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# THE WEEK.

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## THE WEEK:

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## CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
The Calamity in St. John's	515
The Canal Tolls Question	515
Paying the Penalty	515
The Dominion Educational Association	515
Canadian Consolidation	515
Patriotism in History	516
The Tariff Changes	516
What of the Future?	516
The Government's Duty	516
The British Elections	516
The Y. P. S. C. E.	516
OTTAWA LETTER	T. C. L. K. 517
IRISH HOME RULE	Pensando. 517
TWO KNAPSACKS: A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.	J. Cawdor Bell. 518
THE POLITICAL SITUATION—III.	The Hon. J. W. Longley. 519
L'ILE DES REVES. (POEM)	J. A. T. L. 520
PARIS LETTER	Z. 520
THE CRITIC	521
THE ANEMONE: AN ALLEGORY	Emma M. Phelps. 521
CORRESPONDENCE—	
Mr. Longley's Fallacies	Robert H. Lawder. 521
A HALF CENTURY OF CONFLICT	Principal Grant. 522
TRIOLETS: AFTER CHARLES D'ORLANS.	J. Ross-Wetherman. 522
ART NOTES	523
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA	523
OUR LIBRARY TABLE	524
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP	525
SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY	526
CHESS	527

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THE appalling disaster which has befallen the city of St. John's, Newfoundland, has touched a chord of brotherly sympathy which is vibrating throughout the Dominion. Nothing could be better adapted to mitigate the horrors of such a spectacle as that presented to the mind's eye in the smoking ruins of a fallen city, with ten thousand homeless men, women, and children, terror-stricken and destitute, in the background, than the view of a kindred people hurrying spontaneously to the rescue with shiploads of the necessities and comforts of life. While we shrink from the cruel philosophy which would regard such disasters as permitted to take place in order to call forth and stimulate the charity of the onlookers and thus improve their characters, it cannot be denied that the sympathy and generosity thus evoked have often a most salutary effect upon all concerned. The matter of time in this instance is an important element in the problem of relief, but if the help can be forwarded with sufficient promptness, there seems little reason to fear that the liberality of the people of Canada, the United States, and the Mother Country will not prove equal to the occasion, large as its demands must be for weeks and months to come. In view of the recent unhappy misunderstanding, the opportunity is a noble one for Canada to bury any unpleasant memories of the past which may linger in the minds of Canadian or Newfoundlander, beneath an avalanche of generous giving and sympathetic feeling. Who knows that the beneficent Power which delights to be ever evoking good out of the world's teeming ills, may not make this calamity the means of bringing about that better understanding and agreement between our colonial cousins and ourselves which no considerations of kinship or of mutual profit have hitherto been able to effect?

THE Minister of Finance laid on the table in the Commons the other day a document which is of considerable interest as setting forth formally and clearly the Government's position in the matter of the canal tolls dispute. This paper is a copy of a report of a committee of the Privy Council approved of by his Excellency June 17, 1892. Its gist is contained in the following passage:—  
It is alleged that the Canadian rule creates discrimina-

tion between the two nationalities on the ground that permission is given to vessels of both nationalities to tranship cargoes destined for Montreal at an intermediate Canadian port without forfeiting the claim of rebate, while vessels of neither nationality can receive rebate if their cargoes are transhipped at an American port. Strictly speaking, this creates no inequality in the use of the canals, though it undoubtedly does discriminate against the United States ports as points of transhipment. The United States vessel may obtain its rebate precisely as a Canadian vessel can, by transhipping its cargo (if transhipment is necessary) at a Canadian port, and, on the other hand, neither Canadian nor United States vessels can obtain a rebate if they tranship at a United States port. It is plain that Canada allows the use of her canals both to her own vessels and to those of the United States upon such conditions as to influence a certain class of the traffic to pass down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, but in the inducement thus held out it makes no distinction as respects the payment for the use of its canals between the vessels of the United States and its own.

This is a frank statement of the case. Is it a valid defence of the course of the Canadian Government? That depends clearly upon the sense in which the obligation of a treaty between two nations is to be interpreted. Are honourable nations to be guided by the letter or by the spirit of such a contract? If by the letter, the position of the Canadian Government is perhaps unassailable. If by the spirit or obvious intention of the agreement, it is clearly untenable. Apart from the fundamental ethical principle involved, it would surely be a lamentable thing from the merely practical point of view should the latter law of interpretation prevail, inasmuch as its legitimate outcome would be that the moment a treaty was concluded between two powers, each would set the ingenuity of its statesmen and lawyers at work to discover the minimum of obligation involved in the language used, and what opportunity could be found for keeping the word of promise to the ear, or rather to the eye, while breaking it to the hope. Nor can any one, remembering the well-earned reputation of American diplomats for shrewdness, doubt that our Canadian Ministers would soon find that two can play at a game of that kind. But worse still, the effect of the tacit adoption of such a rule of interpretation would be to undermine the foundations of mutual trust in mutual honour in dealings between nations and to make international conferences a contest of wits between two sets of political sharpers. Would it not, therefore, be vastly better from every point of view to let it be understood that in agreements between nations the same principles are operative as in similar transactions between individuals? A judicial and ethical authority has put these principles into a shape in which they commend themselves to the judgment and conscience of every honourable man, in the admirable dictum that a contract is morally binding in the sense in which the party of the one part believed it to be understood by the party of the other part at the time of making. Can any one doubt what the effect of the application of this rule would be in the interpretation of Article 27 of the Washington Treaty? Can it be supposed that the representatives of the United States would have made or ratified this article in the existing terms, had they foreseen that it would be interpreted in such a way as to draw away trade from American ports and at the same time virtually discriminate against American vessels?

THE report above quoted proceeds to say that by Article 30 of the treaty it was agreed that the United States might suspend the right granted to British subjects of carrying in British vessels, duty free, goods from one place within the United States to another, provided that a portion of the transhipment were made through Canada by land carriage or in bond, in case their citizens were discriminated against in the use of Canadian canals. In 1885 this right was suspended, thus exacting from Canada the penalty for discriminating in the use of the canals, although no inequality really existed. Therefore, if the present rule could be construed as constituting an inequality, the penalty agreed upon has already been exacted by the United States. This somewhat singular statement opens up a new phase of the ethical question. If a state or an individual contracts to do a certain thing with the proviso that in case of failure a certain penalty

may be inflicted, may the obligation be cancelled by submission to the penalty? That, however, may be left to the casuists. If it seem somewhat strange that the United States should have seemingly anticipated a failure on the part of the Dominion Government to observe the clause of the treaty under consideration, and so made special provision for such a contingency, the explanation is probably to be found in the fact that the arrangement was made with Great Britain and was in form but an engagement on the part of the Mother Country to "urge upon the Government of the Dominion," etc. The singular thing on the part of our Government is that, holding as it does that the terms of the treaty have been faithfully observed, it has made no more vigorous protest during these six or seven years against the violation of which the United States has, from its point of view, been guilty, in withholding the stipulated privileges from Canadian vessels, and that it is now willing, in consideration of a restoration of those rights, which should never have been withdrawn, to surrender what it holds to be an additional right on its own part. This seems not only to be carrying conciliation to the extreme, but to be actually putting a premium upon the unjust withdrawal, by the United States Government, of a treaty privilege.

THE first annual meeting of the Dominion Educational Association, which took place last week in Montreal, seems to have been on the whole a successful gathering. While the attendance was not so large as the more sanguine promoters of the movement hoped for and predicted, and while the enthusiasm evoked may have fallen a good deal below that which characterizes the corresponding meetings of our American cousins, the influence of the meetings and discussions can hardly fail to tell with considerable effect in promoting the chief ends in view, the drawing together of the educational workers of the different Provinces of the Dominion in sympathy, and the comparison of views and methods for mutual advantage. Hon. G. W. Ross, the Minister of Education for Ontario, in one of those glowing addresses which constituted a somewhat marked feature of the meetings, asked the question: "Are we going to be Provincial in education, or national?" The question sounds well, but if it was meant for anything more than rhetorical effect, it would be interesting to have the Minister define what he would understand by national education under the Canadian Constitution, which distinctly relegates the work of public education to the Provinces. We do not suppose that Mr. Ross meant to hint at any possibility of disturbing this arrangement, or that he would approve of such a change, even were such possible, as would be required in order to make Canadian education national in any strict interpretation of the word. He no doubt meant to intimate the desirability that there should be more of the Canadian as distinct from the Provincial spirit infused into the atmosphere of the schoolroom and college hall. This is greatly to be desired if the Dominion is ever to become consolidated. As Mr. Ross truthfully said, our Confederation is not as solidified as it ought to be. There can be no doubt that the public schools and colleges might become and ought to become one of the most powerful of agencies for effecting this consolidation.

HOW is this educational influence to be brought to bear for the solidifying of the Confederation? That is the practical question. It is perhaps to be regretted that Mr. Ross and others who took a leading part in the conduct of the meetings of the Dominion Educational Association did not address themselves more directly to the task of finding a practical answer. The Ontario Minister did, it is true, hint at one important modification of the existing Provincial systems which, if made, could not fail to have considerable effect in promoting a national sentiment. He referred to the method of granting teachers' certificates in Ontario, under his own jurisdiction. No matter what or how thorough the examination which a teacher may have undergone in another Province, he has to pass another in Ontario before being allowed to practice his profession here. Nothing could be better adapted to keep the different provinces of the Dominion in a state of

educational and political estrangement than such an exhibition of narrowness or distrust in their educational systems. But what does Mr. Ross propose to do about it? Is he prepared to take the initiative in bringing about a better understanding? If not, why not? As the official Head of the Educational Department in the largest Province of the Dominion, he is evidently in the most favourable position to initiate a better system. He can hardly doubt the readiness of the other Provinces to reciprocate. A free interchange of teachers between the Provinces would be one of the most effective means of which we can conceive for promoting the national as distinct from the Provincial feeling in the schools. But the inter-Provincial movement, in order to be truly effective, should not stop with the mutual recognition of certificates. There should be also a common text-book system, so far at least as to admit of the use of the same text-books all over the Dominion? Why not, if we are going to be national rather than Provincial in education? If in order to this it should be found necessary to reform the present machine methods in the production and authorization of text-books in this Province, "so much the better," many of our best educators would say. But this opens up a large question, and it is unfortunately now a political question in this Province. And this reminds us of one ambiguous utterance in Mr. Ross' speech, if it is correctly reported, which is adapted to awaken curiosity. Complimenting Hon. Gideon Ouimet, the Superintendent of Education in Quebec, on his success in pleasing men of all parties and creeds, Mr. Ross is said to have added that he (the speaker) had not perhaps been quite able to do this, but that, if the methods of his Province were altered, there might yet be a chief superintendent in Ontario as happy in his work as his friend in Quebec. Is this prophetic?

PERHAPS the most practical action taken at the Educational Convention with a view to the promotion of national sentiment in and through the schools was in a matter in regard to which there is need of the greatest caution. We refer to the arrangements which were made or attempted to be made—at the time of writing we are not sure whether the measures proposed to accomplish the end aimed at were actually perfected or not—with a view to the production of a text-book of Canadian History, for use in all the Provinces. There may be and probably is need of a better outline of the history of the different Provinces which now constitute the Dominion than has yet been produced. If so, the Dominion Association could scarcely better prove its usefulness than by securing the production of such a work, by proper means. But thoughtful educators are justly suspicious of text-books manufactured to order, under any kind of official supervision. There is double ground for suspicion when the book in question is a history and when one of the avowed objects in its production is the teaching of patriotism. It would be a mere truism to say that the aim of a genuine history must be to ascertain and record facts. To set any other leading motive before a writer is to offer insult to the historical spirit. Some one suggested that the projected work should teach the history of Canada as a whole rather than the history of its several Provinces. But what is to be done when the truth is against such a plan, as it happens to be in this case up to the year 1867? For our own part, we should be sorry to see our Canadian educators fall into the error which has made and is making many of the schools across the border ridiculous, by inculcating narrow national prejudices and a species of flag-worship, unworthy of an educated and what should be a broad-minded people. To such text-books and such teaching in the schools is due very much of what is narrowest and most disagreeable in the American national character. The genius of history is utterly averse to everything in the nature of colouring for a purpose. The muse is sure to take alarm the moment she is invoked for a so-called patriotic production. The truest patriotism in teaching is that which tends to inspire the most ardent love of truth and right, and to produce the broad-minded, large-hearted men who alone can make a state or a nation worthy of a true man's devotion.

A GOOD deal of indignation was expended by Sir Richard Cartwright and other Opposition leaders the other day, over the course pursued by the Government, or its Finance Minister, in proposing certain changes in the tariff on the very eve of prorogation. True, the changes made in this particular instance are not of great importance in themselves. Several of them, being reductions

or removals of duty, would probably commend themselves rather than otherwise to the Opposition. Viewed in the abstract, no sufficient cause is apparent why the Government should not be at liberty to propose measures which it deems to be in the public interest at any time during the session. Parliament is not limited to any particular date in respect to closing. It would be quite in order to maintain that the people's chosen and by no means reluctant representatives may fairly be assumed to be present and paying attention to their legislative duties up to the last moment of the Parliamentary session, be that longer or shorter, and prepared to give all the time that may be necessary to the discharge of their public duties. Still, custom often acquires almost the force of moral obligation as well as of law, and seeing that it has become so customary for a large number of the members to leave for their homes a week or two before the expected close, it would have been, perhaps, fairer as well as more courteous had Mr. Foster at least given some intimation that he was about to make the innovation. Whatever abuse the precedent might give countenance to on some future occasion, it could hardly be seriously maintained that there was anything in Mr. Foster's proposals in this instance to warrant the suspicion that they were kept back till the last moment from any sinister motive. On general principles the question whether it is either good policy or good morals to compel Canadian citizens in certain localities to pay five cents a dozen more for their eggs for the real or fancied benefit of certain other Canadian citizens, is broad enough to cover the whole ground in dispute between free trade and protection. But under the established system, whether the basal principle of that system is protection pure and simple, or merely reciprocity of tariffs, the imposition of the duty on eggs is so natural a pendant of the existing tariff that it would have been puerile to make it the pretext for a party struggle.

WHAT is to be the future trade policy of Canada? This is the question of the hour. Parliament is prorogued. The Government is sustained by a very large majority of the people's representatives. It is strong enough to take an independent and fearless stand in favour of any change which the circumstances of the country may seem to demand. It goes without saying that the present situation is sufficiently serious to make the most careful consideration an imperative duty. What is that situation? Some of the journals which support the Government and the National Policy persist in assuring their readers that the country is prosperous, the people contented, and everything satisfactory. It is true, we dare say, that there are considerable classes of the people who are content with things as they are. These are the individuals who are themselves comfortable or prosperous. Merchants who are favourably situated, manufacturers who enjoy the advantages of the monopolies created by the restriction of trade, bankers and holders of bank stock, Government officials, professional men in assured positions, in short all those who are so favoured by circumstances, often it may be as the result of their own successful endeavours in the past, that they now scarcely feel the struggle for existence which is going on around them, and which is steadily forcing thousands of those less favourably situated out of the country—these will be found to be, as a rule, the classes who are now contented with the prospects of the Dominion and ready to denounce as traitors or "blue-ruin" pessimists, those who conscientiously believe and declare that the country is in a more unsatisfactory condition than it has been at any time within the last forty years. But let these prosperous classes step out from the narrow precincts of their own little paradises; let them go among the people who are in the thick of the fight, those whose stalwart sons are leaving the country as fast as they come to years of maturity, not of choice, but because they can find no opportunity for making a comfortable living with reasonable prospects for future betterment, in their own land, and see if they will not find reason to modify their optimistic conclusions. It is not for the pleasure of it that a Canadian journal chooses such a theme. But surely it is the part of true patriotism to look unpleasant facts fairly in the face and see whether there may not be some way in which they can be effectually met and transformed.

HOWEVER private individuals of sanguine temperament may succeed in persuading themselves that those things which they do not wish to see do not exist, we cannot believe that the leading members of the Canadian Government are blind to the real state of affairs.

They must know, what some of their ablest supporters freely admit, that the National Policy, whatever may have been its effects in the past, is no longer equal to the demands of the situation. They must know, too, that the policy of preferential trade with the Empire, to which many have been looking as the future hope of the country, is no longer within the horizon of practical politics, or of reasonable expectation. Recoiling as they do, in common with thousands even of their political opponents from the suggestion of reciprocity with the United States on the only terms on which it is attainable—discrimination against the Mother Country—it is surely time that they were setting themselves in downright earnest to the task of finding the way out. They can hardly fail to perceive that the "inglorious policy of drift" is already inaugurated and whither it threatens to carry us. The greater the difficulties to be overcome, the grander the opportunity for a display of the higher qualities of statesmanship. As one of the signs of the times, journals which have in the past ardently supported the National Policy are now casting about for substitutes. Imperial free trade and absolute free trade are among the schemes mooted, but the former would involve discrimination against other nations, to which Great Britain would be forced to object, and both would involve great loss of revenue and, as a consequence, direct taxation, which would be specially obnoxious to a people accustomed to indirect methods of taxation. But what does the Government propose? If the question is already decided, the sooner some authoritative intimation is given to the country the better. If, as we strongly suspect, it is still undecided, then surely it is one of the first and highest duties of our national rulers to deliberate wisely, announce clearly, and act promptly in the interests of British connection, or of Canadian nationality.

AS we write, the fate of parties in the Mother Country is still undecided. Enough is known, however, to warrant the conclusion that Mr. Gladstone will, as the *Standard* puts it, be returned to office whether he be returned to power or not. The probabilities are that he will be dependent for his majority upon the Irish Nationalists, which will place him in a very unenviable position. Sustained by such a majority he will be forced to introduce at the earliest moment, and carry through the Commons, if possible, a Home Rule Bill. But it is evident that so long as he is dependent upon the Irish for his majority he will not have either the political or the moral strength necessary to force the Bill through the House of Lords, as he might have done had he been returned with the sweeping majority from Great Britain alone which was so confidently expected. His situation will evidently be most embarrassing. Suppose him to decline to introduce his Home Rule measure, on the ground that he is not strong enough to carry it through the two Houses. His majority would at once be alienated and his Administration liable to overthrow at any moment. Suppose, on the other hand, his Home Rule Bill to be introduced, carried through the Commons and thrown out by the Upper House, which would almost certainly be the alternative programme. Under ordinary circumstances the usual course would be to pass on to other legislation, determining to re-introduce the Bill the next session, and trusting to the pressure of public opinion in the meantime to bring their lordships to a better frame of mind. Should they prove persistently obstinate, there would be the ultimate alternatives of a dissolution with the rejected Bill as the main issue, or the more heroic measure of creating new peers in sufficient number to give the necessary majority. But there is small reason to suppose that the impatience of the Home Rulers would brook these long delays, especially in view of the extreme improbability that Mr. Gladstone, upon whom their hopes are so largely dependent, could at his advanced age retain his strength through such a series of campaigns. What course Mr. Gladstone will choose should the contingencies which now seem so probable take place, it is of course impossible to say, but in view of all the circumstances it seems pretty safe to predict another general election within a very short Parliamentary period.

