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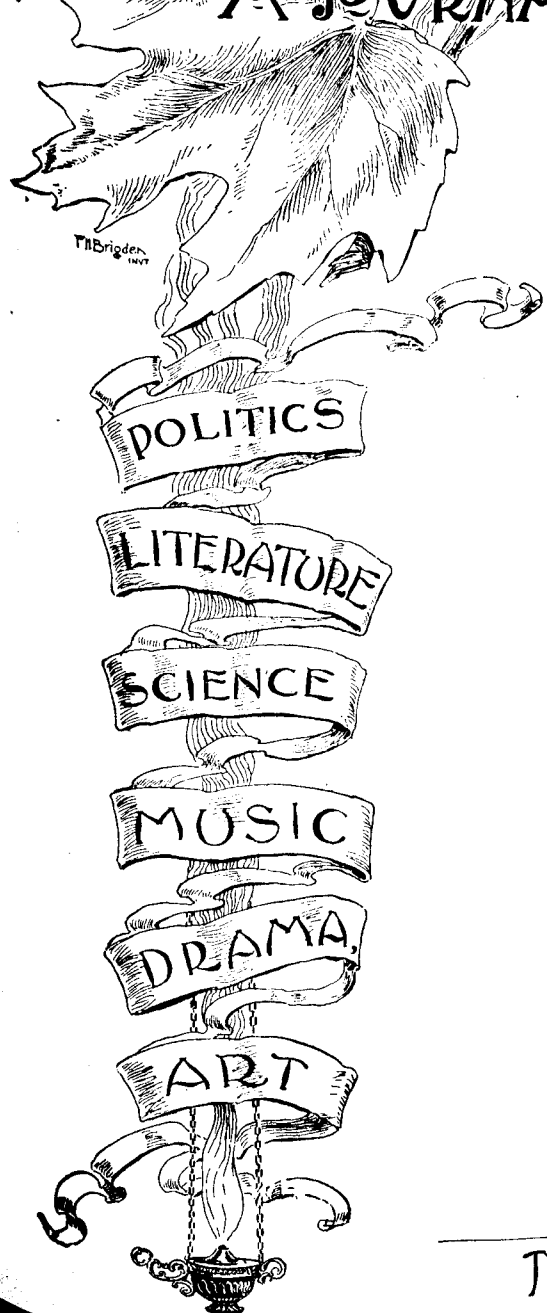
September 18th, 1896.

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THE WEEK

A JOURNAL FOR MEN AND WOMEN.



Memory.

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies.
Each, as the various avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart.
As studious Prospero's mysterious spell
Drew every subject spirit to his cell;
Each at thy call, advances or retires,
As judgment dictates, or the scene inspires.
Each thrills the seat of sense, that sacred source
Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course,
And through the frame invisibly convey
The subtle, quick vibrations as they play;
Man's little universe at once o'ercast,
At once illumined when the cloud is past.

—Samuel Rogers.

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, September 18th, 1896.

No. 43

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THE WEEK: C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, MANAGER.

Current Topics.

Chinese in
Canada.

Mr. Maxwell, of British Columbia, strongly denounced the importation of Chinese labourers into that Province when he was moving the other day for papers in the House of Commons. There was a brief discussion on his motion, and in the course of the debate Sir Henri Joly asked permission to announce that when the full discussion comes off hereafter he will be prepared to give reasons against the proposed increase of the poll-tax on Chinese immigrants from \$50 to \$500. Sir Henri stated that he had given his promise to Li Hung Chang not to "abandon" the Celestials, and in view of his proverbial chivalry we may rest assured that the promise will be amply redeemed. Of course, this does not settle the question, for Mr. Laurier intimated that it was one of great difficulty, in dealing with which the Government would have to act with the utmost circumspection.

Queen's
Counsel.

