

# THE WEEK:

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THE debate in the Ontario Legislature on the proposed constitutional amendments was sustained to the end with considerable vigour and ability on both sides. Perhaps the most effective speech was that of the Provincial Treasurer, Hon. A. M. Ross. He argued with much force that the great increase in the revenues of the Dominion since Confederation, an increase caused partly by heavier taxation, while the income of the Provinces had, necessarily, remained stationary, or nearly so, had so disturbed the ratio of distribution of income as to make a financial readjustment a matter of justice and necessity. It is to be regretted that the Government should have deemed it necessary to apply the cloture, so as to prevent the Opposition from putting on record their views in a series of amendments. It is difficult to see what valid objection there could be to this course, or what the Government had to gain by preventing it. Was it that they regarded the resolutions as of the nature of a treaty which must be accepted or rejected without alteration or modification? Even so they were sure of their majority. The course taken seemed hardly fair, certainly not generous, to the Opposition, and it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Meredith and others denounced it with a good deal of vigour.

THE Quebec Resolutions having been passed by the Government majority in the Ontario Legislature, what is to follow? They are, of course, to be sent to the Governor-General, to be transmitted by him to the home authorities. The other Provinces that were represented in the Conference, will, it may be assumed, pass and transmit the resolutions in like manner to England. What then? What view and action may be expected from the British Government? They will no doubt communicate in the constitutional manner with the Dominion Government, and the Dominion Government will as surely reply that the amendments are uncalled for and the innovations dangerous. What next? The question seems likely to emerge, whose prerogative is it to initiate constitutional amendments, that of the Central Parliament or of the Provincial Legislatures? The original constitution was framed and bestowed at the instance of the Provinces of course, for no Dominion existed. Should changes be inaugurated in the same way, or, the federation once formed, does the power to make such changes pass irrevocably into the hands of the central authority? The precedents seem to favour the latter view, as some slight changes have already been made at the instance of the Federal Govern-

ment and Parliament without reference to the Provinces. Still it would seem hard if the original contracting Provinces, in framing the federation, so completely effaced themselves that they must forever after be held by the bond, as interpreted and administered by the federal power. It cannot be believed they meant to do so. These are questions which are easily asked, but which the British Privy Council may, very possibly, be called upon to answer.

THE Manhood Suffrage Bill, introduced by Mr. Mowat in the Ontario Legislature, is a pretty thorough-going measure. If it passes, as no doubt it will, without material modification, it will confer upon every adult male resident, who is not criminal, imbecile, or lunatic, the right to use the franchise. There is no doubt, still room for debate as to the abstract wisdom of giving a vote to every man, irrespective of his interest or stake in the country, but there is scarcely room for debate as to the desirability, when the verge has been approached so nearly as in the existing law in Ontario, of taking the final step. The same remark may be made in reference to the Dominion. No good reason can be given for believing that the great majority of adult male citizens of Canada who are without the franchise under the present Dominion Act, are not quite as worthy of the trust in every respect as a large proportion of those already enfranchised. When to this consideration is added that of the vast expense that Act has entailed and will entail, and the large facilities it offers for fraud and litigation, it seems impossible that the Ottawa Government can long refrain from following Mr. Mowat's example. It seems a pity that it does not do so at once so as to put a stop to the great expense about to be incurred in the printing of a special Dominion Voters' List, which would surely be unnecessary in the case of manhood suffrage.

THE protocols of the Fisheries Commission, brief and unsatisfactory though they are, establish the fact that a distinct proposal was made by the British plenipotentiaries to have the matters in dispute settled on the basis of freer trade relations between Canada and the United States. Not only so, but, according to a statement said to have been made by one of the United States plenipotentiaries, and for the correctness of which Sir Charles Tupper, if the newspaper reports can be relied on, vouched in the House, a great deal of the time of the Commission was consumed in the determined efforts of Her Majesty's plenipotentiaries to have the question of increased freedom in the commercial relations of the two countries considered. The latter statement, however, appears to be quite irreconcilable with the dates, as referred to in the protocols and explained by Sir Charles. As shewn by these dates, the formal proposal of the British plenipotentiaries was made on the 30th of November, at the second meeting of the Commission, and the formal reply of the United States plenipotentiaries, but three or four days later. Whatever the explanation of the discrepancy, the plenipotentiaries of the United States, on behalf of their Government, positively declined to deal with the question on a basis of reciprocity, on the ground that any such arrangement would involve a modification of the tariff of the United States, a matter with which Congress alone could deal. This reply is intelligible enough, and, as has been before pointed out, in no way indicates, on its face at least, whether the Government and people of the United States would be favourable or hostile to a measure of unrestricted reciprocity.

ANOTHER mystery presents itself for the speculation of the curious. There is certainly a strange incongruity, amounting very nearly to a contrast, between the position taken by the United States Commissioners in the reply above referred to, and the views expressed by Secretary Bayard in his personal and unofficial preliminary correspondence with Sir Charles Tupper. In a friendly communication dated May 31st, 1887. Mr. Bayard wrote thus to Sir Charles: "I am confident we both seek to attain a just and permanent settlement, and there is but one way to procure it, and that is by a straightforward treatment on a liberal and statesmanlike plan of the entire commercial relations of the two countries. I say commercially, because I do not propose to include, however indirectly or by an intendent however partial or oblique, the political relation of Canada and the United States, nor to affect the legislative independence of either country." In the brief discussion that ensued on the submission of the papers to the Commons Mr. Laurier pointed out that the protocols relating

to the proposition and its refusal themselves showed, by internal evidence, that the transactions recorded had been preceded by other communications on the subject. The quotation we have made seems to show a remarkable change of opinion or attitude on the part of Secretary Bayard. Whether the causes of that change were in any way related to any position or action taken by the British members of the Commission is, in the absence of more light, merely matter for conjecture. Unless fuller information be forthcoming it is evident that the members of Parliament will be obliged to discuss the question largely in the dark. It would be unfair to assume that either Sir Charles or the Canadian Government is directly responsible for withholding the necessary information.

ALL supporters of the policy of protection to home industries will watch with special interest the course of the Government in the debate on Sir Richard Cartwright's unrestricted-reciprocity resolution, which will probably be under discussion by the time these notes reach the reader. To an onlooker the Government would seem to be in a dilemma, in which it will find it hard, if not impossible, to preserve its consistency. It is assumed that Sir John and his colleagues will oppose Sir Richard's motion, as indeed they are pledged to do by their own past words and record, and by good faith to all who have been induced to invest money under the National Policy. And yet, if Sir Charles Tupper, as the representative of the Ministry, formally offered to throw in the Canadian inshore fisheries as a make-weight in order to secure the boon of reciprocity, how can that Ministry now condemn a resolution in favour of such reciprocity without any special consideration? In view of the ostensible ground on which the proposal of the British plenipotentiaries was declined, it cannot be argued that the United States have refused reciprocity itself. The only reasonable inference is that in making the offer disclosed in the protocols, though no limit to the extent of the reciprocity proposed was indicated, the Canadian Government had no intention of agreeing to a free interchange of manufactured goods, unless perhaps in certain specified classes. It could have contemplated nothing like the unrestricted reciprocity of Sir Richard Cartwright's resolution.

THE North-West disallowance question has entered upon a new phase. The presence in Ottawa of Messrs. Greenway and Martin, the Premier and the Attorney-General of the Manitoban Administration, at the invitation of Sir John A. Macdonald, indicates that the time for negotiation with a view to the settlement of the difficulty has, in the opinion of the Dominion Government, at last arrived. To most thoughtful persons it has been matter of wonder that some such action was not long since taken. We have never believed it possible that the Dominion Government would attempt to enforce the arbitrary veto of Acts of a Provincial Legislation, which were clearly *intra vires*, at the point of the bayonet. Yet to this, as one of the alternative issues, matters have for some time past been rapidly tending. It is absurd to suppose that Sir John and his colleagues can have either interest or pleasure in thrusting an odious and ruinous railway monopoly upon an unwilling Province. Their action hitherto seems explicable only on the supposition of some private understanding with the Company, some promise, actual or implied, to protect its interests beyond the points indicated in the terms of the contract. Assuming the existence of such an obligation, it is easier to understand why Sir John should have waited for the affair to assume its present serious and even threatening aspect before making overtures for settlement. It may have been deemed wise or necessary to let the people of Manitoba prove that they were thoroughly in earnest, and would brook no further denial of their rights, in order that the fact might be used as a lever in obtaining the necessary concessions from the Company. The injury that would result to the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company from another insurrection, whether successful or unsuccessful, would far more than offset any advantage they could hope for from monopoly. It would be premature, however, to say the least, to assume that the Manitoba question is settled. It is not known, at the date of this writing, that any progress has yet been made towards settlement. Thus far the Manitoba ministers are said to be very emphatic in their resolves to accept no compromise. In fact, the state of feeling in Manitoba, as indicated by the recent elections and otherwise, seems to be such as nothing short of an absolute surrender of the monopoly can satisfy, so that the delegates have really no choice in the matter. Whether the Ottawa Government is yet prepared to yield anything remains to be seen. A respected correspondent of THE WEEK, writing from Brandon, argued in last issue that we were mistaking the voice of Winnipeg for that of the Province. The utterances of the Board of Trade in Brandon, the unopposed return of Mr. Smart, Minister of Public Works in the Greenway Cabinet, for that constituency, and the triumphant success of the three Ministers whose

elections have been contested, seem scarcely reconcilable with our correspondent's view of the case. Be that as it may, it can scarcely be doubted that a settlement on the basis of free railway construction would give a great impetus to the prosperity and progress of the Province.

THE effort that is being made to form a Prohibition Political Party in the Dominion is not likely to result in a very serious weakening of either of the existing parties, or a very great strengthening of the movement for prohibitory legislation. Experience has thus far shown pretty clearly that both Liberals and Tories are slow to renounce their party allegiance for the sake of their prohibitionist convictions. It is, moreover, questionable if the new party would receive many recruits from the ranks of the really independent. Meanwhile, apart altogether from the fundamental principles involved, those who are honestly, if mistakenly, striving to secure the enactment of a prohibitory law for the Dominion would do well to weigh calmly and thoughtfully the teachings of experience in other countries. Two very suggestive facts are just now before us. In Portland, Maine, a municipal contest of much interest was fought a couple of weeks since. General Dow, the veteran prohibitionist, was one of the candidates for Mayor, and his candidacy was understood to be solely in the interests of a better enforcement of prohibition in the city. He was defeated by a majority of over 1,600. And, strange to say, in this chief city of the State which has been under a prohibitory law for a quarter of a century, his crushing defeat was ascribed to the liquor and saloon interest! Another suggestive fact, with a different bearing upon a well known prohibitionist position, was that stated at a temperance meeting a week or two since in Brooklyn, by Mr. Seth Low, one of the advocates of the High License Bill now before the New York Legislature. Referring to his experience while Mayor of Brooklyn, Mr. Low instanced one police precinct, occupied chiefly by Germans, where the number of arrests for drunkenness in a given year was only one-half of one per cent. of the population, while in another precinct, where distilled liquors were the principal beverage, the number of arrests exceeded eleven per cent. of the population. These facts show the difficulties with which the whole question is beset, and point to the need of wise and dispassionate caution on the part of all who are sincerely devoted to the cause of temperance.

IT is gratifying to all friends of higher education in Ontario to learn that the spirited effort put forth by Principal Grant and the Board of Governors of Queen's University to secure an endowment fund of a quarter of a million of dollars for that institution has been successful. Queen's, which has already done much good educational work, will thus be enabled to enter upon a career of enlarged usefulness. Few, whatever their opinions may be in regard to the multiplication of feeble colleges, or the possible benefits to be derived from concentration and federation, will fail to see that it is eminently desirable, from almost every point of view, that this well-rooted institution, with so honourable a record and so well located, midway between Toronto and Montreal, in the old, historic city of Kingston, should be maintained in full vigour and efficiency. The many friends of Principal Grant will earnestly hope that after the period of rest and travel, to which he has wisely consented, he may be able to resume his chosen work with renewed strength and energy.