NEW YORK had a visitation last week, the like of which, it is said, the great metropolis with all its experience of popular gatherings never before knew. We refer to the advent of the thirty thousand young men and women who swooped down upon it, swarming, as one of its dailies observed with complimentary suggestiveness, in every place but the saloons. It is but a score or two of

years since not only loud-mouthed infidels, but a considerable and influential class of scientific sceptics, were beginning to take it for granted that Christianity, as a supernatural religion, had won its last victories and was deemed to more or less gradual decay. To-day we see it organized and aggressive to a degree unprecedented in all its history. The churches are carrying on missionary operations at home and abroad with a liberality and enthusiasm which, however they may still fall below any ideal standard, were unknown and undreamed of in past generations. Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations are doing deeds of philanthropy, and bringing to bear moral and religious influences for the safe-guarding and saving of the young, which are without precedent in past history. Even great universities are turning out learned men who think it not beneath them to locate and live in Toynbee Halls and similar institutions for the purpose of bringing religious and social influences to bear for the elevation of the labouring classes in the cities. The women of the churches, so long content with the position of silent worshippers, are now, by means of their mission circles and other active organizations, raising large sums of money for missionary purposes, and are originating and carrying on organizations and operations of various kinds for Christian purposes, with a zeal, an assiduity, a self-denial and a success, which often in comparison throw the doings of their fathers, brothers and husbands into the shade. The Salvation Army with its wonderful discipline, its fearless aggressiveness, and its unconventional methods, has become a world wide power for good among the uncultivated, the poverty-stricken and the outcasts. And now in these last days have arisen the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavour, which in the phenomenal rapidity of their growth and expansion, and in the intensity of their fervid enthusiasm, are far surpassing all other religious organizations, even the churches to which they hold themselves loyally subordinate not excepted. Whereunto all these religious agencies, which have thus strangely enough sprung up in an age of materialism and mammon-worship, will grow, it is impossible to predict. But each and all of them, in their turn, and above all the latest developments of them in these Young People's organizations, are as well worth study, if only as psychological phenomena, as any of the great popular movements of the day, and as such we commend them to the attention of the philosophically, not to say the religiously, disposed amongst our readers.

#### OTTAWA LETTER.

AFTER a tiresome and not by any means exciting session of four months and a-half, the Parliament of Canada was prorogued on Saturday last. During the last few days of the sitting very little of interest transpired. In fact, prorogation was really dependant upon the time taken by the Senate to consider, amend, if necessary, and finally pass the Criminal Code and Redistribution Bills, over which by far the greater part of the time of the Commons had been occupied. In neither case did the Upper House make any very radical change. When, however, it is considered that the Criminal Code is a document containing one thousand and seven clauses it is easily to be seen that the very labour of reading it was a physical work of no small dimension. And, moreover, the Senate embraces amongst its number many lawyers of ability and eminence, who were by no means disposed to pass the new clauses without comment and discussion. As it was, no very important alterations were made, and the Bill stands much in the same shape as when it passed the Commons. The ceremony of prorogation was unostentatious. In fact, both the opening and proroguing ceremonies were quite simple this year, compared to the magnificent displays on several former occasions. For various reasons the social season in Ottawa was unusually quiet, and gay dames who accompanied their husbands with the expectation of participating in a whirl of excitement, found themselves so sadly disappointed that most of them graced the capital for a very brief time with their presence.

At eleven o'clock on Saturday when the Commons assembled, amid a downpour of rain, it was found that the absentees were largely in the majority. Sir John Thompson, in reply to Mr. Mills, said that the Government meant to consider during recess the re-appointment of Sir Leonard Tilley as Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick. The member for Bothwell argued that there was an irregularity in the continuance in office by Sir Leonard, long after his term of office had expired.

Having made the formal noon adjournment, the House reassembled at half past two o'clock. In the meantime His Excellency was hurrying along Sussex Street to perform his gubernatorial function. A sad thing occurred, or, the right thing failed to occur, when he arrived in front of the main entrance. The faithful foot-guards, who for so many years have stood in waiting for His Excellency, did

not come up to time, and had the mortification of being, to use a common expression, "a day behind the fair." For when they arrived in position they found that the Governor had gone ahead, and he of course could not wait for his attendants before entering the Chamber.

There were but few present in the Senate, and those few were somewhat indifferent and listless. Sir John Caldwell Abbott and the Hon. Frank Smith stood on either side of the throne whereon sat His Excellency, while the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, Mr. Schultz, was among those who had seats on the floor of the Chamber. A number of Bills having received the Royal Assent, the formal speech from the Throne was made by His Excellency. The most important item in the speech was that dealing with the question of the use of the Canadian canals by American vessels and *vice versa*.

The Governor expressed the hope that the proposal submitted by the Canadian Government, to that of the United States, whereby in return for concessions on the part of Canada as to the canals, the United States will restore the concessions which were made by that country by the treaty of Washington, will meet with the approval of the American Government. So closed the session of 1892. It was surpassed in length only by the sessions of 1873, 1885, and 1891, the last famous as having been interrupted by the death of Sir John A. Macdonald.

In the House the Government is much stronger than when the session commenced. They have gained greatly in the bye elections, the Opposition having with difficulty retained some of their strongest seats. Whether the record of the Government during the past session has justified the confidence reposed in them by the country is a matter for difference of opinion. At any rate, they have no reason to be dissatisfied with their present standing in the House, while the Opposition, in their thankless position of critics, have not failed in their duty to the country.

T. C. L. K.

#### IRISH HOME RULE.

A CERTAIN irascible Marquis, of Sandeau's creation, is made to exclaim: "*Mais ce sont donc des cannibales qui l'ont rédigé, votre code!*" And this sentiment, it is believed, might be pertinently applied to various plans of Irish Home Rule which have from time to time been laid before the public. The present system of representation at Westminster cannot endure. The Irish minority is unprotected against ignorance, misconception, and prejudice in the British House of Commons. Laws which Ireland does not desire, against which she cries aloud, may be forced upon her. Her most reasonable wishes may be ignored, her most glowing aspirations sneered at, her most piteous appeals jostled out-of-doors. Theoretically, therefore, there can be no redress of grievances so long as the brutal Saxon wills the contrary. But the charge of cruelty which is so persistently and so vehemently preferred against England is based on theory rather than on fact. Sometimes it has been indifference and sometimes selfishness which has caused the wrongs of Ireland to remain unsettled. Incredulity on suspicion may often have had a hand in the matter, and it is certain that the affairs of Ireland have frequently been displaced by questions of national importance. It is admitted, however, that Ireland has reason to complain. She has hitherto been denied the right of controlling the administration of her own local affairs, which she certainly ought to understand better than anyone else, and it is now recognized that she must be granted some form of local government. The Canadian system has been proposed as one which might, in its main features at least, meet the exigencies of the case. It is not the object of the following remarks to prove that the Canadian system would or would not be workable, but it is intended to show, by investigating the principles of other prospective methods, that the Canadian system is worth serious consideration.

The total exclusion of the Irish from Westminster (a Parliament having been instituted at Dublin) would obviously be unfair. While still forming a portion the Empire, contributing towards the maintenance of its power, helping to bear its financial burdens, and being a partner in its obligations and responsibilities, Ireland would, by such exclusion, be reduced to a position worse than that of a dependency, which, without representation in the council of the dominant state, is also wholly irresponsible for the engagements of that state with other countries. Those of England's colonies which possess native legislative assemblies do not contribute a penny to the Imperial exchequer. India keeps seventy thousand British troops under arms at her own expense. But India is ruled with a rod of iron.

To preserve the present membership of the Westminster Parliament, with the addition of a Dublin Parliament, might do very well for Ireland, but could not possibly be approved of by the remaining countries of the Union. Besides having the management of her own business, and having a loud voice in the concerns of the Empire, Ireland would be participating in the government of England and Scotland. She would thus be endowed with the power of influencing, intermeddling in, and obstructing the conduct of the local affairs of two countries, neither of which could so much as whisper in regard to her (Ireland's) local affairs. In order then to secure equal rights to all parties, it would be necessary to admit representatives of England and Scotland to the Dublin House, a measure cal-

culated to intensify those civil and religious jealousies which it must ever be the prime effort of wise statesmen to allay. Were an aggravation of difficulties and confusions contemplated, then a surer road to success could hardly be constructed.

To prevent Irish interference in the home legislation of England and Scotland (a Dublin House being in existence) a restriction of the Irish right of debate has been suggested. The Irish members would, according to this scheme, be debarred from taking part in discussions pertaining to the internal economy of the larger island and from voting on such questions. Their debating and voting capacity would be confined to regulations affecting national armament and defence, customs duties, diplomatic relations and commercial treaties with foreign countries, colonial affairs and all other Imperial interests. This arrangement would bring forth a curious and novel *lusus naturae*. There would be in session in one place and at one time two Parliaments, viz., the Imperial and the English-Scotch. It is unnecessary to point out the duties of these bodies, and it will be understood, with but a little reflection, that the presence, in one hall, of two separate legislative assemblies, with distinct and clearly defined functions, is in itself an incongruity. The present House of Commons is already overloaded with work; its time is, one might say, more than occupied, and it ought, if possible, to be relieved of some of its arduous labours. The reverse effect, however, would be produced by the institution of a double Parliament, each unit of which would be in constant competition against the other to obtain the largest slice of cake. It would be easy enough, no doubt, to assign to each section its particular province of action, but it might be an extremely delicate task to decide, at any given moment, whether or not the section holding the floor was encroaching upon other people's rights by an improper use of time—not a new difficulty. It is assumed that the numerical strength of the new Westminster House would remain unchanged, so that individuals representing English or Scotch constituencies would sit in a double capacity, whereas the Irish members would be Imperial legislators only. Waiving for the moment the objections as to heterogeneity, waste of time and much vexation of spirit, there yet stands in the way a spectre of threatening aspect: the Cabinet.

The Cabinet is, unfortunately for the last mentioned scheme, not composed with regard to race. It may be said that in some cases the sphere of operation of a minister is to be found either in home or in foreign politics, but it must be remembered that, in other cases, the scope of ministerial activity cannot be so clearly defined nor so exactly limited. It is not possible, under the prevailing order of Cabinets, to draw a fine line between home and foreign officials. It would therefore be necessary that the minds of those ministers, whose opinions might be demanded on home or foreign affairs, should be so nicely balanced as to give rise to no conflicts of views. For unanimity and stability are essential to the life of a Cabinet, and how could one reasonably expect, if a simile be permissible, a man standing on a bridge always to turn his eyes to the same shore? And this illustration gains in force when applied to a number of men. It has also been objected, as to the double Parliament, that the Cabinet may represent a majority of the House one day and a minority the next. If, for instance, the Liberal party were returned to power, with a majority of seventy seats, eighty of which were Irish, the Government would be secure enough as far as its Imperial policy was concerned, but might suffer defeat, being weakened by the absence of its Irish supporters in the first debate anent home legislation. Yet this argument is partly fallacious, for he who adopts it must close his mental vision to the following considerations: that a small but vigorous and combative faction may be a source of constant fear and danger to the Government; that no Government upheld by a small majority may venture to anticipate a long tenure of office; that, under the present system, the Cabinet represents a varying majority from day to day, and a small majority is not always better than a small minority; that an independent party, born of circumstances unforeseen by the executive, numerically and influentially strong enough to "hold the balance of power," may spring into life at any time.

The principal inconveniences of the system of Home Rule here under discussion have, it is hoped, been rendered clear. It was stated above that no attempt would be made to unfold the merits or demerits of the Canadian system. Yet it must have occurred to thoughtful minds that much might be said in favour of the adoption of a similar plan of Government by the United Kingdom. Be it left to an abler pen to set forth what weal or woe might ensue were the Canadian model to be copied by the Mother Country.

PENSANDO.

Do not take the yardstick of your own ignorance to measure what the ancients knew, and call everything which you do not know lies. Do not call things untrue because they are marvellous, but give them a fair consideration.—*Wendell Phillips*.

KIND words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—*Pascal*.

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## TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

## CHAPTER X.

Doctor Summoned to the Select Encampment—Newcome Interviewed—Nash's Discovery—His Venture—Drop the Handkerchief—The Dominic's Indignation—The Pedestrians Detained—The Doctor Stays—A Trip to the Lakes—Conversation on the Way—The Richards—Fishing—Songs—The Barrier in the Channel—Nash's Dead Body Found—His Crazy Sister Comes to Bridesdale.

IT was only eight o'clock when the elders finished their breakfast, and the children prepared to succeed them. All the party, except Mrs. Carruthers and Mrs. Carmichael, who had domestic duties before them, and Miss Du Plessis, who had her note to write, strolled out into the garden in groups. Shortly, a buckboard drove up to the gate, and its occupant, a washed out looking youth, enquired if the doctor was there, Dr. Halbert. The subject of the enquiry went forward, and found that he was wanted at the Select Encampment, for a man who had shot himself.

"I tell you frankly, my man," said the doctor, "I don't care to go to your Select Encampment; there is too much mystery about it."

"I guess the pay's all O.K.," answered the youth.

"Why do you not get Dr. Smallpiece to look after your man?"

"'Cos we don't know nuthun about him, and he's too small a piece for our boss. You best hurry up yer cakes and come on, doctor."

Re-entering the house for his instruments, the doctor confided to Carruthers his distaste for the work before him, on account of the mystery surrounding it, but said he supposed it was his duty to relieve human suffering.

"Where is it?" asked the Squire.

"All I can tell you is that it is out on the lakes beyond the Lake Settlement."

"I thocht as muckle," remarked the Squire to the detective, after the doctor was carried away on the buckboard.

"Let us go and see Newcome," said the detective; and the pair went round to the kitchen, where the wounded man lay on an improvised couch, and was waited upon by big Ben Toner, anxious for news of Serlizer. Mr. Nash began:—

"The doctor says that talking won't hurt you, Newcome."

"Dawn't spause 'twull," answered the surly fellow.

"Setting fire to buildings with intent to take life is a hanging matter, Newcome."

"Oo said t'warnt?"

"You seem prepared for your fate."

"Ma vate was aw raight to I got t'bahl i'my laig."

"I mean, you don't seem to care if you are going to be hanged."

"Oo's a gaun to hahng us an' vor wat?"

"You'll be hanged for arson with intent to kill. There are witnesses to prove you threatened to kill me at least."

Newcome started, and so did Ben.

"Yaw cahn't prove nowt."

"Yes I can. I've got your pocket book and the odd papers out of your coat pocket."

"Aw'll hae yaw oop vor stalun as well as shootun, zee iv I dawn't, yaw bloody thafe!"

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, man, or I'll send you to the lockup at once," interposed the Squire.

"Leave him to me Squire; I'll manage him," whispered Nash.

Then, turning to the injurious Newcome, he continued: "Your daughter, Sarah Eliza, is at Rawdon's Select Encampment, where the stuff you sell is turned out. She can give some fine evidence. The Peskiwanchow crowd, the man that pretends to be called Jones, and the rest of them, were picked up by you in a waggon, I know, last night. The coal oil and fire marks are on your hands still, and this pretty rag came out of your side pocket. What is more, I don't need to ask the Squire here to commit you. I've got a warrant already, on the evidence of Henry and Stokes and Steadman. I'll serve that warrant on you now, and have you off to the county gaol, where Dr. Stapper is bound to cut off your leg, if you don't own up quick, for I have no time to lose."

"Daw yaw think as Stapper ull ambitate ma laig?"

"I'm sure of it. He always does; he has a perfect mania for amputation. You know Driver?"

"Yaas."

"Who cut off his leg for a little bruise?"

"T'wer Stapper."

"And who cut of Sear's arm at the shoulder for a trifle of a rusty nail?"

"Stapper taw. O, aw zay, Mezder Nahsh, dawn't zend us ta naw Stappers."

"But I will, I must, if you don't confess immediately all that the Squire and I want to know. Turn Queen's evidence, and make a clean breast of it. You can't save Rawdon and his gang; we have them tight. But confess, and I'll get you out on bail, and send you home to your wife to be nursed; and, when the trials come, I'll get you off your liquor charge with a fine. Refuse to, and you go straight to Stapper's to lose your leg, and then to the gal-lows."

"Aw dawn't moind chancin' t'gallas, but ma laig! Wat daw yaw wahn't ta know?"

At once all the people, Ben included, were ordered out of the hospital, and Coristine, much to his disgust, sent for. His hands were useless for writing, but, as he had a good memory, he could help in the examination. So Mr. Errol was called in to act as clerk, Mr. Perrowne refusing to do so, on the ground that all confessions made in the presence of a clergyman are sacred. Little by little the hardened old sinner revealed Rawdon's business, its centre and methods, his accomplices and victims. Then the whole story of the plot which culminated in the night attack was drawn from him, appearing blacker and more diabolical at every new revelation of villainy. It appeared that the Grinstun man had with him in the attack, which he conducted personally, his own six men from the so-called Encampment, together with the idiot boy, and two lots of teamsters or distributors, the five from Peskiwanchow brought by Newcombe, and four from another quarter. He had thus sixteen ruffians in his force, besides himself and the boy.

"Whose boy is that?" asked the detective, eagerly. He had been looking closely at the lad more than once and listening to his voice.

"Ah beeslong ta Rowdon."

"Who is his mother?" asked Nash, with a strange light in his eye.

"Her's cawd Tilder."

"Is she Rawdon's wife? Speak, man!"

"Naw, nawt az aw niver heerd."

"What was her name before he—brought her there?"