Sir Oliver Mowat, as Minister of Justice, reported strongly against confirming the appointment of a large number of Queen's Counsel who had been nominated by his predecessor as worthy of that dignity, and his report has been acted on. From his memorandum on the subject some facts interesting to the general public as well as to the legal profession, may be gleaned. Since Confederation no fewer than 481 lawyers have been made Queen's Counsel in Canada, while in England only 254 have been so honoured during the past twenty-two years. There are only 217 Queen's Counsel in England at the present time, while the last batch recommended in Canada numbered 173. Sir Oliver, quite naturally, took exception to the right of the Dominion Government to appoint Queen's Counsel, for he has always declared that this should be a matter of Provincial prerogative. He objected to the "indiscriminate selection" made, and expressed the opinion that "some proper check should be devised to confine within proper bounds the recommenda-

tions made to the Governor-General," assuming that such appointments come within the latter's sphere, which is to be settled before any further nominations are made.

Professor
Child.

The death of Prof. Child, of Harvard, causes a vacancy which will not easily be filled in the ranks of English scholars in America. He belongs to the generation which includes Prof. March, the old English scholar of Lafayette University. Prof. Child has done much to make more modern scholars acquainted with the real character of the literature and language of the mediæval English writers. He was a great Chaucerian scholar—perhaps the greatest of all. It may be that his work was done, but there is the more reason why all who are interested in English scholarship should remember him with appreciation and gratitude. Since writing the foregoing we have received from a Canadian now at Harvard a paper on Prof. Child, which appears in another column.

Longfellow's
Handwriting.

Mr. W. D. Howells has been publishing in Harper's some interesting reminiscences of Longfellow, in the course of which he describes his handwriting as "smooth, regular, and scrupulously perfect." It was "quite vertical and rounded, with a slope neither to the right nor left, and at the time I knew him first he was fond of using a soft pencil on printing paper, though commonly he wrote with a quill. Each letter was distinct in shape, and between the verses was always the exact space of half-an-inch." Those acquainted with the so-called "vertical" writing, which is rapidly coming into vogue now, will notice that the above description exactly applies to it. Longfellow's manuscript, according to Howells, was quite perfect, but he admits that the poems he has in his possession were probably not first drafts.

Turkey and
Crete.

The insurrection against the Turkish government in Crete seems to have been terminated by the agreement of the great powers in an ultimatum to the Sultan. He has been urged, and has consented, to give the island a kind of local government which amounts virtually to autonomy. The Cretans will, under this system, have a Christian Governor appointed by the Porte with the approval of the foreign ambassadors. Their legislature will be continued with increased control over local affairs, and Turkey will have to content herself with a yearly tribute fixed in amount and levied by the Cretan Government. The tendency on the part of the Province will be to gravitate toward Greece, to which it will be annexed whenever the Turkish Empire breaks up.

Child Labour
in Britain.

The annual meeting of British Trades Union representatives has passed a series of strongly-worded resolutions, asking for further restrictions on child-labour in factories. The need for them is based on the general public interest no less than on the interest of the working-classes. It is extremely

undesirable that half-grown youth of both sexes, or either sex, should be subjected to long hours, in bad air, at monotonous toil. The race must guard its own physique if it is to maintain its pre-eminence in the struggle for existence. The effect of such additional restrictions on the rate of wages is a matter of secondary importance. The tendency would undoubtedly be to raise it, but it will stand some raising yet. Paradoxical as it may appear, past increases in the rate of wages seem to have had the effect of making Great Britain better able to compete with the countries in production, and further amelioration of the condition of the working classes would presumably have a like result.

The Armenian
Question.

There are signs that the European powers will soon intervene authoritatively in Armenia, though the task of effecting a reorganization there is one of far greater difficulty than it was in Crete. Indignation meetings are taking place in various European countries, and the coming International Peace Congress to be held at Budapest will discuss the matter. When he was so informed by the Executive Committee of the British Arbitration Association, Mr. Gladstone sent a characteristic reply: "Remonstrance with him," says the veteran humanitarian, "whom I always wish to call the great assassin, would not be of the smallest value, unless it were known to include a firm intention to resort to measures of coercion in case of need." He regards the remonstrances of the six powers during the past twelve months as having "supplied wholesale and deliberate murder with the only assistance it wanted, namely, assurance of impunity," and he expresses the hope that the convention does not contemplate recommending "a further prolongation of simply verbal discussion." The people of the United States have now a chance of casting their influence in a right direction and to some purpose, if they can only withdraw their attention from the election campaign sufficiently to enable them to do it.

Zanzibar and the
Slave Trade.

