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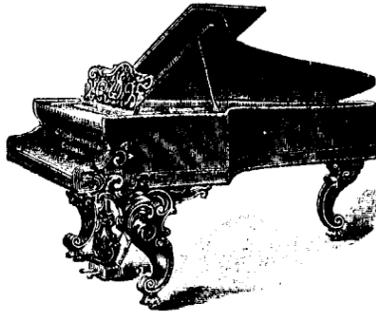
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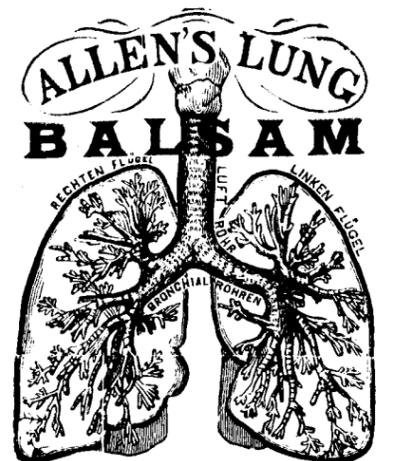
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WHATEVER may be the direct outcome of the great agitation aroused by the Jesuits' Estates Act, which as yet shows no sign of abatement, one indirect result of great value bids fair to follow. The blind allegiance to party which has so long divided the whole voting population of the country into two great armies, each bound to follow at all hazard whithersoever its chiefs might lead, is being shaken as it was never shaken before. An illustration of the conflict between lingering party loyalty and the desire to further the new movement is afforded in the eagerness with which it is sought by some of the agitators to press the agitation into the service of overthrowing Mr. Mowat's administration, and the anxiety no less strong manifested by others to shield that administration from any possible harm. Considerable advance in the direction of rising above mere party politics has certainly been made, but the majority will need to become much more thoroughly in earnest, before they will be prepared to go whither their convictions may carry them, regardless of the effect upon the old party organizations. There can be no doubt, one would suppose, in the mind of any unprejudiced thinker that Mr. Mowat's Government made a serious mistake, and played directly into the hands of the Ecclesiastics, who are the real managers of the Separate Schools, when they consented to the changes in the Separate School Law, which were made in 1886. Under the old order of things which certainly seems to be the natural order, the taxpayer was assumed to be a Public School supporter unless and until he declared his preference for a Separate School. As the law now stands every Roman Catholic parent is assumed to be a Separate School supporter, unless and until he declares the contrary, and asks to be classed among Public School supporters. The change

can be defended on no broad principle. It is clearly adapted to strengthen and encourage the Separate Schools at the expense of the Public Schools. This no Government has a right to do. How much better it would be for all who disapprove this change, which to many minds must seem more mischievous than the Jesuits' Estates Act itself, to frankly condemn it, thus compelling Mr. Mowat to repeal the obnoxious clause, and restore the Public Schools to their old footing.

AS a means of arousing popular enthusiasm with a view to definite action along some specific line, such demonstrations as that of Monday evening at the Granite Rink in this city are, no doubt, effective. For the impartial discussion of a difficult question of justice or public policy they are manifestly of little worth. Speakers and hearers are, as a rule, all on one side. No unprejudiced mind desirous of weighing fairly the merits of the controversy could hear or read such a speech as that of Mr. McCarthy, for instance, without earnestly echoing the speaker's own wish that Sir John Thompson had been there to answer for himself. Where all present are of one mind the temptation to belittle the force of counter arguments is almost irresistible. We do not think that anyone who had carefully read the Parliamentary debate on the question of disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Act, whatever his own opinions might be, could deny that the weighty considerations which influenced the action of the leading statesmen of the Dominion on both sides of politics were insufficiently presented, if they could be said to be presented at all, in the speeches at the Rink. However fully persuaded the Protestant majority may be in their own minds that the thirteen were right and all the other members of Parliament wrong, it is scarcely reasonable for them to hold that the thirteen have a monopoly of all the patriotism and other statesmanlike virtues in Parliament. And yet that seems to have been about the size of Mr. McCarthy's claim in that part of his exordium in which he accounted for the largeness of the majority vote on the ground that both parties were anxious "to prove that they were the best friends of the Lower Canadian party, governed by the hierarchy, marshalled and led to maintain power, place and pelf in the Dominion." As one aspiring to the rank of a statesman, Mr. McCarthy should have more faith in the honesty of those with whom he has been so long allied. His views of Canadian political morality are depressingly pessimistic. The public can but wonder that he has been so long in finding out his Parliamentary colleagues and coming out from among them.

THE more impartial hearers of the speeches at the Rink must have been struck with the apparent inability of the various speech-makers to put themselves in the place of the responsible Parliamentary leaders, and give their full force to the various considerations which must determine and ought to determine the action of such leaders in so important a matter. A singular instance of the tendency of popular orators, under such circumstances, to lose the judicial temper and venture on rash assertions was afforded in the speech of Rev. Dr. McMullen, who occupies the high position of the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. No one can for a moment suppose that Dr. McMullen would for any consideration utter a word that he did not at the moment believe to be perfectly accurate. Would it have been too much to expect that before committing himself to an important statement on so serious an occasion, such a speaker would have taken the utmost pains to assure himself of the fact? And yet, unless grossly misreported in the *Globe*, Dr. McMullen actually told his audience that a motion for the disallowance of the New Brunswick School Act of 1871 was carried in the House of Commons by a majority of 35, and that Hon. Alexander Mackenzie and Hon. Edward Blake voted for its disallowance! The facts of the case, as any one will find on reference to the journals, are that a motion offered by Mr. Dorion, that "this House regrets that His Excellency the Governor-General had not been advised to disallow the School Act of 1871, passed by the Legislature of New Brunswick," was voted down by a majority of 119 to 38, Messrs. Blake, Mackenzie, and nearly all the leading members on both sides of the House

voting in the majority. Mr. Mackenzie, it is true, moved that the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown, and, if possible, of the British Privy Council, should be taken, touching the constitutionality of the Act, and his motion was carried. The result was that so far from the Act having been disallowed it went into operation, and is still in operation in New Brunswick, to the satisfaction, so far as appears, of all parties. The most noteworthy feature of the affair was that in that case, just as in the one now under discussion, the leaders of both parties, putting aside personal opinion and feeling, took their stand on the broad ground of the constitutional rights of the Province affected.

FARMERS are, naturally enough, the most uncompromising enemies of trusts and combinations. No doubt they are sometimes disposed to regret their own inability to fight fire with fire, by forming combinations and trusts amongst themselves. Occasional attempts have been made to do something of that kind, but with very indifferent success. The great number and comparative isolation of the tillers of the soil must always render concerted action on a large scale difficult, if not impossible. But a paragraph that has lately appeared in some of the papers suggests the possibility of a certain kind of farmers' combination that seems feasible enough, and might prove very greatly to their advantage. It is said to have been demonstrated that in the most fertile plains of California, by the judicious employment of machinery on a grand scale, wheat can be raised, threshed, and stored ready for shipment at a total cost of eight cents per bushel. It has for some time past been evident that the growing competition of wheat cultivated by the cheap labour of India and other eastern countries is likely at no distant day to bring down the price to a figure which will reduce the American and Canadian farmer to despair. The thought suggested is this: Seeing that in our own North-West we have all the natural conditions in soil, climate, and immeasurable stretches of level prairie, for carrying on operations on the largest scale, why should not a number of neighbouring farmers combine lands, capital, and labour to the utmost limit of reduction of cost in wheat-raising, and thus command the markets of the world? This would be precisely analogous to what has been accomplished in various manufacturing industries, with all the objectionable features of the combine omitted. Such combinations would be preferable for many obvious reasons to the accumulation of vast quantities of land in the hands of individuals or companies, with their possibilities of mischievous monopoly in the future.

WHEN the Act establishing the North-west Council in its present form was under discussion we took occasion to point out that such an Act could not satisfy the natural aspirations of the people of the Territories for any length of time. We wondered why, having gone so far, the Government did not go further and give a good measure of self-government, instead of a nondescript compound of autonomy and absolutism. We are glad to note that a large advance is now to be made. Mr. Dewdney's North-west Bill falls short in only two or three important particulars of virtual local self-rule. It is understood to confer on the Council most of the powers of a Provincial Legislature, including the right of direct taxation for territorial and municipal purposes, the establishment and tenure of territorial offices, the establishment, maintenance and management of prisons, the framing and control of municipal institutions, the bestowal of licenses of various kinds for revenue purposes, the control of property and civil rights, incorporation of companies for local purposes, administration of justice within the usual local limitations, solemnization of marriage, etc. The chief respects in which the Council or Legislature will fall short of the full status of the other Provincial Legislatures are that it cannot borrow money, manage and sell public lands, or establish asylums and hospitals. Why the last named right should be withheld will perhaps be made clear in discussion, as also whether the principle of a responsible ministry is to be introduced in lieu of the somewhat despotic powers now assigned to the Lieutenant-governor. The Bill evidently goes very far in the direction of the full measure of home rule which must be reached at an early day.

THE tardy reports of the Dominion Labour Commission will afford abundant food for study and discussion during the Parliamentary recess. It is unfortunate, though in view of the mixed character of the Commission not surprising, that its members were unable to agree in all their conclusions and recommendations. A unanimous report would have carried weight as a basis for legislation, which is to some extent lost in consequence of the division. Nevertheless, even the points of agreement cover many important particulars, upon which, it is reasonable to suppose, action will be taken at the next session of Parliament. Among the most urgent of the legislative reforms which all the Commissioners are agreed in recommending we should be inclined to reckon those forbidding the practice of inflicting fines upon employees, compelling payment in currency and not in scrip, establishing boards of arbitration to settle labour disputes, prohibiting the sale of liquor in the vicinity of mines, and asking for the establishment of a Dominion Labour Bureau. The points of divergence between the reports of the members of the board representing capital and those representing labour are numerous, including, as might have been expected, such questions as those concerning assisted immigration, contract alien labour, prison labour, the provisions for the safety of employees on railways, in ships, factories, etc. Many of these points are worthy of the most careful consideration. They will, no doubt, come up from time to time for discussion.

"IMPERIAL Federation is a dream," said Lord Derby to an American interviewer the other day. It is, no doubt, a grand and inspiring dream, as Dr. Grant showed in his eloquent lecture at Kingston the other day, but it is a dream, nevertheless, in its visionary and impracticable character, as the first serious attempt to realize it will no doubt make plain. Some of the questions asked and answers given by Dr. Grant are very suggestive. That Canada is not at the present moment in a position of stable equilibrium is but too clear to all observers. That this instability is the outcome of imperfect political development, and is a necessary incident of her present stage of colonial growth, many will be equally ready to admit. There can, we think, be little doubt that her slow increase in population in comparison with her Republican neighbour is, partially at least, due to this instability. Emigrants of the most desirable classes will, other things being equal, naturally prefer the country which has reached full political manhood, and is consequently able to confer full citizenship. But if political manhood is possible for Canada only in the full citizenship which Imperial Confederation would confer, she is, we are persuaded, doomed to perpetual infancy. Look at the picture as Dr. Grant suggests it. A population of 5,000,000 in America united in the bonds of commercial and political union with 315,000,000 in Great Britain, at the Antipodes, and all over the globe. Does history give us a single instance of equal, successful, genuine union between two peoples separated by even a thousand miles of ocean? Consider how completely the political influence of the 5,000,000 would be swallowed up and lost in the 320,000,000. One vote in 64 would have about as much effect in changing the current of legislation on a question of commerce, or of peace and war, as a pebble in a flowing stream. Lord Derby's words are pregnant with meaning which all Canadians will do well to ponder. "Imperial Federation implies common action and the submission of the minority to the majority." When the minority stands to the majority in the proportion of one to sixty-four it is not difficult to form an idea of what that means.

GOVERNMENT having taken charge of the Copyright Act, the prospects of its becoming law this session are again hopeful. The chief provisions of the proposed Act we have before described. The principle of the Bill can hardly fail to be approved by a large majority of the members on both sides of the House. This is another piece of legislation which trenches upon the prerogatives which the British Parliament has hitherto reserved to itself. In view of the influence which British publishers may bring to bear there is perhaps greater danger of objection to this Bill, on the part of the British Government, than even to the Extradition Act. It is noteworthy that while both the Premier and the Minister of Justice seem to admit that the proposals of the Bill conflict with the Imperial Act, both seem firmly of opinion that the case is one in which the right to legislate in our own interest should be firmly insisted on. The serious injustice and hardship resulting to Canadian publishers under the present system were clearly set forth by Sir John Thomp-

son, and are so patent that it is difficult to believe that the British Government can fail to yield to their force.

WHY this periodical hurrying and scurrying every session at Ottawa? As spring approaches Government and Opposition seem to vie with each other in their anxiety to bring the session to a close at the earliest possible moment. Is there any obligation in the Decalogue, or in the nature of things, which makes it imperative that Parliament be prorogued before a certain day? We had supposed that the duty of a deliberative Assembly was to deliberate, and that of a Legislature to legislate, and that the duties imposed by the people upon their representatives implied that whatever time was necessary for the purpose should be taken. The proper time to end the session would seem to be when its work was properly done. But, instead of the limit being fixed by the needs of legislation, it seems to be becoming the fashion to fix the time limit arbitrarily or at convenience and let the legislation govern itself accordingly. The consequence is that the last two or three weeks of every session are marked by a restlessness which must be anything but favourable to legislative calmness. The Opposition reproach the Government with intentional delay for the very purpose of preventing full discussion, or, in other words, with striving to defeat the end for which the Parliament exists. The Government retorts by blaming the long speeches and obstructive tactics of the Opposition. We shall not attempt to apportion the guilt. But it is clear that such haste and recrimination must tend not only to impair the character of the legislation—generally the most important of the session—rushed through during these last days, but also to create or foster popular distrust of the whole legislative machinery which is so jerky in its working. If the fact be, as the Opposition so loudly assert, that the Government purposely delays important and doubtful measures, in order that they may escape searching criticism, the very best means of correcting the evil would be for the Opposition to let it be understood that they were prepared to remain at their posts just as long as might be necessary for the faithful discharge of the duty for which they were elected.

HALF a million dollars additional is a large sum to be taken annually for a single object from the Dominion exchequer, already too largely overdrawn. It is no wonder that many Members of Parliament demurred at the liberal subsidies proposed by the Government for the new steamship lines. And yet these lines of swift steamers connecting our Atlantic seaboard with Europe, and our Pacific seaboard with Australia, China and Japan, are the logical complements of the great Canadian railway. No one could suppose that Canada can, for long years to come, furnish local and transcontinental traffic sufficient to keep the Canadian Pacific Railway in operation or enable it to pay running expenses. Only as a stupendous link in a great chain of travel and commerce encircling the globe could the building of this highway have been justified. Only in such wise can it be expected to bring in any adequate returns for the vast amount of capital and labour lavished in its construction. Whether a steamboat service of the frequency and speed required could have been obtained at less expense by waiting to give private enterprise full scope; whether slower and cheaper lines would have served the purpose almost equally well, at greatly reduced cost; whether the arrangements now proposed, the methods adopted, the contracts made, were the best possible under the circumstances,—these are legitimate questions and should be fully answered. The Opposition seem to have just cause for complaint of the very meagre information in regard to them furnished by the Government. The sums to be voted are far too large to be entrusted to any Government, without the fullest and most satisfactory particulars. But of the soundness of the policy itself, under existing circumstances, there seems really no room for doubt. The results may be all we hope for. The route may prove less popular and attractive than is anticipated. The amount of travel and traffic may be immense, and yet the material benefits to Canada be found seriously disappointing. In regard to all these matters we can but hope for the best. But, in any case, to have stopped short of carrying out the grand scheme to its result by completing the channels of communication with Europe and the great East would, now that the Canadian Pacific is completed, have been short-sighted and timorous in the extreme.

MOST honest Canadians will approve the action of the Government in putting Dr. Weldon's Extradition Bill amongst Government Orders, in order to secure its

discussion if not its passage before the close of the Session. Why should Canada continue to be an asylum for United States thieves? It is time this reproach were put away from us. If we wish to punish the Washington politicians for refusing to give us back our own defaulters, the penalty is one of a kind which falls much more heavily upon those who inflict than upon those who undergo it. It is incomparably more harmful to Canadian reputation and character to harbour embezzlers, betrayers of trust, and other unprincipled men from abroad, than it is to our neighbours to be unable to recover them. The people of the United States are well recompensed for the loss of a good deal of money by being rid of so large a number of dishonest men. Canada, on the other hand, suffers not only loss of self-respect by reason of their presence on her soil, but also incurs serious danger of moral contamination, by the influence and example of those who may be unconsciously taken as object lessons, setting forth the advantages of successful rascality. Nor do we believe there is much reason to fear an Imperial veto. Times have changed even since Mr. Mills' Bill, drawn on somewhat similar lines, was objected to by the British Government seventeen years ago. England can have little to gain, while Canada has much to lose, by perpetuating the present noxious state of things. The moral right of the Mother Country to require her colony to suffer moral injury for political ends is more than doubtful. The danger that Canada may put it out of her power to grant asylum to political refugees from the great Republic is too remote and chimerical to be worthy of consideration. The opportunity to heap coals of fire on our neighbour's head, and at the same time do our own country a real service is too good to be lost.

THE Minister of Customs has done well in yielding to the force of public opinion in the matter of adding the cost of inland transportation to the invoice price in determining the value on which to assess the duty on imported goods. The rule or law under which that was done was simply indefensible in principle. That being the case neither any amount of increase of revenue it unfairly secured, nor any indirect protective effect it might be supposed to have, could justify it in practice. In these times when the whole country is ablaze with denunciations of the alleged Jesuistic teaching that the end justifies the means, the Government of the country cannot afford to adhere to any course of conduct whose sole defence rests on such a basis. This remark has even a stronger application to those other obnoxious methods of the Customs' Department which are being now so vigorously assailed. We refer to the mode of procedure in the case of firms suspected of undervaluation, or other devices for defrauding the revenue. We fully recognize the great difficulty under which the Department labours, in its efforts to enforce the Customs' Act strictly and impartially. The temptation to fraud is great. The modes of perpetrating it are many. And, unhappily, the number of persons who deem it no crime to cheat the revenue in such a manner, is far too numerous, even among those who would scorn to be guilty of an act of downright dishonesty of another kind. In many cases it would, we dare say, be well nigh impossible to discover the fraud by the ordinary methods of detection. Desperate diseases are supposed to require desperate remedies, and it is not hard to understand how the Government may deem itself almost driven to the exercise of a species of *surveillance*, and to the use of despotic measures, which are really incompatible with the liberty of the subject in a free country.

