey, sullen, wintry lake, and the dark gloom of the pine forest bounding the prospect; such seems Toronto to me now."

Subsequently, in the work from which this extract is taken (*Winter Studies and Summer Rambles*), Mrs. Jameson gave a brighter and more cheerful account of the place.

The next decade was marked by the administrations of Lord Sydenham, Sir Charles Metcalfe, and Lord Elgin. The institutions of the country were now rapidly taking shape, and reforms were correcting the evils which retarded progress and kept the people in turmoil. With the "fifties" came the age of railways, and the impetus they gave to the opening up of the Province, and the centralization in Toronto of the brain and muscle that were to give it more vigorous life. The succeeding ten years opened auspiciously with the visit of the Prince of Wales, and inaugurated an era of higher evolution, and of remarkable social, industrial, and intellectual advancement. The population, which in 1851 was 30,000, ten years later was 45,000, and in 1871 touched 57,000. From 1861 to 1871 the city gained no little advantage from the civil war in the neighbouring States, though this, in some measure, was discounted by disturbances on the frontier, and by losses occasioned by the Fenian raids. In the birth of the Dominion, and in the giving to the capital a permanent Provincial Parliament, Toronto scored further successes and turned over a fresh leaf in the volume of progress. In the last ten years no city on the continent has relatively made greater headway; and Toronto completes her fifty years of incorporated life with honour and renown. Having reached such a prime, what her future shall be must press itself on the thoughts of many a citizen, and find answer with a flush of pride. When we consider not only the amazing increase in the area and population of the city, but the evidences on all sides of solid prosperity and substantial growth, we may venture to picture the Toronto of the coming time as a place of phenomenal importance, and wielding great influence over the destinies of the country. Much, in this respect, will of course depend on the character of its public men, the repute and public spirit of its citizens, and the manner in which its affairs are administered. Patriotism requires that a man shall work for his country and fellowmen as he works for himself. Self-seeking, and the building up of the individual at the expense of every other interest, has been too often the rule, and civic life has thus been deprived of its animating principle, and the public weal has been left to shift for itself. Cities, like nations, it should be remembered, are living and growing or atrophied and dying organisms; and the individual citizen has a proportionate interest in the life and prosperity, and a corresponding responsibility for the decay and retrogression, of the city in which he makes his habitation and finds his daily bread. If the Semi-Centennial celebration shall tend to awaken a more active and patriotic interest in the city's affairs, and make her citizens more zealous for her good name and well-being, it will be not the least of the benefits Toronto is likely to gain from the commemoration.

G. MERCER ADAM.

A FIELD FOR CANADIAN ACHIEVEMENTS.

THERE are several things which Canada has not achieved, and which are within her power to achieve. She has not a recognized literature. This is not due to lack of population. Shakespeare wrote his plays to an England not so populous as Canada is to-day. Nor is it due to lack of wealth. The revenue of Canada to-day is equal and greater than was that of England during the reign of Elizabeth. Fancy a proposition from the last of the Tudors to build the Pacific Railway! A large and appreciative audience is ready-made in Canada waiting to welcome, to honour, and to immortalize the right man in the walks of literature.

The history of mankind reveals the fact that everything really great has been the result of some one man, who has thrown all his power and genius into one department, and made that the most important of the time. Nothing great has ever been achieved without extraordinary effort, supreme devotion and heroic sacrifice. A man with large powers resolutely devotes himself to some special work. Difficulties are overcome, obstacles are surmounted, discouragements are ignored, and in the end a great fabric is created. No one has attempted this in Canada in the department of literature; and until this is done, we may expect to grope along in the same unsatisfactory condition we have occupied for years past.

Columbus discovered America. There were immense results from this one achievement. It taught the eastern world that there really was another world to be conquered—a New World to be developed. Once this was known, navigators started in all directions for the Western Continent, and the empire of Europe is soon to be transferred to America. No one has yet arisen to illustrate the fact that it is possible for a man of genius, taking advantage of all the circumstances of our position, all the distinctive features of our national existence, to build up a system, and with it a name, that shall not only be appreciated at home, but be recognized abroad; that the honours and rewards which attend splendid literary achievement in other countries are possible here. When this is done—when the hero of Canadian Literature is a real character, living amongst us, admired and applauded, or, dying, is venerated and remembered, we shall see numbers arising seeking to rival his fame, and in this active competition will spring up the taste, the fashion, for literary labour. This will grow by what it feeds on, and the lack of to-day will be supplied by the fact of to-morrow.

This matter of a literature—a distinctive national literature—is of sufficient importance to evoke the most earnest consideration and the best efforts of the people. It is descending to the hackneyed, to demonstrate that the literature of a country has a vast influence upon its development. Its politics are moulded as much by its poetry as its poetry is tinged by its political institutions. The true mission of the man of letters, be he poet, novelist or philosopher, is to pour forth in burning words the regnant aspirations of the mass of society—to put in tangible and glowing form the distinctive qualities and attributes of the national mind, so that all can grasp them, and form their hopes and aspirations in accordance therewith. Let us encourage the creation of a literature, if we can.

Some of the difficulties are apparent, and may be pointed out. We have not centralized the national mind. The Confederation is comparatively new, and sixteen years have not proved sufficient to draw together all sections to a common point. The only union we really have is a political union. The law requires that each constituency shall be represented at Ottawa, and the ambition of human nature provides that there shall always be men striving and struggling to obtain the representation. In this way the thought of the whole political world is turned to Ottawa. Hence aspirants from all sections flock thither for rewards and emoluments, Men go to Ottawa, lured by political interest, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, because it is the centre of power—the fountain of patronage.

But, unfortunately, Ottawa is only the political capital of Canada. It is not its literary centre—witness its newspapers and periodicals. It is not the social centre, nor the commercial metropolis. Other countries which have flourished in literature have been situate more favourably than we in this respect. England—indeed, Great Britain—never had to question where the centre of the kingdom lay. London is not only the political but the social and literary centre. The best men of the nation go to London in the season. In the drawing-rooms of the rich and the titled, meet together the poets, the artists, the musicians, the scientists, the philosophers—the great literary lights of all kinds. There is an audience for them ready-made. It is in a cultivated and refined society that literature receives its greatest encouragement, and secures its most certain development. Genius is not *born* in the drawing-room, but genius is recognized and applauded there. Let London, in the season, pronounce for an author, and his book is a certainty.

How different it is in Canada. We have nearly a dozen capitals here Provincial boundary lines are preserved, and Provincial prejudices are retained. Toronto does not bow down to Ottawa; neither does Montreal; neither, indeed, does Halifax or St. John. All these cities, and others, such as Quebec and Hamilton, have a larger population, a more extended trade, an equal, if not a superior social circle, better newspapers, and as able men. Ottawa is merely the spot, arbitrarily fixed, where Parliament is bound to meet—where Ministers are doomed to live, and where the machinery of government is carried on. During the season there is an influx of ladies attached to the Members and Senators, and at Rideau Hall something like a semi-courtly *salon* is formed; but it never has, and never can, embrace the full intellectual life of the country—only a mere fragment of it.

If we turn from Ottawa, there is no other city which can fairly lay claim to supremacy. The ambitious young man in England, who feels that

he has a mission in letters, goes up to London, as a matter of course. Here he will meet nearly all the literary men of the empire. Here congregate the patrons of genius. Here are the national clubs—the drawing-rooms which embrace the first men and women of the day. Here are the publishers—the great periodicals of the nation—the men who employ brains, and are on the look-out for men of ability. Where is the young man, burning for literary fame, to go in Canada? Toronto has made most endeavours in the way of literary activity. She has produced the two great political organs of the country. She contains, probably, the largest number of intelligent men, and the most appreciative community. But, still, she cannot assert a supremacy. Montreal is the commercial centre, has a larger population, greater wealth, more newspapers, and a race who speak another language, and study a literature other than Toronto seeks to establish. There is Quebec with its own orators, poets and writers, who do not propose to pay homage to Toronto. A reputation made in any city in Canada is very apt to be a mere provincial reputation and nothing more. Let a Nova Scotian spend a week in Quebec, Montreal or Toronto, and he will be surprised at being introduced to men of quite established local repute in the field of literature, of whom he has never heard before.

If this broad Dominion had a common centre, political, literary, social, and commercial, it would contribute immensely to its intellectual life. The best men from all parts of the country could meet there, and the voice of society in this place would mean fame—that is in a limited, though not unimportant, sense.

With such initial difficulties, the man who is struggling to establish at once a literature and a literary spirit, has got to contend. Whether political centralization is a good thing or a bad thing in this country, intellectual centralization would be altogether a good thing. It is, and must be, a preliminary to any successful literary achievement in the Dominion. But the end to be attained is worthy of any sacrifice, any effort, any devotion. What avails it that we have free institutions, good laws and an elevated moral code, if, with all these, we have no national characteristics—no scope for pride and imagination—nothing worthy to remember, and nothing grand to aspire to?

J. W. Longley.

A WOMAN'S COLLEGE.

Tennyson has given us, in his "Princess," the picture of an ideal Woman's College, not altogether without a touch of playful irony, with its "Prudes for Proctors, Dowagers for Deans," and the romantic climax in which it ends. We propose to present to our readers an actual, well-equipped Woman's College, as organized and in full activity, among the practical educationists of New England.

Wellesley College occupies a site of great beauty, about fifteen miles west of Boston. The fine buildings, greatly exceeding in dimensions those of the University of Toronto, occupy a terrace overlooking a beautiful lake, which affords the lady students ample opportunity for boating in summer, and skating in winter. The college grounds exceed 300 acres in extent. The college residence accommodates 336 students; but as this is inadequate for the numbers attracted to its classes, Stone Hall has been subsequently built to receive 110 additional students; and so great has been the success that two additional "houses" have been since erected on the college grounds.

To those who advocate woman's rights in their legitimate sense, this Ladies' College presents many features calculated to meet their reasonable demands. It does not aim at abolishing the distinctions of sex; but on the contrary recognizes the true claims of womanhood, and its special distinctive requirements, alike physically and mentally. Nor is the moral element slighted. The college is undenominational, but distinctively and positively Christian, in all its influence, discipline and instruction. Systematic study of the Bible is made a part of the regular course of study; and religious worship is the daily opening service of the college. Its Board of Trustees is a mixed body of ladies and gentlemen, including the Rev. Dr. Hall, Chancellor of the University of New York, President Warren of Boston University, the Dean of the Episcopal Divinity School of Cambridge, and other representative men, and also ladies well known for their earnest efforts for promoting the higher education of women in New England. The President of Yale is the Chairman of the Board; but when we turn to the professional staff, there is no ignoring the true rights of womanhood. The President of the Faculty is Mrs. Alice E. Freeman, Ph.D.; the Professors of Classics, Mathematics, Physics and Physical Astronomy; of Mental and Moral Philosophy; of History and of the Natural Sciences, are all ladies. The Modern Languages are in like manner entrusted to foreigners of their own sex. Mademoiselle Rosalie Sée professes French Language and Literature; Elizabeth H. Denio, German; and Lucretia Xavier, Spanish. Where, in one or two exceptional cases, as in Geology, a male teacher takes part, he is only assigned the rank of Adjunct-Lecturer.

The aim of this college is expressly stated to be the furnishing to young women a liberal education, which shall place them on an equality with the possessors of honours, degrees, and diplomas of any University or Seminary of learning in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. But this is accompanied with a rational recognition of the distinctions of sex, and the legitimate duties devolving on women in their true sphere of life. Mrs. Valeria G. Stone, at whose cost Stone Hall has been erected, expresses the hope that "true women may be trained there, with learning too genuine for skeptical conceit; and a modest refinement, the true crown of womanhood," and adds the wish that "the young ladies who, in the coming years may enjoy the benefits of the college, may learn as the most important of all lessons to become noble Christian women, efficient in their own true sphere;" for she adds: "I have often and sadly observed the pitiable worthlessness, both to themselves and to others, of the lives of women when given up to selfish frivolity, or wasted in the pursuit of mere personal enjoyment."