Six years ago, in consideration of the restoration of Heligoland by Great Britain to Germany, the latter power agreed to give the former a free hand in dealing with the Zanzibar district of East Africa. At that time a native Mohammedan Sultan was on the throne, and Britain contented herself with the establishment of a protectorate over the country. In 1893 this ruler died and a successor was chosen with British approval, the protectorate being continued. The recent death of the Sultan, the attempt of a near relation to seize the throne by force, the bombardment of the palace by British men-of-war, the protection of the fugitive usurper by the German consul, and the refusal of the German Government to surrender him except as a "prince and a prisoner of war," have started a discussion of the Zanzibar question which will probably not cease until the Sultanate is absolutely abolished and the district is formally annexed to the Empire. The most interesting aspect of that question is the one that touches slavery. So long as the country remains quasi-independent it will be impossible to take effective steps to discontinue slavery, and so long as it exists there Zanzibar will continue to be the headquarters and main support of the African slave trade.

Boers and
English.

Those who feel disposed to take a pessimistic view of the South African outlook, and who base their fears on the alleged racial relationship between the Boers and the Germans, appear to forget that the ethnical affinity is much closer between the English and the Boers. The latter emigrated

originally from Holland and are Low German in race and language. So are the English, though a long line of historical evolution has driven far apart the descendants of the Angles and Frisians who separated from each other on the shore of the North Sea fourteen centuries ago. As the German publicists are making use of the racial argument to flatter the Boers and thus assist German statesmanship in extending its influence in Africa, it would be a good thing if British writers were more frequently to do the same thing for the more legitimate purpose of keeping the Boers and the British in harmony with each other. Great Britain will never voluntarily conquer the Transvaal by force of arms, but both the Transvaal and the Orange Free State will be gradually absorbed and assimilated by the great Anglo-Saxon community which is spreading over South Africa. If war is to be avoided, why not cultivate a friendly sentiment by kindly treatment and appeals to racial kinship?

The Anglo-Saxon
Race.

Sir Walter Besant discusses the future of the English-speaking peoples in a spirited and vigorous article in the North American Review. He admits, with apparent pride, the truth of the common charges brought against the Anglo-Saxon race: "We are, as we always have been, a masterful race; we are a stiff-necked, unyielding race, a tenacious race; we are a race which cannot change its own mind—as regards laws and manners—for the mind of any other race; we are a people which, if it settles down anywhere, means to go on living as before, and to make other people live in the same way." This reminds one of the curious compliment paid to the English by Von Ihering, the great Austrian jurist, in his essay entitled "Der Kampf um's Recht." After calling attention to the unpopularity they have incurred as individuals wherever they go, asserting their rights in the most unpleasant and uncompromising fashion, he dwells on the great benefit they have thus conferred by educating less robust travellers to assert themselves, and other people to respect the rights of all travellers. The *motif* of Sir Walter's article is to plead for an arbitration tribunal to settle peaceably all disputes between Great Britain and the United States, the object being to make war between the two countries a practical impossibility. He looks forward to a time when there will be six great English-speaking nations—United States, Canada, Great Britain, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand—and when, "as an example for all the world to see, there will be the great federation of our race, an immense federation, free, law abiding, peaceful, yet ready to fight; tenacious of old customs; dwelling continually with the same ideas; keeping, as their ancestors from Friesland did before them, each family as the unit; every home the centre of the earth; every township of a dozen men the centre of the Government."

Reduction of
Railroad Rates.

Mr. Bryan, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, having asserted that "railroad rates have not been reduced to keep pace with falling prices," Mr. Henry W. Poor has published a point blank contradiction of his statement, and accompanied it with statistics to prove that while the price of wheat has declined about one-half since 1873, the date of the demonetization of silver, the decrease in the rates of transportation have been about two-thirds, and that the average rate of interest on the capital invested is only 1.59 per cent. Clearly the farmer gets the benefit of this reduction, and if he cannot maintain himself by its aid the inference is that the colonization of the West has proceeded on a wrong principle, as it undoubtedly did. Unfortunately the

same mistake has been made in dealing with the Canadian North-West the population of which should have been concentrated and mixed, instead of being scattered and all agricultural.

Campaign
Humour.

