

# THE WEEK:

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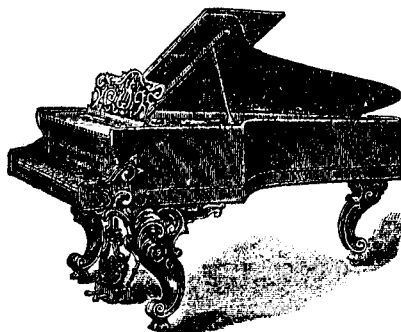
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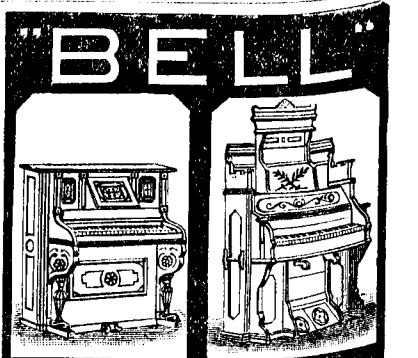
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### CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
The C. P. R.'s Latest Move	727
Arithmetic and the Veto	727
The Quebec Veto Question	727
School Hygiene	727
The Annexation Proposal	727
Canada's Attitude	728
The Sioux and the Dawes Bill	728
The Lake Mohonk Conference	728
The Chinese Exclusion Bill Signed	728
The President's Defence	728
A Big American Project	728
A College of Biblical Antiquity	729
The Working of the Trust	729
Rapid Changes in Bible Lands	729
The Contest in New York	729
Despotism in Germany	729
THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE: SOCIALISM, III.	730
AFTERGLOW (Poem)	Jay Kayelle. 731
LONDON LETTERS	Walter Powell. 731
LOUIS HENRI MURGER—II.	William McLennan. 732
LOUIS LLOYD'S LETTERS	733
A NEW CANADIAN POET	George Stewart, Jr. 734
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE	735
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP	736
CHESS	737

All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

WHATEVER may be the legal validity of the objections taken before the Railway Committee of the Privy Council, on behalf of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with a view to prevent the crossing of its track by the Portage extension of the Red River Valley Railway, from the point of view of every dispassionate lay observer, the move must seem extremely ill-advised and vexatious. Whether there is anything in the point said to be taken by the Attorney-General of Manitoba, that the clause of the Dominion Act appealed to on behalf of the Canadian Pacific is *ultra vires*, is a question for judicial authorities to decide. But surely it cannot be supposed that any Province of the Dominion would submit to be debarred from the right of building a local railway which it judged necessary for the development of its resources, because it happened to be necessary for such road to cross a railway chartered by the Dominion Government. Such a supposition seems to carry absurdity on its face. No one, having in mind the temper displayed by Manitoba in the previous struggle for the construction of the Red River Valley Railway, can for a moment suppose that the Province will suffer itself to be balked by such an obstacle as that now raised. If the Canadian Pacific Railway pushes its objection and it is sustained, the obnoxious clause will have to be changed at the next session of Parliament. It is inconceivable that another claim for compensation could be based on such a change, seeing it could result in no material damage to the objecting road, save that involved in the loss of its monopoly, and for this it has already received compensation. On the other hand, persistence in such obstructive tactics would be sure to create in Manitoba a feeling of hostility to the great transcontinental railway, which must redound more or less to its injury, and which would be, in any case, greatly to be deplored.

THE Minister of Justice, in a recent speech, brought some arithmetical calculations to bear on the discussion of the veto question. During the past twenty-one years, he informed his audience, the Quebec Legislature has passed 2,000 statutes, and of these but four have been disallowed. During the last twenty years the various Legislatures of the Dominion have passed nearly 10,000 statutes, and of these only sixty-five have been

vetoed. These figures, striking though they are, are scarcely so conclusive as might at first thought be supposed? What is the character of the great mass of the 2,000, and the 10,000 statutes? Would it be too much to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred relate to matters so purely local that the idea of the Federal Government having anything to do with them would be simply intolerable? The real, vital question is, What proportion of the bills that are of Provincial importance and magnitude have been interfered with? It is easy to see that the rights of local autonomy involved, the Provincial interests at stake in the hundredth bill may cause it to far outweigh the whole ninety and nine. Figures have their legitimate place in argument, but it is easy to see that the fact of nine hundred and ninety-nine bills, about which no possible question of jurisdiction could be raised, having been allowed to pass unchallenged could not have a feather's weight as an offset to the disallowance of the one thousandth, if that disallowance was a real infringement of a Provincial right. The constitutional question cannot be settled by arithmetic.

THE Quebec veto question has been shelved, for the present at least, by Premier Mercier's submission to the disallowance. The effect of this overthrow of the Magistrates' Court Bill has been to some extent counteracted by the establishment of a Magistrates' Court in Montreal under the Act of 1869, which has not been and cannot now be disallowed. The new court thus created has concurrent jurisdiction with the Circuit Court, which is, of course, re-established by the failure of the bill which provided for its abolition, to the extent of \$50, instead of the \$200 which was to have been the limit of jurisdiction for the Magistrates' Court created by the defunct bill. The salaries provided by the Act of 1869 are only \$1,200, but these will, it is said, be increased at the next session of the Legislature to the figure fixed in the vetoed bill. It is, moreover, stated that the Circuit Court will be abolished, and the powers of the Magistrates' Court extended; in other words, that the vetoed bill will be re-enacted at the approaching session. It is difficult, however, to see what advantage can be gained in this way, or why the second veto, which would no doubt await it, would be less efficacious than the first, save on the supposition that the Dominion Government will take warning from the excitement aroused, and refrain from a second trial of strength with the Quebec authorities.

THE School Hygiene Committee of the Toronto Board of Health recently presented a report on public school sanitation, which should be pressed on the attention of every school teacher and school board in the Province. It requires but a little reflection to convince any one that the opportunities for the spread of disease germs afforded by the public schools are unique. Nowhere else are so many individuals obliged to pass five or six hours of every day in single rooms and in so close proximity to each other. With "dirty floors and badly ventilated school rooms," which, it may be feared, are still rather the rule than the exception, the prime conditions for the spread of disease germs have the fullest and freest scope for operation. It is to be hoped that the Education Department will adopt some means for the vigorous enforcement of the more important recommendations of the report, which is, we believe, to be issued by it as a circular to trustees.

THE ripple of excitement caused by the publication of Mr. Erastus Wiman's letter to the Canadian press, announcing that the United States Senate Committee on Foreign Relations was about to report a resolution to the Senate, making it the duty of the President to open a negotiation with Great Britain for the admission of Canada into the Union, was slight and short lived. Though Mr. Wiman's subsequent communications show that he still believes such a movement to have actually been under consideration in the Senate Committee, it seems almost incredible that such could have been the case. Whatever their national prejudices, the members of that Committee are surely shrewd politicians, able to forecast the probable effects of an overture of that kind upon the parties concerned. The proposition would have been so extraordinary in itself and the time chosen for it so inopportune, that to have made it formally would have been, from the point of view of the United States, a *faux pas* of the most awkward character. Great Britain, it is pretty well known, is not much

in the habit of negotiating the transfer of her self-governing colonies to other flags, while the ears of Canadians are still tingling with the complimentary epithets which have been hurled so vigorously at her head from the highest places in Washington, during the current session of Congress. Add to this the fact that the Senate, from which the proposition in question was to emanate, had just rejected with contempt, and without even a suggestion of amendment, a treaty to which the Canadian people had reluctantly consented, as containing very large concessions on their part, for the sake of peace, and which the President and Government of the United States had pronounced fair and satisfactory. It is clear that, under the circumstances, any disposition on the part of either England or Canada to consider the question of annexation, would have all the appearance of yielding to menace—a course which would hardly accord well with Anglo-Saxon traditions.

FROM the British and the Canadian points of view there is manifestly nothing in the circumstance that calls for special warmth of feeling. Were it conceivable that the blunder of making such an overture could have been committed by the Great Republic, international courtesy would have required that it be taken as it was intended, and not as provoking resentment. The Canadian public need not, we suppose, be specially concerned with Mr. Wiman's relations to the affair, but there seems no reason to doubt his sincerity in protesting against the movement which he thinks was contemplated by the Senate Committee, inasmuch as it would be hard to conceive of anything more inimical to the cause of Commercial Union which he has at heart than that such a proposal should be made. The very fact of its having been mooted in the Senate Committee will add greatly to the force of the strongest objection the Commercial Unionists have had to meet from the first, albeit they will now be able to quote Senator Sherman's authority in favour of the opposite view, viz., that Commercial Union would destroy all hope of annexation, by supplying all the advantages political union could bring, while free from some of its most objectionable consequences. With reference to political union itself, it may be proper simply to add that, while it is undeniable that there is in Canada some sentiment in its favour, Mr. Wiman, whatever his motives, is undoubtedly right in assuring Senator Sherman that not only would the people of Canada as a whole not accept it, but that many of them would resent the offer as an insult to Canadian loyalty and self-respect. No movement in that direction, not emanating from Canada itself, could hope for the favourable consideration of even the small minority of annexationists. Still further, were we even, for argument's sake, to suppose that minority converted at some future day into a majority, that majority would need to be very large indeed before it could hope to effect the change of flags at less cost than that of civil war.

WE have more than once alluded to the new Indian Policy of the United States Government, as embodied in the Dawes Bill, providing for the distribution of land in severalty to the Indians, and the purchase of the unallotted surplus of the Reservations by the Government, at fifty cents an acre. The Commissioners appointed under this Act have been negotiating with the Sioux, but have failed thus far to secure the assent of a sufficient majority of the members of the tribes, to enable them to put the bill in operation. It is said, however, that the Sioux are about to send a deputation to Washington to try for better terms. As the advocates of the new departure are thoroughly in earnest, and sanguine that the best results for all concerned may be expected from the new system, it is highly probable that the very natural suspicions of the Indians will eventually be removed, and their consent secured, if necessary, by more liberal offers. It is evident that with the progress of settlement the wasteful Reservation system will have to go, and should be superseded by a better. Many of the most disinterested friends of the Indians are confident that to transform them, as speedily as possible, into citizens, with all the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship, will be the greatest boon that can be bestowed on them, as well as the only effectual means of preserving them from the rapacity of unscrupulous whites on the one hand, and the destroying tendencies of their own unsanitary and barbarian habits on the other.

APROPOS of the Indian question in the United States, it is interesting to note the advance of public sentiment in regard to the treatment of the Aborigines, as indicated by the proceedings of the last Annual Lake Mohonk Conference on Indian Affairs. General Whittlesey, Secretary of the Board of Indian Commissioners, was of opinion that there had been constant progress in the treatment of Indians, since the inauguration of General Grant's "peace policy," especially in the direction of honest dealings by agents. Fraud is, he believes, now almost unknown. Supplies for

the Indians are bought and distributed under the careful supervision of a set of officers of greatly improved character. The work of allotting land in severalty goes on slowly from lack of appropriations. The Indians are making great advances in the direction of self-support, and good educational progress is visible. After stirring and thoughtful addresses by Dr. Lyman Abbott, General Fisk, and many other friends of the red man, an elaborate platform was adopted, the principal propositions of which are that the Indian ought to be protected by the Federal Courts, not left to the Indian Agent, or the State Courts for protection; that the Government ought, at once, to establish a comprehensive system of secular education for all Indian children of school ages, to be maintained at Government expense, and kept under Government control; and that this education should be compulsory, without, however, depriving the Indians of liberty to choose a private or religious school, provided it comes up to the Government standard. As Canada has its Indian problem yet to solve, the progress of Indian civilization and education in the United States, under the new impulse which has lately been given to the work, should be watched with intelligent and anxious interest.