One feature of the system is well worthy of note. Each resident lady student is required to devote one hour daily to assist in the domestic work of the college. The result is not only to diminish the cost of the college residence, but to train them in a knowledge of the practical duties of domestic life; and the latest report states: "Experience has proved that the discipline of this domestic work, which unites all in one family as helpers for the common good, is invaluable in its influence on character, and its preparation for social life."

In further recognition of the special requirements of the gentler sex, a lady physician gives her personal attention to all arrangements connected with health and study. She instructs them in the laws of hygiene; and they are encouraged to consult her freely, so as to avoid the evils of undue devotion to study, or neglect of needful rest and exercise, at special times, when the conditions due to their sex demand consideration.

The courses of studies pursued in this college are high and varied. Evidence of satisfactory scholarship is insisted upon at each successive step in the course; and the whole system appears to be carried out with thorough efficiency. No wonder that the higher education of women finds favour when thus conducted in full recognition of their just requirements, and of the all-important elements of true womanly delicacy and modesty. If women who covet higher education, either from the pure love of knowledge, or with an aim to its practical utility, have no other choice than to seek it in association with young men, in the colleges hitherto devoted to the rougher sex, and adapted to their special aims in life as well as to the sports and relaxations suited to them, no doubt co-education will be found possible. Some young women will reluctantly avail themselves of their sole choice, even as they have courageously faced the more trying ordeal of the medical lecture hall and the dissecting room. Others will be found to whom the association with crowds of strange young men, and the competition and rivalry not only of academic life, but of a professional, or even a political career, will be in no degree distasteful. But the number will be small, and so will furnish an excuse for refusing to render the same justice to women as has already been so efficiently done for the young men of Ontario. This can only be accomplished by providing a college adapted to their special requirements alike physically and intellectually; and so training woman not as the rival, but as the companion and helpmate of man, the source of all the grace, the tenderness and social refinement of humanity. "Woman is not undeveloped man." She is neither equal nor unequal to him; but has an individuality of her own, as capable of healthful and high culture as it is of being distorted and blighted by unwise training at that critical period of life in which all her future is determined.

X. Y. Z.

CRICKET.

Cricket is the national game of England. The prevalent love of the pastime may perhaps be cited as an instance of the development of the national character—requiring as it does such a combination of intellectual and physical qualities—broad and open shoulders, stout arms and quick legs, with patience, calculation and promptness of execution. The derivation of the term "cricket" is veiled in a certain amount of mystery; some hold it analogous to the "Cheegan" of the Persians, but it seems more reasonable to assign it a cognate origin to the Saxon "cric," a crooked stick; yet whether in its present stage it is an offshoot of the brandy play of the Welsh, the hurling of the Irish, or the golfing of the Scotch, is a matter of small import. Cricket is evidently a game of great antiquity; the germ of the modern bat is seen in the earliest representations of the

pastime about the middle of the thirteenth century. The earliest historical allusion to the game is found in the wardrobe account of King Edward I. for the year 1300 for a suit of clothes, "ad ludendum ad *creag*," which would seem to show that cricket was then esteemed in greater favour at court than in the reign of Edward III., when the close roll of 1365, disparages the game, amongst others, on account of interfering with archery, as—"ludos inhonestos et minus utiles aut valentes." In the reign of Edward IV., 1477-78, the game was altogether prohibited, the statute decreeing that anyone allowing the game to be played on his premises was liable to three years' imprisonment and a fine of £20, whilst the players should suffer a two years' imprisonment and a fine of £10, and the implements used were to be burnt. The actual word "cricket" first appears in the year 1550, where in a court of enquiry at Guildford, Surrey, about some waste land, one John Derrick, gentleman, deposed that he had known the ground for fifty years or more "when he was a scholler in the free school of Guildford, he and several of his fellowes did run and play there at crickett and other plaies." It is, however, from the records of the old Hambledon Club that we glean the first reliable information of the game. In the infancy of the pastime stumps did not exist; a circular hole in the turf supplied the place. At first there was but one stump, and that only eighteen inches high; the date of the addition of the second is buried in obscurity. It is only known that they were placed two feet apart with a connecting cross-bar on top. The dimensions of twenty-two inches by six inches were adopted in 1702, and thus, as far as is known, matters remained till in 1775, when at a Hambledon Club match the ball was observed to pass thrice between the two stumps without dislodging the cross-bar, so a third was added. The next alteration was to twenty-four inches high by seven wide in 1798, and in 1817 another inch was added to the height, when shortly after the stumps reached their present dimensions. It is still a moot point whether single or double wicket was the parent game. Judging from the earliest evidence extant, it seems probable that single wicket was the first instituted, as it is less complicated and requires fewer players. The Surrey County Cricket Club at Kennington Oval possesses the earliest known picture of the game in anything like its present form, the date of which is 1743. The most radical change that has ever taken place in the development of the game is the introduction of round-arm bowling in place of underhand. That the new style was first discovered by Tom Walker, a professional of the Hambledon Club, is generally admitted, but the dogged conservatism of the day pronounced it to be unfair, and successfully repressed the innovation. In 1805 the style was revived by Mr. John Willes, a great Kentish amateur. But it was not till 1825, when Mr. G. Knight, of Alton, strenuously took up the cudgels on behalf of the so-called "throwing bowling," that it became a permanent institution, and then only after many bickerings and much controversy. The first record handed down to us of any match is of one between Kent and All England, which was played on August 4th, 1746, at the old Artillery Ground, Finsbury. This ground was the scene of many a classic contest. In those days no match was played without heavy stakes being laid, the usual amount being one thousand guineas a-side. The costume adopted by our forefathers was widely different from the flannels and caps of the present generation: then they appeared in tall hats and long coats; pads and gloves were entirely unknown; and when round-arm bowling was introduced, and some protection became necessary for the legs, plain boards were used as pads. The true birthplace of the game in its developed state was in the broad open downs of the southern counties, more especially in the great hop-growing centres. The old Hambledon Club was the first founded in England, and lasted from 1750 to 1791. Its playing fields were Broad Half Penny and Windmill Downs, when at its zenith the club frequently contended with success against All England. Though a cricket club existed at Hambledon down to 1825, the old society was broken up in 1791, owing to its distance from the metropolis. A dispersion of its famous players through neighbouring counties took place, and was naturally accompanied with a diffusion of the precepts of the game, which gradually extended northward and westward, till, at the end of the eighteenth century, cricket was established as the national game of England.

The famous Marylebone Club now justly ranks as the leading club of the world, frames the laws governing the game, and arbitrates on all disputes connected therewith. This society sprung out of the old Artillery Ground Club, which played at Finsbury till about 1750, when they migrated to White Conduit Fields and became the White Conduit Club. In 1787 they were remodelled under their present title, and occupied a ground provided for them by one of their professionals, Thomas Lord, whose name is now immortalized in the famous "Lord's Ground," which in in its present position has been the headquarters of the club since 1827. The Surrey Club and Ground at Kennington Oval was formed in 1845. In the same year the famous I. Zingari, first saw light, and commenced its Bohemian wanderings through Great Britain and often into foreign countries. Mr. W. Pickering, of Toronto, was one of the founders of this far-famed club, whose membership is only open to amateurs, and only to those too of high social standing.

It is worth noticing in connection with the most popular fixtures that the annual match between Eton and Harrow is the oldest cricket institution, and in the year in which it was first played, 1805, Lord Byron was one of the Harrow team. The Gentlemen and Players' match was inaugurated in 1806, and the Oxford and Cambridge in the following year. The 'Varsities have played with varying success in their annual contests. But till recently the Players were usually too much for the Gentlemen; in fact, in the records of 1837 we find the Players defending wickets of thirty-six inches in height and twelve inches in width, the Gentlemen defending those of ordinary size, but even then they had to put up with defeat. The experiment having produced much ridicule was never repeated. Wherever Englishmen meet together there cricket finds a home, but though played for some time in both Canada and the States, in the one it has never become so popular as lacrosse, nor in the other as baseball, which in the respective countries still rank as national pastimes in preference to cricket.

TRIVIATOR.

*A REMARKABLE BOOK.**

To the lay mind one theological treatise differs little from another. But the book before us, though it deals with the highest problems of theology, is not strictly a theological treatise; and if it were, it is one that, with the great divinity text-books of Butler and Paley, should interest the mind, lay and cleric, of the age and the world. The volume for which we claim this eminence is understood to be from the pen of a professor in Glasgow University, in which, we infer, he holds the chair of Natural Science, and has been accustomed, as we are told, to do clerical duty on Sundays in lecturing to an audience consisting for the most part of working men. Little, on this side of the Atlantic at any rate, is known of the writer; and though we see that his work has in England run through ten editions in a few months, and has already found wide sale both in the United States and Canada, we have nowhere met with any personal reference to the author, nor have we even seen a review of his book. An able and deeply read physicist, a thorough student of biological science, and a metaphysician of no mean order, our author manifestly comes well prepared for the task he has undertaken, of attempting a reconciliation of Science and Religion on lines that, if not absolutely novel, are bold in conception, skilful in construction, and have the merit of carrying the reader convincingly along them to the goal to which they lead. There are periods in the history of human thought when just such a book as this is needed—when, in the ever-recurring contests between the Church and the World, the latter, at times, seems to have the best of it, and Faith lags pitifully behind in the race—quickly, however, to recover its lost ground by a giant stride on the metalled causeway of Christian thought and convincing Theistic argument. The purport of the book, practically though not avowedly, is to pick up the gauntlet thrown down by Scepticism, and to make a fresh case for the evidences of Christianity by applying the methods of science to illustrate and enforce the grand doctrines of revealed truth. This Professor Drummond does by cleverly but reverently taking up natural law and dealing with it as "a mode of motion" in the spiritual as well as in the physical world. The two spheres, being in reality one, our author holds that Law, which is the manifestation of divine will, has its immanence in both alike, though Science would confine its operations to the material universe alone. To extend the reign of Law into the Spiritual sphere must at first seem a fanciful idea; but the reader will quickly see that our author is not merely presenting ingenious points of contact between the Natural and the Spiritual Worlds, but that he endeavours to show, and, as we think, succeeds in showing, that they are related by the closest affinities, and, in fact, that "there is a deeper unity between the two kingdoms than the analogy of their phenomena." The importance given by the author to his theory—a theory which, to the minds of men, would make the supernatural natural and place theology among the exact sciences—will be seen from the following extract from the preface. Says Prof. Drummond:—

"Natural Law, could it be traced in the Spiritual World, would have an important scientific value—it would offer religion a new credential. The effect of the introduction of Law among the scattered phenomena of nature has simply been to *make* science, to transform knowledge into eternal truth. The same crystallising touch is needed in religion. Can it be said that the phenomena of the Spiritual World are other than scattered? Can we shut our eyes to the fact that the religious opinions of mankind are in a state of flux? And when we regard the uncertainty of current beliefs, the war of creeds, the havoc of inevitable as well as of idle doubt, the reluctant abandonment of early faith by those who would cherish it if they could, is it not plain that the one thing thinking men are wishing for is the introduction of Law among the phenomena of the Spiritual World? When that comes we shall offer to such men a truly scientific theology. And the Reign of Law will transform the whole Spiritual World, as it has already transformed the Natural World."