The people of the United States take their election politics seriously enough every fourth year, but every presidential contest brings out nevertheless, its own crop of humourisms. Amongst those of the present campaign are the term "Popocrats" applied to the politicians who favour a fusion of the "Populists" with the "Democrats," and are supporting the ticket made up of Bryan and Watson. Those so designated have retaliated by coining the term "Hannacrats" to apply to the straight Republicans, and to those Democrats who are either supporting McKinley and Hobart, or putting forward Palmer and Buckner for the avowed purpose of creating a diversion in their favour. Needless to say that the epithet is also a fling at Mark Hanna, the millionaire manager of the Republican campaign. A Southern journal adds that "the right name for the Hannacrats is Gnashional Democrats." The best specimen of humorous literature which has yet appeared is a satire entitled "The Demonetization of Iron," into which are woven a number of extracts from sixteen to-one speeches and editorials, *mutatis mutandis*. The concluding sentences are put in the mouth of Mr. Hull, of Atlanta, as follows: "I insist that the free coinage of pig-iron will do everything that is claimed for silver and infinitely more. The people will be rich and prosperous. The once poor man can pay his debts with his old stove. Railways can declare dividends on old rails and worn-out rolling stock. The small boy can pick up old nails and horseshoes enough to support his family. In fine, poverty and debt can no longer exist."

A New
Academy

Edmond de Goncourt, a wealthy Parisian *littérateur*, has devoted his fortune to the establishment and endowment of a new literary academy, which is intended to rival the old Académie Française. His will designates Alphonse Daudet and seven others as members, and two vacancies are left to be filled up by the Academy in session. Zola is said to have been excluded because he offered himself as a candidate for membership in the Académie Française; one would like to believe that his "Zolaism" had something to do with the omission of his name. Membership in the Goncourt Academy carries with it solid advantage, as each member will receive a yearly income of six thousand francs. The founder has also established a yearly prize of five thousand francs to be awarded by his Academy to the author of the best novel, or of the best collection of short stories, or of the best book of history, aesthetics, or erudition.

A German
Poetess.

Every movement that is caused by widespread and intense human misery is sure, sooner or later, to find poetic expression. Say what we will of the "new" woman crusade in Canada, there is no question of the need for improvement in woman's social position in Germany. Alike as daughter and as wife the peasant woman's life is one of virtual servitude, monotonous toil, and intellectual vacuity. Whole generations may pass for such people without articulate protest, but when dumb and long pent-up wretchedness does find a voice the effect is volcanic. The socialistic propaganda in Germany, intensified by the insane militarism of the ruling classes and the consequent fiscal oppression of the lower, has stirred up

in women a passionate longing for freedom which finds voice in the extraordinary lyrics of Johanna Ambrosius, the wife of a poor peasant in an East Prussian village. Her own lot has been one of commonplace toil and complete absence of intellectuality, but within the past year she has electrified Germany with lyric poems which have been compared with Heine's for truthfulness and simplicity, and contrasted with them in their comparative freedom from morbidness. Though she is in revolt against the social conditions which oppress German women beyond the power of endurance, Johanna Ambrosius is no mere misanthrope or pessimist. She believes in the final victory of goodness and right, and is moved by an intense desire to further it. The fact that her poems have in a few months passed through twenty-seven editions is ample proof of the hold she has already acquired on the German masses.

The Dignity of Parliament.

THE prerogatives of Parliament are preserved by immemorial custom and protected by positive law; the dignity of Parliament must be maintained by its own members in their personal relations. If, while they call each other "honourable gentlemen," they abuse each other like pickpockets on the floor of the House, they cannot fairly expect the general public to hold either Parliament or its members in high esteem.

It was not unreasonable to hope that the present House of Commons would be in this respect a contrast with the one which came to an end a few months ago by efflux of time. A legislative chamber, like an individual, is apt to become demoralized by age, and to indulge in unseemly displays of temper just because its members have been too long together. A general election ought to clear the air of the Chamber and improve the temper of the members, especially when it results in a change of Ministry. Those who have passed over to the Opposition side should be able for a time to enjoy the resulting freedom from the cares of administration; those who have entered into their reward can well afford to be imperturbably good-natured.