FROM the days of King John and the *Magna Charta* until now Englishmen and their descendants have been jealous in guarding the freedom of the subject and the rights of property against the encroachments of the ruling power. By a series of progressions from law to law and precedent to precedent the limits to this freedom and these rights have become in the main so clearly outlined and so firmly fixed, that the meanest subject is believed to be completely secured against arbitrary interference, even by the Sovereign. What then shall be said of the state of things under which, on mere suspicion, Government officers may enter a citizen's private warehouse or retail shop, seize his goods, close his place of business, carry off his ledgers, letters, invoices and other papers, and retain possession of the whole, pending an investigation in which the ordinary maxims of the courts are reversed, and the accused is called on to prove his innocence on pain of being held guilty and punished accordingly? The charge is perhaps one of undervaluation of goods, on which the duty assessed

by the Customs' officers was paid at date of entry, after, it must be assumed, due investigation and satisfactory proof of value. If a trial is demanded the accused is tried before an officer of the Department, the plaintiff in the case thus being constituted judge and jury as well as prosecutor. If an appeal is allowed it is to a court of three arbitrators, two of whom are appointed by the same plaintiff. And, to cap the climax, the officers who lay the accusation and conduct the prosecution are stimulated to secure a conviction if possible, by the prospect of being rewarded for their zeal with the largest portion of the goods whose confiscation they may succeed in securing. Is it not wonderful that such a travesty of justice is tolerated on the free soil of Canada? What is the Minister's defence? First, that the present Government did not originate the practice, but received it as handed down by their Liberal predecessors. This is true in fact, but sadly weak in logic. Two wrongs never yet made a right. Second, that the honest importers, boards of trade, etc., have tacitly acknowledged the necessity of these harsh measures by not protesting against them. Putting side by side with this the companion statement that it is not the honest importer but the smuggler who complains of this arbitrary procedure, it becomes clear that no one can afford to protest, unless he is willing to put himself at once under the cloud of official suspicion. Surely we are bound in compliment to the Canadian love of freedom and justice to believe that no such official absolutism can long be tolerated on Canadian soil. It is to be hoped that the Minister of Customs will again yield gracefully to the pressure of public sentiment, based as it is on a sense of natural justice.

WHY should Stanley have been so anxious to persuade Emin Pasha to abandon his grand work in Central Africa? In his equatorial province Emin has been doing noble service both for the natives over whom he was placed by Gordon in 1878, and for civilization. During those eleven years he has redeemed the district from the domination of slave-traders, trained a native soldiery able apparently to defend the Province against all slave-trading Arabs, and by the excellence of his financial administration, changed an annual deficit of about \$160,000 into a surplus of \$40,000. He has also, as appears from a volume of letters recently published by his friends, Professors Schweinfurth, Ratzel, and others, rendered very valuable service to science. A writer in the *Missionary* referring to this volume, of the publication of which, by the way, Emin Pasha knows nothing, says that the contributions to natural history contained in it would be sufficient to give fame to any man. Dr. Hartlaub declares that the zoological collections and observations which Emin Pasha has made are astonishing in the highest degree. "If we add to this," says the writer in the *Missionary*, "the service of Emin Pasha as a military leader and governor, and his protracted and energetic efforts for the suppression of the slave-trade and the amelioration of the condition of the people of the equatorial province, we are constrained to admit that he is one of the most wonderful men of his time." Would it not be a mistake and a pity to induce such a man to abandon an enterprise so philanthropic and so successful?

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

SUCH is the comparison that suggested itself to me of the city of Ottawa, during a recent and not very agreeable visit there, at a not very agreeable season of the year. The position of the city, on the crown of a hill, whence the prospect on all sides falls away in graceful curves, at once suggests an idea of roundness, which, in conjunction with the comparative smallness of area covered, and to be covered, by the city proper, asks for the quality of intrinsic value. And such intrinsic value the city of Ottawa undoubtedly has. "Beautiful for situation," it can, by wise and cultivated municipal management, be made the "joy of the whole earth." For, the days of magnificent edifices, surrounded as they were left to be by squalor, dirt, poverty, and even much human suffering—even though some amelioration of that suffering might by charitable institutions be provided for—are over; we are come to a better state of things; we know that the day of the people is come, that the people's health, welfare, education, and comfort is henceforward to be the aim of governments, whether civil or municipal. And to such an arrangement Ottawa lends herself very readily. Her streets slope, not too precipitously anywhere, and may thus be well drained above and below the surface. Her climate is delightful and particularly healthful and invigorating. Her water supply is plentiful and, if kept free from contamination and allowed to filter through the sandstone, exceedingly good and suitable for human needs. The rivers that surround her are delightful highways in the summer and furnish the people with an abundance of healthful recrea-

tion, whether their waters glow and glisten under the summer sun or calmly rest below a crystal shield.

The accessible heights of Parliament Hill offer the loveliest of summer resorts, furnishing at once a soft, green sward for the lounge, a verdant shade of beautiful trees, where whispers of hope and love may be fittingly spoken, and a panorama of wood and water, wave and shore, hill and plain, agreeably diversified—at least to the poet and philosopher—by the signs of human enterprise and progress, without which the finest prospect is little better to the heart of humanity than the telescopic moon.

To be a proper place to live in a city must be open, clean, pleasant to the sight, convenient, and well-balanced. That snare of all cities must be guarded against—squalor, the neglect of the poor. While erecting noble and appropriate public buildings, which is always the duty of a corporation, it is also a corporation's duty to see that the working people are well housed; that their homes are homes, and neither become those wretched monstrosities of modern days—tenements, nor are left without adequate means for convenience and cleanliness: without these the housewife's labour is trebled, if not wholly discouraged, and the happy sense of home as a place of rest is destroyed for the busy breadwinners.

Ottawa has started well; her lapidary is an artist, as is proved by the lovely situation of the beautiful Parliament Buildings—a pile of which any country may be proud. I had not the opportunity of viewing the buildings from the river front, but the symmetry that is evident, not only in the structures themselves, but in the area of space by which they are fenced off from encroachment, is very striking and agreeable.

Within, at a rough glance, which is all I had the chance of giving, they are very satisfactory. The corridors are spacious, and the style and ornamentation appropriate and dignified: there is no screaming for admiration of one part over another—all is grave and commodious. The House of Commons is a noble and pleasant chamber; the tones of its colourings are in harmony with its architecture and purposes. The galleries appeared to me a shade too high, but that was judging from the point of view of a listener to parliamentary debates, whence it is not easy to hear distinctly, nor to see more than a third of the floor. But from any point in the galleries which surround the chamber, a fine expanse of its architecture, the noble arches springing from shafts of gray marble, and supporting a highly elaborate and beautiful ceiling, may be had.

It is so much the custom now-a-days to decry our public men, more particularly our politicians, that a word in their praise may raise a smile. Notwithstanding, I am not ashamed to say that to me, while listening to certain of our representatives, both in special and ordinary debate, it seemed that to "hold one's own" manfully among the thousand and one toils that, sensibly or insensibly, coil around and pull upon the Member of Parliament, requires a courage, a nobility of soul, and an uprightness of character that is seldom elsewhere, and in any other situation, so frequently and severely tested. That we have such members is a happy matter of congratulation, that they are men to be proud of and to yield every support and backing that their constituents and the country can give, is equally true.

Nor is the might of debate and of parliamentary eloquence a fit subject for the sneer it too often receives. There are few intelligent and cultivated people, I apprehend, who could listen to a two hours' speech delivered with grace and dignity, full of force, acumen and logic (sometimes, it must be admitted, of adroitness instead), clothed in elegant and appropriate language, with a polish of gesture, tone and manner, of itself captivating, without feeling ambition aroused and imagination quickened; and further, if the sense was there, without having the fires of patriotism set brilliantly aglow.

From the House of Commons, passing the Senate Chamber which at a glance seems to vie with the Lower House in fitness and dignity, a natural transition is to the Parliamentary-Library; for here it is that those weapons of hard fact, statistic, and blue-book, with which one member assaults and sometimes vanquishes another, are stored. Of an octagonal form, lighted from a lofty roof, all its lines elegantly subordinated to its purpose, the chamber of the Library proper presents a vision of beauty hardly to be surpassed on this continent. From the regnant glory of the gleaming white statue of our Queen in the midst to the outermost detail of its elaborately ornamented expanse, the Parliamentary Library of Canada is an example of art and architecture of which Canadians may well be proud. Carved and polished wood—oak, if one may judge from the colour—is its main feature of construction; and instead of offending the eye by a bald display of its learned treasures row upon row, deep galleried recesses arranged so as to furnish the student or reader with a snug seclusion, contain the thousands of volumes collected in a very ready and categorical method of disposal.

No air of studious seclusion, or of philosophic gloom, enshrouds the chamber; but a pleasant and ample light pervades it with an air of frankness and welcome by no means belied by the officials of long rank within its walls. To speak of the library from a departmental standpoint would be to enter upon a subject demanding a paper to itself, therefore it is necessary to leave it without further notice, and passing through its western portal we are at liberty to proceed to that other domain of literature that is located in the "Western Block" namely, the Archives Branch of the Department of Agriculture. Why attached to the Department of Agriculture, and why authors should

go to agriculture for their copyright, is one of those mysteries open only to the initiated. Perhaps our Solons thought the specific term as applicable to one kind of cultivation as another. But here it is not necessary to delay since "The Archives" deserves and, if the editor permits, may have a paper to itself.

Down the Western steps we emerge on to Wellington Street and so come back to Ottawa, our subject proper. Wellington Street is rapidly being cut and polished into beauty, it is wide enough, and its buildings are, so far, in keeping with its locality. "The Indian Department" upon which apparently cannot be accommodated in "The Buildings" area will, undoubtedly, if not so accommodated, be very soon made worthy of its connections over the way. The Montreal Bank is a fine edifice, and Burlands of Montreal are just finishing a very noble building opposite the "Eastern Block." Westward, Wellington Street maintains a handsome width, and will, despite present appearances, develop into a professional quarter. I fancy Sparks Street, the next street south, is too narrow, and when, as at the date of my visit, full of ice and snow, is a most awkward roadway both for driver and pedestrian. Westward, it, too, opens out into an excellent width, while its eastward extremity runs over the Dufferin Bridge, and so on into Lower Town. One is apt to imagine that Lower means inferior, but in this instance, at least, the application is unjust insofar as business is concerned. There is more real, all-the-year-round business done in Lower Town than in Sparks Street, and necessarily so, since the bulk of the settled population is in this vicinity. Sussex Street, turning north and east, is for half a mile or more a good, plain business locality, but I should judge that to quiet-loving citizens it was apt to be too unsteady, if not uproarious, when the men from the shanties up the Ottawa and Gatineau alleys come in. This street follows, at a good frontage distance, the shore of the beautiful Ottawa, dotted over during the ice season with boat-houses, covered in like a ship at the pole, and with buoys, also covered in, and at every crossing from the one shore to the other with the *chabane*—cabin—shebeen. These places, where whiskey is the main, if not the sole, accommodation, are allowed to carry on their injurious traffic despite strong representations against them, because "they keep the roads—across the ice—open."

A mile or so along Sussex Street, lined as it is by small shops, residences, and lumber dealers' yards and piling grounds, just at the back of one of these yards, and in no way defended from the excessively common-place view, is "Earncliffe," the residence of the Premier of this great Dominion. "He is only a commoner like the rest of them," was the remark of Lady Macdonald in another connection. And truly his surroundings impress that statement upon one. The approach to the house is almost contemptible, and to enter the gate it is necessary to take a little footpath in front of some small houses, and a plank walk round a corner, passing as you do more than one heap of ashes and refuse, thrown out, Ottawa fashion, I am sorry to say, upon the street—not even saved for a special day—as we in Toronto pretend to do. Entering the gate, one treads a narrow bit of a plank walk, strewn with cinders, for the ice forms nightly afresh after the daily thaw, and the amount of lumber, sawdust, smoke makes both ice and snow very dirty. A small manor house with Tudor chimneys stands before the visitor, and it is difficult to believe that it is fair to the head of the Government to allow this to be all the residence he has. But he is aged and failing now, and it would doubtless be harder to him to have to enter upon new arrangements and surroundings than to continue in the familiar quarter, so long, at least, as his official life shall last.

Half a mile further, along this same muddy common-place road is Rideau Hall. It has nothing of an entrance, no surroundings except its own grounds, which are fairly extensive and being gradually improved out of the rough, and is a very plain and rather incongruous sort of a residence for the Governor-General. Still it has its intrinsic value like the city itself, and may eventually become as attractive and highly finished a spot as ever the Old Country can show, if by that period Governors-General shall not have gone out of fashion.

Coming back to the city by the Street Railway, the possibilities of Ottawa as a beautiful city again strike one; its lines of streets are well laid out, and on many of the southerly ones stand large, homelike residences where city and parliamentary magnates reside, as well as the higher rank and file of the civil service. Good sidewalks, well-kept boulevards and trees, and cleanly kept roadways are everywhere essential to the beauty of a city, and when the corporation of Ottawa have attained all that is attainable for their municipality it cannot fail to be topographically, as well as politically, the capital of the Dominion—a brilliantly-faceted gem, no longer a diamond in the rough.

S. A. CURZON.

PARIS LETTER.

THE political atmosphere has been so stormy since I last wrote that the lighter matters of Paris society are quite put out of court; nevertheless, as the telegraph will have informed you of the result of Boulanger's prosecution by the Senate as soon as we can know it ourselves, I will not weary you by long descriptions of the present state of affairs. You already know in Canada that the President and Committee of the Patriotic League got off very lightly in their trial before the *Police Correctionnelle*. M. Paul Déroulède is so much beloved in France that an attempt to imprison or exile him would be very badly

received in the Provinces. But the General, in spite of the votes of a million of Frenchmen, has not achieved the real reputation of M. Déroulède, and there are signs that the Senate which has just been constituted into a high court of justice may deal hardly with him. His point of view—supposing that he has an honest point of view—is a very extraordinary one. He conceives of a republic in the clouds, independent of the ordinary methods of election, and which shall be a virtuous republic in the same sense in which the Girondins were eminently "virtuous" men. There is an old English nursery rhyme which pithily observes:

How shall I butter without any knife?
How shall I marry without any wife?

and a politician possessed of the smallest practical experience may well enquire how the machinery of a work-a-day electorate can be dispensed with. The actual republic in France is not an agreeable object, viewed from the English side of the channel or by English residents in Paris. It is narrow, doctrinaire and very irreligious. Just as in monarchy the course of events may throw up to the headship of the reigning family a very undesirable personage, such as the "first gentleman in Europe," so the regular process of election may give a bad set of rulers. But these men now forming the French Cabinet are in their place by the working of ordinary laws, and to kick them down and replace them by a creature chosen by a plebiscite, is surely to risk the future of a great country upon pure chance.

Meantime it is not irrelevant to note that General Boulanger is in Brussels in distinctly bad company. This we happen to know privately, and were he to cross the channel and seek shelter in London, or were he to seek an asylum in respectable little Switzerland, he would find certain of his social surroundings to be millstones around his neck.

The storms of the last fortnight have not, however, entirely prevented the Parisian from keeping the *Mi-carême* in the usual cheerful way; and first among the social entertainments was Madame Madeleine Lemaire's ball, where all the guests were attired in the costumes of 1830. It seems that various notabilities were represented; and the exact epoch was not too strictly kept, for though Lord Byron had already been dead some eight years, he was to be seen walking about with Chateaubriand! Your readers may not know a very charming early portrait of our own Queen, in a costume very close to that of 1830. The Princess Victoria's hair is twisted up over a comb in high bows, and her face has a charming air of youthfulness and simplicity. Some such portrait was chosen for the costume of Mademoiselle Susanne, the only daughter of Madame Madeleine Lemaire, who is, as you are probably aware, one of the very first, and perhaps the most actually successful, water-colour artist in France. Her illustrations for "The Abbé Constantin" were exhibited after they were engraved, and sold in detail, being disputed for fabulous sums by wealthy amateurs.

Chevreuil is dead; the great centenarian will no more be seen driving to inspect the progress of the Tour Eiffel. He is said to have seen the flag hoisted on the summit on the day of completion. The son, M. Henri Chevreuil, predeceased him by a very short interval, and the father was carefully kept from all knowledge of the son's death. This is a fitting moment to recall one of the most remarkable engravings issued in Paris for many years past. It was on the occasion of M. Chevreuil's centenary, and was a remarkable effort of imagination. In the left-hand corner, seen on the horizon in the light of dawn, was the living image of the guillotine—and in the foreground, leaning against a tree, sat the centenarian Frenchman. At his feet and all around him lay the dead, with familiar faces. Robespierre and Napoleon, the last Bourbon kings, and Louis Philippe of the House of Orleans, Guizot and Thiers, Byron and Scott, Lamartine and Victor Hugo—the glorious heroes of a century in every department of human life. This picture deserves reproduction. M. Chevreuil is to have a state funeral. And we in Paris are no longer able to say that we have amongst us a man who was nearly thirty years old when Waterloo was fought, and who up to a very recent date was pursuing the last scientific speculations of the day.

Great preparations are being made by the Parisian dressmakers and costumiers in view of the Exhibition. A vigorous effort to bring back a few of the 18th century fashions has been set on foot in the artistic coteries. The inartistic *complet* crowned by a chimney-pot (*tuyau*) is to make way to three-cornered hats, velvet coats, knee-breeches, silk stockings and diamond buckles. An elegant snuff-box containing the portrait of his *toute belle* is an essential of the 18-19th century man. In the meantime the lively *Parisienne* is quite content with the simple *directoire* gown, a simplicity however carried off by the extraordinary hats and headdresses, crowned with flowers, feathers, and ribbons of many colours, held together with cameos. The portraits of Josephine, her beautiful sister-in-law the Princess Borghese, and of Madame Recamier are being carefully studied at Versailles where they are relegated to the garnet galleries at the top of the Palace, in the rooms once occupied by Henrietta of England's Maids of Honour. The day before yesterday I went all through the Exhibition, truly a marvellous sight, though far from its completion. To the British section belongs the honour of being the first completed *salle* of the Exhibition. The work is now being carried on at high pressure, for *coute qui coute* everything must be ready by the 7th of May. One of the most successful pavilions

from every point of view will be the Toy Palace, full of the wonders in which small people delight. As for the famous tower, it is being painted a dark bronze sort of colour by men slung in mid air, enormously paid for the job. Every day at 12 o'clock a cannon is fired off on the top of the tower, but this does not charm the Parisians for it can scarcely be heard at all at the bottom, and there is a superstition current that it disturbs the weather.