THE position of the Crofters of the Island of Lewis, or "The Lews," as it is commonly called, is most critical. The report of Sheriff Fraser and Mr. Malcolm MacNeill, the Commissioners appointed to visit the Island and inquire into the real state of affairs, has been published in a Parliamentary paper. The report shows that while some destitution and suffering at present exist, it is the hopelessness of the outlook, the certainty of coming famine, that makes the case of the wretched Crofters specially deplorable. The resources of the poor-law are already strained, and were it not that the meagre doles of the relieving officer are eked out by private alms many would be already famishing. But all available resources are rapidly becoming exhausted. The potato crop is nearly consumed. The cattle and sheep will soon have to be killed for food. Unless relief on a large scale, by means of emigration or some other wholesale scheme, is soon forthcoming, famine and starvation are inevitable. The present population of The Lews is estimated at 28,000. The present crisis seems to be in no way the fault of the Crofters, unless the increase of population beyond the possibilities of support be attributed to them as a fault. The people are able and willing to work, but since the successive failures of the kelp industry and the herring fishery, and the decay of the potato, there seems to be absolutely nothing for them to do. Hence dejection and apathy have taken hold upon them. "Strong men are to be

seen at home idly watching the privations endured by their wives and children." "Grown-up children, who should long since have opened a career for themselves, are still inmates of parents' houses." Notwithstanding their wretchedness, the people are averse to emigration, alleging that there is land enough to afford them support if they were but allowed to occupy and cultivate it, and that their misery is largely the result of the population having been crowded into little sections while immense areas have been converted into deer parks and sheep walks. No doubt the British Parliament will see the necessity of grappling with the difficulty in some effective way. The case presents another phase of the ever-recurring agrarian question.

THE long-expected blow has fallen, and all Germany is in mourning. Seldom, indeed, has the death of so autocratic a sovereign called forth so much genuine sorrow in a nation. It is hard to say whether the historical or the personal figure of the dead monarch stands out most clearly in the regretful memories of his subjects. The one appeals to the national imagination, the other to the national heart. Out of the one springs loyalty to the King, out of the other, love to the man. No doubt, too, dim apprehensions as to the future mingle more or less with the feelings of sorrow and bereavement which have bowed the people of the whole Empire almost as one man. The past is certain and secure, but no one can tell what is to come. The sceptre of the dead has fallen into the hands of the dying, and it will be above present hope if Frederic III. wields it for as many days as it was years in the sturdy grasp of his father. The man who knows himself stricken with fatal disease may mount painfully to the throne at the call of duty, but he cannot be expected to develop either the strength or the weakness, the wisdom or the folly that may be in him. Thus all eyes are at once turned to the new heir apparent, and turned, it cannot be denied, with a good deal of misgiving. So long as the man of blood and iron remains to hold the hands of the son and the grandson as he did those of the sire there will probably be little visible change in the course of the nation. But at the age of seventy-five Prince Bismarck must be nearing the inevitable bourne. "What shall the man do who cometh after the King? or who can tell whether he will be a wise man or a fool?"

PERHAPS it would hardly be venturing into the domain of prophecy to predict for the Germany of the coming generation a yet grander destiny than that which has been achieved by those who are now passing off the stage. To all human seeming the nation has been in training for a nobler career than the race of glory which she has so triumphantly run. The stern military training which has made Germany a nation of soldiers; the conflicts, the hardships, the dangers, and the victories of the past have developed conscious power and strong self-reliance. Her excellent if not unique system of schools and colleges have made her people also a race of scholars. The great wonder has been in the past how such a people could bow their necks so long to the yoke of a military despotism or suffer so large a share of the fruits of science and industry to be offered in the temple of Mars. But a nation does not come to maturity in a day. Much has been yielded to stern necessity in the past. Security against foes on either hand had to be provided, and the love of freedom has hitherto yielded to the love of country. Present indications point to another great struggle, more terrible perhaps than any that has preceded, in the near future. When Germany has emerged triumphant from this, as it can scarcely be doubted she will if it is forced upon her, her people may hope for a period of rest. The intense longing for relief from the present intolerable burdens, and for an ample measure of genuine freedom and self-rule will then have opportunity to make itself felt. The arts of peace will, it may be hoped, take precedence of the arts of war, constitutional freedom replace a semi-military absolutism, and the united people enter upon a career worthy of the greatest nation in Europe in the dawn of the twentieth century of the Christian era.

THE facts brought to light during the recent trial of M. Wilson, in France, show but too clearly that corruption in high places is not confined to monarchies. The plague spots of the Napoleonic court have reappeared to some extent in the Presidential household. The history of M. Wilson, as brought to light, is a most disgraceful one. His earlier life had been stained with the grossest vice and immorality, to which his career as the son-in-law of President Grévy and a resident in the Presidential mansion was but too fitting a sequel. His position gave him an opportunity of learning many State secrets, a knowledge he had the ineffable meanness to turn to his own advantage. The influence accruing from his position and

relationship was prostituted to his money-making passion through the sale of decorations, and he abused the franking privilege to an enormous extent. But the inflexible sternness with which his prosecution was followed up none the less augurs well for the future of the French Republic. The lesson taught through the medium of his severe sentence can scarcely fail to be most salutary. He was adjudged guilty of fraud, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, a heavy fine, and deprivation of civil rights for five years. The history of the transaction is on the whole indicative of the growth of political morality in France. It is a hopeful sign that the people are no longer indifferent or callous, as formerly, to intrigues and scandals in Government and Court circles.

#### TEACHING AND CRAMMING.

"SOMETHING will have to be done"—such is the all but universal concession made by those who are really acquainted with the present system of education in England and in Canada. We do not mean to deny that much has already been done, and done well, for the education of both countries, and of all classes in them. If we compare the present state of things with that which existed fifty years ago, it will be seen how much has been gained; but it has not been all gain. Granting that the lower strata have been raised, we have some doubt as to whether the classes which received a liberal education fifty years ago are being as well taught at the present moment as they were before. We are in some danger of preparing men for examinations rather than fitting them for the business of life, of cramming them rather than educating them, of making them sharp rather than thoughtful.

It is not easy to get these subjects calmly considered. If there is anything that we are specially proud of, on both sides of the Atlantic, it is our improved methods of education. However great the differences in the working and in the sustaining of our schools, there are certain points of close resemblance, especially, the multiplication of the subjects of study, and the increased number and minuteness of our examinations. English masters of "elementary schools," corresponding with our "public schools" complain bitterly of the worry of "payment by results," incompetent, ignorant, and bumptious members of school-boards, and the dictatorial tone of H. M. Inspectors. The system here is, in various respects different; but we doubt whether the masters do not feel some of the same difficulties.

Waiving a variety of questions which are not unworthy of consideration, there are two points to which the attention of all who are seriously interested in the education of the people is now frequently directed. We refer to the number of the subjects taught, as well as the kind of subjects taught in our schools and colleges, and to the number and the character of the examinations.

Of course we must have examinations; but we must try to get rid of their most serious imperfections, and to make them as useful as possible. At the present moment there are few who will say that our examinations are such as to encourage the best methods of study, or to promote the best kinds of education. Let us grant that it is not easy to frame questions for which the examinees cannot prepare by cramming. You must require of the candidate certain pieces of information, and you must ascertain whether he possesses them or not. In some cases, a larger infusion of the *viva voce* method would be an improvement. In all cases, some questions should be asked of such a kind as would tend to draw out the real knowledge and thoughtfulness of the student.

Probably the worst form of examination is the competitive, which happily has less play in this country than in England. Men have been known to wreck their health fatally in reading for the Indian Civil Service; and many persons, who have a right to an opinion on such subjects, declare that the Civil Service in India had better men before the present system was instituted. It has also been asserted that, if the present system of examinations had been in vogue in the times of the Duke of Wellington, that great soldier would never have been able to gain a commission in the English army.

We have no wish to exaggerate the evil. It is very likely that this is done, to some extent, by the professional grumblers and by the lauders of the past time. But no one can quite believe that the present system is the final one. And the difficulty in regard to examinations is greatly enhanced by the multiplicity of subjects which have to be prepared. We believe that most teachers of experience now think that, whatever were the faults of the old methods of education, in some respects it was preferable to the present; and particularly in this respect, that teacher and pupil were not harassed, as they now are, by the enormous number and variety of the subjects with which they have to deal.

What is the principal work of a school teacher? Certainly not to give his pupils some slight knowledge of everything; but first, to teach him such things as will enable him to pursue his studies by himself, and further, to get him into the habit of doing all his work intelligently, carefully, and accurately as far as he goes. A boy or a girl so taught and disciplined would have a thousand times better a start for carrying on the serious work of education than one who had got a little smattering of everything. And we fear that the smattering is now the rule. We are afraid to enumerate the various subjects which quite young children are required to attack. And with what result? Among other things a prodigious amount of flippant inaccuracy and boundless conceit. To take one instance, what is to be said of the spelling of the rising generation? We know what ought to be. Reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic are certainly the foundations of all education. Accuracy in these elementary subjects is a *sine qua non*. When it is not found, we may be pretty sure there will be accuracy in nothing else. A boy who cannot read and spell and write and cipher a little with a considerable degree of accuracy will blunder in every other subject which he undertakes. What, then, do examiners find in the papers of young men who are examined on science of all kinds, on medical subjects, on philosophy, on theology? Many of them testify that they find the vilest spelling, and that the thing has gone so far that they pay no attention at all to the spelling, but mark good spellers and bad spellers alike. Ought this to be done? Are the fundamental subjects, the bases of education, to go for nothing? Are men to go abroad with B.A., M.A., B.D., M.D. attached to their names, who are ignorant of that which a boy of ten or twelve ought to know perfectly?

We believe that this matter of the number and variety of the subjects taught in elementary schools needs immediate consideration, and that the sooner the number is reduced the better it will be for the masters and scholars and for the cause of education. But we must pass on to another aspect of the subject which is of no less importance—the manner of communicating instruction in our schools and colleges. On this point we must make our meaning quite clear. The errors which we shall venture to point out exist. We know that they exist. To what extent they prevail we have no means of knowing. Whoever is free from them is liable to no portion of the criticism which we here venture to offer. That others are so liable we know, and we shall therefore proceed to offer our criticism.

In the imparting of instruction in our upper schools, colleges, and universities, a prodigious amount of mere cramming is going on. Young men are stuffed for examinations; they are not educated for study and for life. They are made stupid rather than bright; they are made superficial and vain rather than thoughtful and humble: and Bacon warned us long ago that the kingdom of knowledge can be entered only as the kingdom of heaven is entered—by our becoming as little children.

And how is this done? In various ways. But one principal method is the plan adopted by some teachers and lecturers of dictating nearly from beginning to end of their lecture. No matter what the subject may be—chemistry, philosophy, history, theology, or anything else—the unfortunate student has to bend over his note book for a mortal hour, and then another, and then another, writing laboriously the sentences dictated by his teacher. There is hardly any opportunity of exercising thought on the subject of the lecture. He must just put down what he is told, and some time before the examination he must get it up; when the examination is over he may dismiss it from his mind, for he has nothing left. There was no reflection, it was simply a matter of cramming, and the work is done!

Very often it would be quite easy to save the student a great part of this mere mechanical routine by recommending to him a good text-book, which could in most cases easily be found, and which would contain a great deal more than the lecturer could possibly dictate, and would be quite as easy to "get up." But here again the miserable system is carried on. The lecturer will not give his victim liberty; he must guide him through the book; and so he sets to work and writes out or cribs an analysis of the work prescribed, and the unfortunate student has to write out, day after day, the meagre sketch of a book which might be interesting to him if he were allowed to read it.