Some recent scenes in the House of Commons produce on the observer's mind the impression that the dignity of Parliament has been impaired rather than enhanced by the recent struggle at the polls. Members on both sides seem to have carried into the Chamber not merely the animosities, but the style of the campaign. This is a serious evil. "Stump"-speaking is quite different from Parliamentary debate, and what is barely tolerable on the hustings becomes quite intolerable in a deliberative assembly.

It goes without saying that while the fine old French maxim, *noblesse oblige*, applies to every man whom the people have honoured with membership in a great legislative chamber, it has a special application to the Ministers of the Crown. They should display unfailing courtesy, even when their tempers may be sorely tried. This restraint on themselves is part of the price they pay for the privilege of controlling the legislation and administration of a great community. Fortunately the Premier never offends the maxim of his compatriots. If he was not "to the manner born," he has cultivated it so persistently that it is now second nature. If other leading men on both sides would closely follow his example, the House of Commons might soon rival any legislative chamber in the world for dignity as it does now for practical ability and debating power.

United States Parties.

THOUGH it is impossible just now to foreshadow with any safety the result of the Presidential and Congressional elections pending in the United States, it may be not unprofitable or uninteresting to give a brief outline of the situation as it stands. Omitting parties and candidates who are not likely to affect the issue to any great extent, there are four Presidential tickets, representing four different platforms, as to which there seems to be a good deal of confusion in the public mind. These are here taken up in the chronological order of their nomination.

1. The Republican Convention met this year at St. Louis, and it was the first held. It nominated McKinley, of Ohio, and Hobart, of New Jersey, as its candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, respectively, and it placed them on a platform of which the most prominent planks are: (1) protection to home manufactures, and (2) the maintenance of the gold standard until other nations consent to adopt both gold and silver at a fixed ratio to each other for currency purposes. In other words, the chief standing ground of the Republican party is protection and international bi-metallism. McKinley has frankly and fully accepted the nomination on this platform.

2. The Democratic Convention met at Chicago and nominated Bryan, of Nebraska, and Sewall, of Maine. The most prominent planks in its platform are: (1) taxation for revenue only, (2) diminution of expenditure to suit a reduced revenue, (3) continued issue of Government legal tender notes, (4) free coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen to one of gold, and (5) legal tender equivalence of silver and gold. Bryan in his oratorical campaign has forced the currency question to the front, as he has done also by his letter of acceptance.

3. The Populist Convention, held at St. Louis, nominated Bryan, of Nebraska, and Watson, of Georgia. The Populist platform embraces, besides the free coinage of silver at sixteen to one, proposals looking to (1) an expanded government note currency, (2) the cessation of all bank note issues, State ownership of railways, and other collectivist projects. The substitution of Watson for Sewall as candidate for the Vice-Presidency greatly complicates the situation and makes the outcome more uncertain. Bryan has not yet formally accepted the Populist nomination.

4. A second Democratic Convention was held at Chicago, at which the delegates represented the Cleveland-Carlisle wing of the party. Their platform includes (1) a tariff for revenue only, (2) the maintenance of the gold standard, (3) the withdrawal of government notes from circulation, and (4) the improvement of the national bank note system. The candidates nominated were Palmer, of Illinois, and Buckner, of Kentucky.

As illustrations of the complications resulting from this unprecedented crossing of lines of cleavage it is worthy of note that the Republicans who favoured free silver coinage "bolted" the Republican Convention without stating what their subsequent course would be; that the Democrats who were opposed to free silver did not "bolt" the Convention, but afterwards nominated candidates of their own; that the Populists who nominated Watson for the Vice-Presidency have been insisting on the retirement of Sewall who was nominated with Bryan by the Democrats; and that a large number of Democratic journals are advising "gold" Democrats to vote for McKinley and Hobart as the surest means to defeat Bryan for the Presidency.

Canadians take a deep interest in the contest, and rightly so, for whatever its result may be they are sure to be

seriously affected by it. The polling does not take place till November, and before that time there may be clearer indications as to the outcome of the struggle.

* * *

In a Copy of Browning.

Bliss Carman in *The Bookman*.

Browning, old fellow, your leaves grow yellow,
Beginning to mellow as seasons pass,
Your cover is wrinkled and stained and sprinkled,
And warped and crinkled from sleep on the grass.