THE Chinese Exclusion Bill, which was rushed through the House of Congress in such unseemly haste, in consequence of the anxiety of politicians of both parties to throw a sop to the Cerberus of the Pacific coast, has been signed by the President, and so becomes a law of the United States. The Bill, it will be remembered, was first introduced in consequence of a rumour, which afterwards proved to be incorrect, that the proposed Treaty had been rejected by the Chinese Government. It now appears, from the latest Peking correspondence, that the Chinese authorities were favourably considering the Treaty until news of the precipitate and offensive action of the United States Senate reached them, whereupon they, as was natural, summarily rejected it. It is difficult to avoid the reflection that had President Cleveland possessed the heroic courage which has on various occasions been ascribed to him with apparent reason, here would have been a glorious occasion for its display. The veto of the Bill would have been the best atonement it was in the power of the nation to make for the affront their Congress had needlessly put upon a friendly people. Nor is it too much to say that such veto would have been approved by the brain, the heart, and the conscience of the true American native in his cooler moments, though it would, there is little doubt, have cost the President his chances of re-election in the year 1888. Perhaps such exaltation of virtue is too much to expect of frail humanity, especially after it has been for four years tasting the sweets of the highest office.

PROBABLY the best apology which can be made for the President's ready action in assenting to the Bill is that offered by the *Christian Union*. The President was placed in a very perplexing position by the action of Congress. If he vetoed the Bill, the provisions for the exclusion of the Chinese labourers by the Treaty having been set aside by the action of Congress, the ports would be open for the free ingress of the obnoxious Chinamen. This, the argument assumes, was to be prevented at all hazard. The President himself, with his fondness for laying down general principles, declares that "the admitted and paramount right and duty of every Government to exclude from its borders all elements of foreign population, which for any reason retard its prosperity or are detrimental to the moral and physical health of its people, must be regarded as a recognized canon of international law and intercourse." This general doctrine may be accepted without admitting that it carries with it the right to act with rude and offensive haste, unless under the pressure of some more imperative necessity than that created by the need of placating voters in a political campaign. It would be unfair, however, to omit to mention that the President's message recognizes as obligatory two acts of justice to the Chinese. He recommends that Congress enact legislation permitting those Chinese now on their way to this country, who are furnished with strong certificates, to land, and also that Congress appropriate a specified sum to indemnify Chinese who have suffered loss through the violent action of lawless men. Even these recommendations, the dictates of the simplest sense of honesty and decency, are, it is said, displeasing to the Pacific Coast Senators, and will, no doubt, be made effective weapons in the political contest.

EMPHATICALLY a "big" scheme is that which is now before the Congress of the United States for the irrigation and reclamation of the waste lands of the west, and for the investigation of which scheme an appropriation of a quarter of a million of dollars is included in the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill. The proposition, which emanates from Mayor Powell, is that huge reservoirs should be constructed by means of dams



near the head waters of the principal streams which draw the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. From these reservoirs, some of which are to be the mountain cañons, water is to be drawn into canals and led through the arid plains which are now useful only for grazing purposes. Mayor Powell estimates that an area exceeding one-half the land now cultivated in the United States may thus be made fit for agriculture. There are, it is calculated, 150,000 square miles of this land, and its ultimate value, if successfully cultivated, is reckoned at nearly three billions of dollars. The *Christian Union*, which deals with the scheme in no incredulous vein, points out that an important sociological question would be raised by its success. To whom should this vast area of land, reclaimed at immense national cost, belong? Apart from any reference to the Henry George theories, it thinks that "it would be difficult for any one to frame an agreement to justify a policy which would require fifty millions of people to make the expenditures necessary to reclaim bad lands, and then give the lands, when reclaimed, to a few thousand private land owners. If the United States convert, at great expense, this now worthless tract into one worth three billions of dollars, the nation must, it argues, retain the land which it will thus have virtually created, becoming the landlord and collecting the rentals. This would be trying the George theory upon a pretty large scale. The hard headed sceptic may, however, suggest that it will be time enough when valuable chickens have been actually hatched, or at least in process of successful incubation, to settle the question of their disposal.

In view of the rapid transformation that is taking place in Bible lands, the American School of Biblical Antiquities and Languages has been projected by the authorities of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut. The proposal, as described by Mr. Hulbert, is to establish at Beirut, as the most available point in the East, a complete Oriental library, and to open a museum of antiquities which will gather into its collections everything that will illustrate the East, and especially the Bible. This school, when properly endowed and regularly opened, may be the centre for the work of American scholars in Western Asia, a constant encouragement to Oriental studies in American universities and seminaries, and a helpful means to enable students of the East, and especially the Bible, to carry on, more advantageously and more completely than they otherwise could, their investigations on the spot. This plan has, it is said, met a cordial reception from every side, and has especially enlisted the enthusiasm of all the Americans in Syria, as well as the warm sympathy of Oriental scholars in America. An endowment of \$100,000 is asked for by the promoters of the movement. The enterprise is one which commends itself not only to Biblical scholars, but to students of history and antiquities generally. The English Palestine Exploration Society is working in the same field and with the same object, but has no such comprehensive scheme on foot for carrying out its objects. There is evidently no time to lose. A little breathing spell is given to explorers by the delay in the prosecution of railway enterprises, caused by the obstinacy of the Turkish Government, but means of overcoming this opposition will probably soon be found, and, in the not distant future, Gaza and Jerusalem and Damascus will resound with the scream of the engine whistle. Meanwhile, good carriage roads are multiplying fast. The Damascus road running from Beirut was the pioneer in 1861. Since then Tripoli has been connected with Hums and Hamath, Jaffa with Jerusalem and Bethlehem, Haifa with Nazareth and Acre, Beirut with Dér-el-Kanar and B'teddin. Mr. Hulbert has "seen carriages in every important city in Syria and Palestine, with the exception of Gaza and Nablus. Tripoli boasts of its horse-cars, and the traveller goes from Mersina to Tarsus and Adanaon by a regular railway finished a year ago. A camel with two telegraph poles strapped on his back is a true type of the present aspect of affairs in Syria."

THE recent action of the American Sugar Trust in closing the Bay State Refinery at Boston strikingly illustrates the radical principle underlying the operation of the "trust" in its relation to the law of supply and demand. The President of the Bay State Company euphemistically explains the actions of the "Sugar Trust" as simply an "economic business arrangement." There is a falling off in the consumption of sugar during the fall months, consequent on the close of the canning season. "We reduce the proportion of the sugar to the consumption." As the *Philadelphia Record* points out, the falling off in consumption is not wholly due to the season. It is, in part, the result of enforced economy in the use of sugar caused by the increase of the price of the granulated article over 30 per cent. since the first of July. Under the ordinary operation of the law of supply and demand, the falling off in consumption would have been checked and counteracted by a reduction in prices, leading to the freer use

of sugar for ordinary household purposes, and among the poorer classes. The "Trust" finds that it suits their purposes, in other words, pays better to keep the price up to the highest practicable notch and diminish the production, to suit the reduced consumption caused by the high price. The result to the labourers is the throwing of 300 men out of employment; to the public labourers included, an increased outlay for sugar, or a restricted use of this indispensable article.

A WRITER in the New York *Independent* gives some interesting illustrations of the rapid changes that are taking place in Syria and Palestine. The old is everywhere giving place to the new. "Western ideas and methods are coming in with resistless push." Customs which have doubtless clung to those historic lands for 2,000 years are one after another dropping out of sight forever. The writer in question, Mr. Henry W. Hulbert, thinks it a moderate statement to say that the last twenty-five years have seen more transformations in this part of the East than the many centuries which have gone before, and urges that something should soon be done to photograph, for the benefit of future generations, the old life and ways which will soon exist only in memory. As one instance, Mr. Hulbert says that twenty-five years ago all the older women of the Druze sect wore a long silver or tin horn on the head, covered with a veil, which also enveloped the face, with the exception of one eye. But during the last two years he has visited every section of the Lebanon range inhabited by Druzes and has never seen a "horned woman." Not only so, but a long search in Syria recently failed to find such a horn for a gentleman who wished it for an American museum, and the agent had finally to have one manufactured at Beirut for the purpose. A lady friend of Mr. Hulbert's who lately attended a Druze wedding at Abeih, on Mount Lebanon, found the bride dressed in the latest Parisian fashions. Another illustration of the change going on is the recent erection by a wealthy German of a new mill for grinding grain near the Damascus gate of Jerusalem. This mill, imported from Manchester, England, contains the latest improved apparatus and is run by gas generated from petroleum. There is every indication that the old hand-mills, which date from Bible days, will soon be entirely superseded, as will also the time-honoured method of threshing grain by driving cattle round and round the threshing-floor.

THE contest for the Governorship of New York State seems likely to afford a pretty good opportunity for estimating the strength of the moral element as distinct from, and in this case opposed to, the partisan element in the electorate. From a series of interviews had by the *Tribune* it is evident that most of the influential clergymen of the various denominations are warmly opposed, on moral and religious grounds, to the re-election of Governor Hill, though it is highly probable that the sympathies of the majority of them are with the Republicans on general political grounds. The result will, however, be affected to a considerable degree by the extent to which the friends of temperance and prohibition support the Third Party candidate. This candidate has, of course, no possible chance of election, but every vote cast for him will be a vote which would otherwise have been given to the Democratic candidate, and so, as one of the interviewed ministers put it, will be "half a vote at least for Mr. Hill and the saloons." It would be a singular, but by no means improbable, result of Prohibition wrong-headedness, should the representative of the saloon influence be elected through the diversion of votes brought about by the Third Party candidate. The defeat of Warner Miller and the triumph of Governor Hill, through the failure of the temperance men to support the former, would be a spectacle that should open the eyes of Third Party enthusiasts all over the Union.

It is not often that the Government of a great and enlightened Empire descends to acts which savour so much of pettiness as the refusal of the German authorities to give Dr. Mackenzie access to official documents needed in the preparation of his book, while permitting his adversaries to have free access to such documents, and its prosecution of the parties responsible, or supposed to be responsible, for the publication of the extracts from the diary of the late Emperor. If, as there is little reason to doubt, these proceedings are taken at the instigation of Prince Bismarck, they will serve to confirm the popular impression in the outside world, that the character of the Man of Iron, notwithstanding its great strength, lacks some of the essential elements of true nobleness. In any case, such fear of public discussion marks a distrust of the people which shows how large is the element of despotism still lingering in the German system of Government, and increases the world's wonder that a people in the very van of progress in literature, art and science, should so long submit to such arbitrary curtailment of the rights of free speech and self-rule.

*THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE: SOCIALISM, III.*

It would be unfair to complain of the positive part of the report of the Lambeth Committee on Socialism that it is somewhat less distinct and more vague than the negative portion. It is comparatively easy to diagnose a disease, and to show that certain proposed remedies are sure to prove ineffectual. It is by no means an equally simple matter to show how acknowledged evils are to be remedied.

There can be no difficulty in affirming the general proposition of the report, "That labourers shall be encouraged in habits of thrift, in order that with the property thus acquired they may purchase land, or shares in societies for co-operative production." No doubt these things are very good; but in the first place, they will meet the case only of those who are inclined to be industrious, and in the second place, it is not yet conclusively proved that the condition of the peasant proprietor is as happy as many persons have believed.

On the matter of co-operation most students of Political Economy will agree with the Committee, who say, "They believe that it will be well to encourage working men to become possessors of small farms, and of shares in societies for co-operative production in trade and agriculture. They are not unaware that these societies have frequently failed, but they believe that the opinion is not without its weight, that if due care be taken to secure efficient and trustworthy managers, to pay them an adequate salary, and to treat them with a generous confidence, there is no reason why such undertakings should not become successful, as indeed they commonly are now, when their management is in competent hands."

All this is very true; but it hardly touches the most serious part of the problem. The schemes here advocated will certainly be beneficial to most of those working people who are already fairly well off, since it will help to guide their energies into more remunerative work; but they will hardly touch the really poor and needy.

The Committee refer to the objections brought against the capitalist or the man of ability using his property or his intelligence so as to make money by the labours of those who are poorer or less intelligent. But perhaps we have sufficiently dealt with this question already. It may be sufficient to add that only a system of pure Socialism can alter this state of things; and most modern systems, even of Socialism, do not profess anything so sweeping. If we once admit the principle that the skilled labourer may be paid more highly than the unskilled, we have affirmed the principle of inequality, and it must go through every portion of human society. If we deny this principle then we must have a dead uniformity and equality, which can be brought about only by a Procrustean system, which shall compel all persons to wear the same kind of clothes, and as far as they are able, to eat the same kind of food.

We have already pointed out that Socialism would destroy individuality and liberty in the community. We now see that, in various other ways, it is unworkable. It does not follow, however, that there is to be no interference, on the part of the State, with the affairs of individuals. The State does already interfere in many ways, and provided that a vexatious meddlesomeness is avoided, this interference may properly be carried further.