This passage will, in some measure, show what the author aims at accomplishing. The Natural Laws, he truly says, originate nothing, sustain nothing; they are merely responsible for uniformity in sustaining what has been originated and what is being sustained. They are great lines running not only through the world, but, as we now know, through the universe, reducing it like parallels of latitude to intelligent order. What Law has done for Nature, he adds, it is impossible to estimate. As a mere spectacle the universe of to-day discloses a beauty so transcendent that he who disciplines himself by scientific work finds it an overwhelming reward simply to behold it. But do

* Natural Law in the Spiritual World, by Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. New York: James Pott & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co. [*First Notice.*]

these laws, he enquires, stop with what we call the natural sphere? Is it not possible that they may lead further? Is it probable that the Hand which ruled them gave up the work where most of all they were required? Did that Hand divide the world into two, a cosmos and a chaos—the higher being the chaos? With Nature as the symbol of all of harmony and beauty that is known to man, must we still talk of the super-natural, not as a convenient word, but as a different order of world, an unintelligible world where the Reign of Mystery supersedes the Reign of Law? Not so, says our author; and in support of his contention he points to the place of parable in teaching, to what is valid and capable of being sustained in analogy—not that the Spiritual Laws are simply analogous to the Natural Laws, but that *they are the same Laws*—projections of the natural into what finite intelligence terms the supernatural. In this he guards himself from what may be called a materializing of the sphere of the spiritual, and from any notion that the existence of the Spiritual World is necessarily in want of proof from the Natural World. True, he argues, that from the nature of law in general, and from the scope of the principle of continuity in particular, the laws of the natural life must be those of the spiritual; though in the sphere of the spiritual there are doubtless new laws that transcend, and, it may be, nullify those that govern the sphere of the natural. "To magnify the Laws of Nature, as laws of this small world of ours, is to take a provincial view of the universe. Their dignity is not as Natural Laws, but as Spiritual Laws, which at one end are dealing with matter and at the other with spirit. Law is great," is the utterance of our author, "not because the phenomenal world is great, but because these vanishing lines are the avenues into the eternal Order." From the eternal they came, and of the eternal they are the expression and manifestation. "The lines of the Spiritual," Prof. Drummond emphasizes, "existed first, and it was natural to expect that when the 'intelligence resident in the Unseen' proceeded to frame the material universe, He should go upon the lines already laid down. He would, in short, simply project the higher laws downward, so that the Natural World would become an incarnation, a visible representation, a working model of the Spiritual."

With these quotations we may now proceed to the author's application of his theory and to note its illustrations from the operations of Natural Law. Here the author's familiarity with science, particularly in the department of Biology and Physics, not only furnishes him with abundant argument and illustration, but enables him to present his case with the force and attractiveness characteristic of the true scientific worker. The combination at once of the conservative and the advanced theologian is in his case remarkable. His orthodoxy no one may dispute, and, as an Evolutionist, as little may his liberalism be called in question. Most noticeable is his familiarity with Scripture truth, and the power and freshness which his methods of work give to Biblical exegesis and the interpretation of the darker passages of Revelation. Nothing, indeed, could be more happy as well as impressive, than his aptness in quoting Scripture and in surrounding the sacred text with a new and strong light. In the fateful contest between science and religion if we are ever to have an accepted, an accredited solution of the great question of conciliation, now seems to have come the time, and, in our humble judgment, here, in some measure at least, are laid down the arguments likely to bring it about.

The chapters in which our author illustrates the theory he has set forth are chiefly those entitled Biogenesis, Degeneration, Growth, Death, Eternal Life, Conformity to Type, Environment, and the closing chapter on Classification. Most of the headings are obviously taken from the nomenclature of science, and this, of course, purposely, as the author's aim is to substitute a scientific theism for the older theology which, hough it remains, as he says, a stupendous and splendid construction, he considers to have at present but "an ancient and provisional philosophic form." That he by no means, however, breaks with the old theology, but, on the contrary, finds in science illustration and confirmation of the most venerable doctrines of the Church, will at once be seen from the chapter on Biogenesis. Here the doctrine of Regeneration, that the Divine life is the gift of the Holy Spirit, is impressively illustrated in the scientific law of Biogenesis, which affirms that all life comes from pre-existing or antecedent life. "The inquiry into the origin of life," says Prof. Drummond, "is the fundamental question alike of Biology and Christianity." As spontaneous generation of life has utterly failed, and so far as nature's own operations go, has been scientifically proven impossible, so without Conversion, or the new birth, it is impossible for the natural man to see the Kingdom of God. *He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.* "Here, in short, is the categorical denial of Abiogenesis and the establishment in this high field of the classical formula, *omne vivum ex vivo*—no life without antecedent life." The writer's arguments derive increased significance from his intimate acquaintance with science and the quotations he makes from the scientific investigators of the age, as to "the dividing line severing the visible universe eternally into two"—the bridging over of which calls for the interference of a Power before which science is dumb.

"The passage from the Natural World to the Spiritual World," our author beautifully says, "is hermetically sealed on the natural side. The door from the inorganic to the organic is shut, no mineral can open it; so the door from the natural to the spiritual is shut, and no man can open it. This world of natural men is staked off from the Spiritual World by barriers which have never yet been crossed from within. No organic change, no modification of environment, no mental energy, no moral effort, no evolution of character, no progress of civilization can endow any single human soul with the attribute of Spiritual Life. The Spiritual World is guarded from the world next in order beneath it by a law of Biogenesis—*except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God.*"

In this passage it will be observed, the author, though an evolutionist, marks the length he would go in admitting the truth of the Darwinian doctrine of development and the limits of its operation in the natural world, and enters his protest against that postulate of the Spencerian school, that ethical evolution will be the outcome of mental development in the higher stages of civilization and the world's progress. "A man cannot rise," says our author, "by any natural development from 'morality touched by emotion' to 'morality touched by life.' It is an old-fashioned theology which divides the world in this way—which speaks of men as living and dead, lost and saved—a stern theology all but fallen into disuse. . . . A new theology has laughed at the doctrine of conversion. Sudden conversion especially has been ridiculed as untrue to philosophy and impossible to human nature. We may not be concerned in buttressing any theology because it is old. But we find that this old theology is scientific. Life is invisible. When the New Life manifests itself it is a surprise. *Thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.* When the plant lives whence has the life come? When it dies whither has it gone? *Thou canst not tell. . . . So is everyone that is born of the Spirit. For the kingdom of God cometh without observation.*"

Here it may be objected, however, that our author's theory breaks down, as Revelation may be said to be out of court, and the writer has to fall back on mystery in making for his case. But he is ready with his answer:

"There is an immense region," says he, "surrounding regeneration, a dark and perplexing region, where men would be thankful for any light. Regeneration," he frankly adds, "has not merely been an outstanding difficulty, but an overwhelming obscurity. Philosophically one scarcely sees either the necessity or the possibility of being born again. Why a virtuous man should not simply grow better and better until in his own right he enters the kingdom of God is what thousands honestly and seriously fail to understand. Now philosophy cannot help us here. Her arguments are, if anything, against us. But science answers to the appeal at once. If it be simply pointed out that this is the same absurdity as to ask why a stone should not grow more and more living till it enters the organic world, the point is clear in an instant. * * Can this mineral discourse to me of animal life? Can it tell me what lies beyond the narrow boundary of its inert being? Knowing nothing of other than the chemical and physical laws, what is its criticism worth of the principles of biology? And even when some visitor from the upper world, for example some root from a living tree, penetrating its dark recess, honours it with a touch, will it presume to define the form and purpose of its patron, or until the bioplasm has done its gracious work can it even know that it is being touched? *The barrier which separates kingdoms from one another restricts mind not less than matter.* Any information of the kingdoms above it that could come to the mineral world could only come by a communication from above. An analogy from the lower world might make such communication intelligible as well as credible, but the information in the first instance must be vouchsafed as a *revelation*. Similarly, if those in the organic kingdom are to know anything of the Spiritual World, that knowledge must at least begin as revelation."

There is but one other thought growing out of this division of our author's subject which we can here bring before the reader, viz., the apostle's confession that the Spiritual Life is an endowment from the Spiritual World and a living presence abiding in the Christian. "*I live,*" says St. Paul, "*nevertheless it is not I, but Christ liveth in me.*" "Life," our author observes, "is definite and resident; Spiritual Life is not a visit from a force, but a resident tenant in the soul." How this life enters into a man, how it is manifested, and the thousand and one problems over which the mind of man perplexes itself, Prof. Drummond, of course, does not attempt on his own or on any theory wholly to answer. He readily admits that many of these questions bring us face to face with mystery. "Let it not be thought," he is careful to say, "that the scientific treatment of a spiritual subject has reduced religion to a problem of physics, or demonstrated God by the laws of biology. A religion without mystery is an absurdity."

The consideration of the other chapters of this interesting and remarkable book we must defer to a later number of The Week. Meantime we commend the work as a most valuable and timely contribution on a subject of momentous import to all thoughtful men. There may be not a little in the volume with which the reader cannot agree, but he will find in it something fresh and suggestive, much, doubtless, that is helpful and stimulating. But here again, and finally, let us listen to our modest author: "To those who are feeling their way to a Christian life, haunted now by a sense of instability in the foundations of their faith, now brought to bay by specific doubt, at one point raising, as all doubt does, the question for the whole, I would hold up a light which has often been kind to me."

G. M. A.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE GREAT PICTURE.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—Having read with great pleasure the admirable critique upon the masterpiece of Gabriel Max, it occurred to me that it might not be uninteresting to know how others are affected, intellectually and emotionally by it, and therefore give my own impressions, not as possessing any intrinsic value, but merely to show that all do not see it with the same eyes.

To say that I was profoundly impressed is to give but inadequate expression to my feelings, which at the first glance were those which I should experience in looking on a dead face and form which I had never known in life, *i.e.*, reverence and awe, which when I spoke hushed my voice to a whisper. And here I must beg to differ from "Art Critic" in his opinion as to the "damsel's" actual state: lying there in her spiritual beauty and holy calm, but with the hue, rigidity of muscle, and lustreless hair, which betoken death. Whatever be the right interpretation of the three Evangelists' narratives, the artist's intention seems to me to be clear and unmistakable: that she is dead."

These details, including the slightly repulsive bit of realism embodied in the fly upon the arm, were taken in at the first glance.

My second look was then upon the form of the "Man of Sorrows." Thoroughly human He seemed to me as there depicted—so human that I failed to see in Him the Divine. Weary and worn from His hard day's work, the dust raised by the throng who "pressed" Him still upon His garments, the muscles relaxed from their strain and tension, the attitude shows that He sits on the bedside as if to Him it were peace and rest to be alone with the "quiet dead." The pose of the head of Christ with its meaning, I know by heart, as it is the same which my father (physician and surgeon) was wont involuntarily to assume when in deliberation upon a course of treatment to be adopted in a case, medical or surgical—expressive of a slight degree of doubt and uncertainty, with an admixture of expectation of the result to be obtained; and it is this which gives the simply human expression to the figure, from which I turned, sighing, in disappointment—*Ecce Homo.*

Again looking at the white figure of her whose little hand lies in the gentle yet magnetic clasp of that of Christ, and perceiving for the first time the faint glow of returning life in the sweet pure face, and seeing as it were, the miracle in process of accomplishment, I turned again to the Good Physician and mentally cried: *Ecce Deus!*

I fully concur with "Art Critic" in his opinion as to the advisability of so noble a work of art being exhibited in a room by itself, but I venture to say that the extraneous aid and stage effect brought to bear on a daylight scene by means of artificial light, must be out of the category of things legitimate.

Rose Dahlia.

IS THE LOTTERY PERMITTED?

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—The attention of the public, if not of the authorities, should be directed to an insidious form of the lottery craze which has gained a foothold in Ontario. A certain weekly newspaper, published in Toronto, has been advertising, and very extensively too, a number of so-called "Bible Competitions," for the ostensible purpose of increasing its circulation and encouraging Bible study. It is a common lottery, and thinly disguised, albeit the best of books is made use of to give it the appearance of respectability. For each "competition" some three Bible questions are proposed. They are generally of the most trivial nature, and such that the answers can be got by consulting a good index and concordance. Not long ago a Sunday school teacher was asked by the worst boy in his class: "Where does the Bible say that figs are good for boils?" The teacher was rather taken aback at first. He thought the question a too familiar joke, having been a sufferer from one of those painful excrescences a week or two before. Finding, however, that it had been suggested by one of these competitions, he found the answer in a minute. If the boy had searched the whole Bible through, he would have got no good in the process; if he won a prize, it will do him an irreparable injury. Two dollars have to be sent with the answers to the questions—the regular rate of subscription to the paper for a year. Practically a certain proportion, say one-half, goes to the paper, and the remainder for a chance in the lottery. In a great number of cases the paper is no more thought of than is the ticket in an ordinary lottery. This is shown by the fact that two or more copies of the paper are often received in the same family. In the earlier competitions success crowned the efforts of those who got in the first correct answers to the office. It is evident that there would be a good deal of uncertainty about getting a premium, everything being conducted fairly. In the "final competition," not long announced, a large sum is offered in premiums, not only first comers, but last comers, and those that come in the middle, get prizes, no less than a "small farm" being promised to the middle one of all. Whoever "tries his skill" for this will be indulging in gambling, pure and simple. Skill, indeed! There was never more of the element of chance in any contrivance invented to pander to that evil principle of human nature, the desire to get value without returning an equivalent.