Let us not be misunderstood. Analysis is often useful; but for most of the books that in any way need to be studied by such helps good analyses are already provided. And, at any rate, this is not the work of the teacher. His work is to excite an interest in the subject of study, to throw light upon the argument of the book, to criticize statements of fact, arguments, and illustrations, to teach his pupils to take a living interest in their work, and not merely to regard it as a thing to be got through in order that they may pass an examination and gain a degree or a prize. If the time now spent in this mechanical labour were given to explanatory or illuminative lecturing on a good text-book, and to examining at the beginning of every lecture on the subject of the previous one, we might have a good deal more teaching and a good deal less of cramming.

Yet there are cases in which dictation is necessary and useful. The method, for example, adopted by many German professors, of dictating a clear outline of their lecture, which the student can take away with him and fill up afterwards, as he pleases, is an excellent one. In this case, the portions dictated are merely the starting points for exposition and illustration; and any ordinary student who is attentive will easily be able by the aid of his notes and the exercise of his memory to recite nearly the whole of what he has heard. Nothing can be better than this system where it can be applied. The memory is exercised and strengthened, but not the memory alone. The reasoning powers are brought into play, and the whole intelligence is stimulated, illuminated, moulded. At least we are certain that this will be the judgment of all who have had experience of the two methods. Who will help our teachers to adopt the more excellent way?

## MONTREAL LETTER.

A SUPERFICIAL observer at any of our public balls might hail with delight, if he be of socialistic principles, the seemingly democratic spirit that governs such entertainments. Closer examination, however, will discover a multiplicity of cliques, a bewildering number of social "circles" as far remote from each other "as from the centre thrice to the utmost pole." The *raison d'être* of such distinctions in this country of ours it would be difficult, nay, almost impossible, to explain, were it not for the fact that, despite our Churches, we bow with the rest of humanity no longer to the golden rule, but rather to the rule of gold.

All the world and his wife figured at the brilliant ball given in the Windsor Hotel on Friday evening to fête the Prince of Wales' silver wedding. It was organized by the regiment that bears his name: a regiment that prides itself upon its armoury, its rank, its enterprise, and the prowess of its officers in social manœuvres. The ball-room was very prettily decorated with star-shaped trophies of bayonets, and at one end blazed an arch of steel and light. There were far fewer red coats than one could have wished to see; for the dress of the regiment, though very handsome and becoming, forms no contrast in colour to the sable hideous of civilians' garb, that makes so meaningless and ugly a daub amidst all the delicious tints of feminine attire. Some stalwart hearts appeared in kilts, and were rewarded for their intrepidity by presenting a most enviable figure. The ladies were, generally speaking, as fair and flimsy as the fattest old chevalier could desire. Soft, cloud-like skirts of tulle over satin seemed to be most popular. It was quite worthy a moralist's study to mark the hues of these fair creatures' dresses. The prettily awkward and childish lady-like debutante comes forth in immaculate white; she returns the following winter in pink; we next find her a pale golden flame; but ere long she will blaze forth like stage fire, only to smoulder eventually in black and gray on the chaperon's bench.

If the roads were disagreeable beyond description, the distance from most Christian habitations seemingly interminable, when once arrived at, the St. George's Snow-shoe Club-house on Saturday afternoon more than rewarded our trouble. We had been summoned to an "At Home," but an "At Home" of a very convivial nature. The club-house is small, but most compact, and suited to its end in every way. It stands on high ground about a mile from the City's western limit, and commands a most gorgeous view. The interior comprises, on the first floor, a large entrance hall, supper-room and ball-room, and on the second, committee rooms. The walls, ceilings and floors are of pretty, light wood; while each of the only ornaments, the candelabra, is decorated with heavy gilded snow-shoes. Saturday's entertainment might almost be considered a house-warming, inasmuch as the Club has been built but a short time. However, not seldom during this past arctic season have dancing and sprightly companions exercised greater fascination than the less civilized, melancholy "tramp." Quite after the fashion of knightly days did the snow-shoers receive their friends, who danced and made merry from four to seven.

I had the pleasure of visiting Mr. J. Harris' studio last week; he is an artist, I believe, in whom Torontonians feel much interest. But, of course, one has no need to specify thus. Mr. Harris has at present on view his portrait of Doctor Norman, which, in a few days, is to be taken across the road and placed in the Art Gallery. We have in this portrait some excellent work of a most excellent workman. The face is indeed a tempting one to paint, with its strong, clearly marked features, yet calm and dignified refinement. The artist's treatment evinces at once strength and sensibility. You must often have remarked that subtle differences which, nevertheless, very truly exists between the physiognomies of teachers of different creeds. Doctor Norman's face is essentially that of an Anglican clergyman, and the indescribable something which makes it such is in the portrait.

Mr. Harris studied for a time at the Slade School of Art, in London, but he soon left it, like all enterprising English artists, to work in Paris. Here he entered the studio of Bonnat, the great French portraitist. Now he comes back to us with all the fresh strength and enthusiasm, and unconventionality, that animate the greatest of modern schools. A delightful absence of pose, an earnestness at once honest and simple characterizes Mr. Harris' work. We hear of the gilded Carolus Durand's receptions, we look at his latest work on exhibition—"Andromède," a comely model, but nothing else—and we smile. In contrast must rise before us the "Angelus" and its starving author, and then does it appear once again how for artists' lungs one whiff of air from Fontainebleau is worth many an hour passed in aristocratic faubourgs; one rough day under the open sky, many a night in pink-and-white salons. All this that I say I felt in Mr. Harris' studio, his rough little picture lined workshop, and I felt, too, we must do all we can to keep such an artist with us. But don't for an instant imagine his path is prickly like poor Millet's; he will doubtless have to be more on his guard against rose leaves than stones.

Mr. Harris has of course a number of portraits besides that of Dr. Norman. A bald-headed, silent-looking, wrinkled, old man he calls the "Cardinal." "A French Peasant Woman" several exhibitions have possessed. But more interesting than these, quite a little gem, is the figure of a young woman playing the organ. She turns her back to us, the pose is delightfully easy, while the dusky green of her dress is simply charming in tone. Another poetical little thing represents an old workman seated on the chesnut-covered ground in mid-forest. Here the reds and browns are deep and rich, and the bare trunks, the tired creature, and the stilly air murmur "autumn."

I have hardly the right to speak of a certain picture not yet finished, but yet what I saw was so good that I am tempted to give you some idea

of it. The village tenor is making his *début*, he sings out gallantly, while the lady accompanist at the harmonium contemplates his performance with puzzled doubt. Especially happy is this latter's expression, *un vraie trouvaille*.

In the cathedral Sunday morning Doctor Norman bade his congregation farewell. The dictates of duty are often by no means clear to those whom she does not directly address. We have not yet discovered why we should be deprived of one of our most cultured clergymen and citizens. After having lived amongst us for twenty years he has decided to leave Montreal and take up his residence in Quebec, as rector of the cathedral there. We have nothing to do, I suppose, but deplore our fate and congratulate our sister city.

LOUIS LLOYD.

### PARIS LETTER.

G. ROTHAN'S *Souvenirs Diplomatiques (Revue des Deux Mondes)* are supplementary papers by the eminent diplomatist on the *Rôle of Prussia and Her King During the Crimean War*. They might not be inaptly styled, the political infancy of Prince Bismarck. The souvenirs should be read along with Kinglake's last volumes on the Crimean War, and to which they form a most fitting complement. By the Congress of Paris in 1856, Bismarck espied the future greatness of Prussia, and seized the opportunity. On the outbreak of the Crimean War the policy of Prussia was of the see-saw and weathercock nature. Frederick William had no fixed ideas. His Minister, General De Manteuffel, was guided by circumstances, and so possessed no authority. And yet Prussia was hostile to Russia.

To enable Prussia to take up a definite position it was necessary that Manteuffel should retire. Who was to be his successor, was the difficulty. Only one man was designated by common consent—Bismarck, whose ambition to be Foreign Secretary was no secret. But he was not a *persona grata* either at Paris, Vienna, or London, where he was viewed as stiff-necked and unbending: a man that would never lend himself to the do-nothing rôle of a Manteuffel, nor yet allow himself to become an old property between the hands of a sovereign, at once mystical, fantastical, and wavering. This waiting for "something to turn up" attitude on the part of Prussia irritated, but never duped, all the Great Powers, so that on the conclusion of the war they resolved to exclude Prussia from the Congress of Paris. This would have been to reduce Prussia to the rank of a second-class Power. It was Napoleon III. who insisted on Prussia being invited, and Frederick William in return expressed his eternal gratitude to Napoleon III.

That was the moment when the political genius of Bismarck broke out; when he tried his wings; when he exhibited his lucid and profound view of the future, his boldness of plans united to firmness and cynicism in their execution. Bismarck's programme was to maintain cordial relations with all the Cabinets, and hold out to each the possibility of Prussia being their ally. Napoleon knew the play of the Prince, pooh-poohed it, as not being worth serious opposition. It was only after Sedan that the Emperor discovered his penalty for pooh-poohing persistently Bismarck, and considering him to be simply a fool, as he estimated him at Biarritz.

But sheer ability alone would not have made Bismarck's astonishing success. He found in events his trump cards. The leading *roitelets* of Germany were destitute of virility; the ministers at Vienna, destitute of capacity; and the Government of France was mystical, chimerical, and personal. Bismarck settled the question of Germanic dualism, pending since the age of Charles V.; then came the war of 1859, the violation of the Treaty of Zurich, the 1863 Polish insurrection; Denmark dismembered, due to the same causes as led to the partition of Poland—petty antagonistic rivalry between France and England; Sadowa; the python coils of deception entwined round Napoleon; the *renaissance* of liberalism in France. Such were the leading events on the side of Bismarck; a succession of advantages that neither Richelieu, nor Mazarin, nor Frederick II. ever experienced. They were the numberless faults, contradictions, and duplicities of Napoleon III., which made the grandeur of Prince Bismarck—who out-schemed all the schemers.

*Fanny Mendelssohn, d'après les Mémoires de son fils.* By F. Sergy (Reinwald). Appetite comes with eating. The public is ravenous for memoirs; but then such are more or less the bone of our bone and the flesh of our flesh. Fanny was the eldest sister of Mendelssohn, and in a measure his Egeria. She married the painter, Hensel, who enjoyed a famous reputation in Germany. Naturally the whole family was musical. Goethe would frequently drop in, to ask Félix, the "infant prodigy," to make a little noise for him at the piano. When done, Goethe would kiss Mendelssohn. What an exchange of affection between two celebrities; one, in his decline of life, the other at its aurora! Though Goethe spoke softly, he could use it seems a voice of "ten thousand stentor-power." Fanny and her husband came to reside at Rome, and while there encountered Gounod, who was a sizar student of music. Fanny became a sort of maternal Madame Weldon towards him. He was passionately fond of German music, and which exercised a curious effect on his excessively passionate and romantic temperament—"similar as if a bombshell had exploded in the house." Undoubtedly the influence of Fanny Mendelssohn facilitated the development of Gounod's genius. Perhaps in his *Faust* for example.

Gounod always had a tendency to religious mysticism. Lacordaire's preaching in Rome had made a deep impression on his mind, so much so, that Gounod was on the point of throwing up music for the pulpit. He was enrolled in the Order of St. John the Evangelist, composed of young art students sympathizing with the teaching of Lacordaire, till Gounod set up as a Peter the Hermit himself, preaching the regeneration of humanity by means of the Fine Arts.

IVREA.