In what direction this interference should go, we shall better understand when we recall the actual needs of the poor; and they are, first and chiefly, decent habitations, daily bread and clothing, and a moderate amount of education. Perhaps, as subordinate to these, we might add what the committee call the protection of "the class known as proletarians from the evil effects of unchecked competition."

"The English Poor Law," says the report, "has long ago provided the bare necessities of life for those who cannot otherwise obtain them." Some time ago we drew attention to the need of a regular legal provision of the same kind in this country. Of course this is a very small part of what needs to be done. The workhouse is a poor prospect for any family or for any human being. Still, it is better than starvation.

Education, again, has been sufficiently provided, both here and in the mother country, for all classes in the community, although it may be some little time before all the young children of the poor can be got into the schools. There can be no doubt that, by degrees, the condition of the labouring classes will be sensibly raised and ameliorated by the spread of education and intelligence.

With regard to the housing of the poor it is believed that much has been done, but a great deal still remains to be done. And it does not seem very easy to have it done. Only the other day, a horrible kind of house, physically and morally—most unwholesome and full of the worst characters—was pulled down in this city after having been, for several years, not

only a hotbed of vice, as far as its inmates were concerned, but a nuisance to a large and respectable neighbourhood. The removal of the house was effected, apparently, with great difficulty and after many complaints. Now, if such were the case in a city of such manageable dimensions as Toronto, how enormous must be the obstacles to improvements of the same kind in London or in Paris!

And yet this is perhaps the most crying of all the evils by which the poor classes are afflicted. There can be no moral sentiment or conduct engendered among children who are brought up, grow up rather, without any knowledge of the simplest decencies of life. We are no foes to the rights of property. But property has duties as well as rights; and there should be vigorous inquisition into the state of the poorer tenements, especially in our great cities and towns, and if the present state of the law is insufficient, then new powers must be conferred upon the civic authorities that they may deal promptly and effectually with the evil. In the meantime, a good deal may be accomplished by those whose duties bring them into contact with the poor, and we believe that a great deal is accomplished by them. Clergy, medical men, Christian men and women who make it their business to visit the poor and the sick have successfully dealt with many cases of great misery; and it must be admitted that the public at large are seldom backward in assisting when any case of real distress is made known.

But this is not enough. Humanly speaking, this is leaving the relief of the suffering to accident. Besides, the remedies must go deeper. Various suggestions are made by the committee of the Lambeth Conference, nearly all good as far as they go. They believe that the State may properly "legalise the formation of Boards of Arbitration, to avert the disastrous effects of strikes. It may assist in the formation and maintenance of technical schools. . . . The State may even encourage a wider distribution of property by the abolition of entail, where it exists"—a subject which requires more consideration than we can give it here—"and it may be questioned whether the system of taxation might not be varied in a sense more favourable to the claims of labourers than that which now exists."

In the latter part of the Report some good counsel is given as to the way in which the Church, the clergy, and other Christian labourers may encourage self-help among the hitherto improvident classes. Of course, this is the real remedy. But it must be admitted that many of the careless and thriftless are made more so by the dreary outlook which is before them. Many men who are now full of energy would probably be as nerveless as the worst if they only had as little to hope for.

There is only one point, and it is a matter of some delicacy, that we would further refer to. Ought not the State to interfere more than it does with the evidently idle men and women who do not work and will not work? The late Mr. Carlyle had strong opinions on this subject, and a very great and open contempt for those who would interfere with no human nuisance for fear of abridging human liberty. We are here on a course which is surrounded by difficulties. But the principle is already admitted. The police of Toronto ordered a certain class of undesirable persons to leave the city during the late Exhibition. This kind of thing needs to be carried further. We are not forgetting the preciousness of liberty. The freedom of the individual is sacred. But there is a certain class that can be treated only as children, and the sooner they can be made good children, or at least be prevented from behaving like bad children, the better.

But here we must stop. It is a burning question which we have dealt with, if there is any question in the world that can be so regarded. It is a question which we shall neglect at our peril. We may have done little here towards its solution; but we believe that nearly all the considerations which we have urged are worthy of being seriously weighed; and at least we have drawn attention to the gravity of the problems which are now demanding solution.

THERE is a talk of applying telephones to the infectious wards of the French hospitals, so as to enable the sick people, isolated in their contagious sufferings, to have the comfort of hearing their relatives' voices without any risk of conveying infection by an interview.

IN the love of a woman there is always a certain element of childishness, which has a reflex, if but temporary, action upon her whole nature. The phenomenon is due partly to the fact that she is under the dominant influence of a wholly natural instinct, partly to the fact that the object of her love is of stronger make than herself, mentally, spiritually, and physically. This sense of dependence and weakness, and, consequently, of extreme youth, remains until she has children. Then under the influence of peculiarly strong responsibilities, she gives her youth to them, and with it the plasticity of her nature.

## AFTERGLOW.

It is the twilight time of rest ;  
From yonder wood there comes no song ;  
The hills loom dark, yet in the west  
The golden glory lingers long.

Now, as with pencil etched, I see  
The dim house tops, the distant spire,  
The tracery of twig and tree,  
The light from many a household fire,  
Against the ether blue and cold,  
The few faint silver stars among,  
While deepening, reddening o'er the wold,  
The golden glory lingers long.

Ah me, my love, mine absent love !  
Thy face hath faded from my day ;  
'Tis twilight gloom around, above,  
And chill the night winds round me play,  
Yet with thy memory I am blest ;  
I see thy face—I hear thy song ;  
And in the deep heart of my west  
The golden glory lingers long.

Toronto.

JAY KAYELLE.

## LONDON LETTER.

## NOTES ON AN AUTUMN HOLIDAY.

I WONDER if among your books you, too, have found a place for a sad grey volume, of all others fittest for the house in which I have been reading it, where, as if in a magic glass, one sees the weak face and wistful brown eyes of that obstinate prince, His Majesty Charles I., one hears the gentle tones of the friend of Strafford, originator of the Irish schemes, superstitious son of a superstitious father? Has the Puritan author, Sir Thomas Herbert, with his grave, sincere simplicity, attracted your attention, as, turning the leaves of the Memoir, you have come to some such a scene as that at Holmby House, wherein the uncivil behaviour of Cornet Joyce caused impatient ringing from the silver bell; and have you been touched to find that "The Faery Queen" helped to cheer the poor crowned captive at Carisbrook after more serious studies, and that "Eikon Basiliæ" (which we of the present generation know best, I think, from the like to which it was put by Beatrix Esmond) was with Sands' "Paraphrase" and Herbert's "Divine Poems" by the King's bedside, and near the wax lamp set in the basin, the great watches and the diamond seal? I confess I cannot imagine the most hardened Roundhead reading the description of the execution day—"There was a Passage broken through the Wall by which the King passed to the Scaffold," says this truthful eye-witness: so one of Beaconsfield's forbidden questions is satisfactorily answered—or of the subsequent funeral at Windsor without a pang of pity for the principal figure in this most sorrowful termination to an unhappy life. The strong personal fascination undoubtedly possessed by most of the Stuarts is singularly shown in this little volume, for the Puritan Commissioner sent by Parliament to Charles at Newcastle soon renounced all connection with his former friends, taking up instead His Majesty's cause, heart and soul, remaining with him as his Groom of the Chambers to the moment of the King's death. The copy I have in my hand is a reprint dated 1813, published by the Nicols, of Pall Mall, and adorned with a frontispiece-etching by Quilley of the author in his shining armour and pointed collar. It is by no means a scarce edition or uncommon book, and my only excuse in speaking of it is that I happen to be in the very house in York in which Sir Thomas Herbert lived, and wrote, and died.

Necessarily altered and enlarged since those far-away days, there are other portions of the house that have not been touched at all, notably the front door by which the dark-haired host and his friends must often have passed into the stone passages, the kitchen with its huge fireplace and crossed beams, and the rambling dreary cellars. There is one little room in the old part where I like to think Herbert talked by the fire of his wondrous travels in Persia and Africa, or, setting up his desk, wrote the letters to Sir William Dugdale which resulted in these memoirs, but nothing is really known as to his own apartments. So this untidy parlour, used to-day as a boy's tool-shop, may never have heard the scratch of his steady, trustworthy pen, or the shake of his pounce-box. A half-score of happy children are now in possession of his old home, which he left a couple of centuries ago, and he would hardly recognize in these noisy panelled rooms, full of light and brightness, those quiet, scantily furnished chambers with their leaded lattice windows on which his eyes closed for the last time. But outside in the narrow street—built like a sketch of Cattermoles—so little is altered that the King's servant could not fail still to find his way in the quaint Northern city where he was born and bred, and as I lean from over the window-seat and look on the towers of the famous Minster, and hear the bells chime, and watch the tranquil shadow of the gables on the grey worn stones below me, I am hearkening to sounds and seeing sights unchanged since the time of Herbert, and in which, by my shoulder, the wraith of the late Groom of the Chambers may be himself delighting.

Yonder, from the open Minster doors, the good folks are streaming from afternoon service, and the sound of the great organ comes fitfully out

of the chill gloom, past the crowds lingering on the steps, right up to me here at the casement. You know the history of this fine old church—not to be compared in point of interest with either Westminster or Canterbury—as well as I do, I daresay, and if you do not there is the guide-book with its facts and dates for you to consult. For myself I always connect York Minster with "Nicholas Nickleby," and love the window of the Five Sisters on Dickens' account: and among the monuments I prefer the coroneted alabaster figure of poor little William de Hatfield, son of Edward III., dead in his eighth year, to any of the grand mitred bishops or robed deans with which the aisles abound: and find the view from the choir steps as, looking down the long, long, pillared transept, stained here and there with rainbow colours from the window, you can see with the aid of very little imagination the historical groups collect and play their parts, to be unique in my experience of cathedrals. No side chapels are to be found here, no unnecessary but delightful ornamentation or frippery of mosaic and iron work. The church has been in flames more than once, and the Roundheads smashed many of the most beautiful windows: still, damaged and bare as it is, the Minster holds its own, and if once you have stood here you will not easily forget its glory of clustered pillar and spanning arch, its legends of monks and kings, of civil war troubles and loyal resistance to the rebels.

And among minor sights that should not be missed—I am told tourists generally give one hour to the doing of York—there is Ety's tomb in the rank, wet grass of St. Olave's churchyard, on the stone of which tomb some one has written of the artist's many admirable qualities; and St. Crux, where, under a canopy, Herbert lies in effigy; and All Saints, North Street, with its beautiful fourteenth century glass; and All Saints' Pavement, in the tower of which is still the hook whereon hung the lighted lantern as a beacon for the country people in the flat lands about the city. Indeed, there is not one of these old buildings—many of them were once private chapels to great houses—but will repay you for a visit, and if, as with ancient folk, you find their memory becoming dim and speech uncertain, have patience. They know all manner of stories, and in their own way will tell you of wholly forgotten names, remind you of half-forgotten customs, give you fragments of history or glimpses of the life of a citizen a couple of centuries back—a window to a wife, the tomb of a little child—if you will only take the trouble to stop for a moment by the brasses, monuments, engraved stones crowding their aisles. Then go out of your way till you come to the lane leading to Goodraungate, where you will see the shop of Hudson, the railway king, who left his native town to fly to the pomps and vanities of London—we all know with what result; or you can find Flaxman's house of birth, or can visit the old Tudor Palace, now a school for the blind, where King Charles' anxious voice has so often echoed through the low rooms.