A. W. W.

PANSY.

I STAYED at the cross-roads
To see her go by,
Her cheeks were all rosy,
Blue, blue was her eye.
She tripped on demurely,
Gave never a look,
While I—of course I
Was intent on my book.

But Pansy, fair Pansy,
Blue, violet and red,
I vow since I saw you
My heartsease has fled,
And oft still in fancy
I see you go by :
Yes summer-sweet Pansy,
I long for you nigh.

Now oft near the cross-roads
At evening I wait,
My eagerness ever
Makes Pansy seem late,
We wander together
The green meadows through,
This life would be rapture,
Sweet Pansy, with you.

D. J. M.

SONNET.

How bright and pure is all the world below,
Waving in the light and warmth of day.
Filled with the joy of living! Far away
Along the sky the water flashes low;
A fragrant air the sea-winds hither blow,
And woods and fields in light and beauty sway,
Pleasing the sight with visions that allay
An aching sorrow and the memory of woe
Bedim with tears. In yonder quiet shade
The gentle breezes whisper cheer
To hearts bent low and verging to despair.
O happy spring! Thy bloom will never fade
That gladdens now, tho' with the changing year
The winds are bleak and field and forest bare.

Pickering College.

GEORGE ELIOT'S famous novel, Adam Bede, has been dramatized and put on the London stage. Mr. Howell Poole is the author of the stage version, and it is said to adhere pretty closely to the lines of the novel, though the character of Dinah suffers somewhat from mutilation.

CARLYLE'S FIRST LOVE.

II.—MARGARET GORDON.

THE real scene in which the bright summer day of Carlyle's love for Blumine ended for him in blackest night and fiery tempests was the seaside town of Kirkcaldy, where from his one-and-twentieth to his three-and-twentieth year Carlyle taught school. There is a glow of youth and high spirits in the pages in which he describes his life in Kirkcaldy which contrasts strongly with the gloom and utter despondence that preyed upon him after he had left it. A great deal of this was no doubt due, as he says, to his friendship with Edward Irving, but probably quite as much, or more, to his love for that fair girl whose name in romance is Blumine, but whose name in real life was Margaret Gordon. Did he ever walk with her, we may wonder, on that smooth sandy beach, a mile in length, with its long wave breaking in harmless melodious white foam, where he walked in the long summer twilights with Irving? "A favourite scene," he calls it, "beautiful to me still in the far away!" Whether Margaret was ever his companion in such walks he does not tell us, but we may be sure that she was always associated in his memory with that beautiful beach.

Though Blumine is described as dark-eyed and a high-souled brunette, this was only one of the disguises in which he concealed the story of his early love. Margaret Gordon was a blonde, not a brunette. "She was of the fair complexioned, softly elegant, softly grave, witty and comely type," says Carlyle, looking back on the past with judicial calmness; "with a good deal of gracefulness, intelligence and other talents. Her accent was prettily English, and her voice very fine. She was of the Aberdeen Gordons," he tells us, "born, I think, in New Brunswick, where her, father, probably in some official post, had died young and poor. Her aunt, widow in Fife, once a Miss Gordon herself, a lean, proud, elderly dame, had adopted her, and brought her over seas. She was a kind of alien in the place," he adds, "genealogically and otherwise, being poorish, proud and well-bred." It was through Irving, whose pupil she was, or had been, that Carlyle made her acquaintance. "And it might easily have been more," he says, "had she and her aunt and our economics, and other circumstances liked." Mr. Froude has told us that two letters from her to Carlyle were found among his papers which show that on both sides their regard for each other had found expression. Naturally, however, the aunt, symbolized as the "duenna cousin" in "Sartor," had no sympathy with her niece's admiration for the poor and low-born, though clever and ambitious, young schoolmaster, under whose rustic exterior the clear vision of Margaret Gordon, as afterwards of Jane Welsh, discerned the greatness that the future held in store for him. But her aunt saw nothing of this. As we have it in "Sartor," "What sort of figure would a Mrs. Teufelsdröckh have cut under the circumstances?" She insisted on her niece giving up Carlyle, and, with whatever regret and reluctance it may have been, Margaret, like Blumine, obeyed. Carlyle's words when he speaks of his last good-bye to her at Kirkcaldy show that they had seen each other after she had submitted to her aunt's decision. Whether their parting was as tearful on her side, as passionate on Carlyle's, as that of Blumine and her lover, we cannot tell; but it is easy to see even from the carefully restrained and brief account in the "Reminiscences" of that romance dead and buried so long ago, with only its ghostly shadow remaining, that he believed Margaret had loved him, and had sacrificed the "religion of her heart" to the worldly ambition of her aunt. Immediately after, she was taken away from Kircaldy, but she did not go without leaving a farewell letter for Carlyle, in which she seems to have tried with gentle and affectionate solicitude to soothe the wounded love and pride of her discarded lover. Mr. Froude gives part of it, and we borrow a few sentences to add to the slight and delicate sketch which Carlyle has given of this interesting girl.

"And now, my dear friend, a long, long adieu. In time your abilities must be known. Genius will render you great, may virtue render you beloved. Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary men by kind and gentle manners. Deal gently with their inferiority, and be convinced they will respect you as much, and love you more. Why conceal the real goodness that flows in your heart? Pardon the freedom I have used, and when you think of me be it as a kind sister to whom your happiness will always yield delight, and your griefs sorrow.

"Yours with esteem and regard,

"M."

"I give you not my address, because I dare not promise to see you." "She continued," Carlyle says, "for perhaps some three years a figure hanging more or less in my fancy, on the usual romantic, or latterly quite elegiac, and silent terms, and to this day there is a good will to her, a tender and gentle pity for her, if needed at all." He tells us that Irving saw her again in Glasgow (when he was assistant to Dr. Chalmers). She was with a party of tourists, and Irving described her (in his large way) as surrounded by suitors, or potential suitors. Irving himself, Carlyle says, had been much interested in her, and might have been more so, but for his engagement to Miss Martin, which afterwards separated him from Jane Welsh. "A year or so after," Carlyle continues, "we heard the fair Margaret had married some rich, insignificant Mr. Something, who afterwards got into Parliament, thence out to Nova Scotia as Governor, and I heard of her no more; except that lately she was still living about Aberdeen, childless, as the Dowager Lady, her Mr. Something having got knighted before dying. Poor Margaret! Speak to her since the 'Good bye, then,' in Kirkcaldy, I never did, or could. I saw her recognisably to me here in her London time twice; once with her

maid in Piccadilly promenading in 1840, or so, little altered; a second time the same year, or next, on horseback both of us, meeting in the gate of Hyde Park, when her eyes, but that was all, said to me almost touchingly, 'Yes, yes, that is you.' But enough of that old matter, which but half concerns Irving, and is now extinct."

It is evident that the old feeling sstill vibrated at sight of her, and we may pardon his sneer at the "rich, insignificant Mr. Something" she had taken for her husband, believing as he did, that she had sacrificed all that was highest in her nature by making a loveless marriage of ambition, whereas, if she had not, like Blumine, "resigned herself to wed some richer," she might have been the wife of the world-famous philosopher of Chelsea. His account of her husband is not strictly accurate; but before going into that matter there is something more to be said of her birth and parentage than we learn from the "Reminiscences."

The story of Margaret Gordon's mother was a strangely romantic one. She was the daughter of a man who kept the canteen for the soldiers' quarters on Prince Edward Island, but in the midst of such unfavourable circumstances, she grew up a modest and high-minded girl—"a pearl," as George Eliot makes the little mother say of Mirah, "only washed by the mud that surrounded her." She was beautiful, too, with a refined and delicate beauty which seemed almost a miracle in so discordant an environment. She had golden brown hair, blue eyes, finely moulded features, with that transparently clear and fair complexion, a delicate rose tint relieving it from paleness, which is perhaps never seen in such perfection as in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Her figure was as perfect as her face, tall, graceful, perfectly formed, and with a remarkable air of distinction in her carriage and walk. In fact she has been described to the writer as one of nature's wonders. When she was scarcely sixteen the surgeon of a regiment stationed on Prince Edward Island fell in love with her and married her. He was "one of the Gordons of Aberdeen," but he was poor, and his marriage with this beautiful island goddess ruined his prospects. He left the army and went to Halifax where he practised his profession with good success, but he died in a few years, leaving his wife and four young children penniless. Dr. Gordon's family had never forgiven his imprudent marriage, but on hearing of his death a married sister of his wrote to Mrs. Gordon offering to adopt the youngest of her two little nieces. The offer was accepted, and Margaret, afterwards immortalized as Blumine, was sent to her aunt. Mrs. Gordon had now herself and three children to support; but she was a woman of great spirit and energy, and as no other source seemed open, she took in plain sewing—not so hopeless a means of making a living as it would be to-day. Gentlemen's shirts were then pieces of curiously elaborate work, with frills and ruffles and endless rows of fine stitching, and a skilful seamstress received high prices for making them. Mrs. Gordon had a friend in the wife of the Town Major of Halifax, who had been kind to her during her husband's life time, and through her, she got constant employment from the officers of the garrison, and managed to make an independent livelihood. But the romance of her life had not yet ended. One day a young man, afterwards well-known in London as at the head of his profession, but then only the surgeon of a regiment stationed in Halifax, called at Mrs. Gordon's house to order a set of shirts. He said afterwards that he was so much astonished at her extraordinary beauty, then only in its full perfection, and her graceful and dignified manners, that his first impulse was to apologize for having made a mistake, as he could not suppose that this queenly woman could be the seamstress he expected to see. Before he left the house he was deeply in love, and, though it was not without difficulty that he won her consent to a step apparently so injurious to all his worldly interests, they were married. Immediately after their marriage, Mr. Guthrie's regiment was ordered to Spain, where Wellington had just commenced his campaign. Mr. Guthrie went with his regiment, having first settled his wife and her children, whom he always regarded as his own, in a small house in London. There, till the war was over, Mrs. Guthrie lived in strict retirement, and with such prudent economy that when her husband returned she was able to place in his hands nearly all the money with which he had supplied her. Then Mr. Guthrie left the army, took a handsome house in the most fashionable part of London, and through the friendship of the great Duke, which he had gained in the Peninsula, added to his own skill, soon won fame and wealth, and was made the head of the Royal College of Surgeons, his wife presiding over his luxurious establishment as if "to the manner born."

Meanwhile Margaret remained with her aunt in Scotland. Tall and fair, she had inherited her mother's beauty, softened into a gentler, sweeter, more submissive type. Carlyle speaks of her aunt as being poor as well as proud, but she had relations who were both able and willing to introduce their lovely young cousin into the best society of Scotland when she was old enough to make what they considered a suitable marriage. Till this time she lived quietly with her aunt in the little town of Kirkcaldy, taking lessons in languages and literature from Edward Irving, and other lessons, which it had not been thought necessary to guard against, from his friend Carlyle. When her romantic friendship, or love, whichever we may call it, for the clever young schoolmaster became known to her aunt, she was hurried away from Kirkcaldy. A few months later she was brought out in Edinburgh and at once became the reigning belle. She had scores of lovers, refused many eligible offers, and finally made what was considered a fortunate and happy marriage with Mr. Bannerman, a young man of family, and heir to a baronetcy and a large property, for which he had not long to wait. He got into parliament and was of sufficient political importance to be sent out to Nova Scotia as Governor; and so by the strange turning of fortune's wheel, Margaret reigned as a little queen in Halifax, where her mother had once sewed "seam and gusset, and band" for her living; though under happier auspices than the heroine of Hood's famous song.