M. A. B.

A SPRING SONG.

THRICE welcome, Spring! thou gentle thing!
Sweet first-born of the year,
Whose father old the frore king cold,
And mother sun up rear.

He fades away, with length'ning day,
She woos him to his rest;
With wind and rain, life comes amain
To thee, from Nature's breast.

The buds beneath each russet sheath
Are big with verdant life;
Up springs the grass where lovers pass
Whose hearts with hopes are rife.

Now sing their lay, the warblers gay,
The merry wild birds free,
As far and near they waft us cheer
From bush and brake and tree.

How sweetly float, from Robin's throat,
His love songs to his mate;
Now swift on wing, then carolling,
From early morn till late.

And as we stray, by woodland way,
The purling streamlets run,
With murmurings, like living things,
All glinting in the sun.

And 'neath the shade of forest glade,
Bedewed by April shower,
We now espy, with loving eye,
Thy fragrant, bonnie flower.

Thrice welcome, Spring! we gladly sing
Thy praises manifold;
For blessings rare, thou dost prepare
On earth, for young and old.

T. E. MOBERLY.

Toronto, 12th April, 1889.

OTTAWA LETTER.

THE Art Association of Ottawa was organized in 1879 and incorporated in 1883. The School of Art and Design, on Sparks Street, which is under its auspices, is open from November 1st till May 1st, with morning classes from ten till one, and evening from seven till ten; besides Art needlework classes on Tuesday and Friday, and a sketch class on Saturdays. The instruction is divided into five branches: Life, Oil and Water Colour Drawing from the Antique and Draped figure, under Mr. Franklin Brownell, an exhibitor in the Paris Salon; Design, Free-hand, and Architectural Drawing, under Mr. Fenning Taylor; Mechanical Drawing, Locomotive and Stationary Engine and Mill-Work, under Mr. J. B. Lamb; Practical Geometry and Perspective under Mr. J. T. Bowerman; and Art Needlework under Miss Bassett. Fees for the Advanced Course are \$5.00 per month; Elementary \$2.00; Industrial Course \$1.00; and Needlework \$1.50. During the present session there have been eighty-one students, exclusive of the needlework class, and there is an annual examination under control of the Provincial Government, besides an exhibition of work and distribution of prizes, which event is to take place next month. The Council consists of the eminent men of education and taste in the Capital, and has for its Patron, His Excellency the Governor-General.

Under the consideration of the Supreme Court there is at present a case which is exciting much interest, not only on account of the principle at issue, but on account of the peculiar circumstances of the appellant. A daughter of one of Ottawa's leading merchants married a merchant whose adopted home was in Winnipeg. On the wedding tour, and on the railway of the Canada Pacific Company between Ottawa and Winnipeg, the train upon which the bride travelled was thrown from the track, and a fire occurring in the baggage car the contents were destroyed. Among these contents was the travelling baggage of the bride, and as the young lady was reared in the lap of luxury and her husband was the son of a prominent Montreal citizen, and himself an eminently popular youth, the belongings were naturally of the most varied, abundant and *récherché* description. An action was taken to recover from the railway the cost of the baggage destroyed, which was specified to contain silks, laces, furs, plushes, and the endless and interesting paraphernalia which is customary, if not necessary, in the circumstances, and which was valued at \$1,500. The railway paid into court \$100 on the ground that, by the ticket upon which the appellant travelled, it was not liable to a greater extent. A verdict, however, was given in favour of the bride, and \$1,077.50

damages were awarded. This decision was set aside by the High Court of Justice, and an appeal to the Court of Appeal was dismissed with costs. The present appeal to the Supreme Court prays that the original judgment in favour of the traveller be restored, on the ground that, although the lady signed a ticket with the stipulation, "In consideration of the reduced rate at which this ticket is sold I hereby agree to all the provisions of the above contract," the ticket was signed by her solely for the purposes of identification. Judgment has been deferred; but as the two families involved in the suit are well known in the society of the Capital, fashion is on the tip toe of expectation.

The New St. Patrick's Bridge is the subject of municipal dispute. The railing is far from what the contract demands, and still further from what safety demands; but the contractor pleads poverty and virtually asks the city to accept the situation. The railing is of miniature pretensions in weight and strength; and of such incompetent protective capacity that, instead of being measured by its *active* guardianship, it is judged by its *passive*. "People could fall into the river without the least difficulty," said a magistrate. Although the usual object of a railing is that people could not fall into the river by any possibility; and although the engineer on this occasion bound himself, not only to complete the bridge to the satisfaction of the Council, but to "perform all repairs from accidents caused otherwise than by acts of Providence for ten years," the Council possessed at least one voice which pled for the acceptance of the bridge in its present condition. That clause about the "accidents" and "Providence" was a distinct bribe to shoddyism.

An item of expenditure which came up in the House of Commons a couple of weeks ago, and which, unfortunately, makes its annual appearance, is the cost of maintaining Rideau Hall. It is not to be supposed that our people are less loyal to the representative of Royalty than our relations in Britain are to Royalty itself. We all know the dainty and gingerly generalship which is necessary even in Westminster when a fresh or renewed demand on the public purse is made for *ad infinitum* provisions of that nature; and in a country where work and leisure are in an inverse ratio, intolerance of apparent prodigality need not be regarded as high treason. The Constitution fixes at \$50,000 the salary which we shall pay for having a representative of Her Majesty among us; and most of us are under the impression that at a sum of that sort, though probably below what might be expended, is nevertheless as much as ought to be for the gratification to our vanity which the appointment implies. And when we learn that it amounts in reality to less than half the annual cost, a respectful but firm protest is shorn of its treason and takes the place of duty. In addition to the salary, we pay \$5,000 a year for travelling; \$8,000 for light and fuel; \$11,801 for salaries of Secretaries and Aides; \$6,528 for contingencies; and \$23,272 annually for repairs, furniture and so forth. Among the items of "contingencies" are charges of \$1,691 for telegrams and \$938 for newspapers. The Governor's News-Room is one of seventeen (!) Departmental news-rooms, in addition to those of the Senate and the House of Commons, six of which cost annually over \$800 for newspapers, exclusive of salaries and attendance.

Sentiment on the Jesuit Question takes form in various freaks and fancies. A mass meeting was to be held at Bell's Corners, an Orange centre, and the Government got the credit of a vigorous effort to neutralize the effect of it. Hints were thrown out that a morning daily would contain a long letter of personal defence by Mr. Rykert, with an editorial endorsing it, and that an article in the *Orange Sentinel* would appear, of which several thousand copies were to be distributed in the neighbourhood. But the Orange leaders, forewarned and forearmed, called a hasty and red-hot meeting; discussed the situation, and resolved "that this Orange District Lodge do repudiate and denounce the whole course of the *Orange Sentinel* on the Jesuit Estates Question, and more particularly the article referred to." True to the hints thrown out, the said article, and the said letter of Mr. Rykert appeared, and we are treated to a display of refined and suggestive epithets—"tissue of falsehoods," "you were lying," "a profundity of dense ignorance," "ignorant as he is, he knows he is lying," "a public slander," "contemptible tirade," "reputation for hypocrisy and untruthfulness which you bear in every city," "surprised if two men of the same name could be blessed with such ignorance," "you knew you were guilty of telling what was untrue," "your nose is too long, and your breath is horrible." It is needless to add that after the profession of innocence implied in such expressions, a challenge for a public substantiation has been demanded. On the 18th the divine thus attacked (it was only self-defence the M.P. intended) lectured on the "Great Debate: 13 for and 188 against;" and, amid vociferous applause, analyzed the speeches of those of the 188, as well as of the 13 who have been already made famous by their utterances. The unique position of the Minister of Justice, as legal adviser to Her Majesty the Queen on one side, and to His Holiness the Pope on the other brought the house down, and after eloquence and enthusiasm, it was resolved "that whereas, . . . etc. etc. etc., (which all the world knows too well) it is the duty of every Protestant in the Dominion to act in unity and with energy to secure the suppression of the Jesuit Order."

Ottawa, which has secured for itself the title of Political Capital, is on the fair way to earn for itself that of Preaching Capital. In few cities of the Dominion, of even more pretentious size, do priest and parson speak out

so boldly to the people. St. Patrick's Church and the Basilica are both enormous edifices, and from both, the apostolic doctrines are expounded with such forcible emphasis that he that runneth may hear. To an audience of 3,000 faithful souls Father Drummond enforces The Confessional, The Real Presence; and in St. Patrick's Father Whelan, to an assembly quite as large, preaches the Infallibility of the Pope—"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my Church." Peter received jurisdiction over the Church from Christ Himself. Nothing can be more clearly established than that Peter is His Vicar on earth. Handing over the keys denotes the transfer of the supreme power, and the transfer of supreme holiness. The Pope is Peter's successor, and it is little short of blasphemy to suppose that he could err. The Rev. Mr. Wood takes up "Union" and from "one fold and one shepherd" teaches that the different branches of Christians are like the regiments and battalions of an army, and should be animated by a unity of aim and purpose. He does not regard our distinctions as an unmixed evil. Although three branches of Presbyterians united in 1875, and four of Methodists in 1885; although Presbyterians and Methodists are negotiating in the same direction, and, with Episcopalians, contemplate one grand Protestant Church in Canada, all union is impossible except upon modifications of external government which seem to many more precious than doctrine. The reverend gentleman concluded by impressing "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." Of course that is what we believe in now, except the last. The Rev. Mr. Herridge has been requested to publish his celebrated sermons on "Church and State," and it is understood that he has at least declined to say no. A wealth of preaching is on the tapis in connection with the foundation stone of St. Paul's Church. A mission, supported by distinguished clerics from Toronto and Hamilton, is inaugurating itself to establish a Home for Aged and Infirm Ministers. I write the name of the scheme with tenderness and awe, and trust that our fair country shall never stamp an everlasting blemish on its humanity, not to talk of Christianity, by putting such a thing on record. Alas! that anything is necessary to be done for their sacred comfort in declining strength and in the evening of life. But if so, not this—surely not this. When we muzzle the ox as he treads out the corn, and he drops down by the wayside, we fold our hypocritical hands in pity and commiseration and say, "Behold! how charitable we are! Be ye fed and clothed, for to-morrow ye die!"

A Report to the Government of the Ottawa County Waters informs us that fishing in the Ottawa River is better than it was last year; but that though suckers, carp, perch, and cat-fish are abundant, the Government Dam at Carillon bars the river and prevents larger fish, maskinonge, doré, bass, and sturgeon from ascending. The yearly value of the fisheries in this division is \$53,000, and although as many as thirteen nets were confiscated in one day, the laws are beginning to be known and obeyed.

The Canada Central Fair Association proposes to inaugurate a *fête* on Dominion Day in Lansdowne Park, to bring on some new attractions and make a financial success. An unfavourable day, however, will bring ruin in its track. A similar speculation last year by the Driving Club would, it is said, have lost \$1,500 had it rained.

His Excellency has given a grand military dinner. Mr. Speaker and Mrs. Allan have entertained 100 guests in the Senate Chamber, and Senator McGowan 110 in the Senate Dining Room.

A lady evangelist, under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Institute, is engaged on a week's work here.

JULIA ALPINULA—A MYTH.

A NOTE ON BYRON.

ALL readers of Childe Harold have doubtless noticed in Stanza 66, Canto 3, the mention of a certain Julia whose history as there represented is very pathetic. The explanatory note appended by Byron himself is as follows: "Julia Alpinula, a young Aventian priestess, died soon after a vain endeavour to save her father condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Caccina. Her epitaph was discovered many years ago. It is this:—

JULIA ALPINULA,
HIC JACEO.
PATRIS INFELICIS INFELIX PROLES. DEAE AVENTINAE SACERDOS.
EXORARE PATRIS NECEM NON POTUI:
MALE MORI IN FATIS ILLI ERAT.
VINI ANNOS XXIII."

Byron adds in somewhat overstrained terms: "I know of no human composition so affecting as this, or a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish, and to which we turn with a true and healthy tenderness from the wretched and glittering details of a confused mass of conquests and battles, with which the mind is roused for a time to a false and feverish sympathy, from whence it recurs at length with all the nausea consequent on such intoxication."

It is a pity to be obliged occasionally to dispel pleasant illusions; but it happened not long since that having occasion to consult Orelli's edition of Hagenbuch's "Inscriptiones Latinae," I lighted on some remarks which tend to throw great doubt on the genuineness of the above quoted epitaph. Orelli gives this epitaph, but he appends

the observation that no one but Lipsius (a celebrated Dutch critic of the 16th century), has ever seen it. It was supplied to him, Orelli states, by one Paulus Gulielmus, who fabricated it. This Paulus Gulielmus, Orelli seems to have had some knowledge of, as he styles him that fraudulent fellow, *fraudulentus iste homo*.

At page 131 of the same collection of Latin inscriptions, occurs one quoted from Gruter, and, therefore, doubtless genuine. It reads as follows:

DEAE ISIDI TEMPLUM A SOLO,
ANNUSIVS MAGIANVS DE SVO POSVIT VIR AQUENS[IS]:
AD CVIVS TEMPLI ORNAMENTA ALPINIA ALPINVLA
CONJVNX ET PEREGRINA FIL[IA]
DENARIOS CENTVM DEDERVNT, ETC.

From this we gather that one Alpinia Alpinula, together with her daughter Peregrina, contributed a sum of money (100 denarii) towards the equipment of a temple of the goddess Isis, built by her husband Annusius Magianus, a citizen of Aquae. From this inscription, Orelli observes, that Paulus Gulielmus has borrowed the name Alpinula, whom he represents in his epitaph to have been a priestess at Aventicum. Orelli adds that Theodore Ryckius (1683), had previously made the same observation in connection with a certain passage in Tacitus. Hagenbuch likewise had noticed the same thing.

The passage in question occurs in Tacitus' History, Book I., Chap. 68, and reads as follows: "The Roman army having ravaged the country, and made it a scene of desolation, marched to the siege of Aventicum, the capital city of the Helvetii, on which the inhabitants sent their deputies offering to surrender at discretion, and their submission was accepted. Julius Alpinus, one of the leading chiefs charged with being the authors of the war, was, by order of Caccina, the Roman general, publicly executed."

Combining this passage with the inscription in Gruter Paulus Gulielmus would seem to have invented his now famous epitaph on Julia Alpinula. The process may have been as follows:—First, he is struck with the graceful name Alpinula; and secondly, with the occurrence of the name Alpinus. He then conceives what may have been true, that this Alpinula was the daughter of Alpinus, who figures in the narrative.

The illustrious clan-name Julius precedes Alpinus. He therefore legitimately supposes that the clan-name in a feminine form, viz.: Julia, may precede Alpinula. He next substitutes Julia for Alpinia, of which Alpinula is plainly a duplicate, only in the form of a diminutive, becoming then a term of endearment.

Then he represents her to be a priestess at Aventicum. That one Alpinula was connected with a certain temple (namely, that of Isis), we learn from the Gruter inscription. Paulus Gulielmus makes Aventicum to be the scene of Alpinula's ministrations, i.e., the modern Avenches. The terms of the Gruter inscription would point rather to Aquae, i.e., the Thermae Helvetiorum, to-day Baden in Aargau. (Avenches and Baden, however, are not many miles apart, as may be seen on any good map.)

We learn from the above cited passage of Tacitus that Alpinus was condemned to death at Aventicum, for having taken a leading part in an insurrection. How natural that the daughter should passionately intervene to save the life of her father! How heart-rending her failure under the circumstances!

What wonder that such an event should shorten the days of one so devoted!

HERE I LIE,
JULIA ALPINULA,
HAPLESS OFFSPRING OF HAPLESS SIRE! PRIESTESS OF THE
GODDESS AT AVENTICUM.

I COULD NOT BY MY PRAYERS AVERT A FATHER'S DOOM.
IT WAS FATED FOR HIM TO DIE AN EVIL DEATH.
MY SPAN OF LIFE WAS TWENTY-THREE YEARS.

Such then is the tragical story of Julia Alpinula. However, in many respects it may have been the product of the brain of an ingenious *litterateur* Paulus Gulielmus (possibly a latinized form of Paul Guillaume), "it has sufficed to mislead" Orelli observes, "the distinguished German writer Johann Mueller and the English poet Byron." Moreover, Orelli elsewhere adds (vol. 1, p. 131) that "the same story has been in the past, and even still continues to be a favourite subject with scholars and artists."

Such fabricated epitaphs as that which we have been considering were not uncommon formerly and were often merely literary exercises not expected to deceive anyone. Witness the well-known lines once affixed to the supposed tomb of Virgil at Naples, professing to have been composed by the poet himself.

MANTUA ME GENUIT: CALABRI RAPUERUNT: TENET NUNC
PARTHENOPE: CECINI PASCUA, RURA, DUCES.

In the introduction to Pettigrew's well-known "Chronicles of the Tombs" p. 18, the epitaph on Julia Alpinula is given, but in a very imperfect state. It was furnished in this form, Pettigrew says, by the Countess of Blessington to Walter Savage Landor, who makes some disparaging remarks on its Latinity. It is singular to observe that these writers seem, neither of them, to have been aware of the fuller form in which Lord Byron quotes it.

We may suppose, perhaps, that at the moment the third Canto of Childe Harold had not appeared in print.

* The reference is doubtless to a rising of the Helvetii against Vitellius, the then Emperor of Rome. † Presumably of Isis.

The observations of Orelli above referred to were novel to myself, and therefore may prove to be so to some others. I cannot, however, imagine that the want of genuineness in the epitaph quoted by Byron has been overlooked by English writers. Has the matter been ventilated anywhere in the London *Notes and Queries*?

It should be added that an evident misprint occurs in Murray's editions (two, at least, have been examined) of Byron's works in Julia Alpinula's epitaph, namely, "ILLE" for "ILLI," violating the old *Est pro Habeo* rule, and in this respect Murray is followed by the American editions.

Orelli in the collection of Latin inscriptions above quoted, gives correctly ILLI.

Toronto, April, 1889.