There are sights in the Museum, too, which no one should be allowed to miss. For here, gathered by a careful hand, are relics of the most interesting kind of that great nation from over the seas who conquered us so long ago,—jet pins, beautiful bead necklaces, children's toys, spoons, bowls, coins, once the property, perhaps, of that case full of Roman skulls piled yonder in the corner. And (taking the things at random) here is a silver enamelled brooch with hinges enclosing still a penny of the time of Henry the Third; a money box, in which rattles a small copper piece of Edward the Fourth and a treasured gold French coin; another, found in the Ouse in '78, has in it a halfpenny of Henry the Fifth. Then there are wonderful Queen Anne embroidered shoes, and some visiting cards of the last century:—see Mr. Cholmondeley, of 13 South Audley Street, has called, his name and address engraved in a sort of verse in huge letters in the centre of the pasteboard—and here are some queerly-worded invitations, which reminds me, by the way, that not long ago, in altering a fireplace in a house in Berkeley Square once occupied by Horace Walpole, an invitation to dance addressed to that gentleman was found, the card engraved with little minuetting figures in the costume of the time. On the staircase hangs a bad portrait by Ety of Mr. Brooks (not of Sheffield, but of York), and I found the skeleton of "Blink Bonny," winner, as you know, of the Derby of '57, set up in one of the cold rooms devoted to stuffed birds and labelled stones, and I saw the cruel irons which once caught and kept Dick Turpin. In the Hospitium of St. Leonard's Monastery (a wonderful timber building just across that lawn) there is much to waste your time over in the shape of tile pavements of the Roman period, jewellery of silver and gold, Samian ware of fine design, urns and coffins. On one of the latter a curious thing has happened. A dog and her puppies must have scampered over the soft red clay cover before it was baked, traces of the larger feet, and many prints of the small pattering toes being perfectly distinct to-day.

Beautiful battlemented strong walls encircle the city, guarded by gates. Through this one came Edward the Third to marry Philippa in the Minster; through that rode Richard Crookback, making way soon for Henry the Seventh; anon poor Prince Rupert rushes back at a gallop, hot from the disaster at Marston Moor; and then, a sorrowful train truly, come the Jacobite rebels to be beheaded in the castle, where they put Eugene Aram, and later, the poet James Montgomery, for a libel on the Government. Every stone of this romantic town is eloquent of the old days; one lingers long listening to the voices of the past echoing in and about the picturesque streets.

The other day I went over from here to Harrogate, as I had a great wish to see, before it was either pulled down or tumbled down, the inn where Frith the painter lived, and of which I have heard all my life. I found it exactly as he describes it in his memoirs, exactly as I have so often pictured it, an old rambling building like a coaching inn in one of Dickens' novels, with a tangled, overgrown garden at the back, where the

quality were wont to walk before their dinners at the ghastly hour of half-past five. I was shown the small private parlour used by the family, where Frith drew the Morland dog, and where are initials on the glass cut by two of his brothers. I was permitted to wander along the passages into all the rooms, in many of which, on the windows, names are to be read, and dates, a few of them as early as 1768; and I saw the ballroom with its musicians' gallery, where the floor is breaking from neglect; and the dining room, where the ceiling is falling. While rambling about, I met in one of the corridors an old, old lady (conducted by the person left in charge of the house), which ancient dame stood on the threshold of one of the rooms for a moment, and saying, *Yes, this is right; there is the balcony from which I used to watch the coaches*, she walked a little forward, and remained silent, looking about her. I heard afterwards that sixty years ago she had spent her honeymoon here at *The Dragon*, and was anxious to see the place again before she died. It was like one of Hans Andersen's fairy tales. There was no old lady gazing at the empty room; a charming young girl of eighteen takes her place, in flounced muslin with a lace *berthe*, and a scarf. The indifferent charwoman, the inquisitive Londoner, did not exist for the central figure in this quiet tableau, who is smiling at the bridegroom as he calls to her to come quick for he hears the horn of *The Skyrocket*. With a sigh she turned to leave the bare room, and went slowly away by herself, lost in dreams. Thank God for the good gift of memory, my masters; life would indeed be but a poor thing without it.

WALTER POWELL.

### LOUIS HENRI MURGER.—II.

POET, NOVELIST AND BOHEMIAN.

SHORTLY after this, about 1843, through his friendship with Jules Fleury, better known as Champfleury, he began his real introduction to literature. He met Arsène Houssaye, at whose suggestion he wrote the charming idyll of *Les Amours d'un Grillon*, and, inspired by his success, won a permanent position on *Le Corsaire* with the sketches which were afterwards developed into *La Vie de Bohème*.

These bright and sparkling sketches absolutely defy adequate translation, or they would be as famous with English readers as with French. Here we find Mimi, Francine, Musette, Schaubard, Rodolphe, Marcel and Jacques; shadowy creations like the world they inhabit, often confused with each other and leaving little behind save a mingled feeling of indistinct pleasure and sadness.

The gem of the book is Marcel's song which he hums over after his last meeting with Musette:—

I watched a swallow yester' morn  
Which brought the Spring from fairer clime,  
And back to her my thoughts were borne  
Who loved me when she had the time:  
And then throughout the livelong day  
I, dreaming, stood in memory's glow  
Before the almanack, where lay  
The year we loved each other so.

Alas! my youth is not yet o'er  
And thy remembrance lingers fair,  
If thy dear hand were on the door  
My heart, Musette, would meet thee there,  
For at thy name it trembles still,  
Thou Spirit of Forgetfulness!  
Come back again and taste at will  
The sacred bread of Joyousness.

The household gods about our room  
Who watched of old our passion burn,  
Have cast aside their air of gloom  
Expectant of thy near return.  
Come and you'll see again, sweet lass,  
Those whom you left in sadness there,—  
The little bed, the mighty glass,  
Of which you often drank my share.

Once more thou'lt wear that robe of white  
Which graced thy form in days of yore,  
On Sundays we will take our flight  
To wander 'neath the trees once more—  
At even, where the lilacs spring,  
We'll taste again that vintage rare  
In which thy clear song dipped its wing  
Before it took its flight in air.

The Carnival had come and passed;  
Some memory her heart had stirred,  
For back one morn she flew at last  
To seek her nest—a wandering bird;  
But even in our first embrace  
No sense of rapture seemed to dwell,  
Of my Musette I found no trace  
And I, she sighed, was not Marcel.

Farewell for aye, my Love, my Dear,—  
Dead with the love that comes not back,  
Our vanished youth lies buried here  
Deep in this faded almanack,  
Tis only as we stir the fire  
Which smouldering o'er our fair past lies,  
That Memory yields to fond Desire  
The keys of our lost Paradise.

The plaintive and touching melody composed by his friend Alfred Vernet was all that was needed to perfect these charming verses, and one easily realizes how its pathetic sweetness delighted the poet. Vitu tells of a quiet evening at Théodore Barrière's where Murger sang "Musette" in his light, but true, tenor, and with an expression which produced an indefinite feeling of sadness on all present. "It was the last time I ever listened to that voice," he says, "for three months afterwards Henri

Murger was dead." No less a critic than Alexander Dumas  *fils*  says he would rather have written "Musette" than all his novels. "Musette," who was known in real life by the equally pretty name of Mariette, according to M. Schaune's account, is fairly accurately drawn in the book. She was not exactly pretty, her features were hardly regular enough for that, but she had a light mocking air, heightened by a curious trick of smiling on one side of her pretty mouth that was particularly attractive. Without being penurious, she possessed the *bourgeois* virtue of economy—but, alas, she and her ivory box, in which she had stored her forty thousand francs, are lying under the blue waves of the Mediterranean with the other unfortunates who sailed in the ill-fated "Atlas" in 1863.

With *La Vie de Bohème* Murger made his great success, and after twenty-five years of grinding poverty and unceasing struggle he gained recognition and a ready market for his writings. In collaboration with Théodore Barrière he treated it successfully as a comedy which still retains its hold on popular favour and has frequently had long runs. M. Schaune tells us that he lent the original pipe which Schaubard possessed to his second self before the footlights, who had the immense advantage of studying his part from life and reproducing the clothes and movements of his original.

Murger's is a wonderful example of what a man can perform by constant unflinching struggle. As we have shewn, the little regular education he received was positively hurtful; he had no home influences beyond his mother's loving vanity to inspire him, his privations made continual physical strength an impossibility, and his painfully slow manner of work was discouraging to a degree, and yet he succeeded. He has produced certainly one book which is unique and will ever be attractive, and from it, a play which has proved a success each time it has appeared, besides some fifteen volumes of novels and short tales and a book of poems which is full of the charm of the author's personality.

"Here," Paul de St. Victor says, "we find no naked miseries or frowning realities, the Spring wind breathes over the pages, the old illusions sing through them, the sunlight shines upon them and poverty marches lightly beneath its load of hopes and fears." This book was the desire of his heart and the last effort of his life, and, in it, the old loves live again and the old joys are revived:

\* Ah, we were happy then within those little rooms!  
Without the wind and rain of dark December skies,  
Within we sat before the firelight's flashing glooms,  
I dreaming golden visions in the love-light of your eyes.

Our firelight danced and sparkled—and bubbling on the grate  
Our kettle sang and carolled out its regular refrain,  
An orchestra untiring for the Salamander's fête  
As they whirled in joyous train.

And, fingering a book, you dream away the hours,  
While oft your drooping eyes in fleeting slumbers meet,  
And all my early love wakes in its new-born powers,  
As my lips caress your hand and my heart lies at your feet.

He had an intense love for, and consequently a keen appreciation of, the country and country life, and both his prose and poetry are full of charming rural pictures. No doubt the contrast between the miserable garret, the crowded, struggling humanity of the town and the openness and abundance of the country, devoured by his hungry eyes in the days of struggle, strengthened and intensified the feeling.

In 1855 he realized his ideal of happiness when he went to live at Marlotte, on the outskirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau; here he had his vine-covered cottage, his dog and a complete hunting outfit in the most approved French fashion—gaiters, game bag and all the other paraphernalia—and, in addition to these formidable preparations, he possessed what would be a godsend to most sportsmen, a live hare which was known and respected as private property by all. This favoured animal he hunted regularly and assiduously, but his attentions in no way hastened its natural end; bringing to mind his fellow poet Heine wandering about the Island of Nordernay with a gun which he fired off occasionally "to warn the sea-gulls to be on their guard against firearms."

Last winter there passed away in the hospital at Montreal a journalist who deserved more than a local celebrity, the late M. Achaintre, whose vivid descriptions of Murger and his friends brought the hearer very near to the brilliant circle. M. Achaintre had obtained his discharge from a cavalry regiment after the Crimea, and was introduced by a friend to many of a group who met at the famous Dinocaud's near the corner of the Place Breda:

"There I sat quietly in my corner, studying, with the enthusiasm and curiosity of a young man, the faces about me. To this new 'Café Momus' came Nadar, Murger's friend and companion in the old days, afterwards the great photographer in Paris; Alfred Vernet the miniaturist and composer of the melody so happily wedded to the words and sentiment of 'Musette'; Voilmot the artist, bearing his blonde head high above his fellows; Schott the author of 'Denise' and the 'Lettres à mon Domestique'; Fauchery, who had just returned from Australia after a fruitless expedition in pursuit of *cet animal feroce qu'on appelle la pièce de cent sous*, which he afterwards captured at home with his descriptions of mining life; About, the novelist, just returned from Greece; Armand Barlet, the author of 'Les Moineaux de Lesbie' which Rachel played at the *Comédie Française*; Aimé Millet, the sculptor, one of whose most graceful works is Murger's tomb, *La jeunesse effeuillant les roses*, in which he represents the poet as Youth, and occasionally Murger himself.

He had a kindly, gentle face, and a modest, unobtrusive manner; he talked but little and his conversation always impressed me with a feeling of sadness. A man no one could help being drawn to, if it were only for

\* From "Le Requiem d'Amour."



the almost tender way in which he spoke of the efforts of others. He wore the famous old overcoat and always dressed in black, the bourgeois ideal of respectability.

J'étais vetu de noir comme un parfait notaire,  
Moins les besicles d'or et le jabot plissé

as he sings in 'Le Requiem d'Amour,' the sole relief being the faded colours of the overcoat and a white or blue tie.

Here is one of his kindly practical jokes. One New Year's Day, being as usual *sans souci et sans six sous*, he replied to the demand of the *concièrge* for the customary present by a hearty grasp of the hand and 'God bless you, my friend, that's all I have about me just now.'

One might imagine from the tone of *La Vie de Bohème* and from the author's poverty and frequent visits to the hospital that his manner of life conduced to his misfortunes; but, in spite of the insinuations of the *de Goncourts* in their journal, the testimony of all his friends is against this. From their evidence and that of his other writings we know that his manner of life was singularly temperate; indeed there was little or no opportunity for waste of time and energy in the face of his constant difficulties; and the tender, yearning way in which he so often alludes to home and home life is a strong indication of his predominant feeling.