After Margaret Gordon was gone, school-teaching and Kirkcaldy became intolerable to Carlyle. Like Teufelsdröckh, he took up his pilgrim-staff, "old business being soon wound up," and went forth, if not to make a perambulation and circumambulation of the globe, to feel, like him, "a homeless wanderer, solitary, eating his heart out, a prey to nameless struggles and miseries; standing in frigid impotence; the powers of his mind all festering and corroding each other in the miserable strife of inward will against outward impediments;" these are some of the words in which he described his state of mind during the three years that followed his departure from Kirkcaldy. His confidence in himself and his powers had been rudely broken down by his great disappointment; his faith in God and man went also. The deepest scepticism and a fierce despair of all good had taken hold of him, accompanied by all those mental struggles and spiritual torments which he has described in "Sartor." Then "the foul hag, dyspepsia," seized him, no doubt from his mind being so intensely occupied that he paid no attention to the necessary conditions of health, and the wants of his body. He was afterwards astonished that the sufferings of that time did not kill him. By degrees, however, relief came. His renewed companionship with his faithful friend Irving made a little rift in the heavy cloud that hung over him, and through it the light he found in Leith Walk was able to enter. Then, better chances of literary work came; and perhaps, most soothing of all, his intimacy with Miss Welsh, and her quick recognition of his genius, came to brighten his life. But his friendship for her was a very different feeling from his love for Margaret Gordon. Her various charms and attractions, her high aspirations and contempt for frivolities, excited his admiration and won his esteem; her quick wit, and gay temper, chased away his gloom and despondence; her companionship was at once a stimulant and a tonic; and last, not least, his self-esteem, so bitterly mortified by Margaret Gordon's renunciation, was gratified by the preference she showed him over her many admirers in a much better worldly position; he thought her superior to all other women, but he was never in love with her. Nor was Miss Welsh ever in love with him. She candidly tells him that she knew herself capable of "a love to which *no* deprivation would be a sacrifice, which would carry every thought of her being impetuously along with it," but owns that such is not the love she felt for him. Love like this she had perhaps felt for Edward Irving, but her marriage with him had proved to be impossible; then she seems to have made up her mind to marry Carlyle, not from love, but as she afterwards said, from ambition. Their letters to each other after their marriage had been decided on (but the time and circumstances were yet to be arranged) are surely the most extraordinary epistolary specimens to be found in the literature of love. Those of Lady Mary Wortley Montague and her nonchalent lover, afterwards her husband, make the nearest approach to them. "I must avoid romance," Carlyle writes, "for it is an earnest practical affair we are engaged in, and requires sense and regulation, not poetries and enthusiasms." "You and I keeping house in Craigenpultock!" she exclaims, "what a thing that would be to be sure! Depend upon it you could not exist there a twelvemonth. For my part, I could not spend a month at it with an angel! I would as soon think of building myself a nest on the Bass Rock." When at last they were of one mind as to house and house-keeping, instead of showing any of that joy which betrothed lovers are supposed to feel when the fruition of their hopes is near, an awful dread of the terrible step they were going to take came over this extraordinary pair: a shrinking from the odious ceremony they had to undergo more comic than tragic on Miss Welsh's part, more tragic than comic on Carlyle's. "Do," she wrote to him, "get into a more benignant humour, or the incident (this wedding) will not only wear a very original aspect, but likewise a very heart-rending one." Carlyle's plan was that, after the ceremony, they were to journey to Comely Bank, their future home, by the stage coach; but to this Miss Welsh would not consent, insisting on a post chaise. Carlyle then proposed that his brother John should accompany them in the post chaise, and when this was peremptorily forbidden by Welsh, he stipulated for permission to smoke three cigars during the journey of twenty-six miles; thinking, it might seem, that, failing the company of his brother, the solace of tobacco was necessary to support him through the long *tête-a-tête* with his bride. Here was no romance; nothing of the "bloom of young desire, and purple light of love." These had surrounded his love for Margaret Gordon, and then, for him, had faded away forever. Jane Welsh made him a devoted and admirable wife, a shrewd and stimulating critic, and an excellent house-keeper—though some lovers of peace and quietness might have protested against such agonies of purification, such whirlwinds of change, such domestic earthquakes of divers kinds, as are chronicled in her letters. In spite of his occasional carelessness and want of consideration (mainly owing, no doubt, to his absorption of his work) and her high temper and caustic tongue, their admiration and esteem for each other continued to the end. When she found that her most cherished hope of a partnership with her husband in his work was not to be realized, she helped him in the only way possible to her by saving him from all domestic cares, sacrificing all her own tastes and pleasures to shield him from the small annoyances of daily life. And if, when some natural, feminine jealousies and weaknesses intervened, she did not always do this in the magnanimity of silence, she may well be forgiven when we remember that while her strength lasted she never failed in her arduous task. She had her reward; first, during her life, in the triumphant inauguration of Carlyle as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, which she just lived to see; and after her death, in his grateful tribute to her memory, not only on her tombstone, but in those sorrowful and impassioned "Reminiscences" wherein he has raised

such a noble monument as was never before erected to any woman, and through which her name, as she would most have desired, will be forever associated with his fame.

And what if he had married Margaret Gordon? Why, then, he would never have gone through the experiences of Teufelsdröckh, and would never have written "Sartor Resartus." L. M.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

DE LUYNES DISCUSSES BURNING QUESTIONS.

THE night was dark, the sea was rough, and after such a day the ladies wisely retired early. The smoking-room was almost deserted when De Luynes and Robert took possession of it, but other friends dropped in, and general conversation was in progress. Robert reminded Maurice that he had promised another chapter of his observations begun a few nights before. Col. Lyons knew how to interest him, and asked if he had taken a part in the politics of his country.

"Not a distinguished part," he replied, "and yet I am not an indifferent observer. Like my father, I have the misfortune to quarrel with a powerful influence among us in Quebec on some questions, and that shuts the door of public life against me. I have been in Parliament twice, but only sat a few months and was beaten, ostensibly because my people were told that I was a Freemason, which was false; though they did not know what it meant. The real reason, however, was that an unseen influence, which controlled them, was hostile to me. In my youth, the clergy of my district offered me their support in an election then pending for my county, but by my father's advice I refused it, because it would involve a bondage to which no man of spirit could submit. I bore my father's name; I had followed his advice against theirs, and they never forgave me. I am a Catholic, and I want to be a true son of the Church; but to me, there is a difference between the spiritual and the temporal. I accept her teachings as to matters of faith and morals, but as to the franchise, the taxation, the public administration of affairs, I cannot allow her to dictate my course. Other young men have held the same views, and have suffered the same disabilities. In England and France you see gentlemen of wealth preferred to positions of great political distinction on both sides. If you do not obey these men, there is an iron heel always waiting to crush you. Kind gentlemen in religious and private life, they are intolerant above all things in that which relates to political freedom of speech or action. Their influence is enormous. Some of my friends have often said to me, 'Why not go with the tide? Why slam the door of preferment forever in your face? Your name, your rank, the loyalty of your people, would maintain you in influence and honour, if you would conciliate this hostile power.' It however, is not always absolutely dominant; thanks to influences beyond its control, its party has been sometimes beaten, though it has formed such strange alliances that its influence seems as great among its traditional enemies as among its own people. When the liberals are in power, it happens, of course, that independent French Canadians who do not follow it are appointed to office, but this happens only when they cannot help it; when their own party rules, they are absolute masters of Lower Canada; and as to patronage and toleration, they rule with a rod of iron."

"I suppose," said the professor, "it is a revival of the old controversies we have known so well in England."

"That is not altogether true of modern controversy," rejoined Maurice, "with you, the Catholics, if they were British subjects, fought for emancipation; that cause was plausible and just. But these men fight for power, for the education of the young, for the control of the franchise, and of the avenues which lead to the preferment of their own people. There was once a great controversy between the Gallicans and Ultramontanes in France; you know its history, and how the former kept faith with the nation; substitute Canada for France, and we could work with the Gallican Churchmen. But those men could practically set the Church over the State, giving to the latter only the power to register the decrees of the former. If you chide them for this, you will be denounced from a hundred pulpits. The more intelligent revolt against these extreme views. Did I say revolt? But I spoke of their intelligence; they do not want to kick against the pricks; and so they drift along with the current, and reap the easy rewards of complaisance. An Englishman thrown casually into our society would see little and hear less of these troubles. He would meet men of letters and men of the world at the head of these influences, and they would charm him with their manners. The mailed hand is shown when there is resistance to be crushed among their own people. Thirty years ago my father and a dozen young men of culture, formed an association, founded a newspaper, and published a political programme. Their platform embraced nearly all the measures of reform which have been enacted since that time; but the projectors were denounced and vilified by men who, ever since, have maintained their hostily, but have taken credit for the work. But why do I speak of these things to comparative strangers? It is because you are Englishmen of rank, statesmen, soldiers, and men of affairs; you are studying the forces which in coming years are to guide opinion in the wide British Empire. You have a dependency across the water, weak it may be in numbers, but in territory, and in possibilities large like the United States, and larger than Europe with her family of nations. It is a self-governing country, and you do not wish to interfere with it. But you should study the forces which at least control one-fourth of its population, forces which hold the balance of power and control it. You will find the bulk of your own race there careless and lukewarm, singing to the air that Nero must have played. *Après moi le Deluge.* Do I appeal to strangers against my race? God forbid! I love my countrymen. They belong to liberty and I would save them. I tell their sad tale to strong men who have loved and upheld freedom; not that you could coerce or restrain them; but while you might do something to open their eyes, you would render a service to your own race, as well as mine, in dispelling clouds that to-day may seem to you no bigger than a man's hand, but which are fraught with storm and peril."

"I have always believed," said Mr. Burrows, the Attorney-General of the United States, "that the destiny of your country is annexation to mine."

"She would thus become part of a glorious Republic," observed De Luynes, "and it may be that such a change is in store for us. Might not the interests of the continent be better served if Canada grew to be a great and friendly neighbour? No doubt annexation would solve great commercial and political questions. Canada is growing too rapidly to remain forever as she is. In local matters she is only a nominal dependency, enjoying, practically, control over her own affairs. But the day will come, though perhaps not soon, when she will out-grow this tutelage which sits lightly on her now. Then why should she turn to you? Her children are the offspring of the two foremost nations of the world; they both know how to govern. Canadians have had experience in the methods of constitutional reform; as to her local jurisdiction, Canada is a free country; she is working out the problem of British Parliamentary Government. There are, indeed, enemies within her borders, but if the people are wise, they will overcome them. She has verge and scope enough to satisfy the wildest hopes of an ambitious people. Why not encourage her to set up for herself, that there may be wrought out on this continent two systems of constitutional liberty, so much akin as to create friendship among both peoples, and divergent enough to form a contrast and enable us to compare the two systems?"

"But why maintain the two systems? interposed Mr. Burrows, "with the expense and annoyance of two long lines of custom-houses, and the general administration of two governments? Why not let us welcome you to our markets, and to the protection and prestige of our power? These are not myths; they have been founded in blood and treasure. I honour your attachment to the Old Country that has served you so well, but which would not hold you a moment after it was manifestly your interest to go. We, too, are your kinsmen, and United North America would be to us all a guarantee of prosperity and peace."

"Oh why do you covet more?" said De Luynes, "with your boundless territories and your varieties of climate, soil, and production? If we were safely intrenched against foreign foes, might there not grow up greater dangers in the way of domestic discord? This question will be settled by the generation which has to solve it, and possibly by lights that are obscure to us now; but do you think greed of territory grows like love of accumulation? If you had Canada, how long would Mexico remain out in the cold; and which of the mongrel Spanish-American States could resist, after that, your powerful fascination? All this might increase commerce, but where would remain that sheet-anchor of freedom—intelligent, popular opinion? If my thoughts suggest danger, the peril would threaten us all."