H. S.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE system of life in Home Clubs, which has been in successful operation for many years in Paris, New York, and even conservative London, is at length to be inaugurated in Montreal. A gentleman, who has been engaged in the study of its various disadvantages and advantages, and who has travelled extensively with the object in view has at last embodied the results of his long consideration, and is himself putting the scheme into practical shape. The ground is broken. The building is commenced. And, as it is expected to be ready for the experiment of test by next spring, one or two of the suites of apartments have been already engaged. The erection which is situated on Sherbrooke Street, the Fifth Avenue of Montreal, is of a simple but pleasing architecture, of rough-faced Montreal stone as far as the second floor, and thereafter of red brick. Wooden or galvanized ornaments are to be despised. The house will be of five stories, with four suites on each floor, two of which will face on the fashionable promenade. The suites are arranged upon an almost identical plan, varying only in the amount of accommodation. The entrance will be handsome, and will lead into spacious halls and corridors, with office, waiting room, stairway and elevator in harmony with the tone of the building. The floors are to be specially sound proof, and the main stairway, the light and air wells practically fire proof. The sanitary arrangements have been the subject of the most recent scientific improvements, and much interest is being created in the scheme, which will undoubtedly attract many of our most refined families. Tenants shall have the choice of having their own kitchen; but one of the principal features and chief recommendations of such establishments would thereby be defeated. The intention is, however, to carry out the idea of a common kitchen, leaving to each family its own dining-room and pantry. A bill of fare will be sent up each morning with the proposed lunch, dinner and breakfast for the next twenty-four hours, in two or more different scales of expenditure; and the family is expected to mark off the scale and the number of covers required for each of the three meals. As it is the intention of introducing the principal of co-operation, each family will receive a share of the profits in proportion to its respective expenditure. The details, as worked out by the originator of the scheme, appear to be as feasible and reasonable as human ingenuity can foresee. While it is, of course, possible to overlook some contingency in such a plan, and possible also for any one to enter into the scheme with no very distinct intention of ensuring its success, it is nevertheless probable that it will form the solution in Montreal, as it has done elsewhere, of many vexed problems in household management.

An enthusiastic and strikingly influential meeting has been held in the lecture hall of the new St. James' Methodist Church, in reference to recent legislation in Quebec. The speeches were of the nature which stir the heart to its depths, and being on the broad ground of Temperance and Reform, where there are few *isms* and fewer sects, they were not passed down the pews for more dissenting neighbours. The speakers regretted the appalling growth of the liquor traffic in the city, and deplored the violent and abusive language of the Provincial Press and Ministry in speaking of men of all creeds and parties who are endeavouring to check the progress of intemperance. They protested with most intense indignation, regardless of all political partisanship, against the recent action of the Government of Quebec in annulling the salutary clauses of the License Law, and in amending other portions directly and effectually in the interests of the liquor trade. The venerable Principal of the Methodist Theological College, the Rev. Dr. Douglas, the patriarch of the Church, created a deep sensation by one of the most stirring and profoundly touching addresses which have been uttered on behalf of Temperance. A Liberal, he admitted, who had never given a vote but on the Liberal side, he was still free, at his advanced age, not only as a minister, as a Methodist, but as a citizen of Montreal, to record his most solemn protest against the reactionary policy of the Mercier Government referred to. The effect of the respected Principal's address was such as is not reserved for many orators in our unapostolic times. The magnificent, almost mammoth, erection which the congregation of St. James' Street are raising on St. Catharine Street is expected to be formally opened shortly. There is nothing in Montreal which can compare to it. The enterprise of our Methodist brethren does not stop here. They are proposing to build a mission hall to accommodate 1,500 people in the central and most populous part of the city, in order to reach masses of men and women whom our churches, as at present constituted,

cannot attract. Coffee and reading rooms, with eventually musical evenings, are under consideration in connection with it.

Our brethren of the Jewish faith are at present celebrating their Paschal meal, which now partakes more of a hallowed family feast than a national commemoration of the exodus from Egypt. On account of the uncertainty prevailing in former times about fixing the full moon, Jews, out of the Holy Land, keep the feast on the two first evenings. They are known as *exiles*, and, although orthodox, the regulations of the lamb for each house, the travelling garb and other features have been abrogated, and other symbolical tokens have taken their place. The order of prayers and chants has received many additions, and even mediæval and German songs have crept in which are supposed to bear upon the past and future of the chosen people. Their service is nevertheless distinctive in the extreme. The men and boys below, privileged to dispense with the custom of uncovering their heads, robed in copes of borders and fringes of variegated colours and lengths, perform the religion, at least in exterior, for their wives and sisters above, who stand when their lords stand and sit when they sit, but otherwise have no part or lot with them. The ark is richly draped in white brocade, and is most reverently approached for the reading of the Law and the Prophets. These, in an imposing scroll, wrapped in spotless white, and surmounted by decorations of silver bells, are kissed and tenderly carried to the reading-desk for perusal. But the music! Alas! If "sweet singers in Israel" once existed, they must have become extinct. The metallic, harsh, grating accents haunt one for days, and the *pas bien accordé* for days and days.

For music in its concentrated adaptability to religious needs and pious devotion during our Holy Week we must pass on to our Catholic co-patriots; and for pomp and pageant and priestly procession we must pass even from modern Rome to her successor and eclipser in Canada. From Palm Sunday to Easter morning His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. ought to feel more at home in Quebec or Montreal than in the Eternal City itself. The palms are blessed and distributed, the Misereres are sung, the Tenebræ is witnessed, the Oils are blessed, the Bells are silenced, the Feet are washed, the Supper is served, penitents are pardoned, indulgences are granted, absolutions are performed, the altars are stripped, *new fire* is struck, the Paschal candle is consecrated and Easter bells burst forth in Canada from a religious fervour and penitential vigour which must be the hope of the church. Neither France, Spain nor Italy shall be the future home of the holy prisoner of the Vatican. Quebec is preparing herself for that.

A very pretty and welcome "Easter Evening" was planned by the officers of the Young Women's Christian Association for the special enjoyment of solitary young maidens on Friday night. Easter hymns, a paper on Easter ceremonies and observances, an address by one of the city clergy, and an abundance of good things in cakes and creams formed an introduction to the event of the evening, an Easter tableau. VILLE MARIE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OBJECTIONS TO ANNEXATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—After having occupied a considerable amount of your space by my articles on Imperial Federation I hardly like to continue perpetually to trespass on you; but the letter you published in your issue of the 12th inst. from Mr. Raney, in answer to some of my statements, seems to call for a reply.

Whatever may be Mr. Raney's ideas about discretion and sound judgment, I am clearly of the opinion that free trade between Canada and England would be infinitely more beneficial for Canada than political fusion with the United States. Mr. Raney seems to imagine that *because* England admits Canadian goods free, and *because* Canada puts a heavy duty on English goods, that *therefore* the trade relations between England and Canada are the best for Canada that could be devised. Indeed he triumphantly asks: "Could any arrangement with England be more advantageous to Canada?" It is just in this particular that he is utterly wrong. He views the matter, of course, from the narrow Protectionist standpoint; and is incapable of seeing that the heavy Canadian duties that restrict the import of British goods, by just so much restrict the export of Canadian goods. Trade between nations is in reality barter; and if Canada refuses to take, or restricts the taking of, English goods, England is just by so much prevented from taking Canadian goods. Commercial Union with the States would not benefit Canada in the manner that would Commercial Union with England, for the very simple reason that we in this country have in surplus and desire to export just the same sort of produce that the States desire to export. All this I went into very fully in my second article, and gave statistics proving what I said; and proving, too, what all sound trade theories assert, that high tariffs invariably injure and restrict a country's foreign trade, and prevent the acquisition of wealth. To this, no doubt, Mr. Raney would reply with the protectionist fallacies about "keeping the money in the country," and so forth.

On trade questions, however, one would not expect to hear wisdom from the other side of the line. But I scarcely expected that any man "with a reputation for

discretion and sound judgment to lose" would make the assertion that, "When the senate—only one branch of Congress—differs in politics from the President, the latter's hands are effectually tied." I am tempted to borrow a forcible, though scarcely courteous, phrase of Mr. Raney's and exclaim "this is pure nonsense!" We saw during at least part of Mr. Cleveland's *regimé* a Senate that differed from him in politics. There was for some time a Senatorial "dead-lock" when the Senate refused to ratify the President's acts: but the President's hands were by no means "tied"; there was no resignation of the cabinet as under similar circumstances would have been the case under the British system; the "dead-lock" was absorbed by hidden means, and the President lasted out the full term of his office. What would have happened had the Senate stood firm, Heaven (and perhaps Mr. Raney) only knows. Does Mr. Raney know that the President has a veto power which can only be overcome by a two-thirds vote of each house; or does he imagine that we in Canada can be induced to believe that "his hands are effectually tied" when the Senate differs from him in politics? The point that I made in my article was that the election of one man—the President—entails upon the country the government according to the political creed that he professes for the succeeding four years, and this irrespective of the condition of parties in Congress. And as the members of his cabinet are appointed by himself, have no seat in Congress and are therefore not elected by the people, this arrangement necessarily draws to the Presidential election all the virulence and corruption of party warfare. Indeed, in the Hayes-Tilden fight, the victory was adjudged to Mr. Hayes mainly on returns from some of the Southern States, that were more than suspected of being fraudulent, and on an appeal to the Courts, the famous decision was given that the Courts could not "go behind the returns," but must accept those sent in as being correct, thus virtually placing the election of the President in the hands of corrupt and dishonest officials. Mr. Raney may think this very desirable; but others have a different opinion.

But in the article that I wrote I said that I would be content to rest the comparison of the British and American political systems on the test: Which had evolved the better judicial system; and under which were criminals more surely punished, and crime more thoroughly repressed. And I proceeded to point out, and supported by extracts and quotations from purely American sources that the administration of Justice in the States was shamefully lax and corrupt, and the punishment of crime insufficient in the extreme. And I asserted that the frequency of "lynching" in the States was an unmistakable evidence both of the rottenness of the Judicial system, and of the distrust of the people for their own courts. Lynching is the necessary corollary to a weak and corrupt Judiciary. All this Mr. Raney considers the wildest exaggeration: he seems to think that "lynching" is quite uncommon in the States, and not to be ashamed of when it does occur. At the time I wrote I had not at hand figures from American sources to corroborate what I stated: indeed I hardly thought it necessary to produce figures on such a subject, as the facts are so well known to all who have any knowledge of the States. But I have been able to meet with figures that will perhaps convince even Mr. Raney that what I said was not only not exaggerated, but scarcely strong enough.

In the *Century Magazine* for April 1884 at page 944 there is an article by the editor entitled "Mob or Magistrate" that deals with the subject. He shows that during the year 1883 there were 1517 murders reported in the United States, with barely 93 legal executions. "The same year that witnessed ninety-three legal executions," the editor goes on to say, "witnessed one-hundred and eighteen lynchings. The lawless executions outnumbered the lawful ones by twenty-five per cent.

"No very profound philosophy is required to explain the relation of these facts. The inefficiency of the machinery of Justice has led to the introduction of these barbarous methods. . . . But it is not so much defective legislation as inefficient administration that produces lawlessness. The laws against murder are strong enough; but when people know that not one in a dozen of the wilful murderers receives the just recompense of his deeds, and that technicalities and quibbles are constantly allowed to shelter the worst criminals, they themselves become desperate; and breaking through the just and salutary restraints of law, they deal vengeance right and left in a bloody and turbulent fashion. . . . Nevertheless the failure of criminal justice, which makes room for mobs and lynching, is a greater disgrace than the savagery of the mobs. The fact that thirteen out of fourteen murderers escape the gallows is the one dawning fact that blackens the record of our criminal jurisprudence. No American ought to indulge in any boasting about his native land, while the evidence remains that the laws made for the protection of human life are thus shamefully trampled under foot. No occupant of the bench, and no member of the bar ought to rest until those monstrous abuses, which result in the utter defeat of Justice, are thoroughly corrected. . . . The small number of murderers hanged by the sheriffs, and the greater number hanged by the mobs should be evidence enough that the administration of our criminal courts in many quarters is fatally defective and needs reforming. The only classes of persons interested in maintaining the present state of things are the criminals and the criminal lawyers; and it is not for their exclusive benefit that society is organized. The contrast between the swift, firm and sure methods of English and continental courts in dealing with great criminals, and the

tardy feeble and abortive methods of our own, should sting our national pride to some energetic measures of reform."

After these extracts comment of mine is almost superfluous. Everything that I said is fully corroborated by these figures and quotations. One-hundred and eighteen lynchings in one year: an average of more than two per week. And yet Mr. Raney accuses me of exaggeration when I speak of the frequent occurrence of lynching. And while this is the condition of affairs across the line lynching is unknown in Canada, and unknown throughout the whole vast extent of the British Empire. If the American people had sufficient manliness to rise above the wretched party politics that degrade their country, they would not rest until such shame and disgrace were purged away. Mr. Raney may believe that "the American Constitution is the greatest charter of liberties ever written by the hand of man;" but better far for a country's happiness, than all the bombast ever penned, an upright judge and a sure and incorruptible administration of justice. If Americans could attain to these they would measurably advance their country in the scale of civilization.

As I pointed out in the article I wrote on this subject, I believe that the chief reason for the weak administration of justice in the States, is to be found in the election—not of judges only—but of sheriffs, prosecuting attorneys, and others who have to do with judicial affairs. By this elective system judicial appointments are dragged into the foul arena of political and party warfare. And my reason for going into this matter is, that in the event of annexation being brought forward as a practical issue, we, in this country, should consider well before changing the good political system we enjoy for the bad that would be offered in its stead.

GRANVILLE C. CUNNINGHAM.

Toronto, April 16th, 1889.

THE PINES' VIGIL.

THE faithful pines keep
Their watch by the dead,
While other trees sleep,
The faithful pines keep
Close watch, wail, and weep,
O'er Nature's white bed,
The faithful pines keep
Their watch by the dead.

WILLIAM M'GILL.

A PROMISE.

ALL day, against my window blurred and dim,
The rain had dripped with ceaseless monotone,
And leaning mists that hurrying winds had blown
From over the mountain's distant purple rim
Made twilight pale within the leafless woods;
There, in those bleak and dreary solitudes,
No bloom made fair the branches dull and gray,
Nor bud shone on the withered vines that shed
Their broken stems along the winding way.
"The Spring will come no more, no more," I said,
"Unto my life made sad with loss and pain!"
When, lo! across the clouds of sweeping rain
The sunlight broke, and thro' the splendour wild
Up from the faded turf the first blue violet smiled.

ADELAIDE D. ROLLSTON.

THE HISTORY OF PROFESSOR PAUL.

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III.

WHEN Professor Paul resumed the recital of his story on the following evening, he said:

"It is not necessary, my friend, that I should speak to you concerning my trip to London, except to say that I was successful in the sale of my sketches, nor yet did any events worthy of mention occur during the first week or so of my return to the village. I avoided as much as possible being with Winnie, at first for my own sake and latterly for hers.

"She had grown very quiet since my return, and whenever I happened to be thrown in her company, I could not help noticing that she seemed to have lost all her brightness and those pretty little winning ways, which had before made her so attractive.

"I felt almost like one who has committed a crime.

"I could not help believing that this change was on account of her aversion to my presence, and I decided, though not without many a severe struggle, to avoid her even more carefully during the remainder of my stay, and at the earliest opportunity, after the rest of my sketches were finished, to leave again for Paris.

"As Winnie was at home every afternoon I always spent that time in the fields engaged with my painting, and upon my return, as soon as the evening meal was over, I at once retired to my studio and occupied myself in preparing my materials for the next day. And so the days passed by, and at length my sketch was completed, and to-morrow I would bid good-bye to village life, and Winnie.

"I told my aunt at the dinner table of my intention, and then went out into the fields to visit my old haunts for the last time. When I returned home they were waiting tea for me, and as soon as it was over, I went at once to my studio to complete what packing still remained to be done.

"Do you know, my friend, I had said each day to myself, 'It will be a good day for you, Paul, when you are in Paris absorbed in your art, and have forgotten all about this girl; yes, it will be a good day for you, and you will be glad when it comes,' and it was now already so near at hand and I was sorry. Yes, my friend, when I stood that evening for the last time in the little studio where she had so often sat; when I remembered her pretty ways, her many little graces, the pleasant good fellowship, with which she had so many times related to me her little store of village news; I felt more than sorry; I felt a great dread of the darkness that would be mine, when the bright little ray of sunlight, which had crept so graciously into my life, should die out of it forever.

"In looking over my sketches I found one which could scarcely be called completed, and had just sat down to put a few finishing touches upon it, when I heard a timid little knock at my studio door. Indeed it was so faint that I was not quite sure I had not been mistaken. It was repeated, however, and I called out 'Come in.'

"The door opened slowly and a slight little figure in a very familiar dark red gown slipped noiselessly into the room. It was certainly Winnie; there couldn't be any mistake about that, though I could hardly believe it. As she stood there a few steps from the door, her cheeks were very red and her eyes were cast down upon the floor.

"What could it mean?"

"I said nothing, but turned to my easel and continued touching up my sketch.

"Presently a very tremulous little voice said slowly: 'Aren't you going to speak to me, Paul?'

"Yes, Winnie; won't you come over here and sit down?"

"She came slowly over and seated herself in a large arm chair close to my easel.

"Now, Winnie," I said, "something is the matter; what is it? You will tell me all about it, won't you? You know you said once before, that it always did you good to tell someone when you were in trouble; won't you tell me this time?"

"The tears had begun to roll slowly one by one down her cheeks, and it was a very choked little voice that spoke as she said:

"Oh, Paul. I have been so miserable, so very miserable, ever since that day in the field. I was so unkind to you, and any other girl would have been glad to know you liked her. Oh, I shall never forgive myself; no, I know I never shall."

"Her voice was choked with sobs, and the tears were rolling rapidly down her face.

"I said soothingly: 'Poor little Winnie; it wasn't your fault at all; it was my fault;' but she interrupted me.

"No, it wasn't your fault a bit; it was all my fault, and the next day I felt so sorry, oh, so sorry, about it all, and I was going to ask you to forgive me, but when I came home you were gone, and I thought my heart would die. Then I counted each day until you would come back again so I could tell you, and when you came you were so angry with me that I couldn't, but to-day when you said you were going away for good, I knew I couldn't bear it any longer; oh, Paul. I am so sorry, so very sorry."

"She ceased speaking, and sat pulling nervously at her handkerchief, which was wet with her tears.

"Winnie," I said, "I was never angry with you; I thought you didn't want to see me, that was all."

"But I never said I didn't want to see you, did I?"

"No, perhaps not, but I thought so," and then I added slowly,

"Did you want to see me, Winnie?"

"She was silent for a moment; her fingers still continued to work nervously with her handkerchief; her eyes were cast down upon the floor, and her cheeks, which had become pale, during her fit of crying, became slowly very red again. Her voice was almost a whisper when she spoke, but it was a whisper which I would have given my life rather than lose as she said:

"Yes, Paul, I think I did."

"We sat in silence for some moments, and then I spoke.

"Winnie, I wanted to tell you something that day in the field, but you wouldn't let me; may I tell you now?"