### A TRIP TO ENGLAND.—II.

FEUDALISM, like Monasticism, is a thing of the past, though it has left its traces on law and social organization. Its abodes, like those of Monasticism, are ruins. One here and there, like a knight exchanging his armour for the weeds of peace when war was over, has been softened and developed into a palace or a mansion, as in the case of Warwick, the abode of the "Last of the Barons," of Alnwick, the fortress of the Percies, and that of the great keep of Windsor itself. In every part of the land, on heights and commanding points, shattered ruins mark the seat from which feudal lordship once looked down in its might and pride upon a land of serfs. Even the loftiness of the situation and the more bracing air must have helped to nourish in the Norman chief the sense of superiority to the peasants or burghers whose habitations cowered below. In their day these fortresses, the more important of them at least, were creations of military architecture, equal perhaps in its way to the ecclesiastical architecture which created the cathedrals. Owing his power, his security, his importance to the strength of his castle, and every day surveying it, the lord would be always occupying himself in perfecting his defences. To understand what a castle was, and how it was attacked and defended, it is necessary to read some work on military architecture, like that of Viollet Le Duc, and thus to enable ourselves to restore in fancy not only the stone structure of which the fragments are before us, but the wooden platforms upon which the defenders fought. "Destroyed by Cromwell" is the usual epitaph of an English castle. But generally speaking, gunpowder and social progress were the combined powers before which the massy walls of the feudal Jericho fell down. Sometimes the castle ruins stand mute records of the past in the midst of some thriving city, and the castle hill, converted into a pleasure ground, forms the evening lounge of the burghers whose forefathers its frowning battlements overawed. Evil memories haunt those dungeons, now laid open to the light of day, in which the captives of feudalism once pined. Berkeley rang with the shrieks of an agonizing king. Pomfret, too, saw a dethroned monarch meet the usual fate of the dethroned, and afterwards saw the hapless enemies of Richard III. pass to the tragic death which in the time of the Wars of the Roses had become almost the common lot of nobility and ambition. With the very name of castle is connected the dreadful memory of the feudal anarchy in the time of King Stephen, when castles were multiplied, and each of them became the den and torture-house of some Front-de-Bœuf, with his band of marauding mercenaries, so that the cry of the people was that Christ and the saints slept. This is the dark side of the history which the ruins of castles recall. On the other hand, it should be remembered that the lord of the feudal castle did after his fashion the necessary service of an iron time. If he oppressed the dwellers beneath his ramparts, he also protected them against other oppressors. In the days before regular and centralized administration local lordship was in fact, in the rural districts at least, about the only possible instrument of social and political organization. By it alone could the rough justice of the times be meted out, or the forces of the community called forth for national or local defence. The life of a lord then was not one of sybaritism, but of very hard work. If he was good, as a certain proportion of the lords no doubt were, the tie between him and his vassals, though repugnant to the ideas of modern democracy, was not necessarily hateful or degrading: it has supplied congenial food for poetry and romance. Under a weak king like Stephen the castles were strongholds of anarchy, and Stephen's strong successor, when he demolished a great number of them, packed off the mercenaries who had manned them, and strictly enforced the law against unlicensed fortification, must have been blessed by all his people. But against a king who was too strong and aimed at absolute power the baronage was the rude champion and trustee of liberty. Had the royal mercenaries been able to sweep the kingdom without resistance, not law and order but the untempered sway of a despot's will would have been the result. Nor ought it to be forgotten that rude and coarse as life in these castles was, in them took place a very happy change in the relations between the sexes and the character of domestic life. In the cities of antiquity the men lived together in public, while the women were shut up at home almost as in a harem. But in the castle the sexes lived constantly together, and the lord must have learned to find his daily happiness in the company of his lady. Thither, too, came the troubadour with his lays and the *trouvere* with his tales, thrice welcome when there was no newspaper, no *salon*, no theatre, and refined the minds of the inmates of the castle while they beguiled the weary hour.

In the architecture of the castles, as in that of the cathedrals, there are successive phases which mark the changing times. A stern Norman keep, such as that of Rochester, recalls the days in which the conquered Saxon looked up with fear and hatred to the hold of the Conqueror. Gradually, as times grew milder, the Norman keep was softened through a series of modifications into the fortified mansion, such as Bodiam, in Sussex, built by one of the companions-in-arms of Edward III., out of his winnings in the French wars. At last we come to a mansion like Hurstmonceaux, also in Sussex, which betokens the final transition into the manor house. Hurstmonceaux is worth visiting were it only as a specimen of brickwork which puts our age to shame. Only a fragment of it, however, remains. The rest was pulled down in a fit of spleen, it is said, by a proprietor on whose grave rests the antiquary's malison. The castellated mansion of Hever, in Kent, has been more fortunate. The great castles of the north, such as Warkworth, Naworth, Alnwick, and Ford, recall the memories of the wild Border wars of Hotspur and of Chevy Chase. The castles of Wales, notably Carnarvon, tell of the strategy and policy of Edward, the greatest not only of the Plantagenets, but of all mediæval kings.

The cities of the Old World, with their narrow and crooked streets, speak of the time in which the burghers were huddled together within the walls which guarded their little realms of industry from feudal violence, while the cities of the New World, spreading out freely and in straight lines, speak of the security of a happier era. Of the ancient walls, about the best specimen is to be seen at Chester, fortified in former days against the wild Welsh. Of the walls of York also there are fine remains, with the ancient gateways or bars through which the capital of the north saw many a mail-clad column march, and many a procession of state defile. The visitor to Oxford should not fail to see the remnant of the city wall within which lie New College and its gardens, and which was kept in repair by virtue of a covenant between the founder of the College and the city. Conway, on the north coast of Wales, presents or not long ago presented, though on a small scale, the aspect of a walled town of the Middle Ages, with its castle almost in the original state, though the fast train from London to Holyhead runs where the warder of the lonely garrison once looked over the Welsh hills and but rarely, like the warder of Norham in *Marmion*, saw approach "a plump of spears."

Of England's part—no mean part—in the Crusades and of her chivalry the chief monument is the Temple Church, in London, with the tombs of the Templars which it contains. Few things in the way of monumental sculpture are more impressive than these simple and soldier-like effigies of the warriors of the Cross when we think of the religious romance of lives spent in combat with the Paynim on the fields of Palestine. The Order of the Templars fell partly no doubt through its own vices and pride, the consequences of the wealth which Christian enthusiasm had lavished on it, and out of which it built the proud fortress-mansion to which the Church belonged. But it had rendered illustrious service to Christendom and to civilization by stemming the onrushing tide of Mahometan conquest, and we are glad to think that at least its dissolution was not attended in England by the vile and dastardly cruelties which were inflicted on Jacques de Molay and his brethren by a tyrant in France. In the home of the redoubtable and ambitious brotherhood a peaceful society of lawyers now dwells, and the preacher of the society bears the title of "The Master of the Temple." When we speak of chivalry we mean the genuine chivalry of Sir Galahad and his fellows, who, as soldiers of God and champions of Christendom, went in quest of "the Holy Grail," not of that fantastic after-growth which appeared when the Crusades were over, and which swore on the swans, worshipped women as goddesses, while it by no means treated them as Dianas, performed crazy vows in their honour, tilted in senseless tournaments, made reckless wars out of a mere spirit of adventure, cultivated a narrow class sense of honour, trampled on the peasant, and at last sat for the portrait of Don Quixote. The products and memorials of this bastard chivalry are the orders, titles, and ceremonies of Knighthood which have been transmitted in course of time into a curious sort of Legion of Honour, much, as we know, to the satisfaction of Colonial ambition.

Among the relics of the feudal era may be numbered the forests once dedicated to the indulgence of that passion for the chase which devoured the restless Norman in the intervals of war, and long the hateful scenes of Norman tyranny, now pleasant retreats of sylvan beauty and peace in a thronged and busy country. The most considerable of them is the New Forest, to create which the Conqueror laid waste a wide district, sweeping away hamlet, grange, and church, and which, as the judgment of Heaven on his tyranny, saw the deaths of two of his sons. A stone marks the spot where a party of charcoal burners found the body of the Red King, slain by an unknown hand, and carried in their carts, like the carcass of a wild boar, as a chronicle says, to unhonoured burial at Winchester.

Of the purely domestic architecture of the Middle Ages it was not likely that very much either in town or country would remain. Antiquity and picturesqueness give way to solidity and convenience. But in the rows of Chester, in Coventry, in Shrewsbury, in Bristol, in the remains now rapidly diminishing of the ancient City of London, in the out-of-the-way streets of almost every old town, will be found some of those curious timbered houses which preserve the impress of the past. At Bury and Lincoln houses even of the Norman period are found. Coventry retains perhaps the sanitary as well as the architectural image of the Middle Ages, and excuses the cynical judge who when a witness was provokingly slow of utterance upbraided him with keeping the court all that time at Coventry. A few civic halls, as at Oakham in Rutlandshire, remain. Of the ancient county mansions the queen is Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire, most beautiful, now that it is touched by time, and recalling by its union of amplitude, stateliness, and rudeness, as we pass through its rooms, once thronged with guests and serving men, the rough magnificence and roistering hospitalities of the old baronial life. But many an ancient hall has fallen from its high estate, and now presents itself in a dilapidated condition under the humble guise of a farm house.

Out of the wreck of the mediæval nobility in the Wars of the Roses arose the powerful monarchy of the Tudors. Of this period the monuments are the Elizabethan manor houses, the palaces of that new nobility of the council chamber and the robe which supplanted the mail-clad baronage, and which had been enriched by the confiscation of Church lands. Nothing in the way of domestic architecture is more beautiful or stately than those great houses. They are at a disadvantage, in comparison with the edifices of the Middle Ages, only in having been built for the purposes of private state and luxury, not for the satisfaction of higher aspirations. Pre-eminent in historical interest, as well as in magnificence, are Burleigh and Hatfield, the palaces of the two branches of the great Elizabethan house of Cecil, and memorials of the high services rendered to

the State in time of peril, albeit not untainted with Machiavellian statecraft. Audley End, near Cambridge, displays the ill-gotten wealth, and preserves the evil memory of one of the worst ministers of the tyranny of Henry VIII. Knowle, in Kent, is to be seen if possible. It is a storehouse of memories, and a wonderful presentation of the most magnificent and social life of the times. Penshurst derives a charm from its association with Sir Philip Sidney. Bramshill, not very far from Basingstoke, in the north of Hampshire, has the advantage of presenting its stately front on a rising ground, whereas most of the Elizabethan mansions stand on flats, and of being surrounded by a wild park with fine Scotch firs. It was in that park that Archbishop Abbott accidentally shot a keeper, and thereby incurred an ecclesiastical disqualification, which helped to clear Laud's path to an ill-starred supremacy in the Church. But in almost any part of the country in which you may chance to be, you will find an Elizabethan manor house. The amplitude, solidity, and comfort of these mansions being not less remarkable than their beauty, no one has thought of improving them out of existence. Kenilworth, however, the palace in which Leicester's dark ambition entertained the woman whose throne he hoped to share, is now a huge ruin; while, in place of the royal palace of Greenwich, where the statesmen and the heroic adventurers of that age formed a peerless circle round their queen, now, not inappropriately, stands Greenwich Hospital.

The age of the Stuarts was one rather of conflict and destruction than of creation of any kind. Castles shattered by Cromwell's artillery, church carvings and monuments defaced by Puritan iconoclasm, traces of field works and trenches, military relics of Edgehill, Marston, and Naseby, are the characteristic monuments of a period of revolution and civil war. Near Basingstoke, and not far from Silchester and Bramshill, may be seen the vast substructions of Basing House, the fortified palace of the Marquis of Winchester, which, as the readers of Carlyle know, after long holding out against the forces of the Parliament, was stormed and razed by Cromwell himself. It is a relic eminently symbolical of the era in which the marquises went down before the onset of the Cromwells. The series of relics is closed by the wall of Magdalen College, "against which," as Croker told the Duke of Wellington, "James the Second ran his head." The monument most closely connected with the hapless dynasty is the fair banqueting-house at Whitehall, out of the window of which Charles I. passed to the scaffold. To the Stuarts, however, may fairly be ascribed St. Paul's, for the restoration of which Charles and Laud began to collect funds, and which is a monument at once of the High Church revival and of the prevalence of classical or Italian taste in architecture. Nor could a dynasty desire a nobler monument. Like St. Peter's, St. Paul's is wanting in poetry and in religious impressiveness compared with the cathedrals of the Catholic Middle Ages; yet it is a magnificent temple. Few will deny that externally it is superior to St. Peter's. Internally it is far inferior, Protestantism having stunted the decorations which are essential to a rich and luminous effect. These, however, an effort is now being made to supply. A more sinister memorial of the ecclesiastical reaction is the porch of the University Church at Oxford, built by Laud, and surmounted with the image, hateful to Puritan eyes, of the Virgin and child. The statue of Charles stands at Charing Cross on the pedestal from which triumphant Puritanism once cast it down, and the statue of James II., left unmolested over the gateway of University College, Oxford, bespeaks the comparative mildness of the Second Revolution. Great houses, such as historic Wilton and Long Leat, in which the genius of Inigo Jones displayed itself in presiding over the transition from the Tudor to the Italian style, are also memorials of the reign of Charles I. Of the reign of Charles II. the most characteristic memorials are the portraits of beauties at Hampton Court.