"I had never regarded it in that light," said Mr. Burrows, "and yours is a plausible view."

"I admire your great Republic," De Luynes remarked, "and have been rebuked among my own people for my outspoken opinions. There is a class with us who regard friendship for the States as incompatible with loyalty to the Empire. But if I could return here in a hundred years I should like to find in North America two great countries which had been true to their traditions, and had promoted the enjoyment of liberty under these two systems among hundreds of millions of prosperous freemen. To have achieved such results would have required wisdom and forbearance, for there are evils now, which, if not suppressed, will insure the destruction of both countries. I have always advocated an extended franchise, but it is a source of danger where the people are mercenary, or where they do not understand their rights. The demagogue is a perpetual menace to free governments. The mere politician looks only to the moment. What we need are statesmen of honour and worth, to lead the people to look beyond for ulterior results. Despotism, with all its hatefulness, moves in a narrow circle, and controlling few influences may be comparatively pure. The worst forms of corruption are found where a corrupt people govern. And you have but one safe-guard—a healthy public opinion. We must treat as an enemy of the State the man who would debauch it. Thus protected, our free peoples, separate or united, will have before them a glorious future."

"These are noble sentiments," said the Professor. "The statesman's work would be easy where such principles prevailed."

"Utopia?" exclaimed our stranger of the night before.

"We cannot always realize in practice our theories of excellence," remarked the Professor. "But we can set before us a high standard, and strive to reach it, and our efforts will improve if they do not perfect us."

The conversation was continued, but Tom was too preoccupied to listen further.—*Professor Conant, by Hon. L. S. Huntington.*

A PRIMA DONNA AND HER LOVERS.

A WELL-KNOWN actress, who is also a professional beauty, was one day exchanging a little pleasant banter on the subject of her lovers. On being questioned politely respecting one of them, for whom she was supposed to entertain a more than passing fancy, she declared, with an easy laugh, "Well, I did love him, madly, while we were playing at T——, and it

was very pleasant; but in the course of time we went on to Z——, where I saw another whom I liked better, and I forgot all about the first one." And so, perhaps, it is with most actresses and prima donnas, whose fancies are as many and as fleeting as their admirers. The world hears of these things; sometimes it is the divorce court, sometimes it is a volume written by a friend, which reveals the secret. Some amusing recollections of Mdme. Patti's early life have just been published by Fräulein Louisa Lauw. This lady, we are told, lived with the great prima donna from 1863 to 1877.

The record begins with the appearance of the seventeen-year-old prima donna in London, and is carried down to the time when the disturbances in the domestic affairs of the Marquis de Caux appear to have caused a separation between the two ladies. Fräulein Lauw begins by telling how the Patti family made the acquaintance of a venerable Italian, to whom Patti became so attached that she called him her "dear papa." She was at his home nearly every day, and there one evening at dinner met two young Milanese of very engaging manners. With one of these handsome young fellows she fell in love. "Papa Patti" was consulted, and gave his consent, but on one condition. "Wait," he said. The betrothed lovers had to accept the unbending decision of the father, and put up for the time being with the privilege of meeting each other twice a week in the house of the papa.

Adelina continued her career of triumph, but, while the public performed almost impossible things in its enthusiasm, Adelina's betrothed sat in his chair as if on coals, his eyes flashed flames and daggers in all directions. But it was not the public alone whose enthusiasm enraged the young Othello; the lava of his jealousy poured also over the artists who supported her. When the great Mario, as Romeo, kissed his Juliet, it seemed as if the jealous one hunted in his pockets for a bomb with which to destroy his supposed rival. More and more consumed by jealousy, the young man declared to Adelina's father that he would wait no longer, and must incontinently marry his love. His insane behaviour led Papa Patti to fear that if married to such a man Adelina's lot would not be one of roses. The two men quarrelled. Adelina was beside herself, and wept bitterly when she heard of the rapid conclusion of her love idyll.

When a few months later they learned that Signor M. had failed in business "he was no longer mentioned," says the Fräulein in winding up the episode.

The story goes on to tell of the Sunday evening meetings at Patti's house during the winter after she had returned from her London season to Paris. From these gatherings Nilsson was seldom absent, and among the most diligent visitors were Gustave Doreé, the Vicomte Daru, Baron St. Armand, and the Marquis de Caux.

Adelina looked forward to the meeting with the Marquis with glad excitement. One evening a few friends had departed from Adelina's dressing-room. As he always repeated conscientiously the town gossip to us, Adelina turned smilingly towards him and asked, "Well, Marquis, what is there new—what is Paris talking about?", "The newest thing," was the answer, "is that we are engaged." I must admit that this answer startled me, and that I looked at Adelina with my curiosity on a tension. Her features seemed enlivened by an inexpressible loveliness. Smilingly she said to the Marquis: "And why not? I hope it would not be unpleasant for you?" At first embarrassed, then joyfully moved, the Marquis was only able to stammer the words: "No, certainly not. I would be the happiest of mortals if it were true!" Blushingly Adelina extended her hand to the Marquis, who was almost beside himself with joy, while she said: "I, too, would be happy." Wildly the Marquis pressed the proffered hand to his lips; intoxicated with joy he clasped Adelina in his arms, then hurried away speechless. But Adelina, in a long, warm embrace, whispered the sweet confession to me: "I am very happy!"

It is said that Patti at first took a strong aversion to Signor Nicolini, "because of his habit of boasting of his conquests." Fräulein Lauw tells incidents of his breaking of contracts and making new engagements in order to sing with Patti. The domestic catastrophe in the house of the Marquis de Caux is described as follows:—

When the Moscow season was approaching its end the Marquis learned that Nicolini intended to come from Naples to St. Petersburg, and, after breaking his contract at the former place, had offered to sing at the latter twelve times without compensation. Immediately on his arrival in the Russian metropolis the Marquis demanded that "Romeo and Juliet," in which opera Nicolini was to sing the part of Romeo, should be stricken from the repertory, and that there should be no joint appearance of this singer and his wife in the season; The directors assured the Marquis that his demands should be complied with; constrained, probably, by the two artists, they nevertheless permitted the announcement of Nicolini's appearance in "Traviata." In his rage, because of this duplicity of the directors, the Marquis sent word to Impresario Ferry that he was determined not to permit his wife to appear at all. In his despair Ferry promised to substitute Massini for Nicolini; but when the curtain rose on the evening of the performance Nicolini nevertheless appeared on the stage. The continued excitement threw me upon a sick-bed. The physician declared that a speedy change of air was the best medicine for me. The Marquis understood only too well how this prescription fitted my illness; he felt that my recovery in his house was not to be hoped for.

"Adelina received the intelligence of my imminent departure with indifference," says the Fräulein, sadly. "Our farewell was exceedingly cool and frosty, as if it was with a stranger instead of a friend, a sister. In her I had lost the dearest thing on earth. A few weeks later the Marquis de Caux shared the loss with me."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND THE FRENCH COURT AT MARLY.*

Every age has its own colouring. Marly showed that of Louis XIV., even more than Versailles. Everything in the former place appeared to have been produced by the magic power of a fairy's wand. Not the slightest trace of all this splendour remains; the revolutionary spoilers even tore up the pipes which served to supply the fountains. Perhaps a brief description of this palace and the usages established there by Louis XIV. may be acceptable.

The very extensive gardens of Marly ascended almost imperceptibly to the pavilion of the sun, which was occupied only by the King and his family. The pavilions of the twelve zodiacal signs bounded the two sides of the lawn. They were connected by bowers impervious to the rays of the sun. The pavilions nearest to that of the sun were reserved for the Princes of the Blood and the ministers; the rest were occupied by persons holding superior offices at Court, or invited to stay at Marly. Each pavilion was named after fresco paintings, which covered its walls, and which had been executed by the most celebrated artists of the age of Louis XIV. On a line with the upper pavilion there was on the left a chapel; on the right a pavilion called La Perspective, which concealed a long suite of offices, containing a hundred lodging rooms intended for the persons belonging to the service of the Court, kitchens, and spacious dining-rooms, in which more than thirty tables were splendidly laid out.

During half of Louis XV.'s reign the ladies still wore the "habit de cour de Marly," so named by Louis XIV., and which differed little from that devised for Versailles. The French gown gathered in the back, and with great hoops, replaced this dress, and continued to be worn till the end of the reign of Louis XVI. The diamonds, feathers, rouge, and embroidered stuffs, spangled with gold, effaced all trace of a rural residence; but the people loved to see the splendour of their sovereign, and a brilliant Court, glittering in the shades of the woods.

After dinner, and before the hour for cards, the Queen, the Princesses, and their ladies, paraded among the clumps of trees, in little carriages, beneath canopies richly embroidered with gold, drawn by men in the King's livery. The trees planted by Louis XIV., were of prodigious height, which however, was surpassed in several of the groups by fountains of the clearest water; while, among others, cascades over white marble, the waters of which, met by the sunbeams, looked like draperies of silver gauze, formed a contrast to the solemn darkness of the groves.

In the evening nothing more was necessary for any well-dressed man to procure admission to the Queen's card-parties than to be named and presented, by some officer of the Court, to the gentleman usher of the card-room. This room, which was very large, and of octagonal shape, rose to the top of the Italian roof, and terminated in a cupola, furnished with balconies, in which females who had not been presented easily obtained leave to place themselves, and enjoy the sight of the brilliant assemblage.

Though not of the number of persons belonging to the Court, gentlemen admitted into this salon might request one of the ladies seated with the Queen at lansquenet or faro to bet upon her cards with such gold or notes as they presented to her. Rich people and the gamblers of Paris did not miss one of the evenings at the Marly salon, and there were always considerable sums won and lost. Louis XVI. hated high play, and very often showed displeasure when the loss of large sums was mentioned. The fashion of wearing a black coat without being in mourning had not then been introduced, and the King gave a few of his coups de boutair to certain chevaliers de St. Louis, dressed in this manner who came to venture two or three louis, in the hope that fortune would favour the handsome duchesses who deigned to place them on their cards.

Singular contrasts are often seen amidst the grandeur of courts. In order to manage such high play at the Queen's faro table, it was necessary to have a banker provided with large sums of money; and this necessity placed at the table, to which none but the highest titled persons were admitted in general, not only M. de Chalabre, who was its banker, but also a retired captain of foot, who officiated as his second. A word, trivial, but completely appropriate to express the manner in which the Court was attended there, was often heard. Gentlemen presented at Court, who had not been invited to stay at the Marly, came there notwithstanding as they did to Versailles, and returned again to Paris; under such circumstances, it was said such a one had been to Marly only en polisson; and it appeared odd to hear a captivating Marquis, in answer to the inquiry whether he was of the royal party at Marly, say, "No, I am only here en polisson," meaning simply "I am here on the footing of all those whose nobility is of a later date than 1400." The Marly excursions were exceedingly expensive to the King. Besides the superior tables, those of the almoners, equerries, maitres d' hôtel, etc., etc., were all supplied with such a degree of magnificence as to allow of inviting strangers to them; and almost all the visitors from Paris were boarded at the expense of the Court.