\* When the Frost with lines that glow  
Etches his fancies on the pane,  
When over all the roofs, the Snow  
Flings her soft ermine thick again--  
Forgotten, and forgetting, we  
Will dwell apart nor wish to roam  
From where our love lies tenderly,  
In the sweet selfishness of home.

In 1860 the Government granted him a small pension, and in January he received the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Everything seemed opening before him; he was at work on his much loved volume of poems, actually correcting the proofs, when the call came for which he had so often waited in the days of weariness:—

I've waited long to follow thee,  
Where thou wilt lead me I will go.

Without money, the only place was the hospital, the goal of that path he had travelled so bravely—and to the *Maison Dubois* he was carried and laid in bed No. 14. "No. 14," he murmured, "it was in No. 14 poor Jacques died."

This was on the 26th of January and on the 29th his journey was at an end, and perchance it was the peacefulness foreshadowing the rest of that land into which his soul was entering, that inspired his last words—*pas de musique, pas de bruit, pas de Bohème*.

WILLIAM McLENNAN.

### LOUIS LLOYD'S LETTERS.

UNLESS you have had the opportunity of becoming rather satiated with French gardens and English parks, the stumps and leafless trees and leafless trees and stumps will begin to pall upon you ere reaching Winnipeg from the East. Fire has made such sad havoc everywhere, the once noble army of pines seems now little better than some war-stained contingent leading a forlorn hope against Canadian Pacific railroads and similar innovations that our modern humanity is heir to. Yes, the woods are battlefields indeed, with the ground dyed purple and red, and the blackened, tottering veterans, and the pale, delicate-limbed recruits. I felt suddenly how much more soul there was in that savage, silent country, than where nature has been petrified by science and art into something scarcely surpassing a chromo. For this reason, if for no other, it awakens a sympathy, it possesses a fascination new, inspiring, and were we not all either British Nimrods, or emigration agents up here, our literature might gain that before which the annals of Acadian life would pale. But in front rush four colonists' cars, so I shall abandon any further dissertation concerning unsung mountain sprites and mists, till you have heard the result of my personal interview with some hungry generations, which, however, on the whole, showed no very appalling signs of being likely to tread us down.

The swept and garnished colonists' car you may have seen, minus its human freight, is, believe me, quite a different thing from the colonists' car stocked with the surplus population of British cities and German bourgs. Picture some London alley on wheels, rattling, jolting, made hideous by that grumbling, scolding, squalling, indigenous to the British Isles. It was very funny to find how these sons of, I fear, often far less noble parentage than the soil, demanded separate cars, and that very strict differences should be made where Providence had quite forgotten them. "We 'aint goin' to be put with them furriners, not we. Ugh! (Nudging my elbow suggestively) to goa near the door of that there furrin car is quite enough."

As a matter of fact, the much despised "furriners" proved the most interesting, the most polite, naturally, the most cheery travellers on board the train; and if the German infant locked elsewhere for his happiness than in the attainment of "Pear's," such a natural failing was sufficiently covered by his guardian's beaming countenance, which might have formed an excellent stove-polish advertisement.

The first persons whom I spoke to came from Nantes, France. There were two families, one of eight and the other of more christian dimensions. They had been assisted in some measure by a French emigration agent, so that their expenses, including \$12 per head from Quebec to Winnipeg, seemed moderate enough to them. Monsieur's ideas concerning his pros-

pects, his future occupation, his obligations, the geography of the country, were as vague as those of his fellow passengers: "A *Vinnipeg*," "nach *Vinnipeg*," and for the rest the Lord will provide. Both English, French, and Germans professed to be well satisfied with their reception, despite the shock a simple mind must experience upon meeting in the stump, so to speak, that which the constructive faculty of Herr Agent had pictured luxuriant, dignified, lacking nothing but immigrants. I had some fussy, fuming, complaining English dames to thank for my pleasant conversation with the Frenchmen. An officious old woman wondered at a very high pitch whether "that lady could do somewhat to make them French keep to their side o' the car. They've took half," she continued, "and now two o' the men must be comin' our side, and takin' the upper berth over a lady wid four children, and the lady can't stand it. I wish ye'd speak to their children too ma'am, they're just awful," and so on and so forth. As I had myself not seldom to wink at the placing of a very ponderous portion of snoring humanity on the shelf above me, even while travelling in those palatial C. P. R. Pullmans, and as the youthful Briton's manners appeared by no means superior to those of the *mioche*, I found any gratuitous reprimands quite unnecessary. Instead, however, I asked questions about "the prospects" in France; and we chatted away, they with beaming countenance, with enthusiasm, with hope. The men's clean, dark blouses and intelligent faces promised much. These colonists were perhaps the most encouraging specimens I saw. They had no fantastic ideas about Canada's being a sort of nirvana where landlords cease from troubling and the lazy winebibber is at rest. On the contrary, I could enunciate no theory on the efficacy and dignity of labour with which they did not seem to be already familiar. With the Frenchman's "knack of hoping," his frugality, his perseverance, it must strike us as very extraordinary that he does not succeed more brilliantly when transplanted to foreign parts. Would the French of emancipated ideas concerning what is due to that cross-crowned gothic edifice yonder, climb higher? From the Germans themselves I could only ascertain that they were all farmers, bound for the immigrant's Mecca, Winnipeg, which city, I was finally led to infer, expressed to them the whole North-West territory. In Winnipeg itself I learnt these solid, bovine, patient, hard-working Teutons as colonists surpassed every other nation.

Having discovered a young English immigrant whose attention was neither distracted by six yelping children, nor the prospects of duck shooting, I forthwith assailed him with my questions. As you may imagine I was quite unprepared for any aptitude at repartee:

"Do I like the country? Ay-e, but it's an ole tale to 'ave to work for 'is livin'. I thought you was goin' to give us a livin' without our troublin' a bit. That's what I want, somethin' new like that. No, it aint too comfortable in this eer smokin' car, but, ye see, we broke down the other, so there's no 'elp. Yes, we do keep pretty separate from them furriners, only (with a twinkle) of course it mayn't be always so."

Having gleaned all I could among the colonists, there was nothing to be done but to return to the contemplation of the stumps and charred woods without, or that of the enviable occupants of the parlour-car within. At Sevanne, however, some eighteen hours from Winnipeg, the profound monotony was broken by a troop of Indians, squaws and children, standing there like cattle, dark, strange, picturesque in the red sun-light. They looked at us with an amused, not to say sarcastic air, peculiarly irritating. The laugh was turned on them, however, when a facetious cow-boy close by suggested the possibility that the pantaloons of the younger members of the tribe had been taken in weekly numbers of which the series was very far from being complete.

The morning and the evening of the third day, and — dinner, a meal which we enjoyed after a leisurely fashion, not being either Yankees or ranchmen. Even the "younger son" who had visited India, enjoyed the C.P.R. culinary productions "down to the ground;" for this information I feel sure the C.P.R. will feel becomingly grateful.

Winnipeg! Winnipeg!! Winnipeg!!! But there is no particular rush. The Englishman smiles blandly in that quizzically interrogative way you know. The American "guesses he's deuced glad the enterprise is over for the present." Sambo comes buzzing round expectantly. Sambo has been as unfailingly polite and attentive during our journey as the prospect of final reward we held out to him the first day could possibly have led us to expect; nor does he desert us in this our hour of need. "Guess the crop of porters was frozen too," remarks the American, for not only cabmen, but almost all official gentlemen except the tall man with a baton, whose rôle seems to do "nothing but roar," are forbidden the platform. Apart from this inconvenience at the station, our stay in Winnipeg proved as delightful as all sorts of unexpected hospitality, the study of curiously developed character, and glimpses of an unconventionality ye wot not of, could make it.

I don't think we half realize how strong a factor in the people's future education will prove the plan on which their city is built. What else can they breed, those little, huddled-up European towns, but intrigue and murder and all crimes that hate the sun. A great boulevard cut through the rotten heart of London would very quickly drain Trafalgar Square. Whether Winnipeggians understood this theory when they laid out their Main Street, their wide thoroughfares generally, I cannot say, but it is very certain their social life has something of prairie freedom and latitude which at once dispenses with much clandestine manoeuvring, and widens the path of salvation to an encouraging degree.

One can't help being favourably impressed by a place whose cabs are as delightfully comfortable as gondolas, whose highways are paved with cedar blocks, where even the poaching cow on your future host's front plot looks a welcome ten times more warming than the mincing reception of the dames

"down east." Louise Michel herself could scarcely hope to realize republican dreams after the fashion Winnipegians seem already to have realized them. Few barbed fences insist doggedly upon your neighbour's rights; indeed he shows at times an almost self-destructive generosity with regard to his ox, his maid-servant, and in fact, *all* that is his.

Our first glimpse of society was afforded us at a charmingly convivial little dinner given by what, I suppose, are the most genuine specimens of N. W. knights. Comfort ye, comfort ye, mothers and sisters who have vague fears concerning the temporal welfare of your idols! Spacious, polished, rug-covered hall, and drawing-room none the less cosy for being deprived of feminine gew-gaws; a board all a sparkle, and heavy laden with succulent viands; the usual fussily dressed Hebe replaced by a golden-headed Mercury—you will admit the life of our four enviable hosts has nothing to fear from comparison.

We find in society a curious reflex of the quaint little homesteads. The buffalo looks interrogatively down upon our telephonic ambiguity, and the moccasin and hair bridle are shown side by side with the coquetting Sèvres Shepherdess. The latest London mode of salutation in no wise prohibits an after expression of western opinion, and a very gallant bearing is quite compatible with an intimate knowledge of the crops.

If there seems something infinitely pathetic about decapitated English manor houses, this must be in a measure modified by the close sympathy between crumbling, mouldering stone, and the flowered wilderness about—tired, faded brick and mortar submit gladly enough to be drawn down into the earth's cool, green embrace; but with a half-completed mansion it is different. The Ross residence stands magnificently imposing by the river's bank, vainly protesting against unfinished rooms and paint-spattered windows, against grass-grown walks and encroaching shrubbery, prematurely deprived of all its great apartments had reason to expect. Nobody can buy this seventy-five thousand dollar edifice, and nobody can rent it at seventy dollars per month, so it is occupied by several families like any old tenement house, pending, I suppose, its conversion into some public building.

Here where the Ross mansion stands at Fort Rouge, we find all the pretty, bric-a-brackish homes of the more enterprising youth—frame houses, but quite disguised with gabled roof and balcony and soft æsthetic colouring. Armstrong's Point is the Faubourg St. Germain of Winnipeg, the quarter of the older aristocracy, whose habitations are brick, and square, and English. Some twenty lots near by which were pointed out to us as among the best residential sites in the city had lately been sold by the Federal Bank for six thousand dollars.

Perhaps relatively, but, I fear, from no other point of view, can Winnipeg proper be pronounced picturesque. Now over the river banks and in the wayward shrubbery by the road-side there are gorgeous masses of colour, only it is the colour and arrangement of the paint-shop. About picturesqueness, however, Winnipegians seem to concern themselves very little; witness their sacrificing old Fort Garry. Nothing but a great stone gateway remains of what was a few years ago by far the most interesting building in the country.

Nothing can give you a better idea of how completely passed the boom period is St. Boniface, which looks sleepily at Winnipeg from across the river, than the fact that a sixteen thousand dollar shop sold the other day for one thousand. The imposing stone church and the still more imposing convents—there are two—seen, nevertheless, flourishing. Louis Riel, you know, lies buried here. His name and nothing else is on the wooden cross that stands with flowers about its foot and a wooden fence around. Under the protecting shadow of the sacred edifice, watched by those pathetic-faced red and purple blossoms which look up craving pardon from the veriest miscreant's grave, for the moment the pretty, melancholy spot quite fails to remind us that beyond, beyond on the Hudson Flats across the bridge, Scott was murdered.

By a piece of very good luck on our way to Sir Donald Smith's house, *Silver Heights*, we saw the review of the C Company of Mounted Infantry. It is quite an original military force, they tell me. The men charge on horseback, then dismount to fire while their horses are led back, several being in charge of one man. You can't imagine anything quite so inspiriting as these riderless bronchos dashing madly along.