Is it a wine stain or only a pine stain,
That makes such a fine stain on your dull blue—
Got as we numbered the clouds that lumbered
Southward and slumbered when day was through?

What is the dear mark there like an ear-mark?
Only a tear mark a woman let fall,
As, bending over, she bade me discover,
"Who plays the lover, he loses all!"

With you for teacher, we learned love's feature
In every creature that roves or grieves;
When winds were brawling, or birds were calling,
Or leaves were falling about our eaves.

No law must straiten the ways they wait in,
Whose spirits grieve and hearts aspire.
The world may dwindle, and summer brindle,
So love but kindle the soul to fire.

Here many a red line, or pencilled headline,
Shows love could weld line to perfect sense;
And something better than wisdom's fetter
Has made your letter dense to the dense.

You made us farers and equal sharers
With home-spun wearers in home-made joys;
You sent the chary Contemporary,
To make us wary of dust and noise.

Long thoughts were started, when youth departed
From the half-hearted Riccardi's bridle;
For, saith your fable, great Love is able
To slip the cable and take the tide.

When Fate was nagging, and days were dragging,
And fancy lagging, you gave it scope,
(When eaves were drippy, and pavements slippy,
From Lippo Lippi to Evelyn Hope.

When winter's arrow, pierced to the marrow,
And thought was narrow, you gave it room:
We guessed the warder on Roland's border,
And helped to order the Bishop's Tomb.

When winds were harshish, and ways were marshish,
We found with Karshish escape at need;
Were bold with Waring in far seafaring,
And strong in sharing Ben Ezra's creed.

We felt dark menace intrigue and pen us,
Afloat in Venice, devising fibs;
And little mattered the rain that pattered,
While Blougram chattered to Gigadibs.

Or truth compels us with Faracelsus,
Till nothing else is of worth at all.
Del Sarto's vision is our own mission,
And art's ambition is God's own call.

We too have waited, with heart elated
And breathing bated, for Pippa's song;—
Seen Satan hover with wings to cover
Porphyria's lover, Pompilia's wrong.

Through all the seasons, you gave us reasons
For splendid treasons to doubt and fear;
Bade no foot falter, though weaklings palter,
And friendships alter from year to year.

Since first I sought you found you and bought you,
Hugged you and brought you home from Cornhill,
While some upbraid you, and some parade you,
Nine years have made you my master still.

Land Battles on the Canadian Frontier in the War of 1812-15.—I.

THE first movement of the Americans was to assemble three armies for the invasion and conquest of Canada. The army of the North, of 10,000, under Gen. Dearborn, was directed by way of Lake Champlain towards Montreal. The army of the Centre, 5,000, threatened Canada by way of Lewiston from the New York boundary. This was commanded by Gen. Van Renssalaer. The army of the West, 5,000, under Gen. Hull, was in the vicinity of Detroit.

In 1811 Sir George Prevost succeeded Craig in the rulership of Lower Canada. Gen. Brock at the same time became commander in Upper Canada.

In Lower Canada, in 1812, four battalions were organized. Col. de Salaberry's was near Quebec, Col. de Rouville's near Montreal, Col. Cuthbert's at Berthier, Col. Taschereau's at St. Thomas. A regiment of Voltigeurs, under Major de Salaberry of the 60th Foot, was also recruited and became noted for steadiness and valour.

On July 12th, 1812, Gen. Hull, at the head of 2,500 men of the army of the West, crossed the Detroit river and raised the U.S. flag at Sandwich. He then issued a proclamation inviting the inhabitants to join him, and condemning to death anyone caught fighting with the Indians against him. At the same time he had in his own employ as many Indians as he could enrol. In the language of that day, he expected to "breakfast at Sandwich, dine at York (Toronto), and sup at Montreal."

Gen. Brock, Governor of Upper Canada, set out to oppose Hull from Niagara to Detroit, by land and water, with 730 Canadians and 600 Indians. Some of the militia, in a vessel, reached Amherstburgh five days before Brock arrived. They, under command of Col. Proctor, erected a battery at Windsor, opposite Detroit.