*The Private Life of Marie Antoinette, by Jeanne Louise Henriette Campan.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

On examination of the head and hat of the Duke of Wellington's statue after its removal a bird's nest of twigs, evidently built by some industrious starling, was discovered. The nest had been built on the crown of the duke's head, and entrance to it was effected from under the ends of the great plume at the point of the hat. The nest was allowed to remain. The dimensions of the hat are four feet long by one and half feet high, the plume measuring three feet across, and the head and hat weighing about half a ton. It was found by Colonel Close, of Woolwich Arsenal, on inspection that the monument had been cast in a great many pieces, four of which were rivetted together with bolts, the others being forged at the foundry, and therefore not being capable of division without injury to the work. The four rivetted portions were the head and body of the Duke, and the head and tail of the horse. Before these were divided it was necessary to find the position of the bolts from inside. A workman of medium size was hoisted for this purpose up to the neck of the Duke, and he, with the greatest ease, slipped through the Duke's collar into the hollow bodies of the rider and the horse. He found plenty of room to stand up and walk about inside with freedom. The body of the Duke, he found, was joined a little below the sword-belt, the horse's head from the withers to a point above the breastplate in front, and the tail at the crupper. Throughout, the metal was not less in thickness than half an inch, in some places being as much as two and a-half inches thick. The legs of the horse were solid, in order to support the weight of the statue, computed in all at thirty tons. It will be fully a month before the monument is ready for starting for Aldershot.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

CROQUET v. LAWN TENNIS.

THERE are signs of a croquet revival. Lawn tennis is not altogether doomed, but young ladies are beginning to see that it is a game for men. If played by girls it should be played without corsets. Against a young fellow in flannels a girl in stays and a dress weighted with the cumbersome protuberances which are now in fashion has no chance. If she bestirs herself so much in striking at the ball, her movements are not only ungraceful but injurious to health; if she cultivates grace, waiting in pretty attitudes for the ball till it comes within her reach, then there is no game. The proper tennis costume for a girl would be a Garibaldi shirt and a plain skirt, as light as possible, but girls do not really care enough for tennis to make any sacrifice of personal adornment for its sake. What they like is the open air and the company of men (four girls playing at tennis with no man looking on is a very rare sight); but croquet offers these attractions with additional possibilities in the way of talk. At croquet the fair player may wear what she pleases, strike picturesque attitudes, go through the game without hurry, and hold sweet confidential chat between the hits. At tennis there is no confidential chatting. Croquet is certainly slower than tennis to good players of the last game, but not slower than tennis as played by some young ladies, who only send the ball over the net once out of five tries. It might have been expected that the earnestness of some young men in their practice of tennis would prove fatal to the game as a sociable pastime. Enthusiasts of the racket play too well for their sisters and sisters' friends; and it is really no great fun after all to "field out" while a proficient in flannels amuses himself by cutting balls in so dexterous a style that they scarcely rebound, and must always be missed, even when a girl tires herself out in straining after them.

THE *London Graphic* says:—There are many less pleasant and lucrative businesses than the giving of spiritualistic or thought-reading seances: If the performer does not make money directly, he does so indirectly, and he will become the pet of a circle of fashionable feather-heads. But to accomplish this successfully he must be decently educated, wear a good coat on his back, and mix in "Society." We do not recommend him to live in such an unfashionable region as Ocean Street, Stepney, and charge only sixpence a-head for his revelations. If he does he may find himself brought into unpleasant contact with a code of laws based on the celebrated text in Leviticus: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." In these humane days he will not be hanged or burnt, but he may be sent to work the treadmill as a rogue and vagabond. The fact is that our laws are rather of the grandmotherly sort, both about betting and fortune-telling. The petty offenders are punished, the big offenders are not interfered with. The excuse, of course, is that the poor in such matters require more protection than the rich. But why should not poor people be allowed to have their fortunes told if they please? Surely it is of more importance to know what sort of a person your future husband or wife will be, than to know where a pin is hidden away. If the fortune-teller is a humbug (and this is the legal excuse for punishing him), the consultee is the only person wronged. *Bona-fide* visitors never put the law in force against fortune-tellers; such prosecutions are always got up by informers. These fortune-tellers rarely claim supernatural powers, but they do claim to have a peculiar gift. This is just what is said by the thought-readers, whom Society runs after. What does the law know about the invisible world that it should brand a man as a "fraud" because he puts forth such pretensions? But, in any case, let us have fair play. Let all these preternaturalists, East End or West End, be punished, or, (which we prefer) let them all be left alone.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

CHURCH MUSIC.

From Palestrina to Bach and Handel.

THE history of Music up to near the time of Palestrina is, except in a limited degree, in no way separate from the history of Church Music, all the composers of distinction having devoted their best energies to the production of works for religious purposes. It has been thought by some writers, that this was due exclusively to the religious tendencies and feelings of the composers. Without depreciation of the motives which called into existence the sublime works which the old classical masters gave to the Church, the fact must not be overlooked that the Church, recognising the power of music as a factor in her ritual, offered superior inducements in the way of lucrative posts and positions, thereby creating a demand, which by the well established law of supply and demand, developed from the many who strove to gain those positions some master minds who, towering above the others, left their impress upon the art of music. The wonderful architecture of the mediæval Cathedrals, Abbeys, and Monasteries had perhaps never existed but for the demand of the Church for structures typical of the glory of the New Jerusalem. But for the Church, the noble masses and beautiful motetts of such masters as Josquin des Près, Morales, Cyprian de Rore, Orlandus Lassus, Willaert, Palastrini, and a host of other composers, had never been written. The Church created the want, and with the want came the men. Side by side with the development of church music, grew another branch of musical art. The "folk song," or melody of the people. Not dependent for its foundation upon the fixed laws of the ecclesiastical keys of St. Ambrose and St. Gregory, its form was less trammelled. Its melodies were less formal, but more spontaneous, less artificial but more natural. Its harmonic structure, resting upon the tonic and dominant of the scale, was the foundation of the modern school of tonal harmony.

The last great composer of the Netherlands, who left a large number of important works for the Church, was Orlando di Lasso, 1520. After filling several positions of importance in Italy, in 1557 he was appointed Chapel Master of Albert V., at Munich, where he remained until his death, which occurred in 1594. With the death of this composer, whose genius in its universality more closely resembled that of the great Handel than perhaps did any other composer, vanished sacred musical art in the Netherlands, and from that period until the beginning of the present century, Italy stood foremost as the birth-place and school, of a long line of great composers for the Church.

The Modern Oratorio, the noblest form of sacred music, had its origin in the mysteries and moralities, or miracle plays. These (in their turn descending from the Greeks and Romans, whose natural tendencies were to theatrical representations) were improved by the early teachers of the Christian religion, as a means to give symbolic form to the doctrines of the Church, and thus to reach the mind through the medium of the senses. Subjects from both Old and New Testaments, or from the lives of the Saints were dramatised, and priests (in appropriate costumes, representing, according to the subject, God the Father, Christ, the angels, and Mary) were the actors. Many historical facts go to prove that these mysteries or miracle plays, in which music held an important part, made a great impression upon the pious audiences who were assembled for instruction. In course of time these plays, degenerating from their primitive state of purity, and becoming, more and more, the favourite entertainment of the people, the churches, in which edifices heretofore they had been given, were not sufficiently large to give room to the eager audiences. To accommodate these, immense stages were erected in the streets or market-places, and even in cemeteries. Passing gradually out of the hands of the priesthood, the miracle plays soon lost every vestige of sacredness, and descended to the grossest buffoonery; impudent street songs took the place of sacred hymns; vulgar and silly jokes degraded the most holy rites of religious ceremonies. From these miracle plays and mysteries, sprang the Oratorio and the Opera—"the richest, and in an artistic as well as in a poetical sense, the highest of modern musical art forms" (*Ritter*). The origin of the name "Oratorio" is as follows:—St. Philip Neri, born 1515, in Florence, and in 1561 consecrated as a priest at Rome, founded a congregation of priests, and in order to draw youths from baneful secular amusements, and interest and instruct them in the teachings of the Church, he caused spiritual songs to be alternated with his readings and teachings, and in addition to these hymns he dramatized, in a simple form, sacred stories and events from the Scriptures. These were written in verse and set to music; Palestrina himself composed the music for some of them. These early lyrical dramas called "Azioni sacre," were performed in a hall or room adjoining the church, called an "oratory," in Italian *Oratorio*, hence the origin of that form of musical art. Gaining wider and more perfectly developed form, the first Oratorio, which, from a modern standpoint, may fairly be regarded as such, was composed and performed in Rome, 1600, its author is Emilio del Cavaliere, its name "L'Anima è Corpo." Among the Italian composers whose genius contributed at this time most to the advancement of the sacred musical drama, and especially of the Oratorio, was Carissimi, born about 1640, in Marino near Rome. To this composer the credit belongs of having invented the sacred cantata. Among the oratorios which he composed are "Jephtha," "Solomon's Judgment," "Job," "Abraham and Isaac," etc. Other Italian composers of merit who lived about this time and who gave to religion and the church many a fine oratorio were Stradella, Scarlatti, Caldara, and Colonna.

Although to the Italians belongs the credit of originating both the form and name of the oratorio, it yet remained for the great German Protestant composers, Handel and Bach, to bring that art form to the high state of perfection which stamps that species of musical composition as the ideal to which all composers strive to attain. Side by side with the oratorio flourished still another species of musical art form, in some respects resembling, and in other differing from, the oratorio. The "Passion Oratorio" owes its origin to the custom which existed of representing, during Passion week, in an epic, dramatic form, the passion of Christ. The dramatic element in the Passion Oratorio appears in a very subordinate way. The oldest known passion-music by a Protestant composer is to be found in a hymn book, published 1573. Recitative issued for the soliloquy and short choruses for the people. A similar specimen is that in Seleneca's hymn-book, published 1587. But the composer whose works are of greater artistic importance, was Henry Scheutz. He studied at Venice, and returning to Germany, settled at Dresden, where his sphere of action was of the greatest influence on the development of German musical art. He wrote several passion oratorios of great strength and beauty, and although Handel was not born when Scheutz died (1672), the effective manner in which his choruses are written already anticipates, in a marked manner, the works of the great master.

Many other composers wrote Passion Oratorios of merit, notably one John Sebastiani. This composer was the first to set, and artistically harmonize for different parts, Protestant choral melodies, a peculiarity which Sebastian Bach afterwards carried to such perfection in his passion oratorios and cantatas.

High above all other composers who wrote church music stands John Sebastian Bach and George Frederic Handel, by a strange coincidence born in the same year (1685). In these two great composers the art of classical religious music seems to have reached its highest plane of excellence. Other great composers of church music since their time have left

noble works. Availing themselves of the more modern recources of the orchestra, and the advantages which the more completely developed theory of modern harmony affords, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Sphor, Robert Schuman, and a few others, have written some noble oratorios, it cannot be denied; and yet the standard by which these works are compared are they not the great oratorios of Handel—"The Messiah," "Judas Maccabæus," "Jephtha," etc., whose grandness of conception, originality and beauty of melody, combined with the purest classical form and masterly contrapuntal treatment, places them at once, on the very summit of perfection in sacred musical art, and makes them a standard by which all others must be compared.

J. DAVENPORT KERRISON.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

SEVEN thousand new books were published in England last year.

The Critic is printing Mr. Matthew Arnold's lecture on Emerson.

THE International Library Conference will be held at Toronto, September 3—6.

A QUAINT and witty collection of ballads by Mr. Henry Daniel, Jr., has been issued in Cincinnati, called "Under A Fool's Cap."

IN spite of the lack of interest in Mr. Blackmore's new story, "Tommy Upmore," it has gone into a second edition in London.

LITTELL, BROWN, & Co., have in press a volume called "A Western Journey with Emerson," to be published on an early day.

M. GEORGES OHNET'S celebrated novel *Le Maitre des Fôrges*, the source of so many bad plays, has been translated for the American public.

AN AMERICAN morning newspaper is about to be started in London, in which news from the United States will form the chief feature.

AN addition has just been made to London (Ont.) journalism, in the publication of the London *Evening News*, an organ of independent opinion.

THE *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, for July, is up to the average excellence. The *piece de resistance* of the number is Dr. Sutherland's article, entitled, "Shall our Higher Education be Christian or infidel?"

"THE Prose Writings of Bryant," edited by Mr. Parke Godwin and published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., make up two handsome volumes of over 100 pages each. They are printed on heavy paper, with large, clear type, and tastefully bound.