Of the Augustan age of Anne, with its classic tastes and its privileges, its not unpicturesque formality and its grand manners, Blenheim Palace is the typical monument. A stately monument it is, and, more than any other building in England except Windsor Castle, worthy of the name of a palace, though perhaps its style may be open to the charge of being at once heavy and fantastic. Nothing in England vies with the splendours of Louis XIV. so much as the abode built by public gratitude for his conqueror. For the conqueror of Napoleon it was intended to build a counterpart of Blenheim at Strathfieldsaye, but the simplicity and thrift of Wellington put the money in the funds, and were contented with the enlargement of a common country house. There is something about Blenheim exactly corresponding to the historic figure of the great captain and diplomatist, with that superb manner which almost made knavery august. Let us remember that the age had not only its Marlborough, Godolphin, Addison, and Pope, but its Newton, Locke, and Bentley. It was a period in all lines of solid greatness. The later history of Blenheim is unhappily a history of shame. The palace is being rifled of its objects of art and soon perhaps may be rifled of its historic relics. Such is the state to which hereditary dynasties, whether royal or territorial, are exposed. A visit to Blenheim should on no account be omitted. Besides the Palace you will see there an excellent specimen of that lovely appanage of British wealth and rank the Park, with its immemorial oaks, and the deer trooping through its ferny glades. Why cannot those who inherited such abodes manage to be moral and happy? Because, as a rule, there is no virtue without labour.

Of the period of the Georges the chief monuments are the palaces built in the classical or Italian style by the heads of the great Houses which then ruled England, swaying Parliament through their territorial influence and their nomination boroughs, sharing among them a vast patronage and reducing the monarchy to the state of pupillage from which George III. at last struggled to set himself free. Among the most splendid of



these palaces are Stowe, Chatsworth, and Castle Howard. Clumber, the seat of Horace Walpole's Duke of Newcastle, the arch borough-monger and intriguer of his day, is more splendid within than imposing without. These great houses were full of objects of historic interest; but one after another, by the sad law of family decadence, they fall into spendthrift hands; and the wreck of Stowe, after the ruin of the powerful house of Buckingham, was a catastrophe of aristocracy as well as a carnival of the auctioneer.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

(To be continued in our next.)

## A THOUGHT.

THE growling cynic snarls at fellow-men,  
"Fools, hypocrites, and liars." Yes, but then  
He is himself the same, he too is man;  
Their fault he ne'er escapes, he never can.

"I do love music": she meant that she excelled,  
And thus her words a double meaning held;  
The outer fair, the inner not, 'tis true,  
And though I read the secret through and through,  
Did I the mask full rudely tear away?  
How could I wound the erring heart that way!

I do the same as oft, perchance, as she;  
I understand her and she cannot me;  
Am I to plume myself with wisdom's might,  
And hold her up in my contemptuous sight  
Because I see her folly, she not mine?  
That were a meanness far below the line  
Of toleration. So I only smiled  
Thinking how like the man and woman to the child.

University College.

J. J. F.

## DARWIN'S NEIGHBOURHOOD AND NEIGHBOURS.

A FEW words gathered from the *Life* may be added to a former paper on "The Home of Darwin." The choice of Down was rather the result of despair than of actual preference; "my father and mother were weary of house-hunting." It is spoken of as a village communicating with the main lines of traffic only by stony, tortuous lanes. Darwin himself says, "Three miles south of us the great chalk escarpment quite cuts us off from the low country of Kent, and between us and the escarpment there is not a village or gentleman's house, so that we are absolutely at the extreme verge of the world." To the north lay the commons of Keston, Hayes, and Bromby, a wild tract, very beautiful in its own way. "Nor," says Mr. Francis Darwin, "is it hard to believe in the smugglers and their strings of pack-horses, making their way up from the lawless villages of the Weald, of which the memory still existed when my father settled at Down." "The smock frock is not yet quite extinct, though chiefly used as a ceremonial dress by the 'bearers' at funerals; but as a boy I remember the purple and green smocks of the men at church." The ceremonial frock here spoken of, in such queer connection, was a spotlessly white one, well remembered by the present writer, as worn over breeches, white stockings, and black cloth gaiters half way up to the knee. A simple, primitive people they were; to have been to London, sixteen miles off, carried with it a certain distinction. "I have often heard my father speak of the wearisome drives of ten miles to or from Croydon or Sydenham, the nearest stations." To cap the climax, a German scientific correspondent understood that Darwin's house was accessible "only by a mule track."

We learn that Darwin's relationship to the village people was a pleasant one, treating one and all with courtesy, taking an interest in all relating to their welfare, helping to found a Friendly Club, and serving as treasurer for thirty years. "Every Whit Monday the club used to march round with band and banners, and paraded on the lawn in front of the house. There he met them, and explained to them their financial position in a little speech, seasoned with a few well-worn jokes." This was the man whose honoured remains were laid in Westminster Abbey, "a few feet from the grave of Sir Isaac Newton," the ten pall-bearers being some of the most distinguished men in England for rank and reputation. "Look upon this picture and on this." Darwin's nearest intimate neighbour was Mr. Brodie Innes; let us hear what he has to say of him: "On my becoming Vicar of Down, in 1846, we became friends, and so continued till his death. His conduct towards me and my family was one of unvarying kindness, and we repaid it by warm affection. In all parish matters connected with the schools, charities, and other business, his liberal contribution was ever ready, and, in the differences which at times occurred in that as in other parishes, I was always sure of his support. He held that, when there was really no important objection, his assistance should be given to the clergyman, who ought to know the circumstances best, and was chiefly responsible."

But the neighbour who was most in accord with Darwin's tastes and pursuits, and whose proximity must have favourably influenced the last twenty years, say, of his life, was Sir John Lubbock, "the zoologist and palæontologist," who has had so much to tell us about ants, bees, and wasps. We hear of "a number of visitors coming over from Sir John Lubbock's for a Sunday afternoon call" as a common occurrence. Sir John's place was "High Elms," about a mile from Down. As it dwells in remem-

brance, it was a comparatively new place, except the elms from which it took its name. Wealth and taste and fifty years must have done much for it. Recollection remains of being taken as a child by a young lady, daughter of a predecessor of Darwin at Down House, to call on Lady Lubbock, and being shown a newly-erected ball-room, leaving an impression of much greater length than breadth. Sir John calls Darwin his "dear master"; he must be second in descent from the Sir John, who rests in memory, a tall, grave man, with a delicate-looking wife and grown-up son, an only child. It must be his son who took part in bearing the pall over the coffin of "Charles Robert Darwin. Born 12 February, 1809. Died 19 April, 1882."

We must go wider afield for Chevening Park, the seat of Lord Stanhope, who, at the outset of Darwin's acquaintance with him, was Lord Mahon, the historian. Chevening is at the foot of the chalk escarpment, of which we have heard, and must be reached from Down by a round-about road. The house, designed, it is said, by Inigo Jones, in the style of an Italian villa, forming three sides of a quadrangle, stands—after the manner of such villas—very near the high road, between Westerham and Sevenoaks. You look up from it to the Knockholt Beeches (a modest rival of those at Burnham), which are but a spot on the long chalk range, much as the more celebrated cedars are but a dot in a distant view of the Lebanon. Darwin must have been on intimate terms at Chevening. He says, "On another occasion I met at Lord Stanhope's house one of his parties of historians and other literary men, and amongst them were Motley and Grote. After luncheon I walked about Chevening Park for nearly an hour with Grote and was much interested," etc. He also says: "Long ago I dined occasionally with the old Earl, the father of the historian; he was a strange man, but what little I knew of him I liked much. He was frank, genial, and pleasant. He had strongly marked features, with a brown complexion, and his clothes, when I saw him, were all brown. He seemed to believe in everything which was to others utterly incredible. He said one day to me, 'Why don't you give up your fiddle-faddle of geology and zoology and turn to the occult sciences?'" Lord Mahon seemed much shocked at such a speech to me, and his charming wife much amused."

On his way back to Chevening, Darwin must have passed Squerries (?Squirrels) at Westerham, the very *beau idéal* of a hall or grange of a country squire. It was of that exquisite red brick, which would seem to be a lost art. It was backed and flanked by some very fine old timber, throwing it out in all its perfection. The then Squire Warde, of Squerries, was one of the last of his clan, the country gentleman and sportsman, and nothing more: a mixture of Squire Western and Mr. Allworthy. He was succeeded, it was said, by a student, much to the chagrin of his country-gentleman neighbours, but that very characteristic may have brought about intimacy between him and Darwin; it is probable, but we do not hear anything of it. Holwood Park was near to Down. It had been, once upon a time, the country-retreat of Mr. Pitt, but had come into the hands of Mr. Pocock, a rich London merchant. The house had been rebuilt in classical style, in a commanding situation, but whether by him cannot be said here. The occupants would be among Darwin's neighbours. In the park was a remnant of old times, a maze. D. FOWLER.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## EMERSON'S POETRY.

BESIDES all this, Emerson's poetry has another great merit: it is never commonplace. He has always something to say, even when he says it badly. After acres of verbiage in other writers, it is a relief to be sure you are going to find a thought. More than that, his poems are full of brilliant epigrams, of keen wit. If I had space, I could quote pages of such things from them. This is a side I have not touched. But I have not touched it, because I have been judging poetry, and all the wit and all the epigrams would be just as good in prose. This is the cardinal defect of Emerson's poetry: the best part of it is not poetry at all. He was a man of wide and far-reaching intellectual power. He was not a poet.—*New Princeton Review*.

## LEGISLATION FOR DRUNKARDS IN ITALY.

WE commend the clauses of the new Italian penal code which relates to drunkards to the attention of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Such enactments seem to us to be based on a sounder principle, and to be much better calculated to mitigate the evils of drunkenness without undue interference with individual liberty, than sweeping measures of restriction which weigh heavily on the just as well as on the unjust. The following are the regulations to which we allude. Any one found in a condition of complete and manifest drunkenness in a public place shall be fined a sum not exceeding thirty francs. If the drunkenness can be proved to be habitual, imprisonment from six to twenty-four days may be inflicted. If the offender is under fifteen years of age, the father or guardian is to be reprimanded, and directed to look after the youth under penalty, in case of neglect, of imprisonment for a period not exceeding ten days. Any one who, in a public place or in a place open to the public, maliciously causes the drunkenness of another person, or supplies drink or other inebriating substances to persons already intoxicated, shall be imprisoned for a period not exceeding ten days. If the person to whom the drink is supplied is under the age of fifteen, or is obviously in an abnormal state, owing to weakness or disorder of intellect, the punishment shall be imprisonment from ten days to a month. If the offender is a person whose trade it is to sell the said liquors and inebriating substances, he shall, in addition to the above-mentioned

punishment, forfeit his license. When a person who has been guilty of a criminal act has the penalty remitted on the ground that he was drunk when he committed the offence, he shall nevertheless be liable to imprisonment for a period not exceeding one year, or to a fine, in such wise that the punishment shall be, either in its length or its amount, equal to two-thirds of that which would have been inflicted had he committed the same offence when in the full possession of his senses. It may be remarked that the expression "drinks or other inebriating substances" (*bevande od altre sostanze inebrianti*) might possibly be made to cover a much wider field than "intoxicating liquors."—*British Medical Journal*.