"A little nod was her only reply, and I continued:

"It was this, Winnie: I wanted to tell you that I thought you were the dearest little girl in all the world, and that I loved you most. Winnie, I still love you most. I know I am not worth liking by any girl, and least of all by you; but if you do like me, even if it be only just a little better than any one else, I wish you would tell me so; I wish it very much. Do you Winnie?"

"She hesitated a moment, and then said:

"I don't know, Paul; I like you as well as any one."

Then she added dubiously:

"Don't you think it would do if I said I would try to like you best?"

"No, Winnie," I answered, "I wouldn't ask you to do that; it wouldn't be for your own good to do it. Perhaps you haven't thought of this enough; would you rather wait until to-morrow night before you tell me?"

"Yes, Paul," she said eagerly, "I would rather wait; I think I would know better then."

"Very well, Winnie," I replied, "it shall be as you wish, and I shall expect to see you again to-morrow."

"She rose without replying, and walked slowly over to the door; when she had reached it, however, she stood for a moment as if still in doubt about something, and then turning again towards me said:

"And you are quite sure, Paul, that you won't go to-morrow."

"No, Winnie," I answered, "I will never go if you tell me to stay."

"A bright little smile broke over her face, lighting it up as I had so often seen it before.

"She said quietly, 'You are very good to me, Paul; good night,' and before I could reply she was gone."

At this point in his narrative, the old man paused for a few moments and then said:

"No doubt, my friend, you think I might well spare you the weariness of listening to all these details, but I feel sure you will forgive me, when I again remind you that these were almost the only happy days that I have known."

When he had said this he again resumed his narration.

"My friend," he continued, "every woman born into this world has it in her power to be either the sunlight or the shadow in some man's life, and what Winnie was to be in mine this day should decide. I thought the day never would pass; it dragged along so slowly. At length, however, I found myself again seated in my studio, and this time I was waiting anxiously for that timid little knock, which had so nearly escaped me on the previous evening, and which I felt sure I would hear before long.

"At last it came, and I called out:

"Come in, Winnie."

"She entered, and without once looking at me, walked slowly over to the arm chair, and resting her arm upon the back, remained stationary beside it.

"Well, Winnie," I said, "what are you going to do with me; am I to go or stay?"

"I waited for a few moments, but she still remained silent, so I continued, 'Winnie, you said you would tell me to-night if you liked me a little better than anyone else; do you, Winnie?'

"While I was speaking her eyes remained cast upon the floor, and when I had finished I saw that the little white crucifix, which hung down upon her bosom, was rising and falling very rapidly. She was still silent for a moment, and then, raising her eyes to mine, she said slowly:

"Yes, Paul, I love you most."

"I arose, and walked over to where she was standing, took her hand in my own, and said:

"Winnie, you are good, very good to me, and I never felt so much how unworthy of it all I am until now; but I will try and be better; I will try very hard."

"She said nothing, and I continued.

"Winnie, if I should ask you to kiss me now, would you?"

"She hesitated for a moment, and then broke out impulsively:

"Oh, Paul, it is awful the way you own me; I think if you told me to do anything, I would do it."

"Yes," I said, "that is because you love me, Winnie; but listen, I am not going to ask you to kiss me, because I don't think I have any right to until I have first asked you to marry me. You are too young for that yet, and even if you were older, I couldn't do so while I am only a student. Do you understand me, Winnie?"

"She nodded her head, and I continued.

"But some day I will come and ask you, and when that day comes, Winnie, what will you say?"

"It was a very low little voice that spoke as she answered:

"I think I will say, yes, Paul."

"Don't you know it, Winnie?" I questioned.

"No, Paul; we don't any of us know what is in the future, but I feel very sure it will be yes."

"I must go now," she continued, "I am afraid it is already quite late, but we understand each other now, don't we, Paul?"

"I think we do, Winnie," I replied, "and if anything comes that you don't understand, you will ask me about it, won't you?"

"Yes, Paul; good night."

"Good night, Winnie," and she had passed through the doorway and gone upstairs.

"The next day after dinner, while we still lingered at the table, my aunt mentioned my proposed journey, and said:

"I thought you were going to leave us, Paul?"

"Yes, Aunt Hilda," I replied, "I had intended going, but I have now altered my purpose for the present."

"As I said this my aunt quickly glanced from me over to Winnie. Poor Winnie, she could not encounter my aunt's look, and dropped her eyes to the table, while a guilty flush slowly dyed her cheeks.

"Aunt Hilda did not seem surprised, but quickly remarked:

"You have done nothing to be ashamed of, Winnie; if your mother had lived, I think she would have wished so."

"I arose, and going round the table to where my aunt sat, kissed her affectionately, and then left them alone together.

"Ah, my friend, I could easily relate to you each little incident that helped to spend all too quickly the happy days that followed, but this I must not do lest I should weary you. No, my friend, I will now be content to draw my village history to a close.

"I rarely went out sketching during those days, without asking Winnie to accompany me, and as she was such an earnest little pleader, her aunt was usually won over to give her consent. I mention this because it was upon one of these occasions that some events of a former day were re-enacted, and this time had a happier termination. I had been sitting some time at my easel engaged in

sketching, when she again came running over to where I sat, holding up a daisy in her hand, and offering it to me as she had done before. I knew this time what she wanted me to do with it, but I only said,

"What can be the use of pulling it now, Winnie, it won't be any good, will it?"

"Oh, but you must pull it if I want you to; besides, if you had pulled it before perhaps it would have told you different from what you thought, and—and saved us all that trouble."

"Well," I replied, "I suppose if you say must, it means must, so let me have it, and I began to slowly pull the petals."

"She loves me, loves me not; she loves me, loves me not."

"Oh, Winnie," I exclaimed, with feigned horror, "she doesn't love me; what shall I do?"

"She was a very dubious little maid for a moment, as she said slowly, 'Oh, well, I suppose it couldn't really make any difference now,' and then, as though recollecting something, her face brightened up, and breaking into a smile, she added gaily, 'Why, of course it couldn't make any difference now, because we know she does, don't we, Paul?'

"Ah, Winnie," I said, "I think I could paint great pictures some day, if I always had you near."

"The next Sunday was the one which I had decided should be my last in the village. I had not yet informed Winnie of my intended departure, because I knew her too well to think for a moment that she would wish me to stay, when she knew that it was best for me to go, and besides, I did not wish her to be unhappy in knowing its approach, for a longer time than was really necessary. I remember well that Sunday, how we all went to the little village church together, and how beautiful I thought Winnie looked, as she sang in the anthem with the little choir. Ah, my friend, I will never forget it. And I will always remember, how as I joined her afterwards, she put on such a contrite look and said:

"Oh, Paul, I felt so very wicked all through the service that it didn't do me any good; no, not a bit."

"Why, Winnie, I watched you a great deal, and you always looked good."

"Ah," she replied, "that was it; it was because you were looking at me that I felt so wicked."

"Well," I replied, "it may perhaps have been wrong for me to look at you so much instead of at the minister, but really, Winnie, I can't see how it could possibly be wrong in you also."

"Oh, yes, it was; it was wicked for me too, very wicked; because, you see, I couldn't help thinking all the time how sorry I would be if you didn't look. You won't do it any more, will you, Paul?"

"No, not if you feel so very wicked about it, but then, of course I may look at you sometimes; I couldn't help that you know. How often may I look, Winnie?"

"Well," she said reflectively, "let me see," and she began counting them off on her fingers; "there would be once after the hymns—just once, mind—and that's one; and once after the prayer, that's two; and once after scriptures, and once after the sermon, and then once after the hymn again, and that's all."

"After a moment's pause, she continued.

"Oh, Paul, that's too many; it is five times, and I feel sure five is too many. No, we must go over it again. It must be only once after the prayer, and then once each after the hymn, the anthem, the scriptures, and the last hymn. Now, how many is that?"

"That is five Winnie," I said, laughing.

"She stood for a moment in grave doubt, and then said slowly:

"Well, I am afraid it can't be helped; there doesn't seem to be one we could leave out, does there, Paul?"

"And so her conscience was at rest for a little while, though it was easy to predict that it wouldn't remain so very long, for a busier little conscience I never knew.

"It was on this same Sunday in the evening, as we sat together before the fire in my aunt's sitting-room, that I first told her of my intention to return to Paris. We had been sitting for some time without speaking, when I said gently:

"Winnie, you wouldn't want me to do anything if you knew it wouldn't be for my good, would you?"

"She looked up quickly with a startled expression upon her face, as though she apprehended something, and said:

"No, Paul, you know I wouldn't; but why do you ask? What is it that you are going to do?"

"Don't you remember the first evening that we met each other, Winnie, how you said you thought I should have stayed in Paris and painted a better picture, that would not fail? Well, I am going back to Paris to paint that better picture, and I feel sure it won't fail this time, because I have a new inspiration now."

"The tears slowly gathered in her eyes, as she sat looking into the fire after I had finished speaking, and presently she broke out impulsively:

"Oh, Paul, I am sorry I ever said that!" Then, after hesitating a moment, she brushed away the tears, and looking into my face said:

"No, Paul, I was wrong; I am not sorry I said it. It was right for me to say it, and it is far better that you should become a great artist than that I should always have you with me. Yes, it is far better, Paul, and I am glad you are going."

The old man had been gazing steadily into the fire all

the while he was narrating his story, as if he could see it written in the flames, but at this juncture he turned to me, and looking straight into my eyes, said solemnly:

"You will easily understand now, my friend, why it was that I loved Winnie."

When he had said this he threw himself back in his chair and remained in silence, apparently going over again in his own mind the scenes he had been relating to me.

As I had by this time become somewhat accustomed to his manner, I knew that he had now finished speaking for the evening, so after waiting a few moments without disturbing the old man in his reverie, I took up my cap and went out.

IV.

"If I should vividly picture to you, my friend, the events of my student life in Paris, I would easily awaken your sympathy and commiseration, but, at the same time, it would be necessary for me to recall in detail scenes of failure and reverses almost amounting to despair, the recollection of which would be fraught with the deepest misery to me. I will, therefore, give you only a very brief account. Indeed, my friend, I would willingly pass over the entire period of my stay in silence, as a history which it were well should be forgotten; but I am drawn to speak of it because it is, perhaps, better that you should in some degree be made aware of the reasons for its awful termination.

"Shortly after my return I was admitted to the Académie des Beaux Arts, a privilege which, as you are aware, is not easily obtainable by foreigners, and while there I laboured with an energy which I had not before known I possessed.

"I lived on the Rue des Petits Champs, which is not far from the Académie, though on the left bank of the river, it being but a few moments walk from the Pont du Carrousal, and once across the river at this point, I was in sight of the building. I thus lost but little time in passing between the Académie and my lodgings.

"I had another reason, however, for living there; it was cheap. I had resolved to have the best instruction in my Art which Paris could afford, and to obtain this, I knew would require considerable money. It thus became my object to save every cent possible, and I began with my lodgings. My room, which was called furnished—the furniture consisting of a bed, table and chair,—cost me only thirty francs a month. You will, perhaps, be surprised at this, my friend, but it is easily explainable. It was in the fifth storey, and was a *chambre de garçon*, which, although usually rented without furniture, the *conciierge* had in this instance fitted up, all the other rooms being occupied. When I say it was in the fifth storey, you must remember that the first two flats, the Rez de Chaussée and l'Entresol, are not counted in Paris, and thus it was really in the seventh.

"During the latter part of my second year, when my health had given way under my continual labours, I remember many a time, almost fainting as I climbed these long, winding flights of stairs that led up to my little room beneath the roof. But I must not speak of this now, as it will be necessary for me to mention it later on.

"I formed no companionships which might interfere with my studies, and indulged myself in none of the many amusements of which my fellow students at the Académie were so fond. I had thus time to take lessons in Architecture, which I knew could not fail to be of great assistance to me, and also a thorough course of instruction in Anatomy at L'École de Médecin in the Quartier Latin.

"I visited the *ateliers* of the foremost French artists, and while there I was a constant and earnest listener to the great Babel of discussion upon every branch of Art by men of all countries and all kinds of previous training. I thus acquired a broad and comprehensive understanding, untrammelled by the peculiar characteristics of any one school.

"I did nothing but work.

"When I was too exhausted to do anything else, I read the biographies of eminent artists which I borrowed from my fellow-students at the Académie, and thus obtained a new inspiration. This, however, only had the effect of urging me on to still greater efforts. I rarely slept longer than six hours a night, and during the remainder of the time I lived in a continuous atmosphere of art, without a thought of the intense exhaustion that each day more surely followed my labours. I was animated only by one great purpose, that of one day becoming a great painter and attaining to all the happiness which I knew it was destined to bring.

"I had all along looked forward to spending the summer vacation with my aunt and Winnie at Seaton village, and the thought of this had consoled me in many a weary hour, but it was not to be.

"I remember well how I almost gave way under my disappointment when one day I received a letter from my aunt, saying that Winnie's father had taken her home to stay with him in London, and adding that she thought it would be unwise for me to visit her there. I was so weak from my long continued efforts, and my disappointment was so keen, that I remember well I cried myself to sleep that night just as if I had been a child.

"I replied to my aunt's letter, however, by saying that perhaps it was for the best, as I would now remain in Paris during the summer, and have an opportunity of thoroughly visiting the art galleries which my studies had not before allowed me.

"And so the uneventful days dragged slowly along, and I toiled on, all unconscious of the way in which my health was being steadily undermined.

"I remember well the night when I first began to suspect that something was wrong with me. I had arisen as usual at six o'clock that morning, and studied upon my anatomy work until it was time to go to the Académie. I had no classes in the afternoon, and remained in my room painting until dark. I worked very hard as I wished to get the canvas covered as soon as possible, it being a mere 'catch' picture, intended for sale, and I was much in need of money. When it was too dark to paint any longer, I laid down my brushes and arose to set my easel back in the corner for the night. As I did so I felt an unusual whirling sensation in my head, and staggering backward sank down upon the bed and was forced to remain there.

"I had been resting in this way for perhaps half an hour or more, when a young American artist, who occupied a room four flats below mine, pushed open my door.

"He was a genial, good-hearted fellow, and had been very kind to me in many ways since our acquaintance began. Indeed he was the only one of all the students with whom I became at all intimate. He had come to Paris, as he was fond of saying, 'To study art and have a good time,' and I never remember hearing him make this statement without he also added, 'and especially the latter.' He certainly did have a good time in the ordinary sense of the term, and being a thoroughly unselfish fellow he had often begged me to share it with him, always offering to pay everything if I would only accompany him.

"This had occurred so often of late that as soon as I heard my door open, and knew who it was, I suspected what he wanted even before he spoke.

"As he entered, not being able to see me in the darkness, he remained standing near the doorway, and called to know if I was there.

"I answered that I had lain down for a few minutes, as I did not feel very well, and asked him to light the lamp.

"When he had done this he began as usual:

"Now Paul, old fellow, I want you to come out to-night, and I know you won't refuse this time, as it is instruction and entertainment combined. Happy combination, isn't it? You see a few of us English students—Johnson, Lennard and some others—are going to meet to-night at the *café* down on the Place Pigalle to discuss art matters—upon my word, Paul, only art matters—and I told them I knew you would come. Now you won't disappoint us, old fellow, will you? You know it was only last week that I asked you to lay aside work and come over to the Odéon to hear one of Molière's best, and you wouldn't go, and if you won't come to-night, why I'll have to give up trying, that's all."

"Well, Harry," I said, "I really don't think I feel well enough to work to-night, anyway, and it's so good of you to keep on asking me after so many refusals that I think I'll go to-night, and perhaps the change will do me good."

"Do you good? well, now you are talking. Why, of course it'll do you good. You're turning yourself into a regular machine, Paul, with the way you're slaving along here. But we'll wake you up to-night, now you see if we don't." Then after adding that it would be time to start in about an hour, and asking me to call at his room on my way down, he went out in high spirits.

"I had not been at the *café* much over half an hour, when I again felt the strange sensation in my head which I had experienced in the afternoon. I tried to overcome it, but it was no use, so I told Harry that I felt poorly and would go back. He insisted on accompanying me, but as I refused to go at all unless he remained he at last consented to do so, and watching an opportunity I slipped quietly out.

"I was obliged to walk very slowly on account of my head, and when I at last reached the door it was after nine o'clock, and I found it closed for the night. I rang the bell, and then felt so faint that I was obliged to lean against the side of the doorway to support myself. I remember thinking how long it took the *conciierge* to pull the cordon. At length the door opened. I entered the dark stone hall, slowly shoved the door shut, and staggered along until I came to the *conciierge's* room. Here I called out my name, as was usual when entering after night, but the *conciierge* called back to wait as she did not recognize the voice. I felt that I could not stand upon my feet any longer, and was just about to give up trying, when there was another ring at the bell, and in a moment more Harry's voice had called out that it was all right, and I felt him beside me helping me upstairs. After that I knew nothing more that night.

"The next morning when I awoke I felt a dull throbbing in my head, and after I had arisen I became so dizzy that I was obliged to at once sit down and remain so without moving for some moments.

"Harry came in shortly after, and said he had been with me until after one o'clock, as he was afraid from the way I acted that I was going to be sick. He had thought so at the *café* and followed me home, keeping a short distance behind so I shouldn't notice him.

"He now asked if he hadn't better call in a doctor, adding that he knew one that he thought would come for nothing.

"Coming as it did from Harry I knew of course what this meant, and at once refused to allow him.

"He made me promise, however, not to leave my room or do work of any kind for a day or so, and then left me, saying he would run up again in the afternoon.

"Ah, my friend, that boy was one of the best hearted young fellows I ever knew.

"Well, I absented myself from my classes at the

Académie for the next three or four days, and then as I felt but little better I resolved to give them up entirely.

"I came to this decision the more readily, as I had even then for some days been at work during stray moments upon the picture which I purposed sending in to compete for a place at the next Salon. Indeed, some arrangement of this kind was necessary, even had my health been better, for there were now but few remaining days in January, and the Salon was to be opened on the first of May.

"At first I proceeded cautiously, and spared myself as much as possible. I allowed myself two hours longer each night for sleep, and reserved my afternoons for outdoor exercise, confining my work entirely to the morning.

"If I had continued, my friend, to follow this up all might yet have been well, but I don't suppose it was longer than the course of two or three weeks when, feeling myself stronger, all my good resolutions were forgotten, and again absorbed in the intense fever of my purpose I threw aside all restraint, and again gave myself over to the old life of unremitting toil.

(To be continued.)

MY WIFE.

Not just a "little woman,"

And yet she is not tall,
Five feet and four, I measured her
Upon the whitered wall,
Whilst all the while the saucy face
Was dimpling o'er in glee,
And eyes as blue as Heaven's hue,
Were laughing up at me.