MR. W. WAUGH LAUDER, the well-known Toronto pianist, and Herr Henri Jacobsen, the promising violin virtuoso of the same city, assisted by the Toronto Quartette Club, and other instrumental and vocal performers, have arranged to give two morning concerts in connection with the Semi-Centennial celebrations, in Shaftesbury Hall, on Thursday (to-day) and Friday.

THE July *St. Nicholas*, as usual, is freighted with good things for the young. Artistically, the number is most attractive, while the stories and miscellaneous articles, dear to the heart of youth, are varied and delightful. Trowbridge's continued tale, of a young bird-hunter's strange adventure, entitled, "The Scarlet Tanager," becomes more enthralling and will be eagerly read by the young.

MR. GERALD MASSEY has been devoting his time, for the past twelve years, to a work, the title of which is: "The Natural Genesis, or second Part of a Book of the Beginnings, containing an attempt to recover and constitute the lost origins of the Myths and Mysteries, Types and Symbols. Religion and Language, with Egypt for the Mouthpiece, and Africa as the Birthplace." New York: Scribners, Welford & Co.

THE course of Sunday talks on the Pentateuch, begun last winter by Dr. Heber Newton, Rector of All Souls' Church, in New York, was discontinued at the not very judicious request of his Bishop; the substance of them now appears in book form under the title "The Book of the Beginnings." A study of Genesis, with an introduction to the Pentateuch. New York, and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1884.

INTEREST in Canadian Forestry, we are glad to see, grows apace, if we may judge from the *brochures* on the subject which have recently appeared. The latest of these is a little work by Mr. H. B. Small, of Ottawa, on "Forest Trees, Timber, and Forest Products." In view of the conservation of the timber wealth of the country, the service Mr. Small has done in the preparation of his catalogue of Canadian trees, with his timely remarks on their preservation and re-production, can hardly be over-estimated. Messrs. Dawson Bros., of Montreal, are the publishers.

THE *Daily Telegraph* recently devoted a leading article to the subject of personal ornaments worn by ladies. "Have ladies exhausted the spoils of the animal, bird, insect, vegetable and mineral worlds, that they should now be turning for personal ornaments to the reptiles and the most odious species amongst them?" The rattlesnake is possibly one of the ugliest of serpents and yet, in America, a number of ladies have started the fashion of wearing the skin of this abominable worm as girdles, and its rattles as earrings. Had one of the beautiful species of snake been chosen, the objection to such a style of ornament would have been obviated, but as it is, they have selected a reptile whose very skin is repulsive, so that in addition to sentimental prejudices against snake-trimmings, that of ugliness holds good. For witches' costume, or for some hag of horror at a fancy ball, such costumes might be very well—if the head were adorned with a wreath of toads and the dress trimmed with tarantulas. But by themselves, as isolated ornaments, not even the caprices of fashion could persuade us that the spoils of a rattlesnake were things of beauty.

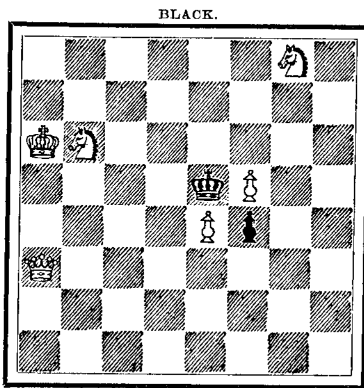
CHESS.

☞*All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of* THE WEEK, *Toronto.*

PROBLEM No. 24.

Composed for THE WEEK by J. McGregor, Toronto Chess Club.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 25.

SELECTED.

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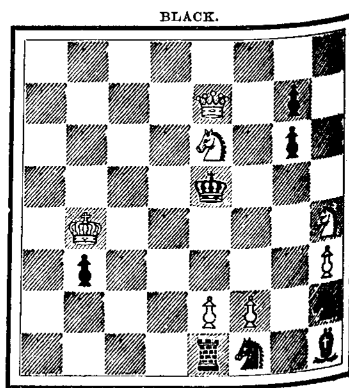

WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

"THE WEEK" PROBLEM AND SOLUTION TOURNEY.

We again draw the attention of our readers to the problem and solution tourneys which we are about to inaugurate.

"THE WEEK" PROBLEM COMPETITION.

We hereby offer a prize of six dollars in chess *materiel* for the best three move problem contributed to THE WEEK, on or before the 15th September, 1884.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. Problems to be direct, unconditional three move mates never before published.
2. Each competitor to enter as many problems as he pleases.
3. Joint compositions barred
4. Rectification of problems allowed to closing date.
5. The problem on a diagram with motto, and having solution on the back in full, to be mailed in an envelope, addressed Chess Editor THE WEEK, Toronto, and a simultaneous envelope bearing inscription "Problem Competition," containing motto, name and address of the sender, to J. H. Gordon, 111 St. Patrick St., Toronto. The problems to be exclusive property of THE WEEK until the award of judges.

Want of compliance with any of the above rules will debar problems from competition. The standard of award will be: Difficulty, 15; Beauty, 15; Originality, 15; Variety, 10; Economy, 10; Correctness, 10. The judges' names will be given in a future issue.

"THE WEEK" SOLUTION TOURNEY.

For the most complete set of solutions and criticisms of problems published in THE WEEK commencing with the issue of July 3rd, 1884, and ending with the issue of October 30th, 1884, we offer a prize of five dollars in chess material, and for the second best, a prize of four dollars in chess material.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. No prizes will be awarded unless at least eight competitors enter.
2. Solutions and criticisms to be mailed within two weeks of date of issue, to Chess Editor, THE WEEK.
3. Marks for solutions will be awarded as follows:—For two move problems, 2 points; for 3 move problems, 3 points; for 4 move problems, four points, with an additional point for every indispensable variation of White's 2nd move. For second solution, further points will be awarded in the same way. The criticisms must be short and to the point.

N.B.—We hope that all our readers will enter these tournies and make the contest a lively and interesting one.

GAME No. 15.

From the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette.*

ZUKERTORT VS. MAX JUDD.

While on his way to Denver, Mr. Zukertort spent two days in St. Louis, and played a few off-hand games. He contested three games with Mr. Max Judd, losing one and drawing two. The following is the score of the game won by Mr. Judd:

VIENNA GAME.

Zukertort. WHITE.	Judd. BLACK.	Zukertort. WHITE.	Judd. BLACK.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	20. Kt x B	20. Kt to B 4
2. Q Kt to B 3	2. B to B 4	21. K R to K B sq	21. Kt x B
3. P to K B 4	3. P to Q 3	22. R P x Kt	22. R to K 3
4. K Kt to B 3	4. Kt K to B 3	23. K to Kt 1	23. Q to Q 2
5. B to B 4	5. Castles	24. B to K 3	24. P to Q R 4
6. P to Q 3	6. P to B 3	25. Kt to R 6 ch	25. R x Kt
7. P x P	7. P x P	26. B x R	26. P to K B 4
8. Kt to K 2	8. Q to K 2	27. Q R to K 1	27. P to B 5
9. Kt to Kt 3	9. P to Q Kt 4	28. B to Kt 5	28. R to K B 1
10. B to Kt 3	10. Kt to R 3	29. R to K 4	29. R to B 4
11. Q to K 2	11. K to R sq	30. B to R 4	30. Q to Q 4
12. Kt to R 4 (*a*)	12. B to K Kt 5	31. B to K 1	31. R to Kt 5
13. Q to B 1	13. Kt x K P	32. B to B 2	32. R to Kt 4
14. Kt fr R 4 to B 5	14. Q to Q 1 (*b*)	33. B to Kt 6	33. P to B 4
15. B to R 6 (*c*)	15. B to B 7 ch	34. B x R P	34. R to Kt 2
16. Q x B	16. Kt x Q	35. P to B 3 (*d*)	35. Q x Q P
17. B x P ch	17. K to Kt sq	36. R x K P	36. P to B 6
18. K x Kt	18. R to K 1	37. P to K Kt 3	37. R to B 2
19. B to R 6	19. B x Kt	38. B to Kt 6	38. Q to Q 7

And Dr. Zukertort resigns.

NOTES.

(*a*) B to Q 2 was the proper move.
(*b*) Zukertort overlooked the threatened mate at Q 8 should the Kt be taken.
(*c*) A desperate expedient. Kt to K 3 would have given him more chance.
(*d*) Trying to save the B.

NEWS ITEMS.

MISS Frideswide F. Beechey, who conducts the Chess Department, in *Knowledge*, the Sheffield *Independent*, and other papers, and who has gained a world-wide celebrity as a problem composer, has at last been mated herself. The Croydon *Guardian* announces her marriage to Mr. J. B. Rowland, Chess Editor of the *Irish Sportsman*, and also a well-known composer. We wish them a long and happy life together.

THE Melbourne (Australia) Chess Clubs indulge in the civilized form of the game known as team matches. The Americans are not an unsocial race, yet they are very slow in catching some of the best chess ideas.—*Cincinnati Commercial.* We beg to say that the Toronto Chess Club has had regular team matches for years.

CHESS is at present in high favour among the aristocratic circles of Russian society in St. Petersburg, and this through the influence of the well-known amateur, Prince Dadian, of Mingrelia. Every Tuesday meetings are held at the home of General Count P. Kreutz; on Tuesdays at that of Colonel Boutourline, and on Saturdays the elegant salons of Count H. Kreutz, on the banks of the Neva, are at the disposal of the players. Prince Dadian, at the moment, holds the first place in point of strength at these gatherings.

THE London *Chess Player's Chronicle* notices signs that the practice of chess during the summer months is increasing. It recommends out-door chess at this season, and a quiet evening at chess occasionally as an agreeable and refreshing change after the excitement of cricket, tennis or other outdoor sport. The editor of the *Chronicle* offers a prize chess book to to any club or chess editor in England, who arranges a chess competition of any kind for the summer months. In order to encourage its own subscribers it offers a book to the composer of the best two-move direct-mate problem contributed before September 30th next, and a similar prize for the best three-mover, four-mover, suimate and discovery of flaws. Problems must bear a motto, so that their authorship may remain unknown, except to the editor, until after the award.

THE annual tournament of the Philadelphia Club is going ahead like a Florida accommodation train. A train of this kind once passed a horse on the road, but the horse was hitched.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

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 amœba 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 ubercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxomœa, 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 inhalents 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 mucus 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,

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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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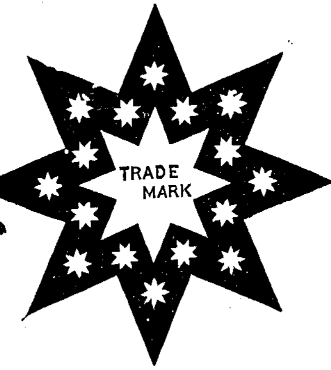

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CHARLES DRINKWATER,
Secretary.

Montreal January, 1884.

PREPARATION FOR HARVARD, OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE (Eng.), and for Wellesley, Lady Margaret Hall and Girton Colleges for Women, by E. R. HUMPHREYS, LL.D., by separate, personal teaching, 7 pupils.

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For circular, address

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CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1884.

THE SCHUYLER HOUSE AT ALBANY. Frederic G. Mather. Illustrated with interior sketches, and with portraits of many personages of note who have been associated with the dwelling.

A BUSINESS FIRM IN THE REVOLUTION. J. Hammond Trumbull, LL.D. In this sketch by the eminent President of the Connecticut Historical Society, some noteworthy correspondence of General Nathanael Greene is introduced, the originals of whose letters, never before published, have not been seen for the last half century, except by Mr. Bancroft.

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Rest	- - -	*110,000*

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—o—

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JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.

MONTREAL, June 2nd, 1884.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for a Breakwater. Port Arthur," will be received until MONDAY, the 30th day of June next, inclusively, for the construction of a

BREAKWATER
AT
Port Arthur, Thunder Bay,

according to a plan and specification to be seen on application to John Niblock, Esq., Superintendent Canada Pacific Railway, Port Arthur, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an *accepted* bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, *equal to five per cent.* of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 22nd May, 1884.

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