#### THE PLATFORM.

In all our political literature the platform is the lowest and most contemptible document. No voter any longer values it for its sincerity, or pays any heed to it except as a curiosity of adroit expression or non-expression. Least of all do those who frame it voluntarily pay any heed to it when once adopted, well knowing that, under present arrangements, no personal responsibility for it can be fixed. A party is unlike a reformatory association—for temperance, or abolition, or woman's rights. With the latter, the platform or resolutions mean something, and are made effective by the unceasing propaganda directed by responsible boards, elected annually. A party, on the other hand, has no such organization or propaganda, and all its collective professions of faith are evoked by approaching elections, and tintured, not by the latest opinions of its constituency, but by the fears and hopes of "opportunist" leaders. It has no permanent salaried corps of lecturers indoctrinating the electors from November to November. Its recommendations are not moral, but partisan. It is satisfied, not with a change of conscience, but with a specified vote. So disregarded is the platform that even candidates take their stand upon it without disguising their opposition to certain planks apparently as solid and fundamental as the rest. Yet this despised formula is the greatest obstacle to the free play of party organization on living issues. It is forever being modified and expanded, not in the development of the original principles of the party, but in order to maintain the organization, even after its work is done. In other words, the platform is the main reliance of the Machine, which neither knows nor will foresee a time when the party shall naturally dissolve, to be reconstituted on other lines, in combination with once hostile elements.—*New Princeton Review*.

#### THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

MR. ROBERT J. BROWNE, of Coolarne, Glenageary, Kingstown, county Dublin, sends to the *Times* the following extract from a letter from Henry Browne, fifth son of John Browne, M.P. for Castlebar, who subsequently became Earl of Altamonte:—"Louisbourg, Nov. 17, 1759. . . . I write you a letter the 19th of Sept., and another to my Bro. Peter the 1st of Oct., both which letters I hope have arrived safe. I gave you, Dr. Father, as distinct an account in your's as I could of our action of the 13th Sept., and of the taking of the town of Quebec. I must add a little to it by informing you that I was the person who carry'd Genl. Wolf off the field, and that he was wounded as he stood within a foot of me. I thank God I escaped, tho' we had (out of our compy., which consisted but of 62 men at the beginning of the engagement) an officer and four men killed and 25 wounded. The Genl. did our compy. the honour to head us in person, as he said he knew he could depend upon our behaviour, and I think we fully answered his expectations, as did indeed the whole front line, consisting at most but of 2,500, by beating, according to their own account, 8,000 men, 2,500 of which were regulars. Our second line, consisting of 1,500 men, did not engage or fire a shot. The poor Genl. after I had his wounds dressed died in my arms. Before he died he thanked me for my care of him, and asked me whether we had totally defeated the enemy. Upon my assuring him we had killed numbers, taken a number of officers and men prisoners, he thanked God and begged I would then let him die in peace. He expired in a minute afterwards, without the least struggle or groan. You can't imagine, Dr. Father, the sorrow of every individual in the Army for so great a loss. Even the soldiers dropt tears who were but the minute before driving their bayonets through the French. I can't compare it to anything better than to a family in tears and sorrow which had just lost their father, their friend, and their whole dependence. . . . —Your truly most dutiful and affe. son, HEN. BROWNE.—John Browne, Esq. att Westport, near Castlebar, Ireland."

#### ARE GOOD-NATURED PEOPLE UNINTERESTING?

As a general thing, original people, people with wills and opinions—in other words, interesting people—are not, I am inclined to believe, of a very easy-going temper. The man who has a mind of his own usually wishes to have his own way, and is therefore not likely to be regarded as in any conspicuous degree pleasant. When it is said of a clergyman, "Oh, he is a very good man," all church-going persons at once get an idea of very dry sermons. (For the conveying of such a compliment as this all the vowels and consonants together are not equal to one left-handed inflection.) The most interesting character in Milton's *Paradise Lost* is unquestionably the arch-fiend himself; and in the modern newspaper—epic poems being long out of date—no class of persons, unless it be political candidates, cut a greater figure than the criminals. There is no doubt of it, good nature and even a good character—which things, I comfort myself with hoping, are not exactly the same—do tend to grow somewhat monotonous and tiresome. Human nature is like an apple—all the more palatable for being a trifle tart. No husband and wife ever lived together in greater mutual affection than did Elia and his cousin Bridget, concerning whom we read, nevertheless, "We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so as 'with a difference.' We are generally in

harmony, with occasional bickerings, as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered." A little flavour of individuality and self-will is excellent for preventing insipidity. Thus I theorize. And why not? If a man is fond of his own ease and his own way, always "notional," often out of sorts, and never very amiable, why should he not shape his theory to fit the facts? All the while, however, I am conscious that I could find much to say on the other side. There used to be a funeral hymn (it may have gone out of vogue ere this) beginning, "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely," the word "lovely" being employed, I take it, in the old-fashioned dictionary sense of lovable, not in the new-fangled, boarding school sense of beautiful; and I cannot help feeling that mildness, gentleness of spirit, is one of the traits which most people like to attribute to their friends, at least after they are dead. It would sound rather odd and incongruous—would it not?—to sing about the coffin, "Sister, thou wast irascible and interesting." And even in the case of the living, I must confess to a preference for an equable and obliging disposition, especially in a woman. I may be whimsical, but I have never seen many who affected me as uncomfortably sweet-tempered.—*Atlantic Monthly for March*.

#### MY HANDS FULL OF ROSES.

[From the French of Auguste Desplaces.]

I COME with my hands full of roses,  
Accept them, as kneeling I sue.  
See, each one the sweetest that blows is,  
And I come from the garden to you—  
My hands full of roses.

The flower-girl, in her spiteful way,  
Said laughing as she guessed my pain,  
"Wilt thou have lilies or nervain,  
Or what will serve for thy bouquet?"

Open your heart, open each door that closes,  
I come to you, Sweet, with my hands full of roses.

Then running on—"the wish of every heart  
May by a flower disclose its secret rare—  
The flower says what the lips won't dare,  
And my bouquets are eloquent with art."

Open your heart, open each door that closes,  
I come to you, Sweet, with my hands full of roses.

And I replied, all happy to express  
My hopes in emblem sweet and rare,  
"Give me the flower that whispers 'May I dare';  
And that which counsels her to answer 'Yes.'"

I come with my hands full of roses,  
Accept them, as kneeling I sue.  
See, each one the sweetest that blows is,  
And I come from the garden to you—  
My hands full of roses.

WILLIAM MCLENNAN.

#### GIOVANNI DUPRE.\*

It is possible that many visitors to Florence retain a recollection of the beautiful sculptures of Abel and of Cain, who have forgotten the name of the man who fashioned them; and we are heartily glad that Giovanni Duprè has been made the subject of a memoir so sympathetic, so true, and so deeply interesting as that which has been produced by the very competent hand of Professor Henry Frieze. If we are not mistaken, Dr. Frieze is not only Professor of Latin in the University of Michigan, but has charge of the very excellent collection of sculptures and casts which that University possesses. From his tastes, therefore, and his familiarity with works of sculpture, he was well qualified to undertake the work which he has here accomplished. In addition to this, the writing of this biography is admirable, the English pure and flowing, so that the reader is carried on without an effort. We should notice, in justice to the publishers, that the book is beautifully printed and nicely bound, and that the illustrations are nearly all excellent.

Giovanni Duprè was descended from a French family, formerly of wealth and importance, which had suddenly fallen into great poverty. His father, Francisco Duprè, could be provided with only the poorest education, and he was put to the comparatively humble trade of wood-carving. His poverty was not alleviated by an early marriage, but his wife was one of the noblest of her sex, and she was the idol of her son Giovanni, and formed a very important influence in his life. "This fond devotion of the boy to his mother was not merely beautiful; it opened in his young heart a sympathy which made her religion and piety lovely and heavenly in his eyes; and it thus inspired in him that kindred fervour which gave to him as an artist the chief element of his power." Various illustrations are given in the narrative of the devotion of the boy to his mother.

It was a hard struggle that the young artist had to go through, battling with poverty and with a constitutional weakness which afflicted him through-

\* Giovanni Duprè. By Henry Simmons Frieze. London: Sampson Low and Company, 1887.

out his whole life. It was with great difficulty, moreover, that he got his contemporaries to appreciate his early work or to discern the promise which it contained. Like his father, he married young and happily, for his wife proved a true sympathizer and helper in his work.

Passing by his apprentice time, we find him, at nineteen years of age, poor, married, determining to turn from the wood-cutting by which he had previously maintained himself, to the work of a sculptor. In 1840, when he was twenty-three years of age, he gained the first prize of the Academy by a bas-relief representing the Judgment of Paris, the announcement of which success to his dying mother brightened her last moments on earth.

Duprè was only like other artists in having all kinds of difficulties thrown in his way, but there are some very amusing accounts given of the manner in which he conciliated some of his critics by professing to see the justice of their remarks, and pretending to make the alterations they suggested, and so winning their full approval of work which had really never been altered. Duprè never justified this conduct of his.

When Duprè produced, in 1842, his first great work, "The Dead Abel," now in the Pitti collection at Florence, and of which a good cut is given in the present volume, the critics broke out upon him with jealous condemnation of his work as being too realistic. Indeed, some of them went so far as to declare that it was a mere cast from the model—the work of a moulder, not of a sculptor. This accusation was speedily dispersed by comparing the model with the statue. "Strangely enough," says Dr. Frieze, "the perfection of the Abel subjected it again to the same suspicion when it was placed in the first French Exposition at Paris, in 1855." Calamatta, an Italian sculptor, however, "made it clear to the jury that it was a genuine work of art, pointing out those things in it that never could have been produced by a mechanical cast, and especially the head and the expression of the features. Convinced that they had erred in attributing its exquisite perfection to fraud, or a kind of stealing from nature, the jury now awarded to it the gold medal of the first class."

The course of the artist from the time of this first triumph was steadily onward, although with not a few breaks and hindrances; and much praise must be awarded to the ducal family of Tuscany for their generous encouragement and help to the struggling artist. Dr. Frieze tells admirably the story of Duprè's artistic temptations, of the manner in which he became so affected by the criticisms of the prevailing school, who denounced his naturalism, that he almost got into the evil path of conventionalism, and of his escape from that danger. To students and artists of all classes, and not sculptors only, these criticisms will be of value, if they will only help them to see "what Giovanni Duprè the man discovered logically—what Giovanni the boy had known intuitively—that art is, after all, but the best in nature, and that the artist has only to follow her leading with simple docility. For in the kingdom of art it is also true that except one become as a little child he can by no means enter therein. To this truth, when each recurring cycle of conventional art or of false classicism has had its day, men must ever return."

How well, in all his subsequent works, Duprè illustrated these principles will be seen in these interesting and charming pages, to which we must also refer the reader for an account of the important works produced by the great sculptor, some of which now adorn the principal cities, galleries, and public buildings of Italy. We may note in particular, beside the sculptures already mentioned, the "Triumph of the Cross," on the façade of Santa Croce in Florence, the monument to Count Cavour at Turin, and the statue of St. Francis, in front of the cathedral at Assisi.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

JAMES HEPBURN, FREE CHURCH MINISTER. By Sophie F. F. Veitch. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is an unusually strong story for one of clerical life. The plot is well conceived, the characters are firmly and distinctly sketched, and the pictures of social life presented with graphic power. Some of the incidents are perhaps improbable, if not incredible, but the author presents them in such attractive guise and with such dramatic art that the reader forgets to be critical. This Canadian edition should meet with general appreciation.

THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN. From the Best English and German Editions, with Illustrations. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This work first appeared, nearly a hundred years ago, under the title of *Gulliver Revived; or the Vice of Lying Exposed*. It is well known as a collection of extravagant and incredible tales, many of which are of ancient and unknown origin. It requires no special notice save that the publishers have brought it out in their beautiful and unique "Knickerbocker Nugget" series, some of which have been already noticed in these columns.

THE FABLES OF FLORIAN. Translated from the French. By Gen. J. W. Phelps. New York: John B. Alden.