"Aw dunno, but t'lahd's cawd Mawnta Nehgull."

"O my God!" cried the detective, as he fell back in his chair, and seemed to lose all power of speech.

"Come away, Nash," said the Squire, taking one arm of the stricken man, while Mr. Errol, handing his notes to the lawyer, took the other. They led him tenderly to the office, where Carruthers forced a glass of wine upon him. Nash revived, and begged that the door might be closed and locked.

"I may never have a chance to tell this again, so I want to tell it to you two, and to you alone. My real name is Nagle, not Nash. I was born in Hamilton, where my father was a wheelwright. I got a good schooling, and went into a lawyer's office, for father wanted me to become a lawyer. But I got reading detective books, and did a few sharp things for the firm that got me into notice and brought me private detective business. So I got on till I rose to be what I am, such as it is. When my parents died they left my sister Matilda in my care. I was only twenty then, and she, eighteen, a bright, pretty girl. She kept my rooms for me, but I was away most of the time, so she became tired of it, as we had no relations and hardly any friends we cared to associate with. She insisted on leaving me and learning the millinery in Toronto; so I had to let her go. I saw her often, and frequently sent her money. She got good wages at last and dressed well, and seemed to have respectable people about her. Suddenly her letters stopped. I went to her place of business, and heard that she had left to be married to a rich man in the country; but nobody, not even her closest acquaintances among the girls, knew where, or who the man was. I advertised, neglected business to hunt up every clue, travelled all over the country looking for my lost sister, promised my dead parents never to marry till I found her. And at last, O God! I have found Matilda, and you know where, a woman without name or character, the victim of the greatest scoundrel unhung, the associate of brutal criminals, the unlawful mother of an idiot boy! No! no more wine, Squire, not a drop. I want a steady head and a strong hand this morning more than any day of my life. Open the door and the windows now, please, and give me a little air."

Nash, for so he may still be called, sent Coristine away to Talfourd's for his bundle, and Miss Du Plessis, having handed the note for Rawdon to the dominie, accompanied the hero of the gloves in the Squire's buggy, so as to lose no time. Wilkinson was warned not to post the letter before his comrade's return. While waiting in the office, Mr. Errol, whose heart was deeply touched, locked the door again, saying: "John, let us kneel down and pray our Heavenly Father to comfort our friend in his great sorrow, and bless him in his present work." The Squire knelt with the minister, and the detective fell on his knees beside him, their hearts joining in the quiet but earnest supplications of the good man of religion. When they rose from their knees, Nash, almost tearfully, pressed their hands and bade God bless them.

Coristine enjoyed the society of Miss Du Plessis; nevertheless he drove fast, for the business demanded haste. The buggy returned in little over half an hour, and the bundle was handed to the detective, who took it up stairs, and, soon after, descended as a countryman, in flannel shirt, light soiled coat, and overalls. The rim of his wideawake was drawn down all round, half hiding his face disguised with a ragged beard. It could not conceal his refined, almost aristocratic, features, but such a country type is not uncommon in many parts of Canada, even accompanied with perfect boorishness. His boots were small, which also was quite Canadian, but he had rubbed the blacking off, and trusted to the dust still further to disguise them. Smiling and courteous, he bade everybody whom he could trust good-bye, and slipped a large pocket-book full of money and memoranda into the hands of the Squire. "You can keep it till I come back," he said; "if I don't, get

Mr. Errol and this lawyer chap, who seems a good fellow, to help you to make it out." Then, the dominie expressed his readiness to take the note to the post office, and Miss Du Plessis, a little piqued at Coristine's apparent want of attention to her, said that, if Mr. Wilkinson had no objections, she should, above all things, like a short walk after a cramping drive. The schoolmaster was only too delighted, in spite of Mr. Perrowne's glance of jealousy, which Miss Halbert saw and noted with a tap of her dainty foot on the verandah. So, Wilkinson and his innamorata tripped along the road, and, some distance behind them, shambled Simon Larkin, the hawbuck from away back, alias Mr. Nash. The children came out to play, led by Marjorie. Perrowne was still talking to Miss Halbert, Mr. Errol was closeted with the Squire, and the Captain and the veteran, on a garden bench, were telling yarns. "Cousin Marjorie," said her juvenile namesake, "we are going to play drop the handkerchief, because we've got such a lot of nice people to play it." Miss Carmichael answered: "Oh no, Marjorie, try some other game." But Marjorie insisted. So, a ring was formed, with Marjorie as handkerchief holder, outside. The ring consisted of the Captain and little Susan Carruthers, Mr. Perrowne and Marjorie of the same family, Coristine and Miss Halbert, Mr. Terry, pipe and all, and Honoria junior, John Carruthers junior and Miss Carmichael, and baby Michael, but with whom? Marjorie suggested the two aunts and Tryphosa, but finally concluded that there had to be an odd one any way, so baby Michael took the Captain's hand and Miss Carmichael's, and the game began. Of course Marjorie dropped the handkerchief on her Eugene, and Eugene caught her and kissed her with great gusto. Then he had to drop it, and Honoria saluted him with effusion. Mr. Perrowne was her choice, and the parson, tell it not in Gath, the perfidious parson gave himself away on Miss Halbert, who captured him, blushed, and submitted. The Captain and Mr. Terry were becoming indignant and shocked. Miss Halbert had mercy on John Carruthers junior, who went wild with delight, and brought out Miss Carmichael. She, pitying the Captain, gave him the handkerchief and a long chase, but Mr. Thomas finally triumphed, and chose Susan Carruthers as his victim. Susan took grandpa, who pocketed his pipe, and, after a sounding smack, passed the handkerchief on to his grandchild Marjorie. She, true to her name, chose the lawyer, and that gentleman, emboldened by the parson's precedent, dropped the terrible symbol on the shoulder of the girl who was all the world to him. She pursued him, and he ran as he well could do, but at last he got weak and tired, and she overtook him against her will and his, and Coristine was in the seventh heaven of delight. They could take him and trample on him, and flaunt his recreancy before Wilkinson even; he didn't want to kiss any more, even the fresh young lips of the children. He wanted that one impression to stay forever.

Miss Du Plessis and the dominie were not in a hurry to get back to Bridesdale. She had received a letter from her mother, saying that Uncle Morton was coming to see her, and that she would try to induce him to accompany her to the country, as she did not wish to shorten her daughter's brief holiday by calling her home. Imparting the news to Wilkinson, a long and interesting conversation began which branched off into a variety of topics, treated seriously, at times poetically, by the kindred minds. Miss Du Plessis was quite unreserved, yet dignified, and without a trace of coquetry; nevertheless, the dominie assured himself that Mr. Perrowne had not a ghost of a chance in that quarter. She was pleased with the generous way in which he referred to his companion pedestrian, in spite of the provocation which she knew the lawyer had given his friend. The adventures of the past night, the fresh air of the morning, the rural scenery and his delightful companionship, made the schoolmaster eloquent; yet his sense of propriety and natural politeness kept him from monopolizing the conversation, so that his silent attention was even more flattering than his appeals to the lady's intelligence and culture. Outside of the English classics and current literature, her reading lay chiefly among French and Spanish authors, most of which were not unknown to the studious dominie. A few ripples of well-bred amusement were raised by his recital of his experience at the Beaver River, where he found the Voyage autour de mon Jardin, especially by his specimens of Lajeunesse French and the story of the dug-out. Of course, he did not offend a lady's ear with a word so vulgar; it was always the canoe. Too soon the pleasant morning walk was over, and they stood before the garden gate at Bridesdale, just at the moment when Coristine accidentally stumbled and was captured by the fair possessor of the handkerchief. "How good of your friend to please the children by taking part in their games," remarked Miss Du Plessis in all sincerity. "I cannot express the depth of my humiliation," replied the dominie; "it is scandalous—a violation of the rights of hospitality."

"But, see! Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Perrowne is there; and Fanny also."

"I have nothing to do, Miss Du Plessis, judging them that are without; Mr. Coristine pertains to my inner circle, and shall know my opinion of his shameful conduct before the sun rises much higher in the heavens."

"Hi! there, shipmate," bawled the Captain, "come on and add a link to this here endless chain. I told you your real name, you sly dog! Ha, ha! Will-kiss-em, eh Marjorie? Not you, you little pue; but your cousin there, colourin' up like a piney rose."

"I relinquished such sports with my pinafores," answered the dominie, grandly.

It was very unjustifiable of Mr. Perrowne, but two things annoyed him; one being the fact that he was equally guilty with the lawyer, the other that Miss Du Plessis had deserted him for this prig of a schoolmaster. Loud enough to be heard by all, he remarked:—

"A very learned and distinguished man was once playing with some children, when he suddenly cried, 'Children, we must stop, for I see a fool coming.' What do you think of that, Captain?"

"Never said a truer word in your life," growled Mr. Thomas, and continued, "anything as calls itself a man and can't romp with the youngsters, nor give a joke and take it, had ought to be set in a high chair with a bib, let alone petticoats."

"He said pinnies, papa," Marjorie corrected.

"Pinnies or petticoats, it's all the same thing. Me and Terry here, old enough to be his fathers!"

"An' it 'ud be a grate 'anner for me, anyway, to be father to a foine, praper, illigant gintleman loike Mishter Wilkerson," put in the veteran, anxious to keep the peace. The embers, however, were smoking on both sides when little Marjorie ran up to the dominie and, taking his hand, said beseechingly: "Please don't scold the poor boys and girls, Wilks, because it was my fault—all my fault. I made them play. Now, put down your head and kiss me, and say, 'I forgive you this once, but don't you go to do it again'; just like papa says."

There was no help for it, though everybody laughed to hear the terror of the Sacheverell Street school called Wilks, and the grown-up people, girls and boys. The dominie had to repeat the formula and seal it with a kiss, when the perfidious child turned upon him very gravely, saying: "Now, sir, you can't speak, for you've done it your very own self." Thus it was that a storm was averted, and "drop the handkerchief" broke up in good nature.

"Corry," said his friend, "I'm going upstairs for my knapsack. You had better get yours, and prepare to follow our route. Colonel Morton and Miss Du Plessis are coming here, so that we, as entire strangers, ought no longer to intrude upon the hospitality of Mrs. Carruthers."

"All right, Wilks, my boy!" replied the tender-hearted lawyer, who felt as if his heart was breaking. In a few minutes the pedestrians descended ready for the road, when the Squire opened his office door and threw up his arms in amazement.

"What in aa conscience is the meanin' o' this?"

Wilkinson explained, and expressed a desire to find Mrs. Carruthers, that he might thank her for her kind hospitality.

"Here, gudewife, and aa ye four Marjories, and Miss Cecile," cried Carruthers, lustily, "come ye aa here, and garr thae twa wanderin' Jews bide."

Then there was a commotion, as the ladies flocked with the children into the hall, with many exclamations of astonishment and reproach, surrounding the recreant young men. Mr. Errol, the Captain, the veteran, and even Mr. Perrowne, came to learn what was the matter. When they heard the intentions of the pair, Mr. Thomas and the parson were prepared to make the most abject apologies to the dominie, who insisted that there was no necessity; on the contrary, he alone was to blame, but all that was past. Mrs. Carruthers would not hear of their going just as they were becoming so pleasantly acquainted, assured them that Bridesdale had ample accommodation, and commanded the veteran to form a company of his grandchildren and arrest the would-be deserters. Marjorie clung to her Eugene's right leg. Mr. Errol accused him of stealing away with his gloves, and finally the lawyer confided to Mrs. and Miss Carmichael that he didn't want to go a bit, was never happier in his life. Miss Du Plessis put a hand on the dominie's arm, a hand that tingled away in to his very heart, and said her uncle would be so disappointed when he arrived to find that his friends of Collingwood had not deemed him worth waiting for. Finally, the Squire took them both aside, and, speaking seriously, said he had no right selfishly to detain them, but the time was critical, poor Nash was away on a dangerous errand, and their services, already great and highly appreciated, might yet be of the greatest importance. Besides, after the fatigue and excitement of the past night, they were not fit to travel. The dominie confessed that, with all the excitement and possible danger, he had enjoyed himself amazingly, that his only motive for leaving was the fear of trespassing upon the kindness of Mrs. Carruthers, and that, if his humble services were of any value, he trusted the Squire would draw upon them to the utmost. The lawyer, hearing his companion's decision, wanted to give a wild Irish hurroo, but, checking himself, ground the Squire's right hand with his own kid-gloved afflicted member, as if he had been a long lost brother. When they next reached the hall, Miss Halbert was there taking in the situation with the other young ladies. She had already seen enough to know that neither of her fair companions was capable of properly addressing the culprits, so she made up for their deficiency, saying: "Go upstairs at once, you naughty boys, and take off these pads." The naughty boys ascended, with a strangely combined feeling of joy and smallness, and, when the knapsacks were removed, Coristine sank into a chair laughing. "O Lord, Wilks," he said, "she called them pads!"

The doctor arrived in time for dinner, and reported three wounded men instead of one. Two had pistol wounds

that had evidently been attended to from the first, the other had a gunshot in the back, and must have dragged himself a long way after it, for he was almost gone with loss of blood. "That'll be the chiel' puir Nash fired at wi' Ben's gun," said Carruthers.

"Can your wife put me and Fanny up for the night, John?" asked the doctor, looking serious.

"Just delighted to do so," replied the Squire; "we have more space than we know how to fill."

"I must tell you why. These rough fellows at the Encampment are furious, and one of them, in his gratitude, warned me, on no account, to be in or near your house to-night."

"Doctor, that's another thing. I have no right to let you risk yourself and Miss Fanny in time of danger in my house."

"But we will, John. Come here, Fanny!" Telling his daughter the circumstances, the doctor asked her decision, and she at once answered: "Of course, Mr. Carruthers, we shall stay. Papa has two pistols in his gig, and, if necessary, will lend me one. I am a good shot, am I not, papa?"

"Yes, John, she has a fine eye and nerve for a mark."

At the dinner table Doctor Halbert conversed with the pedestrians about the scenery they had passed through, and recommended them, by all means, not to fail in visiting the Flanders' lakes. He informed them that they constituted a long and perplexing chain, being more like a long continuous sheet of water, narrowing every here and there into straits, affording little more than room enough for two boats to pass through, than an actual succession of lakes. To penetrate far in would be dangerous, but his guide had informed him that no visitors to the first three ran any risk of interference.

"By the bye, Miss Cecile," interrupted the Squire, "some of these lakes are your property, are they not?"

"Yes, Mr. Carruthers," the lady replied; "but they would be so no longer if a very kind friend had not paid the taxes for them."

"Hoot toot, lassie, what's the taxes on a bittock o' wild land and useless water?"

"I should like above all things to see these lakes," remarked the dominie.

"Do you know," said Mr. Perrowne, "for sowl long a time as I have been in Flanders, I have never seen the lakes. One down't like to go alowne, you know."

"I say we go this afternoon," proposed the lawyer.

"I'm with you, sir," responded the minister. "We'll drop cricket and golf, the day, Perrowne." Then in a whisper to Carruthers, "I'm anxious about poor Nash."

"Then, meenister, see that ye aa tak' your revolvers and cartridges. I can supply you and Perrowne."

Coristine proposed to botanize, but did not care to detain the expedition by continually opening his knapsack, nor to incommode himself with the burden of the strap press. He regretted that he had not brought his vasculum, when Miss Carmichael spoke up, and said that she would furnish him with one when the party was ready to start. After dinner the company lounged for half an hour on the verandah and in the garden. There the Captain made up his mind to go with the exploring party, and take charge of Richards' scow on the first lake, that being the only craft available. Ben Toner came round from the kitchen and asked the Squire if he had anything for him to do, as Sylvanus wanted to stay with old man Newcome and read the Bible to him.

"Do you know the lakes, Toner?" asked Mr. Carruthers.

"If you don't mind Squier, I'd sooner you'd call me Ben."

"Well, Ben, then?"

"Yaas, leastways I've ben at the lauk as is nighes ta han."

"Do you mind taking your gun, and looking out for sport with these gentlemen?"

"They isn't nawthin I'd laike bettr'en that."

So, Ben got his gun and ammunition, and the Captain was furnished with a stout walking-cane loaded in the head. The two parsons, the dominie, and the lawyer had pistols in their pockets. When ready to start, Miss Carmichael came up to Coristine carrying some mysterious object behind her back. Rapidly bringing it forward, she threw a thick green cord over the lawyer's shoulders, from which depended a brownny black japanned tin candle-box. Of course, it was an accident that the cord was short, and that Coristine bent his head just as the fair damsel stood on tiptoe to adjust the improvised vasculum.

"I hope I didn't hurt you with my awkwardness, Miss Carmichael," pleaded the penitent knight of the order of the candle-box.

"Not at all, Mr. Coristine, it was my fault. I am afraid your nose suffered."

"Ha! ha!" chuckled the Captain, "young fellows can stand a lot o' that sort o' punishment. Reefs o' that kind don't do human vessels no harm."

Wilkinson was getting sick of the Captain and his aggressive vulgarity. Coristine didn't mind him; anybody belonging to Miss Carmichael was, for the present, delightful. Nevertheless, for marching purposes, he fell in with Toner, while the Captain accompanied Mr. Errol, and Wilkinson, Mr. Perrowne. They had six miles to tramp, which took them a good hour and a-half. The Captain discussed navigation in Scripture times with the minister, and decided that the Jews might have been good at punting round, but were a poor seafaring lot. The dominie

and the parson were deep in the philosophy of the affections, in the course of which excursus the former quoted the words:—

Like Dian's kiss, unmasked, unsought,  
Love gives itself, it is not bought,  
Nor voice nor sound betrays  
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes, the beautiful, the free,  
The crown of all humanity,  
In silence and alone,  
To seek the elected one.

Mr. Perrowne was struck with these verses, and, taking out his note book, begged that his companion would repeat them, as he recorded their sublime sentiment for future use. They then proceeded to eulogize Miss Du Plessis, of whom the parson formed a very high estimate, which he qualified by the statement that, were he not in holy orders, he would say Miss Fanny Halbert was more fun and ever so much jollier. Mr. Wilkinson really could not say, speaking conscientiously and without reserve, that he regarded jollity as an essential element in true womanhood. In his estimation it sank the peculiar grace and sacred dignity of the sex too nearly to a level with ordinary prosaic humanity. Mr. Perrowne concurred in a measure, but thought it was awfully nice for men of serious occupations, like the dominie and himself, to have somebody to liven them up a little; not too much, down't you know, but just enough to dispel the blues. The lawyer interrogated Toner. "Well, Ben, have you got any news of your young lady?"