Sir Donald's residence from the exterior is not much more imposing than the generality of Northwest houses, but a private railroad running to its door, broad acres in a very promising condition, herds of the best cattle in Manitoba, filled us with exceptional admiration. He has some buffalo too, asthmatic things that look at you from their prison with the sad, fierce, mysterious resignation of the Indian.

By the way, I have given you no Government House news; this can be accounted for by the fact that the Governor's house is under repairs. People are still talking about the last entertainment given there, about a perfect *fête* where the children might swing, where their elders might play chess upon the lawn, and western good cheer was quite unmodified by Prohibition.

Regina.

CALL what you dread, fate, and you make it so; strive against it, and you find it is only a great danger to be avoided or a great difficulty to be overcome.—*Goldwin Smith.*

ACCORDING to Professor Sargent, the strongest wood in the United States is that of the nutmeg hickory of the Arkansas region, and the weakest is West Indian birch. The most elastic is the tamarack, the white or shell-bark hickory standing far below it. The least elastic, and the lowest in specific gravity, is the wood of the *Ficus aurea*. The highest specific gravity, upon which in general depends value as fuel, is attained by the bluewood of Texas.

## A NEW CANADIAN POET.

To the Maritime Provinces we are again indebted for a poet, who, like Roberts, combines felicity of expression with strong national feeling and individuality. Bliss Carman is a kinsman of the author of "Orion," a native of the same town, and a New Brunswicker. He springs from a race of poets. Wisely, we think, he has not overtaxed his abilities, nor has he printed lavishly the fruit of his muse. A few days ago he sent out to intimate friends a selection of poems, which exhibit him at his best. They touch various phases of his life, movement and character. In execution they are exquisite, and melody, thought, and form are their highest characteristics. Carman owes something to Keats and Shelley, and possibly a good deal to Poe and Mrs. Browning, though he has been careful not to imitate them in idea. But their influence hovers about his muse like the bouquet which delicately rises from Château Lafitte. His workmanship is artistic, and we may see easily that, capable of even higher flights, he has restrained himself. From his pen, shortly, we are promised a volume of verses. In the meantime half a score of poems are given out to whet the appetite and to prepare the reader for what may follow. Carman is a lyrist, pure and simple. He appears to have written, thus far, no long poem, and this may possibly be due to the fact that his imagination does not turn readily to narrative. In an attempt to tell a story he is only partially successful. The beauty of his verse, however, is marvellous. He strikes many keys, and though he has pathos, he never broods. His songs are cheery, musical, and rich in freshness, born of the sunshine. A poet of nature and of patriotism he is bound to be. But little older than the Dominion in years, he, growing with the country, is full of hope for the future of Canada. And this feature of his work cannot be too highly commended. If we have no faith in ourselves, it is difficult for us to inspire others to have faith in us. Carman and Roberts rightly see that they are natives of a country which is full of possibilities. Canadian fruit, flower, manhood, and incident are the well chosen subjects of their songs, and they have invested some of the commonest things in every day life with a grandeur that almost reaches sublimity.

The minor singers of the United States have hardly touched the elevation attained by Bryant, Poe, and Longfellow. When Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell pass away we have no evidence, just now, that their places will be filled. The present singers of Canada, however, have easily distanced their predecessors. It is customary to rank Cremazie as the greatest of the French-Canadian poets. But he never wrote a finer poem than Frechette's "Birds," and every year the laureate of the French Academy is putting forth blossoms and buds which have not been surpassed. Roberts, Mair, and Carman, Miss Machar, Mrs. Harrison (Seranus), and John Reade hold places which Canadian poets never arrived at, with the single exception, perhaps, of John Heavyside. But the author of "Saul" never possessed the lyrical faculty of the present school, and his muse was not Canadian.

To be included in the ranks of *Atlantic Monthly* poets is accounted an honour of no small importance. Aldrich, the editor, writes charming verse himself, and he takes care that the standard of his magazine shall not suffer. The hospitality of his pages has twice or thrice been opened to our Canadian poet, and in the numbers in which his work appeared Carman did not come out below his companions. "Low Tide on Grand Pré"—an ambitious performance—is in admirable temper, very rich in colour, substantial in treatment, and in the way of description it is strong and picturesque. Few poems written in Canada have the splendid swing and force of this melody, which may be quoted here in full:—

The sun goes down, and over all  
These barren reaches by the tide  
Such unelusive glories fall,  
I almost dream they yet will bide  
Until the coming of the tide.

And yet I know that not for us,  
By any ecstasy of dream,  
He lingers to keep luminous  
A little while the grievous stream,  
Which frets, uncomforted of dream,—

A grievous stream, that to and fro  
Athrough the fields of Acadie  
Goes wandering, as if to know  
Why one beloved face should be  
So long from home and Acadie!

Was it a year or lives ago  
We took the grasses in our hands,  
And caught the summer flying low  
Over the waving meadow lands,  
And held it there between our hands?

The while the river at our feet—  
A drowsy inland meadow stream—  
At set of sun the after-heat  
Made running gold, and in the gleam  
We freed our birch upon the stream.

There down along the elms at dusk  
We lifted dripping blade to drift,  
Through twilight scented fine like musk,  
Where night and gloom awhile uplift,  
Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

And that we took into our hands—  
Spirit of life or subtler thing—  
Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands  
Of death, and taught us, whispering,  
The secret of some wonder-thing.

Then all your face grew light, and seemed  
To hold the shadow of the sun ;  
The evening faltered, and I deemed  
That time was ripe, and years had done  
Their wheeling underneath the sun.

So all desire and all regret,  
And fear and memory, were naught ;  
One to remember or forget  
The keen delight our hearts had caught ;  
Morrow and yesterday were naught !

The night has fallen, and the tide . . .  
Now and again comes drifting home,  
Across these aching barrens wide,  
A sigh like driven wind or foam ;  
In grief the flood is bursting home !

A pronounced success, too, is "Carnations in Winter"—also an *Atlantic* poem—and belonging to the romantic class. The subject is most delicately treated, the spirit of the idyl being remarkably well sustained. "Shelley"—a series of graceful lines—originally found publication in the *Boston Literary World*, and later in the proceedings of the Shelley Society. The stanzas are dated from Frye's Island, New Brunswick, the scenery of which seems to have inspired the poet with some very beautiful and striking similes. We have not room for the whole poem, but these excerpts from it will show the scope and aim of the work, and they will exhibit, also, Carman's happy blending of fact and fancy, and charming imagery:—

More soft, I deem, from spring to spring,  
Thy sleep would be,  
Where this far western headland lies  
Beneath these matchless azure skies,  
Under thee hearing beat and swing  
The eternal sea.

A bay so beauteous islanded—  
A sea so stilled—  
You well might dream the world were new ;  
And some fair day's Italian blue,  
Unsoiled of all the ages dead,  
Should be fulfilled.

Where all the livelong day and night  
A music stirs,  
The summer wind should find thy home,  
And fall in lulls and cease to roam :  
A covert resting, warm and bright,  
Among the firs.

An ageless forest dell, which knows  
No grief nor fear,  
Across whose green red-berried floor  
Fresh spring shall come and winter hoar,  
With keen delight and rapt repose  
Each year by year.

And there the thrushes, calm, supreme,  
Forever reign,  
Whose glorious kingly golden throats  
Hold but a few remembered notes ;  
Yet in their song is blent no dream  
Or tinge of pain !

"First Croak" is an experiment which is only partly successful, but "In Apple Time," "In Lyric Season," and "A Rift" are excellent in conception and in execution. Passages of "In Apple Time," particularly, are very dainty in measure and delightful in word-painting. "The Wraith of the Red Swan," Carman's longest piece, is full of dramatic energy and fire. It tells the story of an exciting episode with thrilling effect, and reveals the poet in a mood in which his readers will be glad to see him often. To our mind, it is his strongest work in the way of brilliant and striking description. Many of the passages appear to have been written at white heat. They are irresistible in their swing and flow, and the images drawn are powerful and bold. The trick of introducing a couplet, or refrain, here and there, is skilfully managed, and adds greatly to the interest of the tale. The treatment altogether, however, is exceedingly broad. These lines, magnificent in their sweep and fancy, are fair examples of the poem as a whole:—

But the wind is the voice of a dirge.  
What wonder allures him, what care,  
So far on the world's bleak verge ?  
Why lingers he there,  
By the sea and the desolate surge,  
In the sound of the moan of the surge ?

Last midnight the thunder rode  
With the lightning astride of the storm,  
Low down in the east, where glowed  
The fright of his form  
On the ocean-wild rack he bestrode.

The hills were his ocean wan,  
And the white tree-tops foamed high,  
Lashed out of the night, whereon  
In a gust fled by  
A wraith of the long Red Swan,  
A wraith of the long Red Swan.

Her crimson bell,ing sail  
Was flecked with urine and spume :  
Its taut wet clew, through the veil  
Of the driving fume,  
Was sheeted home on the gale.

The shoal of the fury of night  
Was a bank in the fog, wherethrough  
Hissed the Red Swan in her flight ;  
She shrilled as she flew,  
A shriek from the seething white,  
In the face of the world grown white.

She laboured not in the sea,  
Careened but a handbreadth over,  
And, the gleam of her side laid free  
For the drift to cover,  
Sped on to the dark in her lee.

Through crests of the hoarse tide swing  
Clove sheer the sweep of her bow ;  
There was loosed the ice-roaring of spring  
From the jaws of her prow,—  
Of the long Red Swan full-wing,  
The long Red Swan full wing.

We have left ourselves space only to merely recall by name Mr. Carman's other pieces. They are "A Woman's Exile"—which is tenderly beautiful—"Through the Twilight," and "Illicit." Our new poet is an artist who does not slight his work. What he has given us is full of promise. What he may give us will command readers. Seldom has the first fruit of a young singer been so well received as these lines of Bliss Carman. The audience, however, was not disappointed. It is not every day that "The Wraith of the Red Swan," "Shelley," "Low Tide on Grand Prè," and "Carnations in Winter" are written by a Canadian poet.

Quebec.

GEORGE STEWART, JR.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## DO SNAKES FASCINATE THEIR VICTIMS ?

IN a paper published in the last journal of the *Natural History of Trenton, New Jersey*, Mr. F. Lucas discusses the alleged power of snakes to fascinate their victims, and hold them spellbound by some natural inherent quality. He denies altogether the existence of this faculty, and attributes the general belief in it to the abhorrence, not of mankind only, but of most of the lower animals, for snakes. The most absurd stories of this fascination are accepted and cherished as evidences of the potency of the snake's power over man and beast ; but when these are capable of examination and analysis, it usually turns out that where they are not wholly imaginary the victim was paralysed with fear rather than rendered powerless by mesmeric influence. It is to the intense nervous perturbation produced in strong men as well as delicate sensitive women by contact with even the smallest of snakes that Mr. Lucas looks for the secret of the prevalent error regarding the snake's influence. "Man and the lower creatures entertain such fear of the despised ophidian that, when unexpectedly meeting one of these horrid animals, they are in the proper condition to be peculiarly affected by the fascinating gracefulness and the general appearance of satanic cruelty so natural to the snake. The degree of stupefying influence thus exerted by the snake depends largely on the nervous sensitiveness or the natural timidity of the subject." There certainly are cases where animals have been so terror-stricken by snakes as to be helpless, and where even human beings have been so overcome as to require assistance ; but in all such instances the explanation lies in the excessive fear or horror of the victim, and not in an inherent power of the snake to fascinate. Mr. Lucas concludes "that it must be accepted as a scientific verity that the power to fascinate so universally granted to the snake does not exist ; but rather, in accordance with the heaven-pronounced curse on the snake, animated nature, in its highest and most sensitive forms, entertains such strong feelings of fear and repulsion towards this animal as to suffer temporary paralysis when meeting it."

JEAN-FRANCOIS MILLET.