This translation of the Fables of Jean Pierre Claris de Florian, who died at a comparatively early age nearly a hundred years ago, merits no very special notice. Gen. Phelps, if he has not in an especial degree excelled his predecessors, has succeeded in rendering the fables into very fair English verse, and the publisher has brought the work out in excellent form at a low price. The reproduction of J. J. Grandville's illustrations, "which are fine specimens of French art as it existed some half a century ago," adds much to the interest and value of the volume.

LETTERS, SENTENCES, AND MAXIMS. By Lord Chesterfield. With a Critical Essay by C. A. Sainte-Beuve. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Dr. Johnson was one day kept waiting too long in a great man's ante-chamber, and mistaking the unintended delay for intended slight, wrote an indignant letter which has immortalized Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, while it has at the same time given an entirely erroneous impression as to Chesterfield's character. Not satisfied with this revenge, Johnson said of the Earl's letters to his son when they were first published, "Take out the immorality and they should be put in the hands of every young gentleman." The great moralist's harsh judgment has been very generally accepted, and Chesterfield has been considered a teacher of loose morals as well as of good manners. We do not suppose that this impression still prevails to any extent, but the selection from the letters here presented should remove it altogether. Of their literary form it is unnecessary to speak: of their teaching, it is said, "this honest worldling will speak to the hearts of those already set upon the world, will guide them rightly according to his lights, will leave them at a higher stage, and will perhaps astonish them when they reflect that in outward result the teachings of this adroit and cunning courtier and man of the world, and of the too often despised preacher, are the same."

This little volume is also one of the dainty "Knickerbocker Nuggets."

FOR GOD AND GOLD. By Julian Corbett. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

The device of writing a novel in the form of an alleged old narrative of the time to which the story relates has been frequently and successfully used. It has many advantages. It brings the reader into more direct contact with the people about whom he reads. The long-hidden manuscript seems somewhat like a voice from the past, telling what is seen, not what was seen, what is done, not what was done, what is thought and felt, not what was thought and felt. The past is not brought down to the reader, but the reader is lifted back to the past. *Henry Esmond*, *Lorna Doone*, and *John Inglesant*, are notable examples that will readily occur to our readers. Mr. Corbett does not so consistently maintain the style with which Mr. Jasper Festing begins his narrative, but he shows a thorough acquaintance with the social life and religious and political thought of England in the early years of Queen Elizabeth's reign. The book is not only full of adventure for those who love tales of adventure, but it is replete with suggestiveness for those who care to study the characteristics of a past age, and who look for something more in a novel than the wherewithal to pass an idle hour. The hero of the story is Sir Francis Drake, or Frank Drake, as he is familiarly called by the chronicler, who at an early age became intimate with the great Elizabethan captain's family; but the interest does not all centre round the gallant sailor who bore the English flag so bravely against the fleets of Spain. Other characters, perhaps not so striking, are drawn with equal distinctness, and indeed it may be said there is not a dim or shadowy figure in the whole book. In the very first chapter Jasper's father, Mr. Nicholas Festing, a Puritan, but "a worldly man, and not one to use a shoe-horn to drag ill-fitting opinions on to men of quality, nor in any way to seek a martyr's crown," and his friend Sir Fulke Waldyve, a gentleman of good estate and ancient family, an old soldier and courtier of King Henry's day, who "swore roundly rasping Tudor oaths at all that displeased him," are sketched with vivid distinctness. "Even I," says Jasper, "used to wonder to see them so friendly, and used to watch them by the hour. . . . Sir Fulke was so round and red, with his curly beard and his sunburnt face and his merry blue eyes, and my father was so pale and spare and grave, I wondered how men could be so little alike, and wondered how it would have been if that rough old knight had been my father instead of the courtly merchant at his side.

"By this light," have I heard Sir Fulke burst out in the midst of their talk, 'I marvel every day what a God's name makes me love you, Nick. Your sour face should be as much a rebel in my heart as your damned French claret is in my stomach. Were it not that you are so good a tippler, I would say that at heart you were no better than a pestilent, pragmatical rogue of a Calvinist.'

"Nay, Fulke,' my father would say in his courtly way, being, as it seemed, in no way offended that the old knight should speak to him so roughly, for they always said that my father, like other merchants that have thriven, was slow to take offence with men of ancient lineage and good estate; 'what matter that our outward seeming is different? That is only because our lots are cast differently. Not what we are, but what we love, is the talk of friends.'

"Ay, by God's power,' Sir Fulke would cry, 'you hit now most nicely, Nick. You love a long fleece, and so do I; you love a fair stretch of meadow land, and so do I; you love a well-grown tree, and so do I; ay, and, you rogue, you love a full money-bag, and so, by this light do I. Mass, but I run myself out of breath with our likings, and sack must run me back again.'

The chapters describing the burial of the old merchant and the death of the old knight illustrate not only the conflict of religious opinion, but the uncertainty and honest doubt in many minds as to which was the better way. When Jasper and the priest were wrangling as to which of them should console his dying moments old Sir Fulke broke in, "Tush, lads, there is no need of squabbling over me. What matter, Jasper, if I have a bit of Mass in memory of the old days! I have been an arrant sinner too, and would ease myself of a load of sin with just a piece of confession. I have robbed the church grievously, curse that mad knave Drake that led me to it, and been a great swearer, Heaven help me; ay, and you help

me too, Jasper, since you know better prayers against swearing than the priest's. You shall come and pray with me after he has done, lad, and then God will know it was my wish to make peace with Him and all men before I died. Come, lad, will you not? . . . You would not grudge me a bit of Mass like my fathers to die upon. May be they would be ashamed of me when I went to do homage with them up there, if I came amongst them unshriven and unhouselled." The dying knight cursed Frank Drake because he had taken a share in a successful enterprise carried out by that daring mariner against Spanish shipping; for in those days privateering and even piracy were not accounted deadly sins if only directed against the great enemy of England and Protestantism.

As we have said, all the characters are carefully drawn. Mr. Follet, poor, old, long-suffering tutor, "the sweetest pedant that ever said his prayers to Aristotle"; Harry Waldyve, Sir Fulke's son and Jasper's fast friend; Parson Drake, the sailor preacher, and father of the great navigator; Thomas Cartwright, "new-made major-fellow of Trinity," and champion of Puritanism among the scholars of Cambridge; Harry Waldyve's gentle wife, the servant Lashmer, and the brave but boastful soldier Culverin, are all faithful studies in character portraiture. The earlier chapters in the book, descriptive of Jasper Festing's youth, his career at Cambridge, his intimacy with the Drakes in their floating home moored in the Medway, and with the Waldyves, are especially attractive; while the succeeding chapters which tell of Drake's expedition against the Spanish-American treasure town of Nombre de Dios fully illustrate the daring and adventurous spirit characteristic of the age. There are only two female characters of any importance, Harry Waldyve's wife and a black-eyed comely Spanish Senorita, both of whom are the occasion of love episodes which afford that peculiar interest without which even a novel of adventure would seem to be incomplete. The story altogether is a good one, well told, and illustrates in a very attractive way some of the most striking features of a very important and interesting epoch in English history.

THE *Andover Review* for March has able and thoughtful articles on the subjects usually dealt with in this progressive periodical.

THE *Magazine of American History* is not so rich in illustration as usual, but in other respects it is quite as interesting and valuable as preceding numbers.

THE first number of a new quarterly, *The Climatologist*, has come to hand. It is published at Washington, D.C., and deals with the wide range of subjects which its name would imply.

*Queries* for March has portraits of Count Tolstoi, Henry M. Stanley, Francis Parkman, and George William Curtis, and seems to us rather more interesting than usual in its literary contents.

*Woman* for March though only the fourth number, shows very noticeable improvement. A magazine for women, it does not confine itself exclusively to those topics in which women only are interested.

THE *Eclectic* for March opens with Mr. Goldwin Smith's able article on *American Statesmen from the Nineteenth Century*. Swinburne's *Dethroning of Tennyson* and Matthew Arnold's paper on Shelley are reproduced from same periodical.

THE March number of *Temple Bar* has in addition to its excellent fiction some very interesting biographical and descriptive articles. *Horace Walpole and Madame du Deffand* exhibits very charmingly some eighteenth century characteristics.

THE *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for March has a review of Macdonald's *Life of William Morley Punshon, LL.D.*, by Rev. Hugh Johnson, M.A., and a mild but appreciative criticism of *Recent Canadian Poetry* by the editor. There is much good reading in this comparatively small monthly.

THE *New Princeton Review* for March offers an attractive table of contents. The opening article is *Emerson*, a study of the man in his works, by Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. This is followed by a philosophical paper from the pen of Prof. Dr. Henry Calderwood, of Edinburgh, entitled *The Present Ethical Relations of Absolute Idealism and Naturalism*. The Rev. R. S. MacArthur discusses some of the critical points contact between Christianity and the Secular Spirit. Prof. Alexander Johnston contributes *Law, Logic, and Government*, an important study in legal and legislative procedure; Wendell P. Garrison, an incisive critique of political methods, entitled *Practical Politics*. Under the title *Foreign Jurisdiction in Japan*, Mr. E. H. House considers the judicial wrongs done to Japan by the Western Powers. Miss Frances Courtenay Baylor's *Hidalgo: the Washington of Mexico*, is concluded. Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, editor of the *Christian Union*, gives *Some Aspects of Modern Literature*, which will be found a valuable exposition of some prominent characteristics of our modern literary progress; while a story from Miss Grace King, *The Marriage of Marie Modeste*, and the editorial criticisms, notes, and reviews bring the number to a close.

THE *March Century* contains two full-page portraits of Bismarck: one after the bust by Roth; the other (which appears as a frontispiece) is from a photograph and shows the Chancellor in his garden with his two hounds. Mr. Kennan continues his revelations in regard to Russian State Prisons, the details of which are exceedingly interesting. In an illustrated article Captain Frank E. Moran gives an account of the planning and successful execution of Colonel Rose's Tunnel at Libby Prison, the narrator having been one of the party who escaped. In *The Home Ranch*, Mr. Theodore Roose-

velt gives a continuation of his graphic papers on the daily life of a ranchman, accompanied by illustrations by Frederic Remington, done from the life. Mrs. Van Rensselaer's paper in the *English Cathedral* series is devoted to Salisbury. Different aspects of the cathedral, the cloisters and the closes, are presented in the sketches by Mr. Pennell. Mr. Albert Morris Bigby writes of *Some Pupils of Liszt*, with especial reference to Eugene D'Albert, Arthur Friedheim, Alexander Siloti, Alfred Reisenauer, and Fräulein Adèle aus der Ohe, of all of whom, as well as of Liszt himself, there are portraits. A paper of out-of-the-way biography is contributed by Mr. John Bigelow, in his *Franklin's Home and Host in France*. The illustrations include portraits of Franklin, M. de Chaumont, and a drawing by Victor Hugo of the house occupied by Franklin. The fiction comprises the conclusion of Mr. Cable's *Au Large*; Edward Eggleston's novel, *The Graysons*, in which Abraham Lincoln appears as a character; and a short story by Miss Helen Gray Cone, entitled *Hercules: A Hero*. In the Lincoln History the story of Sumter is retold authoritatively, with the aid of unpublished material. The poetry of the number includes contributions by Edith M. Thomas, C. P. Cranch, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Mary Ainge De Vere, A. S. L. Gray, R. W. Gilder, and others.

THE Annual Report of the Hospital for Sick Children contains much matter of more than local interest. It has moreover a feature not common in reports of the kind. It is illustrated, having a view of the Lakeside Home at the Island, and fairly executed representations of scenes within it.

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

MISS LOUISA M. ALCOTT, author of *Jo's Boys* and many other popular books for youthful readers, died a few days ago.

A PORTRAIT of J. Whitcomb Riley, the Western poet, with an interesting account of his methods of literary work, will appear in the April *Book Buyer*.

MR. R. L. STEVENSON is reported to be hard at work on a new romance, the title of which is *The Master of Ballantrae*: full account of the strange manner of his life and death, edited from the papers of the late Ephraim Mackellar, A.M., late Steward on the Durrissdeer Estate.