"Yaas, Doctor."

"Never mind calling me doctor, Ben, because I'm not one yet. My name is Coristine."

"Then, Mr. Corsten, I heern from old man Newcome as Serlizer's out in that there Slec Camp in the lauks. She's cookin' for twainty dollars a month, and that's tarble good wages for gals, ef so be she gets her money all right."

"Not a very nice place for a good girl to be, Ben."

"No, it ain't; log roll and timber slide the hull consarn."

"These are queer expressions you've got."

"Yaas, Mr. Corsten, I waynt and promised that there priest as looked like Mr. Nash, guaiss it must ha' bin his brother, as I wouldn't sweaur no moer. And now, it keeps my mind workin' mornin' and night, so'st to know what to spit out when I'm raiul mad and hopen."

"It must be quite an anxiety to you, Ben."

"Anxiety? It's wearin' my life away. I've got a bit of a rest jest now on loggin' and lumberin', but them words 'll soon be used up."

"What's to hinder you repeating them, or leaving them out altogether? I hardly ever feel the need of them."

"It's the way you're broughten up, like your food. What 'ud do you for dinner, wouldn't be nigh enough for me. Same ways in speakin', they must be something to fill your talk out."

"Swearing is a poor business, Ben. Our Saviour, when He was on earth, said, Swear not at all."

"Is that in the Bible, Mr. Corsten?"

"Yes."

"Wall, it may be in some, but t'aint in the one Sylvanus was readin' to old man Newcome, fer that says in black and white as Jesus cussed the barrn fig tree, and I'd laike to know what's odds between cussin' and swearin'. It stands to reason and natur that He wouldn't go and tell folks not to do things He did Himself; don't it?"

"If you had read the chapters, there are two of them, that tell the story of the fig tree, you would have found that the disciples called it cursing when it was only a quiet saying: 'Let no fruit grow on thee henceforth.' You wouldn't call that cursing, would you?"

"O my, no, that ain't wuth callin' a cuss; they ain't no cuss about it. Now, fer whole souled, brimstun heeled cuss words, they's —"

"Never mind telling me any. They wouldn't do me any good, and the clergyman forward there might hear them."

"Do these clergy belong to the Church?"

"They both think they do in different ways, but, strange to say, neither of them belongs to your Church."

"Wall, I ain't got no quarrel at 'em. I guaiss all the good folks 'll get to Heaven somehow."

"Amen!" answered the lawyer, and the conversation ended.

(To be continued.)

### THE POLITICAL SITUATION—III.

I AM dealing with the causes of the Government victories in the bye-elections, and only one more remains to be considered, probably the most potent of all. In order it is:—

6. Absence of public opinion. It is not the first time I have had occasion to make this indictment against the Canadian people, and it is a topic that cannot be too frequently or too earnestly brought to the attention of the public. It was the lack of a sound and healthy public opinion that enabled the Government to carry the bye-elections. After the revelations of last session the people would have declared emphatically in favour of a change if there had been anything like a sense of right and wrong present among the masses. No such thing as a public conscience in political matters exists in Canada to-day. There is public opinion in every other line of action except the political field, and the worst feature is

that in Canada the mass of the people are in a fool's paradise, and are not even conscious of the fact that public opinion is dead, and that the electorate never dream of enquiring into the ethics of any act of the party leaders.

The *Globe* has recently published a series of *fac simile* letters containing the orders of Sir Hector Langevin and Sir Adolphe Caron upon Mr. Thomas McGreevy for funds to be used in elections in Quebec. The sums were enormous, infinitely more than Mr. McGreevy would think of contributing out of his own pocket. Hence it is manifest that the fund was purposely formed to corrupt the electors and buy up a number of seats for the Government. No one doubts that the *fac similes* published by the *Globe* are genuine, and that these two Ministers of the Crown actually drew on this iniquitous fund for an aggregate amount of \$112,500; that \$16,000 or more of this was spent in Sir Hector's own constituency, Three Rivers, and over \$15,000 spent in electing another Minister—Sir Adolphe Caron. An instant's reflection is sufficient to satisfy the dullest intellect that such a system is intrinsically bad, and destructive of free government, and public morals. Any one, whoever he may be, who would indulge in such practices, should be despised and contemned; while a suspicion of such conduct on the part of a Minister of the Crown should drive him instantly and forever from public life. This is what would happen in England, and—the flippant talk about political corruption in the United States to the contrary—in the United States. No man with the smirch which attaches to Sir Adolphe Caron in respect of the McGreevy letters could hold up his head in political affairs in the United States for a day. But I want any one to find me a single Conservative in the whole Dominion of Canada who has ventured a manly utterance on this point. Name me one of the hundred and twenty or thirty supporters of the Government in Parliament who has uttered a note of condemnation, or even protest. That subtle power upon which alone rests the moral dignity of mankind, the safeguard to social life, the existence and permanency of institutions and governments—the only sure foundation of all hope of the race—that power in Canada in this year of our Lord 1892 is wanting, is absolutely a negative quantity.

Only, be it remembered, in the political field. In the execution of the criminal law public opinion is all right. When a poor wretch commits an offence against the statute law, or a poor girl takes a step aside from the path of virtue, behold ye, there is a most vigorous and effective public opinion! If a man's theology is at variance with the fashionable or orthodox beliefs of the hour, he is quite sure to feel the iron hand of public opinion descending upon him. But in the political world any offence may be committed against public morals, or against justice and fair play, and no one seems to be in the slightest affected by it. The party organs will approve and applaud. No sign of independent opinion is discoverable. A newspaper, here and there, professed independent, utters the note of condemnation, but it does not disturb the mind of a single partisan, and if the writer of the condemnation belongs to the party, he votes with the culprit, whatever he may write in the name of morality and at the dictate of conscience.

Take the gerrymander—the most odious of all abuses of power. Who pretends that the measure as submitted this season was not tinged with party bias—was not framed in the hope of benefiting the party in power at the expense of their opponents? Carried to its full extent, such a method of legislation would simply destroy popular government. If a legislature can pass laws to help the party in power to stay there—what is to be the limit? The next step would be to disfranchise all constituencies which refused to send members to support the Government. After that we should have a registration under the control of rigid partisans, by which it was contrived that no man who would not express his confidence in the Government should have his name endorsed on the list of qualified electors. That Parliament has the constitutional right to perpetrate such iniquities is unquestionable. What, then, is the usual safeguard against this arbitrary assumption of absolute power by a Government or a dominant party? Absolutely nothing but public opinion—the exercise of the public conscience inspired by a sense of the value of popular government. Where are the tokens of the existence of any such factor in Canada at this moment? Who is disturbed by the gerrymander? Mr. Dalton McCarthy and Col. O'Brien—life-long Conservatives and avowed supporters of the Government—did manfully denounce this infamous measure. For this they are entitled to the highest praise—the more so, as there is nothing in the outlook to encourage independent work or actions. But where is the evidence that a dozen persons in all Canada are influenced by what these two gentlemen said or did? The whole Tory machine goes on its way as solid and as self-satisfied as before. The phalanx gathered itself together in Parliament to vote down every modification, and the phalanx outside will gather itself together to carry the elections. One-half of the clergy men of Canada will vote for the gerrymander with all the unction of their sacred office.

In view of the actual condition of public opinion in Canada at the present moment perhaps the most wonderful incident of our public life is the phenomenal moderation of the party in power. Instead of taking infinite pains to collect an election fund and worrying great corporations, contractors, and protected monopolists for subscriptions, it

would be much easier during the session immediately preceding a general election to come down with a sum of \$1,000,000 in the supplementary estimates, to be used to assist the Government and their supporters to bear the expense of the ensuing elections. This proposition seems so outrageous that it may be deemed out of place in a moderate and rational discussion of the political situation. But, while it may be true that such an outrage would, at length, arouse some public opinion in Canada, and while it is doubtless true that there are Conservatives in Canada who would resent such an infamous violation of the principles of popular government, yet I have to make the humiliating confession that out of a very large circle of acquaintances in this Dominion, I do not know where I could put my hand on a single supporter of the present Government who would either withdraw his support or even avow that he was shocked by any such proposal. I hear in advance from every hide bound partisan in the Government ranks the cogent defence of the transaction to the following effect: "The Grits are trying to ruin the industries of the country, and hand it over to the mercies of a foreign power. It is very proper that a large sum be put at the disposal of the Government of the day to guard the country from a treasonable conspiracy." It is always a brilliant policy to bribe the people to prevent them from ruining themselves.

I do not wish to take an extreme or absurd view of the situation. It must be that there are yet some lingering moral instincts in relation to political matters in the Canadian people, and some things may be imagined so atrocious that the great majority would revolt against their perpetration. But I have used the illustration of the voting of money for corrupt purposes to emphasize the moral atrophy which actually does prevail. If Sir John Thompson should actually propose to vote money to help the Government in elections, it is my firm conviction that an overwhelming majority of the Conservatives of Canada would support it—perhaps seven-eighths of them, and, if this be true, it is a terrible indictment of the state of public opinion in Canada. At all events, with the greatest deference to those who are pleased to differ from me and with an undying regard for the welfare and development of Canada, I have to regard this low standard of public opinion as the greatest problem confronting us, and most deserving of the serious consideration of patriotic men. Let there be no injustice by sudden outbursts of public indignation, but by all means let the slightest departure from fair, just and honourable conduct in public affairs be visited by swift and unrelenting public condemnation. All that a nation has, as the basis of its life, is the public conscience. This gone, anarchy, despotism, or any other evil may ensue. Therefore, whatever differences exist in relation to public policy, no man should permit his party leanings to allow him for one moment to condone fraud or injustice. The greatest power for good within the state is public opinion, and the higher the standard, the more swift the judgments, the better will be the moral status and the material prosperity of the nation.

I have dealt with the six causes which contributed to the success of the Government in the bye-elections, and it only remains to conclude by a few suggestions as to the present and future.

J. W. LONGLEY.

#### L'ILE DES RÊVES.

DARKLY the shadows fall,  
Flash golden gleams;  
Hark how the echos call  
"Island of Dreams."

Look where the light lies low  
Far, far away,  
Red with the crimson glow  
Of dying day.

There ye will find a rest,  
And toil no more;  
Life is a mocking jest,  
Strive for the shore.

Hark how the music thrills  
Soft o'er the waves;  
Is it a spell that kills  
Or one that saves?

Truth from a dying breath  
Is all it seems;  
Why should we shun thee Death,  
Island of Dreams?

J. A. T. L.

THE very thing that men think they have got the most of, they have got the least of; and that is judgment.—*H. W. Shaw.*

To dread no eye and suspect no tongue is the great prerogative of innocence—an exemption granted only to invariable virtue.—*Dr. Johnson.*

THE really efficient labourer will be found not to crowd his day with work, but will saunter to his task surrounded by a wide halo of ease and leisure.—*Thoreau.*

WHAT valour were it, when a cur doth grin, for one to thrust his hand between his teeth, when he might spurn it with his foot away?—*Shakespeare.*

#### PARIS LETTER.

ST. DENIS, the great manufacturing suburb of Paris, is more socialist than either Marseille or Roubaix; its municipal council resolved to institute civil baptism as the complement of secular marriage. The Prefect informed the municipality that step would be illegal. The objection has been turned, by some of the councillors forming themselves into a joint stock company for running civil baptisms, when their proceedings thus became lawful. The little stranger will be brought before the president of the society, who is also the mayor; he will ask two sponsors do they undertake to see the child brought up morally and physically sound, and in case of necessity to support the infant as if their own; an affirmative response being given, the mayor, reading out the name, baptizes the child in "the name of the grand principles of the Revolution," and admits baby a citizen or citizeness of the republic. A special register records the proceedings. On the 14th July, 1792, while the national fête was being banqueted in the Champ de Mars, a young drummer mounted upon a table, announced that his wife had just been confined of a daughter, and requested the representatives to select a name for his little girl; he himself belonged to the battalion of Pikes; Pétion, the mayor of Paris, presided at the feast, and the holiday being national, the infant was named "Citizeness Pétion—Nationale—Pique." A deputation was then formed that set out for the mother's bedroom, preceded by music executing the lively old ditty "Where are the merry old shepherds going to?" The infant was well wrapped up, then placed in a cradle made of flags suspended from pikes; the cover consisted of a flag conquered at the Bastille; the processionists wore phrygian caps, and sang Christmas carols and the *Ca ira* alternately, till the chapel of St. Marguerite was reached, when Bishop Fautet received the little *citoyenne* into the bosom of the Church, at the baptismal fount.

The Academy of Sciences delegated a commission, headed by Dr. Charcot, to examine Jacques Inaudi, the wonderful "calculating boy." Some curious facts are supplied by the report. Inaudi, like all infant prodigies, is the son of poor and illiterate parents; he was born in October, 1867, at Onorato, in Piedmont, and when a lad came to France, exhibiting at provincial cafes a tame Alpine rat and working mental sums instanter for a few sous. He is now in his twenty-fifth year, has become a naturalized Frenchman, and for three years has been taught to read and write. His character is mild and modest; he talks agreeably and sensibly, and is expert at cards and billiards. He is five feet one inch in height—nearly all great men have been small; looks like a fat peasant; has a large head and an immense forehead. For those who judge character by the nose and the mouth, these are respectively fine and small.

When given a problem, Inaudi who prefers to receive it verbally and not in writing, after he has taken it in, says, "I commence;" then he mutters inaudibly to himself, touches his forehead occasionally, clinches his hands, and describes imaginary lines on the palm of his left hand, with the index finger of his right hand. Nothing disturbs him during his mental work, of which two facts are remarkable: the complexity of the problem and the rapidity of the solution. He was asked, "How many seconds in 18 years, 7 months, 21 days, and 3 hours?" In thirteen seconds he announced the solution. Few but can add two figures of one number each; less easy two figures of two, three or four numbers each. Inaudi can add, quick as thought, two figures of twelve numbers each. He does not perhaps calculate more rapidly than would a professional arithmetician on paper, but he does his sums mentally. Philosophers assert we have not one, but several memories; now Inaudi, while capable of correctly repeating twenty figures once stated, is incapable of that feat with respect to twenty letters; he can only remember six, recalling them at the rate of two per second.

It is thus that he has repeated for Dr. Charcot, with ease and volubility, twenty-four figures when read out; one reading suffices, and he will repeat them inversely too without error or fatigue. Macaulay could repeat all the Archbishops of Canterbury seriatim, and then name them backwards. Inaudi could repeat correctly thirty-six figures, but broke down at fifty-six. Ordinarily we see figures as images, with the mind's eye, as do blindfolded chess players the pieces; sight does not assist Inaudi, he "hears the figures by his ears." This explains why he prefers a problem to be given to him verbally; when written on paper, he reads it aloud to himself and then throws away the document. He must be allowed to mutter to himself while working a problem; during the latter process, Dr. Charcot asked him to keep sounding an easy vowel; Inaudi did so, but was five times longer in solving his sums. He does not see the figures in his memory, he there jingles them. The associated faculties of calculation, as perception, attention and judgment, are largely developed in Inaudi.

The cleavage between the Catholic monarchists is profound; the majority of them implicitly obey the Pope and accept the republic; the dissidents led by M. Emile Ollivier and the Duc de Dondeauville decline to become republicans; they will remain with the Comte de Paris in a state of political suspended animation till the advent of the next Pope, who may be monarchical in his views. Archbishop Ireland, of Minnesota, returning from Rome to his diocese in the United States, delivered a few evenings ago a politico-religious conversazione; he urged

Frenchmen to cut the painter with that corpse, royalty, and go in loyally for the republic. In the United States the Church, he said, was on the best of terms with the republican constitution, and no Concordat bound them; the Americans always worked, said the prelate, for the good of their country and never enquired the profession of faith of a citizen, or indeed if he had any religion at all. The republicans would appoint Mgr. Ireland primate of Gaul if they could.

The number of stray dogs destroyed has descended from 400 to 280 per day; since the commencement of June, at least 8,000 dogs have been suffocated. In the city the large dogs have all leather muzzles; pets have now to take their walks abroad led by a string; some dear poodles are led by two strings even. In Nancy the dogs are happy; they go about unmuzzled and unled; but every dog has a lead medal with a number thereon, suspended from the neck and supplied by the revenue office; it is a receipt that the tax has been paid and a means to communicate with the owner. Without the badge the animal is shot.

M. Delauney concludes, from a study of mortality in France, that the periods most dangerous for man exist between the ages of sixteen and thirty-two, of fifty-four and eighty-two. The most deadly age is fifty-five. Infancy, he includes up to sixteen years of age; youth, sixteen to thirty-two; ripe age, thirty-two to fifty-four, and old age, fifty-four to eighty-two.

The French, despite their reputed sharpness, are easily gulled. A "promoter" organized a company with a capital of 52,000 frs., the shareholders to be young men, to work gold and coal mines in Tonkin, of which he had the concession; he secured five young dupes; they waited so long to set out that the promoter, to gain time, alleged the river laving the property was infested with crocodiles, and it was necessary to train them how to fight alligators; so he occupied them for a few weeks on the Seine, slaughtering imaginary crocodiles, till the river police asked him what it all meant, when the swindle stood revealed. If judiciously handled a company could be financed in Paris for heating the North Pole.

Le Verrier, the astronomer, had a very irascible temper; when prostrated from anger or exhausted from severe work, he "took down the fiddle and the bow," for he was a splendid musician, sat on the ground playing for half an hour when he rose fully refreshed. In 1847 when he attended the British Association, all the baggage he brought with him was a canvas sack filled with five franc pieces in silver.

Lucifer matches in France are three times dearer than in other countries, and three times worse; they are a Government monopoly, not made to strike either on or off the box, but to raise the revenue.

Emile Ollivier says that at the end of the First Empire the public became so incredulous about Napoleon's bulletins of victory, that he ceased publishing them in the *Moniteur*, and delegated the lying business to officers who represented themselves as "Special Correspondents" at the seat of war.

Z.

THE CRITIC.