A merry little fairy,
Is this dear wife of mine;
A smile is ever on her lips,
Her eyes with mischief shine;
And yet a beggar's tale of woe
Will dim those orbs of blue,
That one may know there lies below
A tender heart and true.

Her hands are ever willing
To do a kindly deed,
And eager is the little heart
To help a friend in need;
The sunshine of her happy face
Is felt by great and small,
Not I alone would make my moan
Should aught my wife befall.

And she is my possession,
My own, both heart and hand,
The dearest, best of woman-kind
In all our favoured land!
My comforter in sorrow's hour,
The sunshine of my life;
My life itself—my treasured wealth,
Heaven's gift of gifts! my wife.

ESPIRANCE.

THE MAKING OF THE UNITED STATES.*

THE history of that part of the continent of America now known as the "United States," between 1776 and 1795, is more interesting, eventful, and important for the world in general and Canadians in particular, than any twenty years of the history of any other foreign country, ancient or modern. At the former date there were scattered along the Atlantic coast, between Maine and Florida, thirteen settlements—the smallest of which covered a few square miles, while the largest extended inland as far as the Alleghany Mountains. Only four of these settlements, or "plantations," as they were then called, were of much importance, so far as wealth or population went, namely, Massachusetts, Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York; but in all of them the spirit of revolt against tyranny burned strongly, and, in many of them, fiercely. Goaded on by the persistent attempts of the Government of George III. to tax the colonies without their consent, delegates from the thirteen settlements, in conference assembled, signed the "Declaration of Independence," and made preparation for war, which this step rendered inevitable. The struggle, desultory but harrassing to both parties, dragged its weary length along till it was finally concluded by the Treaty of Paris in 1783. The story of the negotiations which led up to that treaty has been often told, but it has never been told so well in so small a space as in Mr. Fiske's first chapter. Lord North's Ministry, which had been responsible for the war between Great Britain and her American Colonies, was defeated in 1782, and a Whig Ministry succeeded under the Premiership, first of Lord Rockingham and afterwards of Lord Shelburne. A peace of some kind had to be made between Great Britain and each of the three powers, France, Spain, and what is now called the United States. The last named country was represented in the negotiations at Paris by three of its ablest men, Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania; John Adams, of Massachusetts; and John

*The Critical Period of American History, 1783-1789. By John Fiske. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co. 1889.

Omitted Chapters of History disclosed in the Life and Papers of Edmund Randolph. By Moncure D. Conway. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888.

Jay, of New York. Great Britain was represented by two upright but commonplace commissioners, Oswald and Vaughan. Looking back over the intervening century, it is not hard to see that Great Britain, while recognizing the independence of the United States, might with comparative ease have kept the Canadian boundary where the boundary of Quebec was fixed by the Act of 1774, the latitude of the Ohio river. But Shelburne was determined to have peace, Franklin wanted the whole of Canada, and the present patchwork boundary was the compromise. Mr. Fiske's book is devoted to an account of the troubles—social, financial and political—which filled up the time between the treaty of 1783 and the launching of the constitution in 1789. This was indeed the "critical period" of the history of the country. From 1776 to 1783 the "plantations" had been held more or less closely together by the bond of a common danger and a common effort to avert it. The treaty of peace warded off the immediate danger, and thus rendered co-operation less imperatively necessary. The thirteen separate states were bound together by the "Articles of Confederation," and their national affairs were managed by a "Congress," but the state Governments were too strong to be coerced, and the interests of the different states were in many instances diverse from, and in some antagonistic to, each other. France was compelled by the treaty of 1783 to surrender to the United States the immense area between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi, and rival claims of different states to portions of this territory brought the country to the very verge of civil war. The impossibility of collecting a revenue at the same time brought the nation into contempt abroad, while there appears to have been almost an entire absence of patriotic feeling, except for the individual states. Such a condition could not last. Nearly all the great statesmen of the young and loosely jointed republic were favourable to a closer union, but for a time public opinion was too strong to be overcome. At length the territorial difficulty was got rid of by each state surrendering its interest in the unsettled district of the United States, and a suggestion from the Maryland Legislature for the settlement of interstate trade difficulties led to the assembling of delegates from five states at Annapolis in 1786. No progress was made at this meeting except the adoption and circulation of an address, written by Alexander Hamilton of New York, urging that a convention of delegates from all the states should meet in Philadelphia in 1787: This convention was actually held, Rhode Island alone holding aloof by refusing to send representatives. The delegates were not instructed to frame a new constitution, but they did so. For four months the ablest men of the various states, in continuous session, debated point after point, adopted devices only to reconsider and amend them, disputed over and settled by compromises great questions like interstate commerce and slavery, and elaborated details of the new government machinery by reference to such precedents as Switzerland and the Achaean League. The result was the present constitution, which has been described by so high an authority as Mr. Gladstone as "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." However familiar the student of political science may have been with the work and personnel of this unique convention, he cannot read, without getting additional and useful light on the subject, Mr. Fiske's chapters which deal with the framing and adoption of the new constitution.

Pre-eminent amongst the delegates was George Washington, who presided over their deliberations, and at critical periods, by his immense personal influence, secured the victory for nationality over state sovereignty when the fate of the young nation was trembling in the balance. He was elected by unanimous consent the first President of the United States under the new constitution, and he chose, for his Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton of New York, and for his Attorney-General, Edmund Randolph of Virginia. The latter is the subject of Mr. Conway's interesting volume. Thomas Jefferson became Secretary of State, and it goes without saying that these three great men, so far as the advisers of a man like Washington could do it, framed the Government policy and controlled the first, if not the most interesting, part of the country's course. Readers of American history do not need to be told that the cabinet soon resolved itself into cabals, and that before long the line of cleavage between its sections was as sharply defined as was a similar line afterwards between the two sections of the cabinet of President Buchanan. The head and front of the centralizers was Hamilton, who had great influence with Washington and was able to carry his financial policy at the expense of states rights. His chief rival was Jefferson, who soon found himself unable to cope with Hamilton and retired leaving Randolph as his successor in the Department of State. Jefferson and Randolph were relatives and they had always been warm personal friends. The former was by taste and disposition a statesman, the latter was better adapted for the bench than for the cabinet. Both Randolph and Hamilton, as young men, had served on Washington's personal staff. Each had taken an active part in the struggles of 1783-88 which terminated in the formulation and adoption of the new constitution. Each was pre-eminent in ability, Hamilton's lying in the direction of finance, Randolph's in the direction of constitutionalism. To Randolph and Madison, schoolmates and life-long intimates, must be accorded the chief credit of the first draft of the constitution, a draft which embodied nearly all the leading principles that characterize it still. To Hamilton must be accorded the

chief credit for securing its adoption by the state conventions, and his papers in the *Federalist* are to this day the most enduring monument of his genius. It seems strange that Washington should have found it so difficult to make the two sides of his cabinet work in harmony, but the members of it were so little superhuman that most of them were men of violent temperaments and some of them were not above personal intrigue. Jefferson's retirement was probably, in part at least, due to cowardice, a desire to avoid defeat; and the storm which he foresaw and evaded crushed his chivalrous friend and successor. Randolph was by the intrigues of the Hamilton party driven to tender his resignation, the acceptance of which by Washington was perhaps inevitable. Charges of misconduct amounting almost to treason were sprung on Randolph. He published a vigorous reply which only partially dissipated the cloud that settled down on his reputation, and to clear away all that has ever since remained of it is the purpose of Mr. Conway's book. It was of course impossible for him to accomplish that without besmirching both Hamilton and Jefferson, and even reflecting somewhat severely on Washington. This he has done fearlessly, and it is safe to predict that a crop of rejoinders will be the result. At this writing one can do no more than express the opinion, in the light of the hitherto unpublished documents in which the book abounds, that Randolph was a much wronged man, that Hamilton was a plotter of much coarser fibre than his admirers have made him appear, and that Jefferson was a curious compound of greatness in conception and of meanness in action.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A DROP FROM THE CLOUDS AT BOMBAY.

THE first descent from a balloon in India, after the manner of Professor Baldwin, took place at Bombay on January 27. The aeronaut was a young Englishman, Mr. Percival Spencer, who had created much excitement among the natives by the announcement that he would make an ascent in his balloon, the "Empress of India," and when attaining an altitude of 2,000 feet would leap into space and return to Mother Earth by means of a parachute. Accordingly an enormous crowd of some 190,000 persons assembled to witness the feat, and the aspect of the motley throng is stated to have been marvellously quaint and picturesque, the gayly decked Orientals in all colours of the rainbow, and in a great many which the rainbow knows nothing about, walking, driving, riding, crowding along the dusty thoroughfares, surmounting hills, trees, and gates, and climbing on to walls and sheds and house roofs—in fact, upon any place whence a glimpse of the proceedings could be obtained. Mr. Spencer ascended from the grounds of Government House, Parel. At the words "Let go," the balloon at once shot up like a rocket amid deafening cheers. When an altitude of 1,760 feet had been reached, Mr. Spencer took the hoop of the parachute in his hand, and flung himself from the balloon. After descending with lightning-like speed for 150 feet the parachute expanded to its full extent, and then gracefully floated down the remainder of the distance, landing the aeronaut safely in the roadway a short distance from the grounds. On his return to the starting place, Mr. Spencer was most enthusiastically welcomed, and everybody crowded round him to give him a hearty shake of the hand. Mr. Spencer's parachute was twenty-five feet in diameter, was covered with tough raw flexible silk, and weighed about twenty-eight pounds. It was attached to the balloon by a thin line, the breaking strain of which was eighty pounds. Mr. Spencer's weight is almost double this figure, so that the line broke immediately he threw himself from the balloon.—*The Graphic*.

THE OTTER AT HOME.

NOTHING is to be seen yet in the water or on the banks. A flash of bright blue shoots over the water and vanishes in a hole in the bank. It is the kingfisher, who has made his nest in a spot secure from harm. The bird has taken my attention from the tree in the water for a few moments. There is the otter sitting on the grey trunk in the warm sunlight. He is near enough for me to study his appearance and all his movements well. Like a large cat he looks, which has been thrown in the water and crawled out. Some people think that the fur of the otter throws the water off like the feathers on a duck's back. That is not the case; his fur protects his body in a different way. Anyone who has seen a water-rat come up on a bank after a dive will have a good idea of the general appearance of the otter's fur. Now he gives his coat a shake and combs his fur a bit with his short, webbed feet. That powerful tail of his hangs half out of the water, and his head is turned in my direction, looking for the moment just like that of an infuriated tiger in miniature, as, with ears drawn close to his head, he snarls and shows his teeth. When properly treated, the otter is easily converted into an affectionate and playful pet. For those who may not be familiar with him, let me describe his appearance more exactly. He is a trifle larger than a cat, having a very cat-like head, only flatter, which is provided with a fine set of teeth, and he can use them with terrible force for his size. On his lip he has a lot of strong bristles. His eyes are small, and have a watchful look about them; the neck is almost as thick as his chest; his body is long and round; the legs are very short, strong and flexible; the toes webbed for a great part of their length, and the claws

on them sharp. The tail is thick at the root, and tapers off to a point; it is very powerful, as I said before, and is, in fact, his swimming machine. In colour he is dark brown as a rule, with the sides of his head and throat brownish grey. He has been sitting in the sunlight whilst I have sketched his portrait; now he thinks he will get a little more into the shade; so, with a peculiar loping gait, he moves further up the trunk and rests by the side of a large limb. Now he shows himself to perfection, and I have managed to slip down on the boards of the weir, where I lie, flat as a flounder, and can study the animal, where an animal shows himself most naturally, in his own home. There is just a little swell in the water, and his mate shows her head above the surface. She has her feet on the trunk, and is just about to join her lord and master, when a moorhen flies from the meadow into the river, squatting with her feet in the water. That is enough; with one gliding plunge, leaving not a trace on the surface, they are under the bank in their own quarters.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

LAGER BEER.

LAGER beer, from its name, implies a beer that has been kept for a certain period. A year or six months, at least, is the time given by authorities as that which should elapse before such beer is tapped. The German and Austrian Governments impose both fine and imprisonment for any infraction of this rule, because of the deleterious effect of such drink before such lager or keeping shall have expired. There is not any such law here, and, as everybody knows who has had the time and inclination to investigate the subject, many of our brewers have greatly curtailed this time of keeping and constantly seek for expedients and processes for cutting it down still more, so eager is the market, so uncritical the consumer. Indeed, the American beer drinker has little regard for his liver and kidneys, or he would have stoutly protested long ago. He takes his beer unsuspectingly, and without inquiry, till a time comes when the liver being affected, or the kidneys, or both, nature protests, and the beverage once so pleasing to his lips is like to so much acid. A chemist recently investigating this matter says: "Brewers are using materials other than malted barley, such as corn and oats, etc., mixed with barley and hops, by which they accelerate its manufacture, making a sweetish, pleasing, heady beverage, but alcoholic, and the using of this kind of beer in large quantities, with the idea that it is innocuous, has brought on a marked increase of renal complaints." If it can be shown the beer is injurious to health, the makers can be held and punished.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THOMAS W. KEENE.

LYTTON's great play of "Richelieu" will always draw a crowded house, on account of its poetic diction and its deep study of human nature. It may be lacking in classical dignity and freedom from the appearance of effort in thought and plot, but the picture of France in the era of her greatness, and that greatness swayed by the hand of a frail old man, has a charm which is increased by the sweet, womanly "Julie," the impetuous "De Mauprat," and even the calculating villain "Baradas." When to these attractions are added the fact that our theatre-going public feels that this year, at any rate, it owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. O. B. Sheppard, the manager of the Grand Opera House, for the many really good attractions he has placed before them this season, it is hardly surprising that a bumper house filled that theatre on Monday evening on the occasion of his annual benefit. Mr. Keene has the advantage of a temperament and a certain inherent tendency that made his representations more than tolerable, but he has the disadvantage that he was brought out of a measurable mediocre obscurity by people who thoroughly knew the value of advertising, and who also knew the ways and tricks of that art, and who consequently forced him into heroic parts before he was ripe, so to speak. And he has never fully ripened. An exaggeration of both voice and gesture, a too frequent false reading of his lines suggest routine rather than deep study, and a practice of presenting in one week six characters of the strongest calibre have united to make one wish that he had confined himself to the fashion of the day in producing only one play. For, in spite of his faults, he has a strong magnetic power, and has the gift of losing himself in his part, and with his lack of real versatility, and with the opportunities of careful research and study which the preparation of one part only would give him, he might become great. When an actor says that "the pen is mightier than the sword," he presupposes that some has said the contrary; and where that contrary has not been said, his assertion becomes ridiculous. His support was not good. The dresses and the stage business were good and well carried out, but we have rarely had a company in Toronto whose speech was so inaudible, and this defect marred the performance to a point that made it almost painful. Mr. George Learock, as "De Mauprat," was an exception, and while his playing was faulty in many instances, he won thorough approbation by his manly bearing and his sound conception of the part. It was an instance where heart and brain overcame technical weakness. Miss E. V. Sheridan, as "Julie de Mortemar," was the merest reciter, as far as her lines went; yet she had an appropriateness of gesture and expression that went far to reconcile her audience to her acting. Mr. Arthur Elliott, as "Baradas," looked both the courtier and the schemer to perfection,

but his voice and delivery were weak and puerile. The "Friar Joseph," of Mr. Carl Ahrenol, were sufficiently repulsive to portray the character in its true colours. The rest of the support hardly calls for extended notice, save that in the setting of the stage, and in the business of the stage all went well.

THE Grand Opera House will be occupied for four days by Hermann, the magician.

THE week will further be notable for the first public performance of the Conservatory String Quartette Club on Monday evening, and the Oddfellows' Concert on Thursday evening.

THE following week will bring the Minstrel Club of the Queen's Own at the Grand Opera House, on Monday, with ten "end men" and a chorus of sixty." Messrs. Arnoldi and Rutherford, who were the lions of the old Amateur Christys will assist. The Regimental and Bugle Bands will take part, and an orchestra of twenty performers will accompany the singers. Ballads and comic songs of the minstrel order will, with the ever popular "Soldiers' Chorus" from *Faust* and a new arrangement of the "Old Brigade" form the musical programme. Music by the Bugle Band, a fancy drill and a comic closing piece will complete the second part. Only one performance will be given.

THEN will come the Vocal Society on the Tuesday, with Mrs. Wilson-Osman, soprano; Mr. Harry Field, pianist; and Miss Laura Webster, 'cellist, this lady taking the place of Herr Adolf Hartdegen, who was unexpectedly called to Europe. The Society will sing Hatton's "Sailors' Song;" Pinsuti's "When Hands Meet;" Mendelssohn's Second Psalm; "The Vale of Rest;" "The Sands o' Dee;" "The Three Fishers;" "Tell me, Flora;" "O Gladsome Light."

BOSTON is being run hard by New York as a musical centre, but it remains for the former city to have the honour of having ejected a party of chattering females from a concert, where their silly talk was an annoyance to the whole audience.

AFTER a partnership of twelve years, Robson and Crane will separate at the close of the present season. During the time they have been together they have done some honest and clever work, have produced many good plays and revived several old ones. In most of these productions and revivals they have shown judgment, taste and a commendable desire to have good companies. The present engagement will be memorable from the fact that it will bring to a close the joint career of two of the most conspicuous comedians on the American stage.

AT the close of the series of Joachim Concerts Sir Frederick Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy, presented him with a beautiful Stradivarius and a Tourte bow, worth \$6,000, in the name of a long list of subscribers, headed by that enthusiastic violinist, the Duke of Edinburgh, as a mark of the admiration of his audiences during his fifty years of public life.

ITALIAN opera does not seem to be in a particularly flourishing condition, even in the land of its origin. At one of the opera houses, Rome, this season a certain number of performances have been given, and a heavy subsidy of nearly £6,000 has been paid. In spite of this, the company had to throw itself upon the charitable feelings of the syndicate of the city, which voted a small sum for its relief.

THE next Torrington Orchestra Concert will be on Tuesday, May 28.

ROSE COGILAN is having great success in New York with "Jocelyn."

MYRON W. WHITNEY, the great basso, has left the operatic stage and will in future devote himself entirely to concert and oratorio work.

MISS ALIDA VARENA, who was here with the new American Opera Company, is making a great hit as "Marguerite" in Chicago.

IT appears that after all the great Tamberlik is dead. He died in Paris at the age of sixty-nine. In his time he was unequalled as a tenor, and his high C was unrivalled.