AN interesting work, entitled *Society in Rome under the Cæsars*, is about to be brought out by the Scribners. It is said to present the best picture ever given of the entire state of society, its religious beliefs, morality, government, literature, and the daily life, habits, and amusements of all classes of people under the first Cæsars.

*Dr. Griffith Gramtry*, by Julian Hawthorne, and *Burning Fire Cannot be Extinguished*, by Count Tolstoi, are the short stories in the *Cosmopolitan* for March. The first is a moving and dramatic story, hinging upon the hypnotic power that an unscrupulous man exerted upon a couple just married and spending the honeymoon on a picturesque portion of the Irish coast. The second is a short story written in the simplest language, and illustrates in a striking way Count Tolstoi's peculiar ideas of the nature of evil.

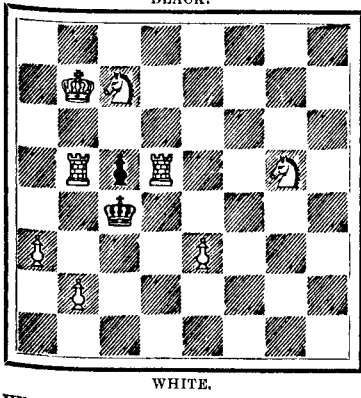
THE new English edition of Mr. Browning's works will have at least one illustration to each of the sixteen volumes. It will include portraits taken at various periods of the poet's life, one dating from the time when *Paracelsus* was written. The likeness lately painted by Mr. Barrett Browning was also to have been reproduced, but the process has not succeeded. *The Ring and the Book* will have a fac-simile of the title-page of the original record of the Franceschini case as Mr. Browning bought it in Florence. Much care is being given to all the details of type, binding, etc.

WE are glad to observe that Dr. J. G. Bourinot, the learned and industrious Clerk of the House of Commons at Ottawa, is about to publish a *Short Constitutional History of Canada* for the use of students and others desirous of having a sufficient account of our system, to be brought out in a form similar to the popular political manuals of the *English Citizen* series. The work is greatly needed, and there are few writers in Canada whose knowledge of the subject better fits them to expound the Constitution under which Canada has grown up and reached its present stage of political development than the author of *The Parliamentary Procedure and Practice of the Canadian Dominion*. It is also announced that Dr. Bourinot is preparing, for the "Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science," a monograph on *The Federal Experiment in Canada*, as a comparison to the treatise on *Local Government in Canada*, which he prepared two years ago for the same University series. These treatises are not only of great value to those in Canada who take interest in the science of government, but are largely referred to and quoted in other dependencies of the Crown, and, to a considerable extent, are made subjects of study by English and American students of History and Political Science. It is not a little curious as well as gratifying to note that not the least important contributions to the literature of Parliamentary Government have come from Canadian pens. The works of the late Dr. Alpheus Todd are esteemed of high authority in England, and the labours of Dr. Bourinot bid fair to achieve the same or even a greater measure of success. Imperial recognition of the fact will no doubt in time come to Dr. Bourinot as it came, though tardily, to Dr. Todd. Aside from these special services, Dr. Bourinot, by his numerous and interesting contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine* and to the English quarterlies, has done not a little to bring Canadian industry and scholarship creditably before the Old World. We shall look with interest to his forthcoming works.

CHESS.

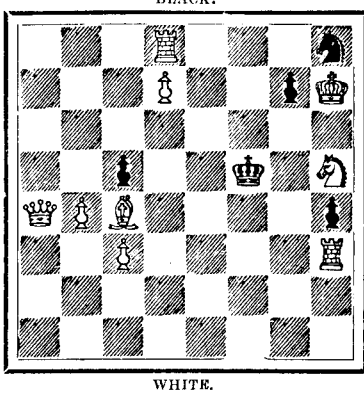
EMPHATIC GUARANTEES

PROBLEM No. 235.
By C. W. PHILLIPS, CHICAGO.
Composed for THE WEEK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 236.
By E. B. FREELAND, T. C. C.
Composed for THE WEEK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 229. White. Black. 1. K-Kt 7 Kt x R 2. Kt-Q 5 Kt moves. 3. Kt-B 4 mate. If 1 Kt any other move K moves. 2. R x P + K moves. 3. R mates.

- No. 230. White. Black. 1. K-B 7 1 B x Q moves 2. K-K 7 3. B-K Kt 7 mate If 1 B-B 7 or K 8 K x Q Other variations easy.

GAME PLAYED IN A TELEGRAPH MATCH BETWEEN TORONTO AND QUEBEC ON THE 22ND APRIL, 1886.

Table showing the chess game between Wm. Boulton and N. MacLeod, including moves for both sides.

NOTES.

(a) Not good. (b) Kt-B 3 is the proper move. (c) This move gives white a winning advantage. (d) Good. We see in the Quebec Morning Chronicle a proposal to make the Annual Tournament of the Canadian Chess Association more popular...

MINNIE PALMER COMING.—Minnie Palmer, after an absence of four years in England and Australia, returns to Toronto, and will appear at the Grand all next week in My Sweetheart, and her latest and most substantial success, My Brother's Sister. An Australian exchange has this:—After Miss Minnie Palmer's fine performance was finished the Mayor and Mayoress of Sydney, the American Consul (Mr. S. W. Griffin), the officers commanding H.M. ships in port, and a number of leading citizens visited her at Petty's Hotel, entirely thronging her drawing room, and overflowing into the wide balcony, which fronts the whole of the hotel, which they completely filled.

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To the Public:

Having branch houses and laboratories in seven different quarters and therefore having a world-wide experience, we, H. H. Warner & Co. justify ourselves in making the following statements:

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HOW DISEASE CREEPS ON.

Second.—The kidneys being the sewers of the human system, it is impossible to keep the entire system in good working order unless these organs are doing their full duty. Most people do not believe their kidneys are out of order because they never give them any pain. It is a peculiarity of kidney disease that it may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or of the practitioner.

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Third.—We do not cure every known disease from one bottle. This is an impossibility. Warner's Safe Remedies include seven scientific specifics, each one of which has a specific purpose which the others cannot fully perform.

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Fourth.—Warner's Safe Remedies have been recognized by the doctors and the people all over the globe, even in countries most conservative and most opposed to the manufacture of proprietary medicines, as standards of the highest excellence and worthy of the patronage of all people.

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Fifth.—We make the following unqualified guarantees:

- GUARANTEE 1.—That Warner's Safe Remedies are pure and harmless. GUARANTEE 2.—That the testimonials used by us are genuine, and so far as we know, absolutely true. We will forfeit \$5,000 for proof to the contrary. GUARANTEE 3.—Warner's Safe Remedies have permanently cured many millions of people whom the doctors have pronounced incurable. People who were cured ten years ago report the cure permanent and completely satisfactory. Warner's Safe Remedies will sustain every claim, if used sufficiently and as directed. Sixth.—Ask your friends and neighbours what they think of Warner's Safe Cure. We do not ask you to believe us alone.

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MRS. JAMES BURNS, of 18 Division Street, Toronto, writes that her daughter was given up to die by the best medical men in the city, from Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, but that Warner's Safe Cure not only saved her life but restored her to health. L. A. BAKER, of Toronto, Supt. Fire Patrol Co. of Canada, suffered from lame back for three years. Physicians treated him for Bright's Disease, but he obtained no relief. Four bottles of Warner's Safe Cure made a well man of him. W. J. HAMILTON, of Amherst, Nova Scotia, was cured of hemorrhage of the kidneys after doctors failed to cure him and the last dying rites of the Church had been given him. MRS. HAYWARD, of 321 Church Street, Toronto, was cured of Chronic Dyspepsia with six bottles of Warner's Safe Cure. JOHN GIVES, of Galt, is a living monument to the power of Warner's Safe Cure over Enlargement of the Liver.

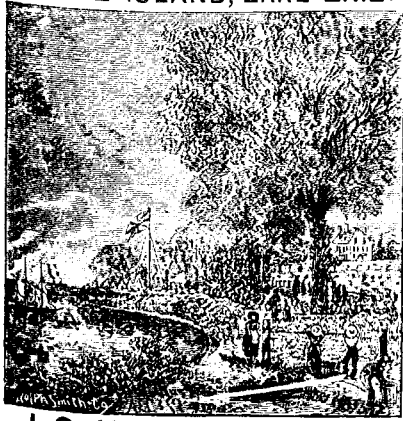
We could give thousands of similar testimonials. Warner's Safe Cure does exactly as represented.

Seventh.—We were forced into the manufacture of Warner's Safe Cure Remedies in obedience to a vow made by Mr. H. H. Warner that he would, if the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure restored him to health, spread its merits before the entire world. In ten years the demand has grown so that laboratories have been established in seven quarters of the globe. Not only is Warner's Safe Cure a scientific specific—it cures when all the doctors fail, thousands of the best of physicians prescribe it regularly, its power over disease is permanent and its reputation is of the most exalted character.

MR. BLAINE: "What's the matter, my friend? You look cold." Poor American: "I should say I was cold. Although I paid a month's wages for this overcoat it is half cotton and lets the wind through like a sieve." "Well, you go and get an untaxed cigar; that'll keep your nose warm, anyhow."—Omaha World.



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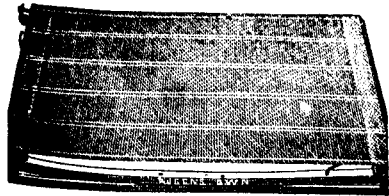
Catawba and other brands in 5 gal. lots, \$1.50; 10 gal. lots, \$1.40; 20 gal. lots, \$1.30. Bbls. of 40 gals., \$1.25. Cases, 12 q's., \$4.50; 24 pts., \$6.50. For sale in Toronto by J. Berwick, corner King and York Streets; Fulton, Michie & Co., 7 King Street West; and McCormick Bros., 431 Yonge Street.

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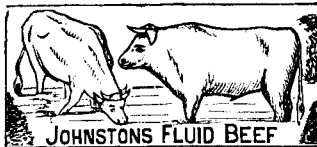
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As the most perfect form of concentrated food. The weakest stomach can retain and thoroughly digest it, and all who have tried its merits in cases of sickness unanimously indorse its WONDERFUL STRENGTH GIVING POWERS.

PEOPLE HERE ARE SO SMART. YES! BRAIN WILL TELL! WHY? BECAUSE THEY ALL DRINK ST. LEON.

See orders—one each day this week, December—of thousands:  
Monday, 12.—Forward per G. T. R. one bbl. St. Leon. Knowing it of old I cannot say too much in favour of its beneficial effects on my system. D. MONTGOMERY, Chesley.  
Tuesday, 13.—Find St. Leon an excellent remedy; building up the constitution; far superior to the famed waters of Saratoga. J. S. H. HOOVER, 143 Niagara Street.  
Wednesday, 14.—Gobbled every thing down anybody advised me; kept shuddering in my overcoat in June. A neighbour coaxed me to try the Leon. I did. Great Cæsar! the health and joy it brings. JAMES CALBECK.  
Thursday, 15.—Mr. J. W. Adams, Grocer, 800 Queen East: Fill and return my jug with Leon bilge water. It leads me back to the joys of thirty years ago, when a boy of twenty-one at sea. E. ADAMS, Woodbine.  
Friday, 16.—Send bbl. St. Leon; customers and myself require it. It clears off bile, headaches, etc. Don't feel at home without it. Canon City, Colorado, boasts no such water as St. Leon. WM. NASH, 313 Gerrard Street.  
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HAVE COME AND GONE SINCE THE SUFFERERS FROM COLDS, BRONCHITIS, AND LUNG BLENDS FIRST BY THE USE OF WILSTAR'S OF WILD CHERRY, AND YET IT IS NOT OF CURING. SEE THAT "I. BUTTS" IS ON THE WRAPPER.

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**\$500 REWARD**

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy**, for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

**SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.**—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scars from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache. Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

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Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of Ithaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 2003 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