IT is an interesting, and in some ways an instructive, occupation to watch now and again the trend of popular taste in the choice made of literary dietary. It requires, of course, a wide view, and a certain shutting of the eyes to particular classes of literature: heavy and scholarly work is perpetually produced within certain limits, from which no safe generalizations can be made as to any increase or decrease of demand for such deeper matter. But as a general rule it may be taken for granted that the great publishers of the world make it their duty to, and do fairly accurately, gauge popular taste in the sum-total of their yearly output of books, and it is from this sum-total of yearly output that the most interesting deductions may be drawn.

Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of modern book-publication is the large number of "Series" that now flood the market: every publisher, apparently, has in hand scores of such series, apart altogether from such well-known ones as the "Camelot," the "Canterbury," the "Badminton," the "International Scientific," the "Saga," the "Social Science," the "Contemporary Science," the "National," and many others far too numerous to mention. These, in themselves, are indisputable evidence of the fact that a very high class of reading is to-day profitable to publish. For, it must be remembered, these series are not intended for the scholarly few, those who have mastered some particular field of thought, but literally for the "general reader," showing that that heretofore somewhat despised individual has advanced within the past few years far beyond his wonted limited capacity for fact and reasoning. Some of these series are especially noteworthy. Among them chiefly perhaps the Social Science Series, already a small library in itself. Political economy, it is now a trite saying, has within the last quarter of a century become almost a new science; but what is peculiarly interesting in this new science is that at the present moment so wide and so popular an interest is evinced in it that a publisher finds it profitable to bring out in most cheap and accessible form scores of works, generally by excellent writers, on almost every aspect of the question. Undoubtedly sociological problems are the contradistinguishing problems of the present decade, and there is no more conspicuous proof of the fact than this Social Science Series published by Messrs. Son-

nenschein. It is worthy of remark also that the general character of the set is distinct and definable: it is radical, yet radical within bounds. The titles of two books only are significant of both features, namely "The Fallacy of Saving," and "The Impossibility of Social Democracy."

Another noticeable feature in the literature of the day is the numberless new and cheap editions of the English classics. Messrs. Cassell and Company's National Library, published at the almost absurdly low price of six-pence and three-pence a volume, is in itself a glowing tribute to the spread of this excellent taste for good reading matter.

Almost in equal demand with inexpensive editions of masterpieces are two classes of publications of which at present we are getting a flood, these are biographies and travels. In biography the efflux is enormous—"Great Writers," "English Men of Letters," "Eminent Women," "Great Artists," "Great Musicians," "Military Biographies," "The Queen's Prime Ministers," "American Reformers," "Leaders in Religion," "Makers of America," "Men Worth Remembering," "Twelve English Statesmen," "American Statesmen," "English Men of Action," are merely a few out of innumerable such series of short, and in many cases excellent, biographical series, each and all published at most moderate figures. In travels often the books are more expensive, but they are none the less numerous. Every year brings out scores of records of journeys of every conceivable kind in every conceivable region, from such heavy and exhaustive works as Curzon's recently-issued "Persia" to "Scampers through" this, that, or the other region. In fact to judge from some of the books of travel which have recently seen the light locomotion and ready writing seem the only things needful to publication, and the record degenerates into the lightest possible narrative offering little or no pabulum to the serious reader. Indeed many such works might, from their lightness, very legitimately be classed, if not with fiction, at least with the thinnest of autobiographies. On the other hand here and there are notable and lasting exceptions.

In other departments the increasing love of the natural sciences with their many cognate branches is well worthy of notice. The International Scientific Series, the Contemporary Science Series, the Elementary Science Ladders, and others show that not only rudimentary zoological or biological facts are sought after, but that there is a growing desire to read such facts in their connection with the ever-increasing complexity of the problems of daily life—"The Evolution of Marriage," "The Germ Theory of Disease," "Bacteriology," "Heredity and Genius"—such titles give one some idea of the wide meaning to-day attached to the word science.

In history the tendency seems to be to deal only with very limited periods or localities. Histories of single nations and histories of towns and counties are now daily becoming more abundant. A very famous series too, by its very title, gives us perhaps a glimpse of how history is to-day, at least by the masses, read—the story of the Nations Series hardly denotes a collection of books of the solidity of a Hallam. Yet we must not forget that the forthcoming volume, that on Sicily, is from the pen of the late E. A. Freeman. With all this bewildering mass of literary production it is difficult to avoid the thought that the masses are tasting rather than drinking deep of the Pierian Spring. To those who have in youth gone through a severe mental discipline under good guidance and by means of systematized study, doubtless no series of works on any subject however superficial could be in any way baneful. But what of that large majority who have never been forced to make themselves acquainted with the rudiments of history or science or any other of the numerous branches of learning which these many series of works deal with? It is to be doubted whether they are an unmixed good. Fortunately publishers seem careful to choose capable and trustworthy writers, otherwise untutored readers were in a sorry plight indeed; for to such readers to be able to discriminate between false but fascinating views and views based on sound reasoning and long-ascertained fact is utterly out of the question. Whether or not the good is a mixed one, certainly we may congratulate ourselves in this last decade of this century that so large a portion of our literature is of so high and so instructive a character.

THE ANEMONE: AN ALLEGORY.

THERE was once an anemone, no paler was she or frailer than her sisters. But in spring, when the anemones are charming in their modest freshness, she was perhaps the loveliest of all that pretty group amongst which she stood.

Now, where flowers grow, as everyone knows, there are always butterflies fluttering about, and one of the largest and finest of these hovered day after day around and about this clump of anemones. His name was Apollo. His wings were blue and gold and that shimmering green one beholds on the throat of a peacock when he is strutting about in the sunshine.

One day Apollo alighted upon our anemone, for he saw very well that she was the prettiest one of them all. And as he fluttered around the pale, pretty, blushing flower, he whispered softly to her again and again: "I love you, loveliest of all the anemones. Do you love me?" "Ah, yes," murmured the shy anemone, so softly he

could hardly hear her, fairly quivering with joy and astonishment; "I love you."

"Really and truly?" asked the butterfly; for now that he had a good look at her he discovered that she was even prettier than he had thought.

"Really and truly," whispered the anemone.

"How sweet of you!" he said. And in his delight he sipped all the honey out of her chalice. Apollo, like every other butterfly, was fond of sweets. Then he spread out his bright, shimmering wings and flew off gaily.

Very soon afterwards he had forgotten all about the anemone and what he had said to her. But the constant flower sat patiently there upon her slender stalk waiting for him to come back to her. For had he not told her he loved her? But days passed and still the butterfly did not return again to the anemone.

Spring, the time for the anemones, was nearly over.

One morning as the anemone was looking out anxiously as usual for her recreant lover, and had stretched up her head as high as she could above her sisters, she saw Apollo fluttering around a rose-bush which had just begun to put forth its blossoms. There was, in fact, only one rose open on its stalk. But ah, how beautiful she was, nestling there amongst her cushions of soft, green moss. She was a thousand times lovelier than even the loveliest of the anemones. She excelled her as a young queen in her coronation robes excels a village maid in all her rustic finery. And though the poor, forsaken anemone looked wistfully at him, her truant lover never even cast an eye down on the clump of anemones. If he had, I fear he would not have deigned to have noticed even the loveliest one of them all; for the anemones were growing very frail and wan-looking by this time, while the rose was in the fulness of youth and beauty. And there was really nothing left for the anemone to do but to sit there and wait. And waiting, one knows, is so tiresome.

However, as it happened the very next day the butterfly flew, quite by accident, down on the clump of anemones. It was only chance that brought him again to her, but the faithful little flower could not, of course, be expected to know that. She trembled and blushed, and whispered softly: "Ah, you have come again. Then you do love me?" But the butterfly drew himself up and stared at her haughtily: "Love you," he answered scornfully; "what an idea!" Then he spread out his shimmering wings and flew away quickly, for the rose had just then shaken her pretty head at him saucily.

"Allow me, my dear young lady," it was a grunted, old, knotty hawthorne bush, at whose foot the anemones clustered, which now began speaking; "allow me to give you a word or two of advice—quite fatherly advice, you know. Don't trouble your pretty little head about such a coxcomb as that butterfly yonder. He could not be constant if he tried, not even to our queen the rose. Enjoy rather the fresh, pure air, the bright sunshine and the tender companionship of your sisters, and let the foolish fellow go."

And the hawthorne, with his old, kind face looked gently down at the trembling anemone, for he pitied her and would have liked to have helped her.

The anemone blushed quite pink with shame and hung down her head, and hid it amongst the sheltering leaves. But though she tried very hard to forget the glorious butterfly she could not. Spring was nearly gone. Summer would be here presently. The anemone grew every day frailer and weaker.

One afternoon some children came to the meadow to play, and fell at once to chasing the butterflies they saw there. One cast his eye on Apollo, who as usual was fluttering about the rose, and shouted loudly: "Look at that fellow. He is the handsomest of them all. I must have him to pin up in my collection of butterflies. And he set out directly, cap in hand, to catch Apollo."

But Apollo flew away so quickly the boy had hard work to catch up to him. He did so at last however, and, aiming a blow at him with his cap, Apollo fell stunned down into the clump of anemones growing at the foot of the hawthorne-bush. The impassionate flowers spread out their leaves and hid the wounded butterfly so completely that though the lad stooped down and peered closely into them, he saw nothing of the butterfly, and his comrades coming up presently and seeing also no signs of him, they all went off presently together. Apollo was quite safe now, and not hurt, fortunately.

He got up and muttering a few words of thanks flew off to the rose again. He did not even notice that the anemone whom he had scorned and forsaken, she who had been the loveliest of all the other anemones had in trying to shelter him been stepped upon and broken off from her stem, and now lay crushed and dying on the ground.

EMMA M. PHELPS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. LONGLEY'S FALLACIES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Your last two issues contain contributions Nos. 1 and 2, from Mr. J. W. Longley, Halifax, being the first of a series of articles which that gentleman proposes to present to the readers of THE WEEK on the subject of "The Political Situation." Presumably your contributor is the present Attorney-General of the Province of Nova Scotia, and the same Mr. Longley who was one of the members of the self-constituted Quebec Conference com-

posed of a few lawyers, who undertook, after a few days' discussion, to promulgate an almost entirely new constitution for the Dominion, and to propose a complete revolution of its fiscal and commercial policy. Undeterred by the ignominious failure of the Quebec resolutions to commend themselves to public approval or support, your contributor appears to be ambitious of endeavouring to effect, unaided, what he and his colleagues failed unitedly to accomplish. Mr. Longley very modestly professes to be not in any way associated with Dominion politics, and would feign convey the impression that his letters are those of an impartial and non-political spectator of current events. In proof of this impartiality, he plunges at once into a vigorous condemnation of the Government at Ottawa, of the Canadian people for supporting it, and of the National Policy under which the last general election was carried. Mr. Longley's letters contain much of exaggeration and misstatement, and of unwarranted conclusions. They are so decidedly partisan in their tone that they must fail completely in effecting any good results. The people are tired of this endless denunciation and recrimination, the suppression and exaggeration of facts, and inconsequential deductions. They want whole truths, not half truths; they desire to be put in possession of all the facts and figures necessary to the intelligent understanding of the questions discussed, instead of the partial facts and figures which politicians employ in favour of the theories or policy which they favour.

Mr. Longley denounces the Government for having, in what he calls an unwarrantable and unconstitutional manner, sprung the general election upon the country; he attributes their success to the enormous prestige of Sir John A. Macdonald; to their superior organization; to the use of larger means, and to the exercise of the vast patronage of the Ministry. He speaks of the verdict of the electorate as being that of a people utterly devoid of political intelligence or principle, actuated wholly by the expectation of gaining some advantage for themselves, their friends or their own immediate locality. If Mr. Longley had wished to present a true picture of the political position, he would have stated the further facts: that the Reform party professed their eagerness for an opportunity to try conclusions with their opponents; that they were thoroughly organized; that they claimed that the voters' lists in many ridings were unusually favourable to them; that they had an abundant supply of money from the Mercier-Pacaud fund, stolen from the Province of Quebec; that they had the active and unscrupulous co-operation of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, and the constant and formidable exertions of nearly all of the Provincial Governments and their small armies of employees. Apart from political principle or policy, the Reform party was the better equipped for the fight. Mr. Longley, as a lawyer, knows that the proceedings during the long list of contested elections conclusively established how extensively and frequently corrupt agencies were proved against Reform members, but he has not a word to say in condemnation of these practices. Mr. Longley affects to be unable to discern any principle upon which the election was determined. Probably there never was an election through which the dominant principle was so conspicuously displayed. This was the principle of a national as opposed to a Yankee policy; and until the Reformers recognize the real cause of their defeat, and conform their action in accordance with popular sentiment, they will continue to suffer defeat.

If Mr. Longley's first letter can be justly viewed as partisan in its character, his second letter is even worse, where he treats of the results of the bye-elections and their causes. Speaking of the alleged corruptions at Ottawa, he says: "The Langevin-McGreevy investigation had disgusted every man with honourable instincts in the country; Haggart was discredited; Chapleau smirched; the civil service shown to be rotten, and signs of general exposure and lack of confidence everywhere manifest." How differently he speaks of the Quebec exposures: "Justice compels me to say that nothing was disclosed in connection with the Baie des Chaleurs matter which directly affected Mr. Mercier or any of his colleagues. Mr. Pacaud made a haul, it is true, but he was not entrusted with any responsibility by the people, and it was his affair solely if he made clever bargains with contractors." In view of the corruption of the Government at Ottawa, and the innocence! of the Reform Government in Quebec, Mr. Longley pretends surprise that the bye-elections last winter went in favour of the Dominion Government. He would leave it to be inferred that the people condone and approve of corruption. No, Mr. Longley, the people hate corruption, but they hate hypocrisy far more. It was not a question of purity versus corruption, but merely one of comparative guilt. If it were indeed true that the Government party had corruptly expended large sums improperly but voluntarily contributed by contractors and other beneficiaries of their policy, it was equally true that the Reform party had expended still larger sums which had been feloniously abstracted from the impoverished exchequer of the Province of Quebec; and the people showed very clearly which of the two acts they considered the greater crime. Mr. Longley endeavours to explain the success of the Government and the defeat of the Reform party by a variety of secondary causes. He might have done this in a few words: the people's lack of confidence in the persons and policy of the leaders of the Reform party.

The only other point in the letters which remains to be noticed is the denunciation of the National Policy, which

Mr. Longley disposes of in his own peculiar manner. He claims that its failure is established by what he calls the "astounding returns" of the census. He says: "Increase in bank deposits and all other evidences of comparative prosperity count for nothing"; "the most absolute test of success in any country is numbers"; "the increase of the population is conclusive proof of prosperity"; "the falling off of population is final evidence of deadened misrule; no one, therefore, can seriously argue that the result of the census was not a knock-down blow to the policy of restriction in Canada"; "it is a failure"; "the census settled the matter, and put it out of the range of serious debate." Mr. Longley furnishes a few figures to illustrate the disappointing character of the census returns. From premises which are partly true, he draws a conclusion which he does not even attempt to establish, but simply assumes and asserts that because the National Policy was *co-incident* with the ten years which transpired since the previous census, therefore the disappointing character of the census was the *consequence* of that policy. He might, with equal warrant, assume that any of the events of the last ten years were the consequences of that policy. The census returns show that during the ten years referred to there was a very large and gratifying increase in the numbers of the population engaged in manufacturing; in the number of industries at work; in the capital employed; in the value of the products manufactured, and in the amount of and rates of wages paid. This proves that, but for this, the census returns of population would have been still more unsatisfactory. This must have been the case, unless it can be shown that it was the means of throwing out of other occupations a greater number of workmen than its own increase shows; or, as some contend, that the taxation incident to protection imposed such burdens on agriculturists, etc., as to render these occupations so unprofitable as to reduce the numbers employed.

Much exaggeration and misrepresentation are employed in trying to establish the latter point. Farmers are told that their difficulties arise from the heavy impositions their labour under in the shape of customs duties and in exorbitant prices charged by Red Parlour monopolies and combines and in the goods produced in Canada. There may be, and doubtless are, some defects in the Canadian tariff, as there are in all customs tariffs, whereby consumers are made to pay more than fair value for some articles, but these cases are few and the remedy is within easy reach. The writer has had many years' experience in selling to and buying from farmers, and is familiar with the classes and values of the goods which farmers purchase and the relative cost of the imported and Canada-manufactured merchandise. The furniture for his house, the blankets, flannels, tweeds, plain cottons, boots and shoes and many other articles of Canadian manufacture are generally of better material and are sold at as low prices as like qualities could be imported and sold free of duty. Tea, sugar and coffee are free of duty. All the customs duties paid by the farmer's family are on such articles as fancy groceries and dress goods, and on a few articles used in manufacturing the farm implements. It is very doubtful if there are many farmers' families who contribute as much as \$25 per annum towards the customs revenue. If it is not owing to excessive taxation or to high prices for family goods that the decrease in agricultural prosperity or in rural population is due, what has caused this decrease, especially in the old-settled townships?

The causes are many: (1) The constantly declining value of farm produce owing to the annual increase in the number of countries producing a surplus of cereals, etc., for sale. This depression is not confined to Canada, but is common to all agricultural countries; (2) The continuous increase in the use of agricultural implements in the place of manual labour; (3) That every year, especially in old townships, all needed improvements, such as new houses, barns, fences, etc., are being completed, and fewer of the farmers' sons are required at home; (4) The gradual but extensive decrease in the acreage sowed to grain, and its more general application to pasture and dairy purposes, by which change of method the amount of annual labour expended on the farm has been greatly reduced.