BUT of this life of ceaseless effort and struggle, of long failure and despair, what then remains to us? Some eighty or ninety pictures and about twice as many drawings. A great deal of toil and suffering, it would seem, for the sake of a very little art. Millet himself felt conscious of this when he was dying. He said one day that his life was ending all too soon, that now he had just begun to see clearly into nature and art. The feeling was a natural one for the great soul near its term and conscious of far heights which it might never scale. But his work was well done, and his message had been delivered in all its fulness. First among painters he had opened men's eyes to the unregarded loveliness of common things, to the glory of toil and the eternal mystery of that cry of the ground which haunted his whole life. He had painted man, not as a separate being, but as part of the great and changeless order of the universe, and had shown more clearly than ever the closeness of the tie that binds the joys and sorrows, the labour and emotions of man with the changes of the seasons and the beauty of the natural world. On a sheet covered with sketches this sentence was found in his own handwriting: "Il faut pouvoir faire servir le trivial à l'expression du sublime, c'est là la vraie force." No words could better express the aim and purpose of his art. Chief among realists, he lifts the vivid record of actual fact into the loftiest ideal realms by the passion and poetry of his imagination. And somewhere else he has said: "Il faut apercevoir l'infini." Not for nothing was he born within sound of the everlasting sea, within sight of those vast spaces which filled his soul with immortal longings. The infinite is always present in his pictures. He breaks up the forest shades to let in a glimpse of the blue above, and reminds us by the slender thread of up curling smoke, by the flight of wild birds across the sky, of the far-spreading horizons, the boundless issues of human life. And this message he delivered, in no hasty inconsidered spirit, but with consummate knowledge and mastery of hand, in obedience to eternal and unalterable laws. The very slowness



of the steps by which his fame has been won is the best pledge of its endurance, and future generations will remember him among the foremost painters of the century. His place with the immortals is sure. His pictures of seed-time and harvest, of morning and evening, will rank with the great art of all time, with the frieze of the Parthenon and with the frescoes of Michael Angelo.—*Nineteenth Century*.

#### HOW LONG DOES A DREAM LAST?

THE *London Globe* says that this interesting question has recently been discussed in Germany, among others by Dr. F. Scholz, who has given some striking examples from his own experience and observation. It is not possible to give a definite answer; and probably enough dreams vary very much in point of duration, just as they vary in force and vividness. At one time the figures of a dream, whether they emerge from the horn or the ivory gate, are as real as in life; the sorrow is even more intense, the happiness more realistic. At another time they seem to live only in a pale moonlight, and we watch the scenes rather than participate in them. It is very certain, however, that the majority of dreams are only of momentary duration, though extended occasionally to the length of a minute. In proof of this, Dr. Scholz tells the following story from his experience: "After excessive bodily fatigue and a day of mental strain, of a not disagreeable kind, I betook myself to bed after I had wound up my watch and placed it on the night-table. Then I lay down beside a burning lamp. Soon I found myself on the high sea on board a well-known ship. I was again young, and stood on the look-out. I heard the roar of the water, and golden clouds floated round me. How long I so stood I did not know, but it seemed a very long time. Then the scene changed. I was in the country, and my long-dead parents came to greet me; they took me to church, where the loud organ sounded. I was delighted, but at the same time wondered to see my wife and children there. The priest mounted the pulpit and preached, but I could not understand what he said for the sound of the organ, which continued to play. I took my son by the hand and with him ascended the church tower—but again the scene was changed. Instead of being near my son I stood near an early-known but long dead officer—I ought to explain that I was an army surgeon during the manœuvres. I was wondering why the major should look so young, when quite close in my ears an unexpected cannon sounded. Terrified, I was hurrying off, when I woke up and noticed that the supposed cannon shot had its cause in the opening of the bedroom door through someone entering. It was as if I had lived through an eternity in my dream, but when I looked at my watch I saw that since I had fallen asleep not more than one minute had elapsed—a much shorter time than it takes to relate the occurrence." Dr. Scholz has collected many other examples of a similar kind.

#### EFFECT OF EARTHQUAKES ON ANIMALS.

In the last issue of the *Transactions* of the Seismological Society of Japan, Professor Milne discusses the effects of earthquakes on animals. The records of most great earthquakes refer to the consternation of dogs, horses, cattle, and other domestic animals. Fish also are frequently affected. In the London earthquake of 1749, roach and other fish in a canal showed evident signs of confusion and fright; and sometimes after an earthquake fish rise to the surface dead and dying. During the Tokio earthquake of 1880, cats inside a house ran about trying to escape, foxes barked, and horses tried to kick down the boards confining them to their stables. There can, therefore, be no doubt that animals know something unusual and terrifying is taking place. More interesting than these are the observations showing that animals are agitated just before an earthquake. Ponies have been known to prance about their stalls, pheasants to scream, and frogs to cease croaking suddenly a little time before a shock, as if aware of its coming. The Japanese say that moles show their agitation by burrowing. Geese, pigs, and dogs appear more sensitive in this respect than other animals. After the great Calabrian earthquake it is said that the neighing of a horse, the braying of an ass, or the cackle of a goose was sufficient to cause the inhabitants to fly from their houses in expectation of a shock. Many birds are said to show their uneasiness before an earthquake by hiding their heads under their wings and behaving in an unusual manner. At the time of the Calabrian shock little fish like sand-eels (*Cirricelli*), which are usually buried in the sand, came to the top and were caught in multitudes. In South America certain quadrupeds, such as dogs, cats, and jerboas, are believed by the people to give warning of coming danger by their restlessness; sometimes immense flocks of sea-birds fly inland before an earthquake, as if alarmed by the commencement of some sub-oceanic disturbance. Before the shock of 1835 in Chili all the dogs are said to have escaped from the city of Talcahuano. The explanation offered by Professor Milne of this apparent prescience is that some animals are sensitive to the small tremors which precede nearly all earthquakes. He has himself felt them some seconds before the actual earthquake came. The alarm of intelligent animals would then be the result of their own experience, which has taught them that small tremors are premonitory of movements more alarming. Signs of alarm days before an earthquake are probably accidental; but sometimes in volcanic districts gases have emanated from the ground prior to earthquakes, and have poisoned animals. In one case large numbers of fish were killed in this way in the Tiber, and at Follonica, on the morning of April 6, 1874, "the streets and roads were covered with dead rats and mice. In fact, it seemed as if it had rained rats. The only explanation of the phenomenon was that these animals had been destroyed by emanations of carbon dioxide."—*Nature*.

#### THE PALACES AND CHURCHES OF PETERSBURG.

PETERSBURG is a city of palaces, of which the Winter Palace is the first, and it is probably the most magnificent in Europe. It is a huge block of warm-coloured stone building, standing, like most Russian palaces, in the street. The Palace Michel and the Palace of the Grand Duchess Helena stand in their own grounds; but the others, the Winter Palace and the Anitchkoff Palace, occupied by the Emperor, the Marble Palace, the Palace of the Grand Duke Michael, the Palace of the Grand Duke Serge, all front directly upon the street, without even a courtyard between them and the stream of traffic. The famous Hermitage, with its magnificent picture galleries, adjoins the Winter Palace. I never passed the massive vestibule, which is supported by ten colossal figures of polished grey granite, without recalling the petition which Victor Hugo placed in the mouth of one of the caryatides, doomed to support for ever a building upon her shoulders. These gigantic figures, each twenty-two feet high, with their bowed heads and hands uplifted to support their burden, were an unpleasant symbol of the dumb uncomplaining race on whose shoulders rests the imposing fabric of the modern State. The Marble Palace, looked at from the outside, is a big grey ugly pile on the Neva, enviable for nothing but its situation. The gardens in front of the Palace of the Grand Duchess Helena give it a pleasanter appearance than that of any of the other palaces of Petersburg. The Palace Michel in the Fontanka, with its sombre memories of the murder of the Emperor Paul, has little about it to attract. Grand Duke Serge's Palace, with its red front, looks at first like a warehouse of brick, until you see the caryatides in the front. The Anitchkoff Palace, which the Emperor always occupies when in town, stands in the Nevski, a fact which is said to have led to the banishment from that great thoroughfare of the unfortunates whose presence is in no capital in Europe so conspicuous as in Regent Street and Piccadilly. A couple of sentries at the entrance gates are all the outward and visible signs that the palace is the abode of the Tzar. Of the civic palaces, as distinguished from the Imperial palaces, the great library in the Alexander Square occupies the foremost place. It contains over a million printed books, and is very rich in MSS. Its reading-room is the best in Europe after that of the British Museum. The Town Hall is a spacious building, without a gallery, where the comparatively rare public meetings are held, and might be used with advantage much more than is the case at present. Of academies, museums, hospitals, and the like, I say nothing, beyond specially signaling the Smolni Institute, a kind of glorified high school for girls, at which four hundred students are being educated. The institution is unique in Europe, and I much regret that I had not time to pay it a visit. After the palaces, the churches. Petersburg has three great cathedrals, of which the most magnificent is that of St. Isaac, whose gilded dome, standing high above the dim sky line of the city's roofs, is one of the most familiar landmarks of Petersburg. It is massive and magnificent; but, except when lighted up with innumerable tapers, as I saw it on Easter Eve, it is dark and heavy in the interior. It stands on a subterranean forest of piles, driven forty feet down beneath the surface, but not even this precaution has secured the immense weight of the cathedral from danger from the swampy soil on which the city stands. A cathedral that can count 112 granite monoliths sixty feet high, each weighing 128 tons, in its peristyles, should be founded on a rock. Unfortunately all the rock in Petersburg lies above the surface of the soil. The sinking and settling of such an enormous mass of masonry necessitate continual repairs. The Kazan Cathedral in the Nevski Prospect, with its arched colonnade in imitation of St. Peter's, is chiefly interesting from its associations of war. It is flanked by statues of General Kutuzoff-Smolenskoi, who lies buried in the cathedral, on the spot where he knelt to pray before starting to oppose Napoleon's invasion in 1812, and of General Barclay de Tolly. Among the keys of fortresses captured by Russian armies, in a past which now seems almost as far away as the campaigns of the Visigoths, are those of Hamburg, Leipsic, Rheims, Breda, and Utrecht. The Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul in the fortress is the Westminster Abbey of Russia—so far at least as the tombs of monarchs are concerned. Russia has not yet begun to bury her heroes and her authors within the precincts which enshrine her imperial dead. The catastrophe which brought the last Tzar to the resting-place of the Romanoffs is being commemorated by the erection of a memorial church opposite the Kazan Cathedral on the Catherine Canal, at the place where the assassination took place. The building is still in progress, and will not be completed for two years. A somewhat ghastly detail is that the paving stones and soil on which Alexander II. fell bleeding are being carefully preserved, to be deposited under a baldachin, which, supported by four porphyry columns, will mark the precise spot of the assassination. This habit of commemorating crime is peculiar to Petersburg. There is a beautiful shrine at the entrance to the Summer Garden, erected in memory of the unsuccessful attempt of Karakozoff in 1866 to assassinate the late Emperor.

MORE than \$40,000,000 worth of American refined lard is exported every year. Lard ranks sixth in value out of \$800,000,000 of American exports. It is exceeded only by cotton, breadstuffs, petroleum, tobacco, and bacon.

MR. DUBUS BONNET, of Lille, France, has invented a process of spinning and weaving glass into cloth. The warp is composed of silk, forming the body and groundwork, on which the pattern in glass appears, as effected by the weft. The requisite flexibility of glass thread for manufacturing purposes is to be ascribed to its extreme fineness, as not less than from fifty to sixty of the original strands are required to form one thread of the weft. The process is slow, for no more than a yard of cloth can be produced in twelve hours. The work, however, is extremely beautiful and comparatively cheap.



LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD, author of *Robert Elsmere*, is said to have another novel well advanced toward completion.

Our *New Mistress* is the title of a new novel by Charlotte Yonge, to be published by Thomas Whittaker, New York.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE'S defence against the attacks of the German doctors will be called *Frederick the Generous and His Doctors*.

THE D. Lothrop Company is to publish an edition of the poems of J. T. Trowbridge. The book will have the title: *The Lost Earl, with Other Poems; and Tales in Verse*.

A NEW edition, in six volumes, of *Boswell's Johnson*, edited by George Birbeck Hill, is in the press of the Harpers. The edition will be limited and will be sold by subscription.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York, have issued *Miss Lou*, a novel by Edward P. Roe, uniform with the neat library edition of the works of this favourite author in course of publication.

AN English translation of Alphonse Daudet's *L'Immortel* will appear in London this month (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.) It is the work of Prof. A. W. Verrall, of Cambridge, and Mrs. Verrall.