WHAT a touching letter Selina Dolaro's last was! It was written the day she died to Mrs. Langtry, who was producing "Lady Macbeth" that evening: "Dear Mrs. Langtry: I regret exceedingly my inability to occupy the place you so generously allotted to my use, and to me the disappointment is most sincere. But it will be impossible for me to avail myself of your kindness, as I expect to die to-night.—SELINA DOLARO."

WHAT a lovely name for an actress this is! "Gladys Orme"—it sounds poetic, aristocratic, dainty—and, in fact, everything that should accompany the luck of a successful actress. The name belongs to a young student who is the living image of Adelaide Neilson, and who has remarkable histrionic ability. At a recent entertainment in New York she played the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," with Mr. Frederick Paulding, and created a most favourable impression. At the same affair, Miss Maud Peters, a niece of Mrs. Charlotte Morrison of this city, was an effective "Ophelia."

FANCY a programme like the following: Sonata, F minor (appassionata), op. 57. 1806. Sonata, F sharp major, op. 78. 1808. Fantasia, op. 77. 1810. Sonata Caractéristique ("Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour"), E flat major, op. 81. 1810. Sonata, E major, op. 109. 1820. Sonata, A flat major, op. 110. 1821. Sonata, C minor, op. 111. 1822. All this was played at one recital

by Von Bulow lately, all the works being by Beethoven of course, and played from memory. At another recital he played the "Rondo a capriccio" (Rage over a lost groshen), being a theme with thirty-three variations, as follows: Theme. I. Alla marcia. II. Rural Dance. III. Dialogue. IV. Joined by a third interlocutor. V. Joined by a fourth one. VI. Didactic shakes. VII. Positive assertion. VIII. Soft compliance. IX. Boxing. X. Runaways. XI. Deliberation. XII. Determination. XIII. Mocking bird. XIV. Nocturnal procession. XV. Trifling. XVI. Gymnastic exercises of the left hand. XVII. Do. of the right. XVIII. Interview. XIX. Racing. XX. Dreams. XXI. Antithesis. XXII. Mozart sends his Leporello. XXIII. Petulance of the virtuoso. XXIV. Act of devotion. XXV. On tiptoe. XXVI. Invitation to dancing. XXVII. Stumbling a dance. XXVIII. Galop infernal. XIX. Fit of melancholy (minor). XXX. Expanding gloominess (minor). XXXI. Between Bach and Chopin (minor). XXXII. Revival (Fugue, E flat). XXXIII. Goodbye (Minuet and Coda).

ARRIGO BOITO, the composer of "Mefistofele," and the librettist of Ponchielli's "Giocondo" and Verdi's "Otello," has just completed a libretto entitled, "Farnese," which will be set to music by Palumbo, the celebrated Neapolitan pianist and composer. It is rather curious to see so splendid a composer as Boito contenting himself with providing libretti for other composers.

B NATURAL.

NOTES.

MARY ANDERSON is now in London, England.

"SAMSON AND DELILAH" is the title of a new play which has made a success at Daly's, in New York.

MISS ZELIE DE LUSSAN has had a most remarkable success in St. Louis as "Marguerite" in Gounod's "Faust."

MR. CARL ROSA, it is announced, proposes to put Macfarren's opera, "She Stoops to Conquer," on the Liverpool stage during May of the present year.

THE 100th performance of Lalo's remarkably successful opera, "Le Roi d'Ys," will be given at the Opera Comique, Paris, on May 7, the anniversary of its first production.

AT Zittau, Schumann's birthplace, the subscription for a monument to his memory produced such meagre results that the project has been abandoned. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

"NEWPORT," an American comic opera by Robert Goldbeck, of New York, is shortly to be done at an afternoon entertainment at the Duke of Devonshire's house in London, England.

MARIE VAN ZANDT, the American prima donna, gave a farewell performance in Berlin on the 16th. Her audience was large, select, and very enthusiastic. She received frequent recalls, and was presented with ten magnificent baskets of flowers.

J. C. DUFF is to produce "Paola" at the Grand Opera House in Philadelphia on May 14. The opera is the result of the combined efforts of Harry Paulton and Edward Jacobowsky, who wrote "Erminie." Mr. Duff has a great deal of confidence in the work.

RHODE ISLAND is to have a music festival during the last two days of April and the first day of May. A choir of 500 voices called the Rhode Island Choral Association will meet on those days in Infantry Hall, Providence, and sing Haydn's "Creation," Bruch's "Arminius," and Dvorak's "Patriotic Hymn."

THE Weimar Hof Theatre possesses a knight of the high C; the name of the newly discovered *tenore sfogato* is Zellner, and was until quite recently a schoolmaster in Munich. The ex-teacher made his first appearance on the stage of the Hof Theatre, singing "Lohengrin," "Adolar" (in "Euryanthe"), and "Masaniello" (in "Muettes de Portici"), with such extraordinary success that he was immediately secured by the Intendance for a three years' engagement.

IN comparing Von Bulow and Rosenthal, J. C. Fround says in the *American Musician*: When Rosenthal appeared here I gave it as my humble opinion that he did not deserve the praise showered upon him, as he had nothing but a marvellous technique, and did not bring out the idea or interpret the spirit of the composer. With Bulow it is the very reverse. In spite of a faulty technique, which has suffered much through advancing years, he does interpret and give you that "inner meaning," without which all piano-playing—for that matter, all art work—has no value whatever.

AT the annual convention of the Band Association of the Province of Quebec the following officers were elected: President, M. Ed. Hardy, of Montreal; Treasurer, Dr. M. McNamara, of Mile End; Secretary, M. G. B. Lamarche, of St. Vincent de Paul; Committee, MM. Léon Ringuette and Eusebe Broteur, of St. Hyacinthe; Dr. J. O. Camirand, of Sherbrooke; J. H. Durocher, of Hull; F. Crépeau, of Montreal, and L. S. Déilet, of Nicolet. The Association which has for its object the advancement of musical art, views with pleasure the progress accomplished by the different bands which belong to it. The character of the music performed is of a more elevated style, which proves the good taste of the directors. It is most probable that the next festival will be held this year at Sherbrooke, toward the end of June. The committee will go to work immediately to take all means possible to assure the success of the festival.

IT is now settled that there will be a season of Italian opera in New York next year, with Adelina Patti as prima

donna, under the direction of Mr. Henry E. Abbey. Her so-called final American operatic tour will open in Chicago, where the new Auditorium Building will be inaugurated December 9, and the season continue one month, during which Patti will appear eight times. Mr. Abbey's contract with Patti calls for over thirty performances, eight in Chicago, six in the city of Mexico, six in San Francisco, six between that city and New York, and six in the latter city. It is probable, however, that the latter will be extended if the public demand it and the receipts justify it. Sig. Romualdo Sapio will be the director of the orchestra, which will be selected in New York. Mr. Abbey is now in negotiation with some of the best artists of the Italian operatic stage in Europe, and he is determined to produce the operas in the most complete and artistic manner. Some idea may be formed of his plans when it is known that the number of performers upon the stage at one time will be over three hundred.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE PLANTATION NEGRO AS A FREEMAN. By Philip A. Bruce. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is an exceedingly interesting and instructive survey of the Negro question in the Southern States, with observations on the character, present condition, and future prospects of the coloured race in America. Since the abolition of slavery the negro problem has become an increasingly difficult and perplexing one, both for the philanthropist and the politician. Since the days of Emancipation the negro has multiplied fast and has become a puzzling factor in politics as well as in the world of labour. The picture presented by the author of the moral, social, and political status of the now teeming mass of blacks in the South is well calculated to disturb the complacent indifference of the North. "Every decade," observes the author, "withdraws the negro from the transmitted spirit of the regime of slavery; every decade only removes a still greater number of the artificial props that have hitherto supported him." This increases the difficulty of the problem how he is now to be dealt with as a freeman, in view of his relations, political and industrial, to the white race, and in view also of the maintenance of the Southern States within the political jurisdiction of the Republic. This is the problem with which the author here deals, and to those who feel an interest in the subject we warmly commend Mr. Bruce's thoughtful and timely volume.

THE STORY OF PHENICIA. By Prof. George Rawlinson, M.A. ("The Story of the Nations" Series.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889.

The country known to history as Phœnicia, now only, it may be said, "a geographical expression" was, from about the thirteenth to the fourth century before Christ, one of the most important regions in the Old World. It owed its reputation primarily to its situation, but no less really to the skilled, energetic, and industrious people who inhabited its coasts. The latter were not only a great maritime people—experienced shipbuilders, daring navigators and indefatigable traders—they were miners, engineers, manufacturers of finely-woven fabrics, artistic fashioners of metals and glassware, clever gem engravers, skilled in dyes, workers in ivory, and no mean architects and sculptors. Their fame filled the world of their time, and all that was then known of it was known to the Phœnicians. Their ships were in every port of commerce; they had circumnavigated Africa, they had discovered Britain, and had "caused the gold of Ophir to flow into the coffers of Solomon." Who were they, whence came they, and what was the cause of their decline, it is the purpose of Prof. Rawlinson in this interesting volume to relate. The story is told graphically and with that full knowledge which we have been accustomed to look for in the historian of "The Five Great Monarchies of the Eastern World." It is an interesting, an absorbing story this, of the commercial and industrial life of a people who were the great pioneers of civilization, with whom Assyria, Babylonia, and Persia successively contended, and who finally fell before the Greek and Roman power.

THE STORY OF MEXICO. By Susan Hale. ("The Story of the Nations" Series.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

The task must be a serious one to the writer who sits down to prepare an intelligent yet compact history of the old and the new civilizations of Mexico. One must not only be an archaeologist, an ethnologist, and a metallurgist, but also something of a military man, a politician, a linguist, and a church historian. Even in the region of politics, the historian's work must be appalling if he is successfully to unravel the skein of intrigue, chicanery, and downright diabolism which runs through the chaotic and anarchic past of Mexican history. We have to thank our author for what she has here given us; though her work must be too slight to be of service to special students of this ancient and interesting country. For the general reader, however, we have the main facts of history, without the wearying and often unsatisfactory mass of matter to wade through which belongs to the early and legendary era of Mexican annals. There are chapters on the legendary and early historic tribes that inhabited the Mexican plateau, including the Mound Builders, the Aztecs, and other Anahuac tribes, and the Mexicans proper; Cortez, Montezuma, and the later characters of Spanish, native,

and French rule; with the story of the American War and the designs and policy of the United States in the country. The story is well and entertainingly told, and the volume will be found a useful if not very valuable addition to the series to which it belongs.

AMERICAN LITERATURE: 1607-1885. By Charles F. Richardson. Vol. ii. American Poetry and Fiction. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1889.

We have here the concluding volume of Mr. Richardson's "Survey of American Literature," a work which fairly earns a place among the critical expositions of the literature of the American people, alongside the more elaborate literary history now appearing from the pen of Professor Moses Coit Tyler, of Cornell University. To the Canadian, as well as to the English reader, Mr. Richardson's more compact work will no doubt be preferred, as it gives all the essential facts, with a fair and moderately restrained estimate of the chief writers in the varied departments of American creative work. Its range is not so extensive as the range of Professor Tyler's work, nor does it profess to give much in the way of illustrative extract. For those who want that, cyclopædias of American literature are available, to which the student can turn for specimens; though the seeker, if he wishes to preserve his respect for the literature of the New World, had better not weary or confuse himself by an eager thirst to explore the mammoth compilations which publishers have put on the market embracing the product of the entire field of American literary activity. We have ourselves an unhallowed memory of the dreary time we had in going through Duyckinck's early "Cyclopædia of American Literature," and the modern works of its class must be of still more appalling proportions. Even in Mr. Richardson's work we find it somewhat tedious to follow his enumeration of minor writers who have contributed little to the enrichment of his country's literature. On the whole, however, we have not much to quarrel with in the work before us, for our author has lightened his craft of the heavier freight to be found in most histories of the nation's literature, with advantage to its sailing as well as to its staying qualities. The volume deals with the poet and the novelist. We have critical estimates of the former from the time of Poe, Bryant, and Emerson to that of Stedman, Aldrich, and Walt Whitman; and of the latter from the time of Hawthorne, Cooper, and Irving to that of James, Cable, and Howells. The ground gone over is considerable when we bear in mind that the writers belong entirely to the present century, and that Mr. Richardson has swept out of his Pantheon many who had expectations of filling a niche in every temple erected to letters in the land. The author does justice to the names entitled to rank among American men-of-letters and his exposition and appraisal of their work may be said to be well and fairly done. He is painstaking and conscientious, and though there are limitations to his powers of criticism and insight, his judgments are, on the whole, to be commended. We get a very intelligent notion of American fiction and its developments from the author, and this is no little praise when we call to mind its vast range, from the early colonial school of Hawthorne and Irving to that of the modern psychological novel. The author's chapter on "Later Movements in American Fiction" is a specially careful and appreciative bit of writing. Mr. Richardson is no less successful in his analysis of the poets, and his estimates are discriminating and, above all, without prejudice or undue laudation. In this department he has had the advantage of the critical work of Mr. Stedman and other safe appraisers of American verse, and if his criticisms are not always either original or profound, they are at least intelligent and just. We should have liked to have made some extracts from the work, but to our readers this will be hardly necessary, as Mr. Richardson may be tolerably sure of finding a place in most Canadian libraries.

The excellent series of monographs, "English Men of Action," which had for its initial issue Colonel Sir Wm. Butler's "Life of General Gordon," has been followed up with two additional volumes. These are "Henry the Fifth," by the Rev. A. J. Church, and "Livingstone," by Thomas Hughes, Q.C., author of "Tom Brown at Oxford." (Macmillan and Company, London and New York.) The volumes are uniform with the "English Men of Letters" series, so favourably known, and are admirable condensations, suited to the wants of a busy age, of biography and history. In "Henry the Fifth" we have all the facts of history essential to a general knowledge of the short but brilliant era of the second of the Lancastrian Kings. The chief event of the reign, as every schoolboy knows, was the Conquest of France, at the time torn by internal factions under the imbecile, Charles VI. The author clearly sets forth the grounds of Henry's claim to the French Crown, the failure of the negotiations, and the invasion of France; and then succinctly narrates the chief incidents in the Battle of Agincourt, and those connected with Henry's later campaigns in France, terminating with the Siege of Meaux and Henry's early death. The Lollard outbreak is also fittingly, though briefly, dealt with; and some space is taken up with an account of Henry's early life, as the "Prince Hal," of Shakespeare, "the reckless, brilliant lad, now bandying jests with bullies and sots in city taverns, now leading his troops to victory on the field of Shrewsbury." The author, of course, does not

undertake to give us any portrait of Henry at this time less sober or more consonant with history than we have in Shakespeare's sketch of him, "as the Prince Hal, who spoils Falstaff of his ill-gotten booty at Gadshill, and laughs at him and with him over his cups in Eastcheap." He admits a laxity in the young prince's life during the years that preceded his accession to the throne; but there is, he affirms, "absolutely no evidence to show that Henry was accustomed to the society of vicious and disreputable companions." The sketch of the career of David Livingstone, though exceedingly brief, has the merit of being graphically told in terse and vivid language. The subject could hardly have fallen into better hands than those of Mr. Thomas Hughes, himself a fine type of the muscular Christian. Within the compass of a couple of hundred pages, the author not only sets before the reader the main facts in the life work of that lonely yet resolute explorer and missionary in the Dark Continent, but also enables us to grasp the springs and motives of Livingstone's devotion to the cause he had so nobly and self-sacrificingly espoused. In his closing chapter Mr. Hughes devotes some space to the consideration of the grave aspect of affairs in the scene of Livingstone's labours in East Central Africa, where the success of missionary work is imperilled by the recent active hostility of those interested in the slave trade. "A great change," Mr. Hughes remarks, "has occurred in the situation during the last year, and a crisis has arisen which has brought to a head the Central and East African controversy between cross and crescent, the slave trade and free industry. No Englishman," he adds, "will doubt the final issue; but it is equally certain that the victory has yet to be won, and will not be won easily. It is well that this should be known and taken to heart as widely as possible." Mr. Hughes, however, looks hopefully to co-operation on the seaboard with Germany to defeat the machinations of those who are openly conniving at the slave trade and delaying the redemption of Africa.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY have issued a collection of short stories by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, entitled "Vagabond Tales."

THE Canadian volume of the "Windsor Poets'" series is announced by Walter Scott, the publisher, as soon to be issued.

THE venerable historian, George Bancroft, has been compelled by his waning mental powers to entirely cease his literary work.

AMONG the recent publications by Cassell & Co. of New York, is a novel entitled "Rented—A Husband," which already promises to have a large sale.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. are to bring out, toward the close of this month, John Fiske's book entitled "The War of Independence," which will follow close on the publication of his "Beginnings of New England."

A VOLUME of Arctic travels, by Herbert L. Aldrich, will be published in Chicago by Rand, McNally, and Company, in a few months. It will relate largely to Siberia and Alaska, including incidents of whaling operations.

THE standard miscellaneous books formerly published by Ticknor & Co., of Boston, are hereafter to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. This will add not a few popular and valuable publications to a catalogue already remarkably rich.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, after a long abstention from literary labour, owing to ill health, is now taking to the pen with renewed vigour. He has an article in the current *Nineteenth Century*, and other magazine papers by him are announced.

MR. W. BERNARD SAUNDERS, of Peterborough, England, is about to edit a new local antiquarian quarterly to be termed *Notes and Queries*. The *Athenæum* thinks the Fen country should be able to supply a large store of hitherto unrecorded folk-lore.

MESSRS. S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co. announce in connection with their series of "Popular Biographies," the following two volumes: "John Bright, the Man of the People," by Jesse Page, and "Henry M. Stanley, the African Explorer," by Arthur Montefiore, F.R.G.S.

MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD is trying his hand at biography. He is writing a volume for the series of "English Men of Action" on Sir John Hawkwood. The series, by the way, promises very well. Walter Besant, Clarke Russell, and Archibald Forbes are writing for it.

MR. BRIGHT'S last literary work was the revision of the preface to a reprint of Jonathan Dymond's "Inquiry into the Accordancy of War with the Principles of Christianity." The book embodies the uncompromising condemnation of war that is associated with Bright's name. Its author was a linen-draper.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY will soon publish the first volumes of an Illustrated Library Edition of Thackeray. It will be printed from large type, and will contain twenty-two volumes, illustrated with over 1,600 pictures from designs by Thackeray and various artists. It will be more complete than any edition yet published.

DOUGLAS SLADEN is to return to Canada, early in June, and pass the month at Quebec. He then, with his family, joins Roberts at Windsor, N. S., where an assembly of

Maritime Province *litterateurs* will probably take place. In the autumn he returns to England. Meanwhile he is putting together his American poetical anthology in New York.