What are farmers' sons to do? The prospects of successful farming for the future are not of so promising a character as to induce many of them to undertake the hardships of bush life on even free grants of land. Apart from this, many of them, with the superior education which they have obtained, have a natural ambition to enter upon a broader field of labour; many of them have natural or acquired talents and tastes for occupations more congenial to them than work on the farms. If Canada cannot offer to these young men that diversity of employment for which they consider themselves adapted, they will go abroad in search of the openings which they cannot find here. The object of the National Policy was to create this required diversity of employment. So far from having failed it has succeeded wonderfully well. That it has not achieved even greater success is not because of any inherent defeat in the principle on which it is based, but because it has not been prosecuted with the firmness and vigour, and to the extent necessary. Free traders in Canada are continually making disparaging comparisons between the progress and prosperity of the Dominion and the United States. If the prosperity of the latter country is of so desirable a character, why do they so strenuously oppose every step proposed for the adoption of the policy which is there accomplishing so much? Canada, they say, is poor, and yet Canada imports annually foreign merchandise of the value of \$24 per head, while the richer country, the United

States, only imports not quite \$13 per head. Herein is to be found the solution of the whole problem. If Canada desires to keep her young men at home, and to attract settlers and capital from abroad, she must cherish her existing and aid in establishing new manufacturing industries. One illustration will suffice. Free traders contend that under unrestricted reciprocity, there would spring up an immediate and extensive demand for the iron and other ores which Canada possesses in great abundance and of great richness. Would the mere mining of these ores provide employment for the farmers' sons and that class of well-educated young men whose exodus the country deplores? Not one in a hundred would accept such employment. The supporters of the National Policy maintain that Canada with its iron and coal supplies should at once adopt a policy which shall carry on the iron trade from the ore to the finished implement, and that the rolling mills, foundries, machine shops, etc., brought into operation will give employment to thousands who would otherwise have to go abroad. Unfortunately Canada is cursed with a lot of pessimists who have no confidence either in its enterprise or prosperity. They say that the home demand is too limited to admit of successful iron-manufacturing. Let these despondent croakers turn to page 312 of last year's Trade and Navigation returns, and they will find that Canada imported of steel rails alone, in value \$3,197,280. Here alone is the nucleus of a great iron trade. Adopt the policy of ample protection, either by customs duties or bounties, or both, and the work is accomplished. Thirty-five years ago American steel rails cost \$55 per ton more than English; ten years ago, the difference had been reduced to \$22.23 per ton; in 1890, the difference was reduced to \$5.23 per ton (the tons in all cases, 2,240 lbs.). In 1890-91, Canada imported from the United States steel rails of the value of \$429,812, or nearly one-seventh part of the entire imports, and this in open competition with English rails. Where, then, is the difficulty in manufacturing our own rails? And if rails, why not numerous other articles?

ROBERT H. LAWDER.

#### A HALF CENTURY OF CONFLICT.\*

THESE two volumes complete the series of seven distinct works, in which Mr. Parkman sets forth the long-continued, sometimes confused and savage, strugglings between white and red men, between colonists and colonists, and especially between Great Britain and France, for the possession of North America. Though the last of the seven to be written, this part occupies the sixth place in the series, as "Montcalm and Wolfe," though published earlier, comes later in the order of events, and winds up, on the Plains of Abraham, what seemed to successive generations a never-ending, still-beginning conflict. These last written volumes lack the unity and the sustained personal interest that lend such an extraordinary charm to almost every other part of the series, but they have a fascination of their own from the very extent of the canvas, so suggestive of the greatness of the prize for which the foremost nations of the Old World were contending, and from the unity of the underlying principles that determined the issue of the conflict, and which are always discernible under every variety of form. They deal with plots and counterplots in courts and petty legislatures and round Indian Council fires, with sieges, surprises and massacres, with petty details and great expeditions all animated by the same thought and executed with the same strenuous effort, and extending from the rough and foggy Atlantic coast, dominated by the great batteries and massive bastions of Louisburg, all the way across the Continent, past the keys of the great lakes to the great plains where the gallant Verendryes built their rude forts on the Saskatchewan as they toiled through interminable wildernesses to seek for the Pacific. Even when the story deals with mere border raids that determined nothing, raids that were only one remove from the work of the nameless burglars or midnight assassins of modern days, or with boundary disputes in places still obscure and that involved the possession of only rocks and tarns and tangle that neither side need have grudged the other, when so much that was infinitely more valuable lay unclaimed or at any rate not yet possessed, we are not allowed to forget the magnitude of the prize that was always at stake, or the greatness of the hopes and fears and ambitions that gave dignity to the failures and the successes alike. But, we have stories, too, dealing with great persons and involving far-reaching consequences, the interest of which can hardly be surpassed, and that are not likely to be forgotten. Such among others are the founding of the beautiful city of Detroit; the occupation of the mouths of the Mississippi; the adventures, the success and the heroism of the Verendryes, and their shameful requital by His Excellency the Governor La Jonquiere and the Intendant Bigot; the dashing winter march of Coulon de Villiers and his men along northern Nova Scotia and down to its heart in the valley of Grand Pré, ending in one of those complete victories which, by the strange fatality that seemed to attend France, accomplished nothing; and, above all, the story of the taking of the Gibraltar of the New World, which might be written either as an epic or a farce. A lawyer draws up the plan of campaign, selects a New England merchant as general, and sends him off with a motley

\* "A Half-Century of Conflict." By Francis Parkman. Boston: Little, Brown and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1892.

crowd of farmers, fishermen and mechanics to capture the strongest fortress in America, garrisoned by disciplined troops, and success crowns the expedition! As we watch the swayings of the conflict from the shores of Cape Breton to the bayous of Louisiana, everything portends victory to France. On her side are the devout Canadian *habitans*, led by a *noblesse*, to whom war was a delight and military skill a noble as an instinct; the adventurous *coureurs des bois*, who searched out the land with the scent of trappers and the eyes of engineers, and who took possession of every point of vantage on the lakes and rivers that marked out the lines where the cities of the future were to be; the still more adventurous Jesuit, who never counted life dear where the cause of the Church or the cause of the lilies that stood for the Church was concerned, and whose life-long martyrdom was alleviated neither by brandy nor by peltries, by hope of gain nor by dusky children; the Indian tribes who, though swaying often from side to side according to the beads, rum, powder and blankets offered them, yet were as a rule repelled by English rudeness and attracted by French gaiety, external splendour and *camaraderie*; and, above all, a foresight and evident statesmanship in high places that discerned the greatness of the game that was being played, and that in its plans dealt with the vast continent as a whole, and linked post with post in an unbroken chain that hemmed the British colonists within a narrow and not over-fertile strip between the sea and the Alleghanies. On the other side were a number of poor, struggling, disconnected Commonwealths, seeking their own immediate interests, jealous of one another, and still more jealous of the Crown, without whose command of the ocean they could not have continued to exist, and without whose money they would have been bankrupt, not to speak of the well-trained regiments—under heroes like Forbes and Wolfe—sent freely to their aid in the hours of their greatest need, and whose services were belittled at the time and forgotten as soon as the danger was past. But all the signs failed. The future belonged to England and to her children. The one power represented despotism civil and religious, with its order and its many other advantages, with its centralized vigour and comprehensive schemes. The other represented the principles of individual liberty and the supremacy of conscience enlightened by God's Word. Connected with these were excrescences, crudities and vulgarisms in abundance, but there were also perennial freshness of power that delays and defeats only served to prove, a faith that was contented to wait, because conscious of strength that would be according to its day, and a self-reliance that was the mother of a thousand inventions. The history of the grand old "Bay State" gives us conspicuous examples of the hidden power that slept in these infant free commonwealths and that could be awakened when the man, the cause or the time called aloud, and to some of these examples this work incidentally calls our attention. Perhaps of all mad enterprises ever attempted by any State, the expedition against Louisburg, as now told by Mr. Parkman, was the maddest; and yet, partly because of the native courage and indomitable resolution of the untrained militia, partly from the deep religious spirit that was the inspiration of the enterprise, and partly because of the extraordinary luck that sometimes befriends madcaps, or that can be explained reverently as the direct blessing of God, it succeeded brilliantly, when, according to every law and precedent of war, it should have failed disastrously a dozen times over. Massachusetts showed the same spirit again when it was announced that the Duc d'Anville was on his way with half the fleet of France and a mighty army to retake Louisburg and burn Boston. "The Massachusetts troops marching for Crown Point were recalled, and the country militia were mustered in arms. In a few days the narrow, crooked streets of the Puritan Capital were crowded with more than eight thousand armed rustics from the farms and villages of Middlesex, Essex, Norfolk and Worcester, and Connecticut promised six thousand more as soon as the hostile fleet should appear. The defences of Castle William were enlarged and strengthened, and cannon were planted on the islands at the mouth of the harbour; hulks were sunk in the channel, and a boom was laid across it under the guns of the Castle. The alarm was compared to that which filled England on the approach of the Spanish Armada," and it may be added that the spirit which the daughter displayed was worthy of her mother. Here, too, as in the case of the Armada, only more signally, the winds and the waves fought on the side of freedom. Men had only to stand still and see the salvation of God.

Throughout the long conflict, although our sympathies are often with the missionary diplomatists, the *noblesse*, the *voyageurs*, the Indians and the *habitans*, it is impossible not to see that England and her free colonies represented the principles that are at the basis of modern society, law and government, and that it was as well for the French Canadians that they failed as it was for their opponents. New France fell, in the end, because it deserved to fall. Against external enemies it fought successfully, but corruption at the heart proved fatal. New England became the brain and the arm of a power to the expansion of which imagination refuses to assign limits. And, now, modern Canada, having accomplished its material unification, is peacefully asserting its political independence and is beginning a national existence which its truest hearts fondly hope may be characterized by the best traditions of the old and the best inspiration of the new era.

It is unnecessary to say anything of a style so well

known as Mr. Parkman's. In many descriptions in these volumes he is at his best. There is the old wealth and warmth of colouring, restrained now by a taste that has grown more severe with his years. He has completed a great work, for which he deserves our best thanks, and he informs his readers that, if they desire to test his statements or his conclusions, they will find the original authorities at length collected in seventy volumes of manuscript material, in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and that these are open to the examination of students.

G. M. GRANT.

### TRIOLETS.

AFTER CHARLES D'ORLANS.

Laisse moi penser à mon aise.

PRITHEE, let me think at ease!  
I would pleasant fancies weave;  
For this leisure give me leave,  
And from speaking a release.

When in vain I seek surcease  
Of sadness that my heart doth grieve,  
Prithee, let me think at ease!  
For this leisure give me leave.

That for a while my pain may cease—  
I call on memory to deceive  
The present by a make-believe,  
Let my asking not displease;  
Prithee, let me think at ease!

J. ROSS-WETHERMAN.

### ART NOTES.

A CABLEGRAM from London says that the original portrait of Pocahontas, painted in 1612, has been secured for exhibition at the World's Fair. The portrait is owned by Eustace Neville Rolfe, of Leacham Hall, Norfolk, who is a descendant of John Rolfe, whom Pocahontas married.

POPE LEO XIII. has shown the deep interest he feels in the World's Fair and in America by deciding to exhibit at the Fair some of the rare treasures of art, literature and history which the Vatican contains. Archbishop Ireland has cabled this information and asked for space for the exhibit. The Vatican contains a collection of art and other treasures which cannot be duplicated and which are priceless in value. The exhibit will, no doubt, contain many of the most interesting of these treasures, and will attract, perhaps, more attention than will any other one display at the Exposition.

ITALY has asked for more space in the Fine Arts building for the fine art section of the Italian exhibit at the World's Fair. U.S. Minister Porter, in endorsing the request, says that the artists of Rome are making a united and earnest effort to exhibit the best productions of paintings and sculpture that can be obtained in Rome, Florence, Milan, Venice and Naples. There is in Rome, as in the other principal cities of Italy, the keenest desire to send to Chicago the best productions of Italian art. Minister Porter, in writing Chief Walker Fearn, of the Foreign Affairs department, and Chief Ives, of the Fine Arts department, expresses the belief that the fine arts exhibit to be made at the Columbian Exposition will far exceed anything ever attempted by Italy at previous international exhibitions.

In appearance Daubigny was of medium height, his complexion inclining toward olive, with dark hair and eyes, a strongly set head and forehead, well filled in its reflective and perceptive portions, and of an open, sympathetic expression, indicating much *bonhomie*, and at the same time great penetration and power to discriminate. In manner he was genial, modest, and entirely without assumption, giving his counsels more as a comrade than as a master; his advice having weight from its intrinsic worth, rather than from any manner of imparting it. His whole nature was childlike in its impulsive directness. He never kept systematic account of his works or progress; it was his to do the work; others might reckon up and classify. His methods were extremely simple. He usually prepared his own canvases, and continued this practice long after a world-wide reputation would make it appear to be anything but an economical use of his time. He would begin a picture by sketching in a few broad traits with charcoal or brush, and then lay in his masses freely, keeping the colours from the start clear, rich, and pure. The palette-knife played an important part in covering large surfaces, which he afterward worked into form and detail with the brush. For smaller pictures and his river studies he preferred panels of oak and mahogany, first coated with a priming of neutral gray. He was one of the first painters to begin and complete large canvases out of doors. He would fasten them in place with stout stakes, working with fury when the effect was spoutous, often leaving them in the open fields during the intervals to the mercy of wind, weather, cows, and small boys. The truths he sought were of far more vital importance than surface polish, and this direct outdoor work, guided by his artist's instinct, gave to his pictures great freshness of execution, as well as an added interest from the point of view of composition and sentiment.—*From the Century.*

THE glory of Cracow is its University, which was founded in 1346 by King Casimir the Great. It is known as the Jagellon, and boasted a printing-press long before any of the other towns of Europe were so far advanced. It also possesses an astronomical observatory. Here Copernicus was once professor, and a fine statue of him by Thorwaldsen is to be seen in the building. Close to the Florian's Gate is to be found the elegant abode of Prince Ladislaus Czartoryski, which contains a very choice museum of works of art, *bric-à-brac*, and MSS., as well as relics of Polish history. It is a species of South Kensington on a miniature scale, and is most generously thrown open to the public twice a week by its owner. That Cracow has not lost its ancient love for art is shown by the Academy of Fine Arts that exists in that town of which the famous Polish painter, Matejko, is director. A number of this painter's finest works, as well as those of his colleague, Siemiradsky, can be seen in the permanent Art Exhibition, situated on the first floor of the Cloth Hall. Indeed, Polish painters and sculptors, as well as architects, have distinguished themselves of late considerably throughout all Europe, and have contributed to recall the ancient glories of their nation. A fine new theatre for the production of Polish plays is being built by the native architect, Zawiejeki, and will be adorned by over two hundred life-size sculptures from the hand of his talented brother, Mishka Zawiejeki, who has made for himself so good a name as sculptor in Florence. Before leaving Cracow you should drive through the dusty suburbs to a hill a little outside, which is known as the Kosciuszko Hill, an artificial mound raised to the height of about thirty metres, in the antique shape of a snail heap. This memorial was heaped up in the year 1830, in remembrance of the native hero who tried to restore independence to Poland. Thousands of nobles and patriots helped to raise this mound by bringing earth from all the great battlefields of the Poles, especially from the disastrous field of Maciejowice, where

Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell.

Even delicate ladies brought parcels of earth, and foreign potentates from afar joined in this national enterprise. It was four years before it was completed. The ascent is made by means of a spiral ramp, about two feet broad, with no protection on the outer side, so a steady head is required. On the summit, crowned by a small plateau, stands a large unhewn granite boulder, upon which is inscribed the one word "Kosciuszko" in large letters. Around it is planted a low border of flowers, which are always kept carefully tended. The whole monument is a touching evidence of national patriotism. To upraise such mounds seems to have been a favourite form among the Poles of doing honour to their great dead, for Cracow can show yet two other such hills upraised by human hands.—*The Magazine of Art for July.*

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MR. TOSTI, says the London *Figaro*, the well-known song composer, has been three days recently at Balmoral Castle as guest of the Queen. Each evening after dinner he sang before Her Majesty.

PRINCE BISMARCK the other day dwelt upon the important part played by German songs in helping forward the unity of the German races. This statement is the enforcement of a popular view which prevails everywhere. Probably it would be equally true to assert that general cultivation of high-class music in Germany had also helped forward the cause of unity.

WHAT wonderful tales the *faneurs* set about concerning Madame Patti, her doings and belongings. We are now told she has a parrot, "Cookie," who "accompanies her songs and imitates her roulades, further embellished with quite remarkable *floriture* of his own." Will someone tell us what is the nature of the accompaniment "Cookie" produces, and further say whether the parrot's terms for an evening in public are calculated on the scale of what its mistress receives?

MR. FRANZ NERUDA has been elected Musical Director of *Musik Foreningen* in Copenhagen, instead of Professor Emil Hartmann, who succeeded to the post last year, after Nils Gade. We understand, although Mr. Neruda intends to follow the traditions of Gade, who for a number of years successfully conducted this society, he also will give modern composers a chance of having their works heard at these concerts. Mr. Neruda will continue next season to direct chamber and orchestral concerts also in Sweden.

EDWARD GRIEG and his talented wife, who are at present staying at their villa near Bergen, celebrated, on June 11th, their silver-wedding day in the presence of many friends and admirers. Among the presents Grieg received was a grand pianoforte by Steinway, given by musical friends in Bergen, and a beautiful silver inkstand, from Trinity College, London. Bergen, Grieg's native place, was *en fête*. Houses and streets were decorated with flags and banners, and in the evening a male choir of 150 singers serenaded the popular composer and his wife.

FROM the *Musical News* we take the following notes: A knowledge of the antecedents of successful *débutantes* never fails to interest, and we may therefore mention the following facts regarding the career of Mdlle. de Cardenas: This young and attractive artist is a native of Madrid, and there at an early age she was placed under the tuition of Signor Sebastino Ronconi (the once-famed baritone).

Later on she became a pupil of M. St. Ives and Mdlle. Marquit, at Paris. Modern French Opera formed her special study, and by Mr. Ambrose Thomas she was taught certain leading parts, including *Ophelia*. It was as Mdlle. Rose Alba that she sang with pronounced success for Sir Charles Halé at Manchester, though, subsequently, she has assumed her real name.

MANY of the enthusiastic admirers of M. Paderewski, who were present at his last concert, may not be aware of how near they were to being deprived of the great treat that they enjoyed. A few weeks back the great pianist was attacked with atrophy of the muscles (or "pianist's arm") rendering both hands practically useless; naturally, this was a terrible blow to M. Paderewski, whose famous American tour would probably have to be abandoned were he *hors de combat* in England. After an opinion from Dr. Symons Eccles, of Mayfair, M. Paderewski consulted several famous Parisian doctors, from whom he met with further discouragement. Hieing back to London, he prevailed upon Dr. Eccles to endeavour to restore the use of his hands and arms, with the result that, after a fortnight's daily treatment, massage, etc., the popular performer was not only able to delight his numerous admirers in St. James' Hall in the afternoon, but, later on, to repeat half of his recital at the house of the famous amateur pianist, Mrs. "Angelina" Goetz. It is but fair to say that the grateful *virtuoso* not only generously recompensed his skilful physician, but also presented his wife with a magnificent grand pianoforte. Androcles and the Lion (pianist) over again!