MRS. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, who has just died, was the daughter-in-law of the poet and the last surviving member of the Rydal Manor household. She was buried in Grasmere churchyard. Her age was 68.

MACMILLAN & CO. are preparing a fine new edition of *Wordsworth*, with an introduction by John Morley, a portrait of the poet, and the author's notes. It will, moreover, contain a poem of 700 lines, hitherto unpublished.

*The Home Maker* is the name of a new monthly started by Marion Harland. It is not destined to be a mere housekeeper's manual, but will be devoted to the consideration of whatever relates to making and keeping the home.

HON. CARL SCHURZ has been asked by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. to write a "Life of Abraham Lincoln" for the *American Statesmen*. A better choice could hardly be made, but it is not settled that Mr. Schurz can accept the commission.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. announce: *The Astonishing History of Troy Town*, a new novel by the author of *Dead Man's Rock*, who, it is said, is an Englishman, and the son of a doctor of medicine, formerly residing on the English South coast.

THE principal holiday book on the list of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will be *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, with numerous illustrations, including several full-page photographs, by the well-known artists, Frank T. Merrill and George Boughton.

THE satirical novel, *Aristocracy*, recently published anonymously by D. Appleton and Co., New York, is the book that is now talked about. It is a rich presentation of British Aristocracy from the author's point of view, and affords exceedingly entertaining reading.

THE "scholar in politics" is personified just now by Col. T. W. Higginson, who is a candidate for Congress in Massachusetts, in the district that includes Cambridge and Harvard College. Col. Higginson's opponent is Gen. N. P. Banks, who is the Republican nominee.

*The Critic* of October 6th is a specially interesting number. The leading article is an appreciative critical estimate of the poetry of Matthew Arnold by a writer of English birth. A sketch of Mr. Arnold's niece, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of *Robert Elsmere*, of whom very little is known in this country, fills another column.

Or the libraries of Germany, the largest is that of Berlin, with 700,000 volumes and 15,000 manuscripts; then comes Dresden, 500,000 volumes and 4,000 manuscripts; Darmstadt, 380,000 volumes and 3,200 manuscripts; Leipsic—University Library—350,000 volumes and 4,000 manuscripts; and lastly, Breslau, Limbourg and Strasbourg.

RECENT additions to the Clarendon Press series are *Milton*, from Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, edited with notes and preface by C. H. Firth, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford; Professor Edward Cannan's *Elementary Political Economy*; and Goldsmith's *Traveller*, edited with introduction and notes by George Birkbeck, D.C.L. (New York: Macmillan & Co.)

*Cassell's Miniature Cyclopaedia*, compiled by W. L. Clewes (Cassell & Co., New York), is a whole library in a nutshell. In its 764 pages will be found a clear and complete condensation of the vast volume of matter which makes up the contents of both a complete cyclopaedia and a dictionary. It was modelled on the plan of Dr. Kurchner's Pocket-Cyclopaedia, and is a highly useful book.

THE J. B. Lippincott Company have begun the publication of a series of biographical studies of the great men who have influenced the social and political history of the world. It will be called the *International Statesmen Series*, and be edited by Lloyd C. Sanders. The initial volume of the series is "Lord Beaconsfield," by T. E. Kebbel, which is to be followed by volumes on O'Connell, Palmerston, Metternich, Fox, Gambetta, Gortschakoff, and many others.

A NEW biographical series is announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—a series to be devoted to men who developed and shaped religious thought in this country. A number of volumes are already in course of preparation. The president of Princeton is the author of a biography of Charles Hodge; Professor Allen, the author of "The Continuity of Christian Thought," has dealt with Jonathan Edwards, and Mr. John G. Shea with Archbishop Hughes. Mr. John Fiske has written the life of Theodore Parker.

FREHERR C. V. COTTA, manager and head of the great publishing house of J. G. Cotta, of Stuttgart and Munich, died at the latter city, September 19. His house was the publisher of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, one of the best known continental newspapers, which was first published in Augsburg and afterward at Munich. The house was founded by Johann Georg Cotta (whose family was originally of noble Italian blood) at Tübingen in 1640. The imprint of the firm appeared on the first editions of many of the works of Goethe, Schiller, Fichte, Alex. von Humboldt, and others who created and shaped German literature.

It is something of a question, writes Arlo Bates in the October *Book Buyer*, whether it can have been a very easy task to gather those chiefly useless facts and dates which it is the first function of a biography to preserve. A Boston compiler of birthday books—or was it calendars?—who wrote a few years since to Mr. Browning asking when his wife was born, received the rather curt reply that he had never felt it necessary to inquire when his wife was born and did not know. Of course this particular bit of information may not have been forthcoming because Mrs. Browning was older than her husband, but it has been stated that he was in no way inclined to be over-communicative of biographical details.

*The Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe*, by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, will shortly be published by Longmans, Green & Co. It will give an inside view of that eternal Eastern question for which every English diplomatist must find an answer, as to the riddle of the Sphinx. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe began his career as minister to Turkey when he

was only twenty-three. Much of the matter in these volumes is autobiographical, and there are boyish recollections of Sheridan, Byron, Fox, Pitt, Gustavus Adolphus, Wellington and George Canning; at twenty-six our future Lord Stratford helped to found the *Quarterly Review*, and introduced Gifford to Murray.

THE *Century* is to publish in early numbers a short serial novel by a writer new to its readers, Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood. The story is based upon events in the early history of Canada, and Mr. Francis Parkman, the historian, has written for it a preface in which he says that "the realism of our time has its place and function, but an eternal analysis of the familiar and commonplace is cloying after a while, and one turns with relief and refreshment to such fare as that set before us in Mrs. Catherwood's animated story." The romance will be illustrated by Henry Sandham, of Montreal, and both letter-press and pictures are said to introduce the reader to a comparatively little known time and scene.

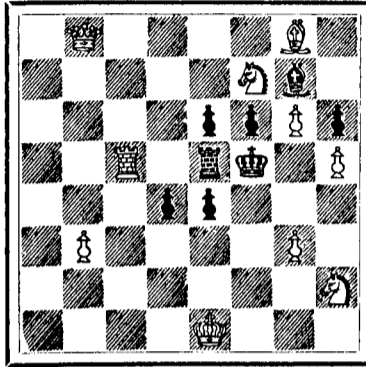
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 295.

By G. J. SLATER.

1st Prize Problem *Yenowine's News*.

BLACK.



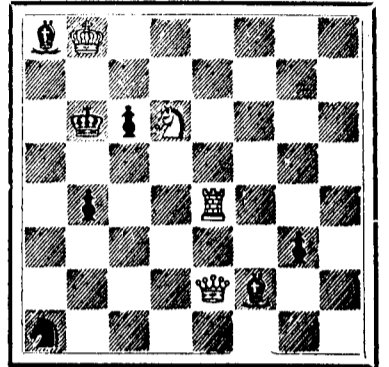
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 296.

From *Le Monde Illustré*.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 289.

- |                       |          |
|-----------------------|----------|
| White.                | Black.   |
| 1. P-R 8 becoming a R | 1. P-Q 5 |
| 2. R-R 1              | 2. P x R |
| 3. Q-Kt 7 mate.       |          |

NOTE.—In this Problem there should be a white Kt on white K 2.

No. 290.

- |                  |           |
|------------------|-----------|
| White.           | Black.    |
| 1. Kt-R 4        | 1. B-Kt 3 |
| 2. Q-K 5 +       | 2. K-B 5  |
| 3. Kt-Kt 6 mate. |           |
- If 1. Kt-Q B 5  
2. Q-Q B 5 +    2. Kt x Q or K move  
3. Kt, Q or P mates.  
With other variations.

GAME PLAYED AT CINCINNATI BETWEEN MR. CHAS. MOHLE AND MR. H. W. SHOWALTEN.  
[From *Columbia Chess Chronicle*.]  
EVANS GAMBIT.

MR. MOHLE.	MR. SHOWALTEN.	MR. MOHLE.	MR. SHOWALTEN.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	22. Kt-B 3	P x P
2. Kt-K B 3	P-Kt 4 B 3	23. Kt-Q 2	Castles
3. B-B 4	B-B 4	24. B-Kt 3	P-Q 4
4. P-Q Kt 4	B x Kt P	25. R x P	R x R
5. P-B 3	B-R 4	26. Q x R	Q-K 3
6. P-Q 4	P x P	27. Q-Q 6	Kt-B 4
7. Castles	P-Q 3	28. Q x Q +	B x Q
8. P x P	B-Kt 3	29. B-K 5	R-B 1
9. Kt-B 3	Kt-R 4	30. P-Kt 4	Kt-R 5
10. B-K Kt 5	P-K B 3	31. B-Kt 3	R-B 7
11. B-B 4	K x B	32. Kt-B 1 (c)	Kt-B 6 +
12. Q-R 4 +	Q-Q 2	33. K-Kt 2	Kt x P
13. Q x Kt	Q-B 2	34. Kt-K 3	R-Q 7
14. Kt-Q 5	B-K 3	35. R-Q Kt 1	P-Q Kt 4
15. Q-R 4 +	B-Q 2	36. P-Q R 3	Kt-B 6 (d)
16. Q-R 3	R-B 1	37. R x P	P-Q 5
17. Kt x B	R P x Kt	38. Kt-B 1	R-Q 8
18. Q-R 7 (a)	Kt-K 2	39. R-Kt 8 +	K-R 2
19. K R-B 1 (b)	P-K B 4	40. P-R 3	B-B 5
20. Kt-Kt 5	Q-Kt 3	41. B-Q 6	R x Kt
21. Q x P	P-R 3		And White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) Although he recovers the Gambit Pawn, the ensuing position is largely in favour of Black. White has an excellent attack by 18. K R-K 1, pressing P K 5.  
 (b) We prefer P-Q 5.  
 (c) As the Q P is lost anyhow, he would have more chances for a draw by B x Kt.  
 (d) Mr. Showalten has conducted the whole game with fine judgment, and by timely abandoning a Pawn brings it to a very pretty termination.

"CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM."—There is now on exhibition at Shaftesbury Hall one of the most important of the spectacular pictures which seem to have invaded the Western continent, following in the wake of Munkacsy's "Christ Before Pilate" and "Crucifixion." The large picture in Shaftesbury Hall, "Christ Entering Jerusalem," is well worthy of a visit from the public. Artistic or otherwise, it is of the spectacular order, and represents Christ seated upon an ass, led by St. John and followed by the other disciples, surrounded by the citizens of Jerusalem waving palm branches and children strewing flowers under His feet. The impression of the picture is bright and sunny, the brilliant and picturesque Eastern costumes giving the painter an opportunity of furnishing a gorgeous spectacle, which he has succeeded in doing. We hope that the attention and patronage of our citizens will encourage other such ventures, and that we may never be without something of the kind upon exhibition in the city. Philippoteaux will be remembered as the painter of the "Battle of Gettysburg" and "Niagara Falls," now on exhibition, at London to immense crowds. A full and interesting description of the picture is given by the lecturer in charge every half hour, the hall being open from 9 a.m. until 10 p.m.

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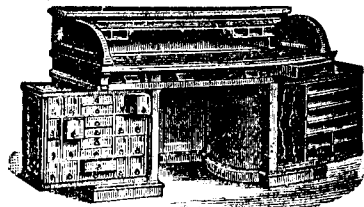
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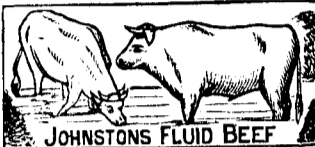
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## MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

Contents for October, 1888.

- Portrait of Col. William L. Stone, Frontispiece.
- The City of a Prince. A Romantic Chapter in Texas History. L. Illustrated. Leo C. Harby.
- The Site of Old Fort Massachusetts. Illustrated. D. D. Slade, M.D.
- Vindication of Gen. Samuel Holden Parsons. Hon. George B. Loring.
- An Unpublished Letter of John Adams. Charles Holt Dummer.
- A Boston Newspaper of the Revolution, 1778. Hon. Horatio King.
- The Marquis de La Bourcier. John Horn.
- A Trip from New York to Niagara in 1829. An Unpublished Diary of Col. William Leete Stone.
- Revolutionary Houses in New Jersey. Andrew Mellick, Jr.
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