A NEW edition of "A Book of Verses," by William Ernest Henley, is just about to be issued by Messrs. Scribner and Welford. This edition has been revised by the author, and is issued directly under his authority. It will also contain an additional poem. It will be remembered that Robert Louis Stevenson dedicated "Virginius Puerisque" to Mr. Henley.

WILLIAM SHARP, the English critic and poet, collector of "Sonnets of This Century," and general editor of the "Canterbury Poets" series, etc., is coming to Canada next October and will remain a few days between Quebec, Montreal and Toronto, then proceeding to Boston and New York. The Society of Canadian Literature at Montreal will probably receive him there.

THE Emperor of China, says the *Athenæum*, has just issued orders for the preparation of a history of the Mohammedan rebellions in Yunnan, Kansuh, Shensi, and Turkestan, and five members of the Grand Council have been named as the committee to whom the work is intrusted. Similar official histories have already been written of the Taeping and Nienfei revolts.

A SMALL quarto volume containing nine plays, five of them by Shakespeare, but not first editions, was recently sold in London, by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, at the enormous price of £590. In the same sale a copy of Audubon's "Birds of America" realized £315; "Prymer after the use of Sarum in Englysshe," 1555, £32 10s.; Burns's poems, first edition, soiled, £60.

SPEAKING of the plaintive pessimism which is the prevailing tone of the minor poets of the present day, the *Athenæum* calls them a lot of "golden-mouthed but lugubrious singers" whose "banefumes" are "redolent of cultured melancholy." Amid all the brightest scenes of earth with laughter rippling around them and sunlight glinting upon their yellow curls, they persist in being wretchedly miserable.

A WORK will shortly appear on Sir John Franklin's fate, claiming to show that its discovery was through a revelation made to a little child seven years of age, to whom was revealed the locality where the ships would be found, and how they could be reached; and that after the great expeditions of the Government, extending over a period of seven years, had proved fruitless, the efforts of Lady Franklin, guided solely by the revelation of the little child, were crowned with complete success.

UNDER the title of "Further Reminiscences," a second volume of "My Autobiography and Reminiscences," by W. P. Frith, the distinguished Royal Academician, is published by Harper & Bros. The people who figure in it are, among others, Charles Dickens, Sir Edwin Landseer, Mrs. Maxwell, M. E. Braddon, Robert Browning, John Ruskin, Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Lynn Linton, F. Anstey, Anthony Trollope, Du Maurier, and Tenniel.

ALMOST the only new English poet who has won a way into American magazines in the past two or three years is Mrs. Graham R. Tomson, a collection of whose verse is about to be issued by Longmans, Green & Co., almost at the same time that they publish Col. Higginson's poems. Mrs. Tomson's book is called "The Bird Bride; a Volume of Ballads and Sonnets." The title ballad is of interest to Americans in that it is an Esquimau legend.

AT a recent sale in London of volumes from the library of the Duke of Buccleuch, the following prices were obtained: Boccaccio's "Il Decamerone," the Giunta edition, 1527, bound in variegated leathers, by Padeloup, 1857; Juliana Barnes, "Treatyses Perteoyning to Hawkyng and Huntynge, etc.," printed by Wynkynde de Worde, in 1496 (imperfect), 44l; Caxton, "The Chronicles of England," 1480, 470l; another copy (imperfect), second edition, 1482, 45l; "Les Grands Chroniques de St. Denis," an illuminated manuscript on vellum of the Fifteenth Century, 98l; Caxton, "Dictes and Sayengis of the Philosophers," first edition, Westminster, 1477, 650l; Caxton, "Higden, Discription of Britayne," 1480 (repaired), 195l; Caxton, "Ryal Book, or Book for a King," translated from the French, and printed by Caxton in the "second yere of the Regne of Kyng Rychard the Thyrd," 365l.

THE overflow of the Nile for the year 1888 has proved a great disaster to the land of Egypt on account of its being insufficient to flood its accustomed areas. The cultivated land of Upper Egypt amounts to 2,331,000 acres, and of this nearly one-seventh is this year lost to agriculture. This also means a corresponding loss of revenue to the Government, as unwatered lands are not taxed. The most serious aspect of the case is the fact that large bodies of the people, varying from one-tenth to one-sixth of the whole population, are deprived of their means of subsistence. Lower Egypt, not so dependent upon the summer flood, is in much better condition. The areas lost to cultivation this year will not be restored until the flood of 1889 begins about July, the highest point being reached between the middle and the end of October. In 1887 the flood was destructive of property on account of its excess, which amounted to a rise of over five feet more than usual, and three feet more than the safe flood limit.

EIGHT DEATHS FROM POISONING.

OUR readers are doubtless all familiar with the Robinson poisoning cases, which have recently come to light in Somerville, Mass., a suburb of Boston.

It seems that eight deaths have occurred from arsenical poisoning, seven in one family, and within five years. It is doubtful if the murderers would have been brought to justice had not an organization in which the victims were insured began an investigation as to why so many persons had suddenly died in one family.

But the sensation, from a medical point of view, connected with the case, took place in Boston at a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Medico-Legal Society, when it was stated by Dr. Holt that there was general ignorance of the symptoms of arsenical poisoning, and because of such ignorance the Robinson poisoning cases had gone on without arousing the suspicion of medical men. The Robinson cases were all treated by regular physicians, with correct diplomas, men supposed to know what they were doctoring for, and to know the effect of drugs on certain diseases. Yet in the five deaths from arsenical poisoning of which we speak, certificates of death were given for pneumonia, typhoid fever, meningitis, bowel disease, and Bright's Disease.

Is it any wonder that patients are losing faith in their doctors?

In the very same manner thousands of patients are being treated this day for pneumonia, heart trouble, dropsy, incipient consumption, etc., when these are but symptoms of advanced kidney disease, which is but another name for Bright's disease. The doctors do not strike at the seat of the disease—the kidneys; and if they did, nine times out of ten they would fail—as they are on record as saying they can not cure Bright's disease of the kidneys. Rather than use Warner's Safe Cure, a well known specific for this and all other forms of kidney disease, they would let their patients die, and then give a death certificate that death was caused by pericarditis, apoplexy, phthisis, or cardiac affection.

Is this not the honest truth? Do you not know in your own personal history very many instances where physicians doctored the wrong disease, and caused untold suffering, and many times death?

SHALL WE ABOLISH THE DEATH PENALTY FOR MURDER?

ONE great reason for retaining capital punishment for the worst crimes (and scarcely anyone in England would advocate any other for such men, say, as the Chicago Anarchists, or the Whitechapel murderer, if he is ever caught and not found to be insane) and, indeed, we think for all cases of deliberate murder, is the almost insuperable difficulty of finding an adequate substitute.

Life servitude is never carried out in England, sentences being revised at the end of twenty years. Colonel Henderson before the Commission said it would take almost a century to get criminals to believe in its being carried out, and if it were carried into effect, prisoners with no hope would have to be treated either as lunatics and made comfortable, or as wild beasts at the Zoological Gardens. "We have men now," he continued, "who are very little removed from wild beasts. I do not say they are mad, but they can never be approached by one man at a time; they are none the less obliged to be treated like wild beasts, and the warden always goes with, as you may say, his life in his hand."

This point has very recently been treated by Mr. William Tallack, the Secretary of the Howard Association. He is a man of the greatest experience in the matter, having devoted over a quarter of a century to the investigation of all the branches of the great subjects of crime prevention and punishment. He gives it as his opinion that life servitude is impracticable, and suggests as a substitute a term of twenty years' penal servitude with a subsequent period of supervision, in all but the most outrageous and alarming cases, for which he advocates the death penalty. We do not think that such a punishment for intentional murder is sufficient on any ground. In the first place, we should have to lower the whole scale of penalties in proportion, which would hardly be advisable. Then it must not be forgotten that it is a rule without exception, that the moment the penalty (either inflicted by the law or by public opinion) is lowered, the popular detestation of the offence is proportionately lessened. Lastly, it appears to us that the moral aspect of the matter requires greater severity. In order to show this, we must inquire what are the objects of punishment? and in answer we will accept perhaps the latest important dicta on the subject: those of Sir Edward Fry, L.J.

He considers the ends of punishment to be reformation, repression, and example, but looks upon these as secondary only to the great end which he calls the moral root of the whole doctrine, namely, association in some degree of suffering with sin, in order to which there is a duty laid upon us of making this relationship as real, actual, and exact in proportion as possible. His conclusions are that the deepest ground of punishment is this purely moral one; that there are other and independent reasons why society ought to inflict punishment; that the measure of punishment may vary with the different reasons for its infliction; and that the highest of the measures of punishment may vary with the different reasons for its infliction; and that the highest of the measures of punishment for any given offence is that with which society ought to visit it.

Now, we think that the death penalty when inflicted for murder pre-eminently answers these four ends of punishment. The immediate prospect of death certainly ought to work a reform in the condemned man's spiritual condition. The penalty itself obviously prevents further crime on his part. And we feel certain that the example would have great effect upon others, if the legal definition of murder were so conformed to the popular idea of the crime, as to make a verdict and execution certain in clear cases of deliberate murder. We submit that when death was directly or indirectly intended or looked upon as probable by the perpetrator of the deed which caused the death, although of a different person from the one aimed at, morally the crime would be murder; but we doubt whether this would not be too wide for the British jury, and probably it would have to be confined nowadays to cases of direct intention to cause death, coupled with an act which did cause death to someone, whether the person aimed at or not. We think even with some such definition as this, some provision would have to be made to enable a jury to find as a fact that the act was done through some violent and sudden temptation, and to give a judge, under such circumstances, a discretion to lower the penalty. Perhaps, also, the question of provocation might be treated in this way, instead of as it is now, and the limits of provocation as it affects the crime might be enlarged. These suggestions, however, are thrown out with the greatest diffidence, having regard to the difficulties with which the subject is beset; but our meaning is that murder in law should be made as much as possible like murder in common parlance, and that a discretion should be given to the judge in passing sentence, where, though the crime may clearly be murder, yet there exist real, and not merely extenuating circumstances in the French meaning.

Finally, the punishment of death, more than any other which could be inflicted for murder, associates the greatest offence with the greatest, or at any rate the highest, form of suffering, and thus realises the exalted standard at which the learned Lord Justice was aiming when he said, "In a word, you can never separate the idea of right and wrong from the idea of punishment without an infinite degradation of the latter conception. Punishment is a part of justice if it is anything of moral worth; and I cannot bring myself to think of justice without regard to right and wrong, without regard to the utterances of the human conscience, without a thought behind all of an infinite and perfect Judge. To make justice a mere term for the enforcement of laws which have no moral colour, and rest only on the balance of the scales of pain and pleasure, is to rob it, to my mind, not only of all its dignity, but of all its meaning."—*W. C. Maude, in The Month.*

POOR PEOPLE'S CHANCES.

SOME years ago a city missionary was crossing one of the parks in London on the Sabbath day, and said to a lad, "What are you doing here, breaking the Lord's day? You ought to be at Church and worshipping God instead of breaking the Sabbath in this way." The poor lad in his rags looked up and said: "Oh, sir, it's very easy for you to talk that way, but God knows that we poor chaps ain't got no chance."

The sentiment seems to be growing that in the United States the time has arrived when "the poor chaps don't have no chance."

There is some truth in it. The poor are not shut out from making a livelihood, but the gulf between riches and poverty continually grows more difficult to cross. As the country becomes densely populated keen business competition decreases the chances for accumulating wealth by ordinary business methods.

But the same conditions vastly improve the chances for great success to those who can strike out in new paths, can furnish something to the world that others cannot.

True merit, in commodity or ability, will win easily if the masses can be induced to recognize it.

What a marvellous success has attended the thorough introduction to the world of the merits of that wonderful remedy for kidney disease—Warner's Safe Cure. Hon. H. H. Warner first came to know of its curative power by being restored to health from what the doctors pronounced a fatal kidney trouble. He concluded the world ought to know of it, and in the ten years since he began its manufacture he has spent millions of dollars in advertising the Safe Cure.

But mark! he never would have secured a four fold return of the vast sums thus expended if the real merit of the remedy had not been fully proven to the millions of people reached by his advertisements.

Ten years of increasing success of Warner's Safe Cure is due, first, to intelligent and pleasing advertising, by which the people were made acquainted with the remedy. Second, to the true worth of the remedy, proved by actual experience, showing it to be the only specific for kidney disease, and all diseases growing out of kidney derangements.

THERE are usually two agents in bringing on the condition known as drunkenness—the one who sells and the one who buys and drinks—and it is certainly inequitable to assume that all the culpability rests with the seller.—*Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.*

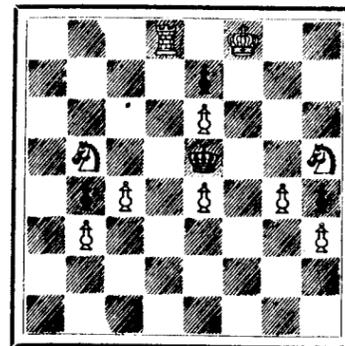
THE *Electrician* reports a rumour from Berlin to the effect that a means has been discovered of using electricity for ascertaining the true north, instead of the magnetic needle; that, in short, the new means will be superior to the compass and is likely to supersede it.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 351.

By E. H. E. EDDIS, Orillia.

BLACK.



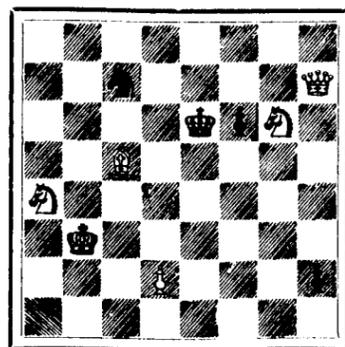
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 352.

By G. HEATHCOTE, Manchester.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- | | | | |
|----------------|------------------------|-------|---------|
| No. 345. | | No. 3 | |
| White. | Black. | | R-K R 2 |
| 1. Kt-B7 | B x Kt | | |
| 2. R x P + | P x R | | |
| 3. P-Kt6 mate. | | | |
| | If 1. B x R | | |
| | moves | | |
| 2. Kt-Q5 | | | |
| 3. Kt mates. | | | |
| | With other variations. | | |

GAME BETWEEN DR. RYHALL, OF HAMILTON, AND WM. BOULTREE, TORONTO.

Played at Hamilton on Friday, the 19th April, 1889.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
W. BOULTREE.	DR. RYHALL.	W. BOULTREE.	DR. RYHALL.
1. P-K4	P-K4	12. Kt-Kt5	Q-K2
2. R-B4	K-Kt B3	13. P-Q4	P-KB3
3. Q-Kt-B3	B-B4	14. P x Q Kt	P x Kt
4. P-KB4	Q-K2 (a)	15. P x P	Q x P
5. Kt-B3	P-Q3	16. Q-Kt4	Kt-Q2
6. P-KR3	B-K3	17. B x P	Kt-B3
7. B x B	Q x B	18. Q-R-K1 +	K-B2
8. Kt-QR4	Kt x P	19. B x Kt	P x B
9. Kt x B	Kt x Kt	20. Q-B4 +	K-Kt2
10. Castles	Kt-B3 (b)	21. R-K6	P-Kt4 (c)
11. P x P	Kt x P	22. Q-Kt4+ and Black resigns.	

NOTES.

- (a) B x Kt best.
- (b) Castles is much better.
- (c) An oversight, but Black cannot save the game.

Four members of the Toronto Chess Club visited Hamilton on the 19th inst., and played a match with the members of the Chess Club of that city. The Toronto players were victorious by the following score:

Toronto.	Games won.	Hamilton.	Games won.
Mr. Boulthée	2	Dr. Ryhall	0
" Muntz	1	Mr. Lister	1
" Freeland	1	" Shaw	1
" McGregor	1	" Judd	0
" Davison	0	" Kitson	2
Total	5	Total	4

U. S. CHESS TOURNAMENT.

NEW YORK, April 20. Following is the result of to-day's games at the Chess Tournament:—Delmar draw with Macleod, Burn won from Bird, Tschigorin from Hannam, Gunsberg from Pollock, Blackburne from Martinez, Judd from Lipschultz, Mason from D. G. Baird, Showalter from Burrille, Weiss from Gossip, Taubenhause from J. W. Baird. Score to date:

Won.	Lost.	Won.	Lost.		
Weiss	18½	3½	Delmar	10	12½
Blackburne	17	4	Showalter	10	11
Tschigorin	17	5	Bird	8½	13½
Gunsberg	15	6	Burrille	8½	12½
Burn	15	7	Gossip	6½	13½
Lipschultz	13	8	Hannam	6½	13½
Mason	12	9	Pollock	6½	14½
Taubenhause	12	10	Martinez	6	15
Judd	11	10	Macleod	5	16½
Baird, D. G.	10	12	Baird, J. W.	4	17

PRESIDENT PATTON, at the Princeton Alumni Dinner in New York, a week or so ago, announced that by the end of the year the financial result of the first year of his presidency would be \$250,000 added to the endowment of the university. He also announced the formation at Princeton of a school of electrical engineering.

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I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine compounded. —W. F. Flower, M. D., D. D. S., Greenville, Tenn.

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Cured

Since then, whenever she feels debilitated, she resorts to this medicine, and always with most satisfactory results. —Geo. W. Fullerton, 32 W. Third St., Lowell, Mass.

I was very much afflicted, about a year ago, with Scrofulous Sores on my face and body. I tried several remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Since using this medicine the sores have all disappeared, and I feel, to-day, like a new man. I am thoroughly restored to health and strength. —Taylor James, Versailles, Ind.

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I was always afflicted with a Scrofulous Humor, and have been a great sufferer. Lately my lungs have been affected, causing much pain and difficulty in breathing. Three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla have relieved my lungs, and improved my health generally. —Lucia Cass, 360 Washington Ave., Chelsea, Mass.

I was severely troubled, for a number of years, with an affection of the Stomach, and with Weak and Sore Eyes—the result of inherited Scrofula.

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a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla my eyes and stomach have ceased to trouble me, and my health has been restored. —E. C. Richmond, East Saugus, Mass.

Three years ago I was greatly troubled with my Liver and Kidneys, and with severe pains in my back. Until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla I obtained no relief. This medicine has helped me wonderfully. I attribute my improvement entirely to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and gratefully recommend it to all who are troubled as I have been. —Mrs. Celia Nichols, 8 Albion St., Boston, Mass.

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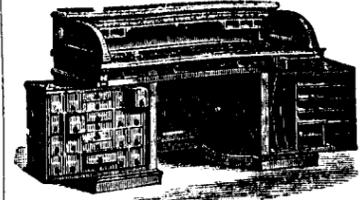
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