ISIDORE DE LARA'S new opera, "The Light of Asia," was produced for the first time at Covent Garden in a brilliant house filled with the composer's friends, who included nearly all the literary, musical and otherwise artistic celebrities now in London. The new opera was received with tremendous enthusiasm. Everything was applauded, and everything seemed to amply deserve applause. The *mise en scène*, which required great display, was perfect. Precisely what rank the opera will take musically when the critics and the public have had time to digest it it is hard to say, but as a first night performance it was a brilliant success. The music leans more to the Wagnerian than to the Italian school, though De Lara claims he has carefully avoided any particular school, and has not demonstrated himself the disciple of any particular master. The orchestration and choral music was beautiful. If any fault is found it will be with the measured heaviness of certain solos. Emma Eames, who created the part of *Jasodhara*, has some deliciously sensuous music, which secured her immediate success. Lassalle's part as *Buddha* is heavier and more stately, but he also made an undoubted success. The libretto is taken from Sir Edwin Arnold's poem.

The following items of interest are gathered from the *Musical Courier*: The management of the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth this year will be in the hands of Fuchs, of Munich, as in former years; the choruses and the musical management on the stage are intrusted to Director Julius Kniese. The orchestra and choir will be practically the same as in previous seasons. The dancers in "Tannhäuser" will be under the superintendence of Virginia Zucchi, of Milan, and are mostly the same as last year, consisting of members of the corps de ballet of the Court Theatre of Berlin. The general rehearsals will commence on June 19. As before announced in this series of cable letters, all the tickets for the festival have been sold. As every seat represents £1, and as 28,000 tickets have been sold for the twenty performances, being the full capacity of the house, £28,000 is the limit of the total gross receipts which the festival can yield. This at once exposes the absurdity of the statement made last year about the fabulous profits of the undertaking. As a matter of fact, there was actually a deficit of about £1,000 last year. This season the Bayreuth committee will probably be enabled for the first time to put aside a substantial sum as a reserve fund for future festivals.

THE Dean of St. Paul's, in *North American Review*, has the following remarks on musical services: The musical arrangements ought to be superior to what can be found elsewhere, and the best preachers in the diocese should be heard from its pulpit. The teaching of music, and especially of singing, has become much more popular among the English-speaking races than it used to be. Comparatively few children are allowed to grow up without some instruction in singing, and consequently there is a much greater demand for good music than there used to be. It would be a discredit to those responsible for the religious education of the people if all the good music of the country were to be found in secular assemblies, at the opera, or at concerts, and none of it were dedicated to the service of Almighty God. Parish churches, at all events in England, are seldom able to provide the most perfect musical services; these should be looked for in cathedrals, which thus come to be looked upon as centres from which there proceeds a stimulating power to elevate the musical arrangements of churches within their limits. Moreover, if from time to time the choirs of the various churches were gathered within the cathedral walls for choral festivals or other great occasions, they would be encouraged to make greater efforts for improvement, and would be assisted in doing so. Then practical improvement will be found to go hand in hand with advance in the theory and science of music. Genius is encouraged to take bolder flights and to make greater efforts when there is a certainty

of sympathetic supporters; whilst, in the absence of these, it can scarcely be expected that great musical composers will appear.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

IT CAME TO PASS. By Mary Farley, Sanborn. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Good Company Series. Paper, 50cts.

Although possibly a shade better than the average domestic novel with which United States publishers keep flooding the market, this story is essentially commonplace in plot, incident, characters and style. The liveliest chapter is one in which a game of base ball is described; but we get too much of that sort of thing in the daily papers.

LOVE KNOWS NO LAW. By Leon de Tinsseau. Translated by Camden Curwen. New York: Worthington Company. Paper, 25 cts.

We have frequently commended the Worthington's low-priced libraries, not only for the exceptionally attractive form in which they are put out, but for the general excellence of the books themselves. They have recently commenced the issue of a still cheaper series of popular novels called "The Fair Library," of which this is the first number. It is a new thing to us to find a novel from the French with its scene chiefly in our own Canadian North-West; and, notwithstanding many exaggerations and absurdities, the picture here represented of life on the prairie is not a bad one.

ONOQUA. By Frances C. Sparhawk. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Good Company Series. Paper, 50 cts.

This is a story with a purpose, dealing with the Indian problem which has so long troubled and perplexed the philanthropists of the United States, but the solution of which statesmen and politicians persistently and callously postpone to some more convenient season. The condition of the Indians on our Canadian North-west Reservations may be bad enough, but it is infinitely better than that of their brethren beyond the line. No Canadian avows the brutal doctrine that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. This story will doubtless have its influence on the minds of those whom it is primarily intended to affect.

WELL OUT OF IT; SIX DAYS IN THE LIFE OF AN EX-TEACHER. By John Habberton. New York: John A. Taylor and Company. Mayflower Library. Paper, 30cts.

Everything that John Habberton writes is good, although no other story of his has at all touched the remarkable popularity of "Helen's Babies," the work that made his name familiar to English readers throughout the world. Under its second title, "Well Out of It" was published a year or so ago as a serial in *Lippincott*. It is a charming little story; and many, even of those who had the pleasure of reading it in the magazine, will be glad to get it in the attractive form in which the publishers now present it.

THE ONE GOOD GUEST. By L. B. Walford. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

A pleasant freshness accompanies this simple story. In their attempts to arrange for, and to entertain, a shooting party of fashionable people, without the assistance of an older head, four young orphans fail to do the honour of their ancestral home with success. The troubles that befall them form the *raison d'être* for this book. Bad weather and bad tempers spoil all prospects of sport. The irritated young host and hostess, Tom and Ida Barnet, find consolation in the good humour of Maurice Stafford, their "one good guest." He continues to remain at Duchhill Manor after the dispersion of the rest of the party. This gives rise to a report amongst the fashionable friends in London of a coming engagement between Maurice and Ida; and forthwith, his real antecedents being unknown to them, Maurice is reported to be a black sheep. As usual, the happiness of two lives is nearly wrecked by scandal. But Tom bravely vindicates the character of his friend, and, in the charade-like closing scene, we take the farewell of "the one good guest," and leave at the old English Manor a happy and re-united quintette, with a suggestion that the merry ringing of wedding bells is not far distant. The tale is brightly written, and, with its clear large type and dainty cover of silver grey cloth, is very suggestive of holiday-time.

NEVERMORE. By Rolf Boldrewood. London: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1892.

A new novel by the clever Australian who has made the name of "Rolf Boldrewood" one of mark in the fiction of the day is sure to be regarded with interest. In Lancelot Trevanion of "Nevermore" we have one who represents a different phase of Australian life from that typified by Jack Redgrave in the "Squatter's Dream." Lancelot or Lance, as he is familiarly known, is the son of an English squire of long descent. Both father and son are noted for violent temper. As the result of a quar-

rel between them Lance leaves Old England in the fifties to seek his fortune, after having bidden farewell to his cousin love, Estelle Chaloner. On the clipper ship *Red Jacket* Lance meets his counterpart Lawrence Trevenna, who plays a conspicuous and baleful part in the story. He also meets Jack Polwarth, a sturdy Cornish miner, with whom he forms a prospective mining partnership. Arrived at their destination, Lance's generous good nature makes for them an invaluable friend in an experienced miner named Hastings, under whose guidance they secured number 6 Growlers Gulley, and "struck it rich." Fortune seemed to smile on our hero who soon became known as "Trevanion of number six, a golden hole man." But the self-will and imperious temper which dominated Trevanion, who was otherwise an amiable and honourable man, soon swayed his fortunes. The courage and generosity which made him unsuspecting of wrong in his new friends, the roving Lawlesses, though repeatedly warned against them, together with Kate Lawlesses' beauty, soon involved him in serious complications. But we cannot dwell upon details. The plot of this story is skilfully drawn, the various characters are delineated with unusual power. The indomitable but unscrupulous police sergeant, Francis Dayrell; the accomplished criminal lawyer, England; the clear-headed police magistrate, Mc. Alpine; the manly and popular bank manager, Charles Stirling; the unselfish and noble Tessie Lawless; the brutal desperado, Caleb Coke; and the spirited and devoted Estelle Chaloner, are all described with a master hand. The trial scenes at the police court and quarter sessions are striking in their realism. The book is rich in local colour, as it is in graphic description and moving incident. Would that Canada could produce a novelist who could impart to her literature the distinction which this able author has given to that of our sister colony, Australia.

THE CANADIAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY. Montreal: A. McKim and Company. 1892.

That Canada has too long been without the benefit and convenience of a newspaper directory of her own is proved by the fact that the enterprising publishers of this meritorious compilation have included within its covers no less than 200 Canadian newspapers that were not to be found mentioned in any other newspaper directory. This Directory as a first issue deserves nothing but commendation. The difficulties that beset the compilers of such a publication in obtaining the requisite information from authentic sources; the indifference and inattention with which their requests are sometimes met; and the vexatious delays which must necessarily occur in obtaining information from so many sources and from so wide a field—all combine to make such an undertaking one by no means easy or pleasant. Notwithstanding the many obstacles which have hindered their task, the publishers have succeeded in providing for all who are interested in the printing and publishing trades of our country and its newspaper press, a Directory of which they may by no means feel ashamed. The information provided seems to cover all and perhaps more than the necessary ground. The difficulty of combining satisfactory historical sketches of the rise and progress of journalism in each of the Provinces of Canada, with all the details necessary to a newspaper directory in one volume, will be obvious. As this is a pioneer volume, the attempt to do so was courageous and the result, though somewhat meagre, owing mainly to the limited space, is at all events interesting and suggestive; it will as well provide some material for a more ambitious attempt in the future. It is needless to specify the varied information comprised in this volume; let it suffice to say that it is difficult to suggest any line of practical information related to Canadian newspapers, their history, statistics, politics, circulation, publishers, editors, etc., which is not fairly presented. The officers of the various Canadian press associations are mentioned; a gazetteer is also included, as well as a classified list; religious and papers published in other languages than English are given. The arrangement is admirable and the typography is all that could be desired. No better indication of the enterprise of the publishers or of their devotion to their work could be given than the accompanying fac simile of the first newspaper published in British America: the *Halifax Gazette* of March 23, 1752.

THE *Art Amateur* for July contains a frontispiece entitled "The Night Brings Rest," drawn by John Watkins after the painting by George Clausen. "The Salon of the Champ de Mars," by Theodore Child, will be found interesting to those interested in modern French art. This number is, on the whole, well up to its usual standard.

*Book Chat* for July opens with a review of Rudyard Kipling's "Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads," in which the now famous "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" is quoted at full length. The *Saturday Review* supplies *Book Chat* with a critical and by no means uncomplimentary review of Mr. Swinburne's "The Sisters." The July number is a good one.

JESSIE A. FREEMAN contributes a most exciting story to the July number of the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, "The Renunciation of Grahame Corysteen." Mr. Frank Yeigh's "A Century of Legislation" is carefully written. "A Feminine Camping Party," by Maud Ogilvy, is a charming little sketch of open-air life. "Fooling and Fishing" is the name of an amusing story by Mr. Ed. W. Sandys, the well-known editor of *Outing*, which appears in

this issue. The number closes with "Scraps and Snaps," from the pen of F. Blake Crofton.

THE *Popular Science Monthly* for July commences with a long and interesting paper from the pen of Prof. Frederick Starr, entitled "Anthropological Work in America." The professor alludes in complimentary terms to the good work done by Canadian anthropologists in general, and to the efforts of Sir Daniel Wilson and Mr. Chamberlain in particular. Dr. J. M. Rice contributes a paper on "Physiology and the Prevention of Disease," which is followed by "The Ways of the Owl," by Frank Bolles. Dr. L. Heck's "Two Rare Monkeys" is most interesting, as is much more of the contents of this excellent number.

THE *Overland Monthly* for July opens with a bright descriptive article on the "Mosquito Fleet," or Canoeing in California, by W. G. Morrow. F. T. Vassault writes on "Lumbering in Washington." In "A Memoir of Balzac" appears an interesting study of one who has perhaps been overstudied by the few and too little read by the many. "A Struggle with Insomnia," by Frank Bailey Millard, is in itself a cure for insomnia. "The Compromiser," by E. P. H., is an interesting story. "Led to Gold," by C. B. Sedgwick, is well worthy of perusal. The July number is a very fair one.

"A PLEA FOR THE HOUSE-BOAT," by Charles Ledyard Norton, is the opening paper in the July number of *Outing*. Mr. Thomas Stevens continues "From the German Ocean to the Black Sea"; "Saddle and Sentiment," by Wenona Gilman, is also continued in this issue; neither of these serials lapse anything of their interest. "Shot-Putting," by Malcolm W. Ford, will be interesting to all in favour of muscular christianity. A. J. Kenealy contributes a carefully-written paper entitled "The Ballast Tin." "We Girls Awheel through Germany," by "Martha," is as racy and enlivening as the title suggests. The July number is a really good one.

THE *Review of Reviews* for July contains for its character sketch a paper entitled "Benjamin Harrison," from the pen of Thomas J. Morgan. The President's domestic and foreign policy, his administration and his patriotism are fully dealt with in this article. Mr. W. C. Edgar gives a really lucid account of the terrible sufferings of the Muscovite; "Russia's Conflict with Hunger" should be read by all those who can sympathize with a nation struggling against a fearful calamity. W. T. Stead follows up the subject of learning foreign languages in a most interesting paper, entitled "How to Learn a Language in Six Months." This number is a very good one all round.

M. FRENCH SHELDON, the well-known African explorer, contributes to the July number of the *Arena* an interesting paper entitled "The First Circumnavigation of Lake Chala." That beautiful and graceful actress, Julia Marlowe, is the subject of a readable article from the pen of Mildred Aldrich. Annie L. Diggs writes on "Woman in the Alliance Movement," which interesting paper is followed by "The Land of Social Contrasts; or, a Briton's Impressions of America," by J. F. Muirhead," which latter article we would advise every reader of the *Arena* carefully to peruse. The old, old cry is resumed by Edwin Reed in a paper labelled "In the Tribunal of Literary Criticism, Bacon vs. Shakespeare."

THE July number of *New England Magazine* opens with a paper from the pen of Franklin H. Head, under the suggestive heading, "The Heart of Chicago." Prosper Bender gives a *couleur de rose* account of French-Canadian emigration in an interesting contribution entitled "The French-Canadians in New England." "Edward Augustus Freeman," by William Clarke, is well worth reading. "I fancy," says Mr. Clarke, "that, spite of the undoubted stimulus given to historical study by the High Church movement, Freeman really derived his most fruitful ideas in history far more from Dr. Arnold, and in a less degree from Mr. Goldwin Smith." Ethelwyn Wetherald, a brilliant Canadian well known to our own columns, contributes an amusing sketch entitled "A Modern Lear." The July number of the *New England Magazine* is, on the whole, a very fair one.

ELIZABETH BISLAND commences the July number of the *Cosmopolitan* with a readable article entitled "The Great City Companies." "One of England's Great Modern Schools," by Douglas Sladen, gives an interesting account of Cheltenham. "A Night in June," by Duncan Campbell Scott, is so pretty that we cannot refrain from quoting a stanza:—

A redder lightning flits about,  
But in the north a storm is rolled  
That splits the gloom with vivid gold.

M. Zola has been described seriously or ironically as a distinguished poet; Mr. T. S. Perry, in a critical paper in this number entitled "The Latest Literary Fashion in France," goes still further and calls the notorious author of "Germinal" a writer of epics—epics of vice. Edith M. Thomas brings a most readable issue to a close with a pretty little poem entitled "Lettre."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MESSRS. J. K. Hoyt and C. L. Betts have entered into business at 800 Broad Street, Newark, New Jersey, under the name of "The Hoyt and Betts Literary Bureau."

At a meeting of authors and artists in Kansas City, an original poem was read by Mrs. Emma Playter Seabury, an occasional contributor to our columns, which was received with appreciation by the audience.

A SECOND revised and enlarged edition of a popular work on the tariff question, entitled "The Free Trade Struggle in England," by Gen. M. M. Trumbull, will shortly be issued by the Open Court Publishing Company.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces for immediate publication "The Antiquity of Man from the Point of View of Religion," by F. Hugh Capron. The work is published in answer to Mr. S. Laing's "Modern Science and Modern Thought."

A STATEMENT of the scientific principles upon which the treatment of criminals should be based will open the *Popular Science Monthly* for August. It is by Prof. Edward S. Morse, who takes as his title "Natural Selection and Crime."

MESSRS LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY have in press a volume entitled "Distinction; and the Criticism of Beliefs," by Alfred Sidgwick. The volume will deal in a plain manner with the difficulties in the way of accepting the doctrine of evolution.

MR. EGMONT HAKE's new work, "Suffering London," is in the press. It deals with the whole question of the voluntary hospitals, and their hygienic, moral, social and political relations to society. The book will contain an introduction by Mr. Walter Besant.

MR. THOMAS G. MARQUIS, B.A., of the Stratford Collegiate Institute, whose name is familiar to our readers, was married at St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, on the 6th inst. Mr. and Mrs. Marquis are spending the honeymoon on the Lower St. Lawrence.

THE August *Century* will contain an illustrated article on "An Ascent of Fuji the Peerless." Japan's great sacred mountain is called variously Fuji-no-yama, Fuji-san, Fujiyama, and Fuji plain and simple, but the first two are considered proper spellings.

A LIBRARY edition of Urquhart and Motteux's translation of Rabelais, in two volumes, is announced as forthcoming by Labelance and Bullen. It is to be richly illustrated, and fac-similes of rare and unique title-pages of early French editions accompany the introduction.

BERNARD QUARITCH, London, will bring out next month an edition of "Shakespeare's Midsommer Night's Dreame," with seventy illustrations by J. Moyr Smith, including fifteen full-page plates etched on copper. There will be three styles—vellum, Japanese and antique. Mr. Smith illustrated "Macbeth" in a similar manner three years ago.

CHARLES DICKENS, the younger, in his preface to the new edition of the "Nicholas Nickleby," published by Macmillan and Co., refers to the Maclise portrait, now in the National Gallery of London, as "the only really successful portrait of Charles Dickens which was ever painted."

TOURISTS and readers will be interested in the announcement of a companion volume to "Appleton's Canadian Guide Book" by Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, which will describe Western Canada in the same style. The author is Mr. Ernest Ingersoll. The publishers will have it ready this month.

MESSRS. FREDERICK WARNE AND Co. will shortly publish "The Land of the Almighty Dollar," by Mr. H. Panmure Gordon, a well-known member of the London Stock Exchange, who recently visited the United States with exceptional opportunities for observation. The volume records his experiences both socially and commercially, and gives a somewhat novel presentation of America and its people.

A SERIES of papers, in which eminent novelists will tell how they came to write their most popular book, has been arranged for by the editors of the *Idler*, Mr. Jerome's new magazine. Mr. Clark Russell will give the history of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," and among those who have promised to contribute are Mr. Besant, Mr. James Payn, Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Kipling, Mr. J. M. Barrie, and Mr. Grant Allen.

DEFINITIONS of prose and poetry are always more or less interesting, but are rarely satisfying. These are W. H. Mallock's attempts: "Prose is the language men use when expressing themselves without emotion, or with emotion which is slight or intermittent; poetry is the language they use under emotion, which is exceptional and sustained. Poetry, in short, is, in its essence, this: it is the successful representation of life, as regarded with sustained emotion."

A NEW and cheaper illustrated edition of Edward A. Martin's "Glimpses into Nature's Secrets" is in preparation, and will be issued from the De Montfort Press early in August. The same author has nearly ready a new work, "Amidst Nature's Realms," a series of essays—zoological, botanical, and geological, in two parts: "Life in the Living Present," and "Annals of a Far-away Past." The work will be illustrated from photographs and drawings by the author.

BURNS' autographs still command a high price in London, where, at a recent auction sale, a letter of his to Mrs. Dunlop fetched £24; another, to Mr. Stewart, asking for the loan of "two or three guineas," £28, and an autograph poem ("O Luve will venture in where it daur na weel be seen"), £40. At the same sale a letter of Lord Byron's fetched £26, a letter of Keats' £19, and an original autograph manuscript of the title-page of "Endymion," and preface and inscription to the same, £46 10s.

AN original copy of the sale catalogue of Dr. Johnson's

library has been found. It is styled "A catalogue of the valuable library of books of the late learned Samuel Johnson, Esq., LL.D., deceased, which will be sold by auction by Mr. Christie (by order of the executors), at his Great Room in Pall Mall, on Wednesday, February 16, 1785, and three following days." There were 662 lots. The auctioneer was Mr. Christie, and the rate of selling must have been much the same as by the Mr. Christie of our own day, for the disposal of the 662 lots took four days.

THE Althorp Library is to be handed over to the auctioneers! The finest private library in England is to be scattered far and wide! The 110,000 volumes of which it consists are said to have cost the second Earl Spencer upwards of £200,000. Of early Bibles there is a rich store, editions of the Mentz Psalter, hundreds of Aldines, the complete "Aristotle," the Virgil of 1501, no less than fifty-seven Caxtons—thirty-one of which are perfect, and three of which no other copies are known to exist. What a chance for our great public libraries!

THE *New York Post* says that more than 20,000 persons visited Shakespeare's birthplace last year, and of these, roughly speaking, three-fourths inscribed their names with their nationalities in the visitors' book. Of these the British Isles contributed 9,546 persons; America, 5,385; Australia, 174; Canada, 121; Germany, 91; and Holland, 24. Then come Africa, 23; Austria, 4; Belgium, 3; Brazil, 4; China, 10; Denmark, 2; Egypt, 3; Fiji Islands, 2; France, 41; India, 28; Italy, 31; Japan, 1; New Zealand, 34; Norway, 4; Roumania, 1; Russia, 9; Spanish Islands, 1; Spain, 5; Sweden, 2; Switzerland, 6, and West Indies, 4.

"BAIT FOR BOOKWORMS" is the title of a new edition of Charles King's "Ye Olde Booke Shoppe," Torquay, Eng. At the foot of the front page are printed the following quaint lines:—

Ho! Nimrods of the Printed Page,  
Here's quarry worth pursuing,  
Ho! reader ruminant and sage,  
Here's cud to court the chewing;  
Ye! brotherhood librivorons  
Here's science, prose and fiction,  
From our great stock deliver us,  
And win our benediction;  
Readers! be yours the benison  
Who of our books denude us,  
Take you the Scott and Tennyson  
And leave to us the Kudos.

THE Rathschulbibliothek of Zwickau is (says the *Athenæum*) in possession of a rich treasure of letters of the period of the Reformation. About four thousand of such letters have been found, and the cataloguing of the collection is now in hand. Amongst others of special value are two from the hand of Johann Neudörfer, of Nuremberg, the creator of the German *Sebenschreibekunst*. The only specimens of his own writing hitherto known to be extant were his subscriptions to Albrecht Dürer's pictures, "Die Temperamente," and a single letter of his in the Nuremberg city archives. Both the letters discovered at Zwickau were written to Stephan Roth, one in 1531, the other in 1533.

WOMAN—with a capital letter—should by now have ceased to be a specialty. There should be no more need of "movements" in her behalf, and agitations for her advancement and development considered apart from the general good of mankind, than for the abolition of negro slavery in the United States. "For what a man"—and presumably a woman—"hath, doth he yet seek after?" With the world of knowledge and opportunity thrown open to her, it argues little for her ambition and less for her ability to grasp cardinal principles that she elects to build fences about her reservation, and expends time and forces in patrolling precincts nobody cares to attack. "I am glad the question for discussion to-day does not contain the word 'woman,'" said a member of a celebrated literary club. "I am weary of the pretentious dissyllable, and satiated with incessant twaddle of 'woman's progress,' 'woman's work for woman,' and the ninety and nine variations upon the one string. By this time we ought to be there if we are ever to arrive. I am half-sick of womanhood! I want to be a human being."—From "*Women as Human Beings*," by Marion Harland, in *North American Review*.

SIR EVELYN WOOD, like his brothers, the late Sir Francis, and the present Charles Wood, and, it may be said, like Lord Macaulay, used to be an inveterate punster, and was especially fond of indulging this fancy whenever he returned from one of his many campaigns. He is credited with the following: During the performance of a play, written by a friend, and acted by amateurs, after the first act-drop fell, a great noise of sawing was heard, when the author said to Sir Evelyn in the stalls, "What can they be doing behind the scene?" "Cutting out the second act, I fancy," replied the General. After the Zulu War, a brother officer said: "Evelyn, did you make your usual bad puns in Zululand?" "Get you away, oh!" (Cetewayo), was the answer. An Irish gentleman complimented the General upon his share in the Egyptian campaign, when he jocularly retorted, "Arrah be (Arabi) ay!" A soldier, frequently punished with "seven days' C.B.," entailing "pack-drill," was heard to complain that he would rather be in the thick of the hottest fire than marched up and down the barrack square with such a load. "The fellow prefers the horrors of war," said the punster, "to *pax perpetua!*"—*Admiralty and Horse Guards Gazette*.

## SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

It is said that a wet silk handkerchief tied without folding over the face is a complete security against suffocation by smoke; it permits free breathing and at the same time, excludes the smoke from the face.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Monthly Magazine of Pharmacy* says: "A bottle of bromide left in a closed room all night with the stopper out destroys all infection and insect life. I have cleared places which were infested with vermin many times. It is far more effectual than the vapour of burning sulphur."

THERE WAS blooming in Pasadena, Cal., recently, a gold of Ophir rosebush, a climbing variety, with 200,000 roses and buds on it. The owner of the tree, who certifies to the number, is said to be a returned missionary, and it should also be noted that Pasadena is in a land famous for its flowers.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

DR. TASSENARI, a learned man of Rome, has successfully proved that smoking kills all kinds of germs. He demonstrates the fact by filling several glass globes with germs, each of a different malicious disease to the others, then he filled the globe with tobacco smoke—it is not said of what brand—and lo! in ten minutes the whole lot were dead, including the germs of the deadliest cholera and pneumonia.—*Philadelphia Record*.

THE additions latest to the London Zoological Gardens include a Rhesus monkey from India, presented by Miss Beatrice Raymond; a wild swine from Tangiers, presented by Mr. E. H. Banfather; a great kangaroo from Australia, presented by Mrs. Fraser; a purple heron, European, presented by Captain Woodward; a Bateleur eagle, a tawny eagle, from Africa, presented by Captain Webster; a raven, European, presented by Mr. F. J. Stokes; seven common vipers, British, presented by Mr. T. A. Cotton, F.Z.S.; a rufous-necked weaver bird, from West Africa, purchased; an English wild bull, born in the Gardens. A great rarity, in the shape of an Aepyornis egg, was exhibited at the Zoological Society the other day. This huge egg is as nearly as possible a foot long, and the specimen in question is valued at about £100, so that it rivals the egg of the Great Auk, which fetches such fancy prices. These eggs are occasionally found in Madagascar, but only a few of them have ever turned up. The bird which laid them is only imperfectly known, from fragments. It is supposed to be the origin of the fabulous Roc, but was not so large a bird as the size of the egg would naturally suggest. Some of the New Zealand moas were bigger.

## "German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Bo-schee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Bo-schee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

A MAN from whom, on account of his own contributions to the study of psychology and of his wide and deep knowledge of England and English thought, a more correct judgment might have been looked for—I mean M. Taine—has thus summed up his view of Mr. Spencer's work: "Mr. Spencer possesses the rare merit of having extended to the sum of phenomena—to the whole history of Nature and of mind—the two master-thoughts which for the past thirty years have been giving new form to the positive sciences; the one being Mayer and Joule's Conservation of Energy, the other Darwin's Natural Selection." Now, all this, to the extent to which expressly or by implication it relegates to Mr. Spencer merely the labours of an adapter, enlarger, or popularizer of other men's thoughts, is entirely false and unfounded—ludicrously false and unfounded—as the general survey of Mr. Spencer's writings which we have just taken shows beyond the faintest shadow of a doubt. So far from it seeming "rather absurd" to credit to Mr. Spencer any great personal contribution to the formulation of the doctrine of evolution; so far from his being in any sense of the term a pupil or unattached follower of Darwin, we have seen that he had worked his own way independently, from a different starting point and through an entirely dissimilar course of investigation, to a conception of evolution as a universal process underlying all phenomena whatsoever, before Darwin himself had made public his special study of the operation of one of the factors of evolution in the limited sphere of the organic world. A simple comparison of dates will serve to make this point sufficiently clear. The first edition of the *Origin of Species* was published in the latter part of 1859. The essay on the Development Hypothesis appeared in 1852; in 1855—or four years before the advent of Darwin's book—there came the first edition of the *Principles of Psychology*, in which the laws of evolution (already conceived as universal) were traced out in their operations in the domain of mind; and this was followed in 1857 by the essay on *Progress: its Law and Cause*, which contains a statement of the doctrine of evolution in its chief outlines, and an inductive and deductive development of that doctrine in its application to all classes of phenomena. Spencer's independence of Darwin is thus placed beyond possibility of question.—*From Spencer and the Synthetic Philosophy, by W. H. Hudson, in the Popular Science Monthly*.

I WAS now so near the crest of the divide that only a few yards remained before I should be able to see the country to the north; a vast region which no one had yet beheld. Pressing on, I pictured in fancy the character of the land beyond. Having crossed this same mountain-belt at the head of Lynn Canal, and traversed the country to the north of it, I fancied that I should behold a similar region north of Mount St. Elias. I expected to see a comparatively low, wooded country stretching away to the north, with lakes and rivers and perhaps some signs of human habitation, but I was entirely mistaken. What did meet my eager gaze was a vast, snow-covered region, limitless in its expanse, through which hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of barren angular mountain-peaks projected. There was not a stream, not a lake, and not a trace of vegetation of any kind in sight. A more desolate or a more utterly lifeless land one never beheld. Vast, smooth snow-surfaces, without crevasses or breaks, so far as I could judge, stretched away to unknown distances, broken only by jagged and angular mountain peaks. The general elevation of the snow-surface is about 8,000 feet, and the mountains piercing it are from 10,000 to 12,000 feet, or more, in altitude above the sea. To the northward I could see every detail in the forbidding landscape for miles and miles. The most distant peaks in view in that direction were thirty or forty miles away. One flat-topped mountain, due north by compass from my station, and an exception in its form to all the other peaks, I have called Mount Bear, in memory of the good ship which took us to Icy Bay. The other peaks were too numerous to name. To the south-east rose Mount Fairweather, plainly distinguishable although 200 miles away. At an equal distance to the north-west are two prominent mountain-ranges, the highest peaks of which appeared as lofty as Mount Fair-

weather. These must be in the vicinity of Mount Wrangle, but their summits were unclouded and gave no token of volcanic activity. I could look down upon the coast about Yakutat Bay, and distinguish each familiar island and headland. The dark shade on the shore, too distant to reveal its nature, was due to the dense forests on the lowlands between the mountains and the sea. This was the only indication of vegetation in all the vast landscape that lay spread out beneath my feet. The few rocks near at hand, which projected above the snow, were without the familiar tints of mosses and lichens. Even the ravens, which sometimes haunt the higher mountains, were nowhere to be seen. Utter desolation claimed the entire land. The view to the north called to mind the pictures given by Arctic explorers of the borders of the great Greenland ice-sheet, where rocky islands, known as "nunataks," alone break the monotony of the boundless sea of ice. The region before me was a land of nunataks. The divide which we had reached was a narrow crest at the north end, but broadened to about fifty yards at the south. Along each side were snow-banks facing each other, and inclosing a V-shaped area some ten feet lower than the bordering crests of snow. At four o'clock we had attained an elevation of somewhat more than 14,500 feet, as determined by measurements made with two aneroid barometers. The great snow-slope continued to tower far above us, and we saw with deep regret that we had not the strength to reach the summit and return to our camp, already 6,500 feet below us. Concluding that the only practicable plan would be for us to advance our camp on to the divide between Mount St. Elias and Mount Newton, and from there to attempt to reach the summit, we reluctantly turned back.—*Israel C. Russell, in Century*.

A POINT FOR YOU.—In view of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others, is it not reasonable to suppose that it will be of benefit to you? For Scrofula, Salt Rheum and all other diseases of the blood, for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, that Tired Feeling, Catarrh, Malaria, Rheumatism, Hood's Sarsaparilla is an unequalled remedy.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache.

A NUMBER of Scotch coopers have, during the past winter, been employed at the Bohnslan herring-salting establishment at the expense of the State and one or two local societies. Under the supervision of these coopers some 35,000 barrels of herrings were salted during the season. As herrings treated in the Scotch style fetch a better price, this new departure is expected to materially benefit the district in question.

No Other Sarsaparilla possesses the Combination, Proportion and Process which make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself.

A METEORITE weighing 10½ kilogrammes (23.1 pounds) fell recently at Lundsgarden, O-Ljungby, Scandinavia. Professor Otto Nordenskiöld has analyzed it. It is a chondrite, and is inclosed in a black fused crust. The gray silicate mass contains, in addition to bright metallic grains, darker grains of sulphur-iron. The composition of the nickel-iron (soluble in HgCl<sub>2</sub>) was: Iron, 83.67; nickel, 16.24; cobalt, 0.17; copper, 0.34.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—I sprained my leg so badly that I had to be driven home in a carriage. I immediately applied MINARD'S LINIMENT freely and in 48 hours could use my leg again as well as ever. Bridgewater, N.S. JOSHUA WYNAUGHT.

AT NO TIME is man secure from attacks of such painful and dangerous disorders of the stomach as Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Diarrhoea and Dysentery; but these complaints are particularly common during the heated term, when it is doubly dangerous to neglect them. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a remedy that has never failed when tried, and the severest attacks have been cured by it. It leaves no evil effects, and invariably brings relief to the sufferer. Every reputable druggist in the country sells PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. Large size New bottle, price 25c.



Mr. Chas. N. Hauer

Of Frederick, Md., suffered terribly for over ten years with abscesses and running sores on his left leg. He wasted away, grew weak and thin, and was obliged to use a cane and crutch. Everything which could be thought of was done without good result, until he began taking

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

which effected a perfect cure. Mr. Hauer is now in the best of health. Full particulars of his case will be sent to all who address

C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

THE entire coast line of the globe is 136,000 miles.

THE Leipzig Easter fair was only sparsely visited by porcelain buyers, but good orders were booked by Silesian and Saxon manufacturers.

THE French ministry of war has been engaged for more than a year in making experiments in the preservation of meats. The experiments have resulted in the discovery that frozen meat can be kept for eight months without any change in its appearance or powers of nourishment.

ONE of the most important problems of the hour is the cheapest way to extract aluminium from the inexhaustible deposits of clay abounding in this country. The latest process is that invented by M. Favre, by which he expects to reduce the cost to about 16 or 18 cents a pound.—*Inventive Age*.

ONE of the natural curiosities of Asia is the Great Salt Desert of Persia, which covers a large territory about seventy miles south of Teheran. C. E. Biddulph, who recently visited this place, says that Daryai-Namak is an extensive tract of ground, sloping on all sides toward the centre, covered with an incrustation of solid salt several feet thick in most places, while in some parts it is of unknown depth. As he saw it from the mountain top it stretched away for many miles, appearing like a vast frozen lake. It extended as far as the eye could reach toward the south and west, and glistened in the sun like a sheet of glass. His party finally approached the margin of the salt plain and decided to cross it. They found swampy ground for a mile or so and then entered upon the sheet of salt itself. Near the edge the incrustation was thin and the salt sheet was soft, sloppy and mixed with earth. At a distance of three or four miles from the edge the salt looked like solid ice as it is seen on any pond in northern latitudes during the winter. The surface was not quite level, but resembled that of ice which had partially thawed and then frozen again after a slight fall of snow. Of the solidity of this incrustation there could be no doubt, for camels, horses and mules were travelling over it without a vibration of any kind being perceptible. After marching for about eight miles upon this unusual surface the party halted to examine its composition. They tried, by means of a hammer and an iron tent-peg, to break off a block of salt to carry away as a specimen. The salt, however, was so very hard that they could make no impression upon it. They managed at last in another place to chip off a lot of fragments which were of the purest white. In two or three days they had absorbed so much moisture that they became soft and slaty blue in colour.—*Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine*.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.