Early in the morning of the 15th August, Gen. Brock, with the 730 militia, crossed the river three miles below the fort in which was Hull's army of 2,500. The 600 Indians had been sent through the woods to come up in rear of the town of Detroit. So determined was the appearance of the Canadians that when they were within half a mile of the fort Gen. Hull sent in a flag of truce, and afterwards surrendered himself and army and the whole territory of Michigan to the British. This occurred on the 16th of August, 1812.

Gen. Hull declared that his army was forced to surrender on account of the capture of Michilimackinac fort on 16th of July previous, by Capt. Roberts, at the head of 200 regular and voyageurs, saying that, in consequence, all the Indians became hostile to him and friendly to the British as the stronger party.

In Oct., 1812, Gen. Van Renssalaer established his camp at Lewiston, on Niagara river, midway between Lake Ontario and the Falls. He had with him 1,500 regulars and 2,500 militia.

On the 13th, Gen. Wadsworth landed at Queenston, opposite Lewiston, and attacked the British position, which was commanded by Captains Dennis and Williams, with some of the 49th Foot, and militia and Indians. The British were forced backward by the number and impetuosity of the assailants; but when Gen. Brock, who had come up in the meantime, led them, they renewed the fight. It was in this charge that Gen. Brock was killed by a shot from the enemy.

Troops and Indians from St. George were hurried to Queenston to the relief of the British. These were commanded by Gen. Sheaffe. The American left was broken by repeated charges of British regulars and militia and thrown back. Van Renssalaer, seeing how slowly reinforcements were advancing, recrossed the Niagara river to hurry them on. But the American troops, who had as yet not been in battle, were sickened by the sight of the wounded who were brought past them and refused to advance. Van Renssalaer then sent boats to bring back his defeated troops from the Canadian side. But in spite of this Gen. Wadsworth's command of 900 men was captured. The British loss in this battle was about 100, the American, nearly 2,000, including deserters and prisoners.

An armistice was concluded the next morning between the British and American commanders subject to the condi-

tion that forty-eight hours' notice was to be given by either party prior to the renewal of hostilities.

After this battle Gen. Sheaffe found that the number of his prisoners exceeded the number of his British and Canadian troops.

The American "Army of the Centre," 8,000 strong, with fifteen pieces of artillery, commanded by Gen. Smyth, was assembled near Buffalo the first part of November, 1812. It is needless to say that he did not feel himself bound by the terms of the armistice, but did not have the manhood to say so. He also added to the appearance of his army a proclamation to the soldiers, in which he bade them remember that Canada would yet be a part of the United States, that its inhabitants were groaning under the pressure of British tyranny and longed to be under the liberty and equality of the American democracy.

On Nov. 28th the troops began to be ready to embark at sunrise for the Canadian shore. Gen. Smyth failed to appear and for several hours most of the troops stood shivering on the strand. The British were assembled on the further side. At length when all was ready for them to cross and they were already on board the boats, the order came for them to *disembark and dine*. Gen. Porter marched away to Buffalo in disgust with his New York volunteers.

On Nov. 28th Smyth called a council whose members disagreed about the time when to cross and attack the British. Canadians, all the while, were busy in erecting batteries and earthworks for their protection.

Smyth gave orders for embarkation the next morning, which was to take place to the music of "Yankee Doodle." But Porter objected to the time and proposed the 1st of December and the place to be Grand Island. Gen. Winder wished to land at Chippawa, from thence to march on Queenston and besiege St. George.

This Smyth consented to do and gave orders for the assembly of troops to take place at the Navy Yard on Dec. 1st. When the hour came only 1,500 were embarked. Tannehill's Pennsylvania Brigade refused to march to the place of departure. The Canadians were aroused by the noise and fired signal guns from Fort Erie to Chippawa, Smyth then hastily called a council of regular officers, excluding those of the volunteers from the conference. The result of the council was an order sent to the troops on board to land and go to their quarters. Then followed the explanation, that the invasion of Canada was abandoned for the present, Smyth declaring that he had received orders from headquarters not to attempt it with less than 3,000 men. The militia, disappointed at not getting cheap glory and plenty of plunder, dispersed and the regular soldiers retired into winter quarters. Three months later Smyth was deprived of his command. This ended the third invasion of Canada.

News reached Col. de Salaberry, at St. Phillips, on November 10th, 1812, that Gen. Dearborn, with 10,000 men, was advancing to Odleton. He sent Capts. Perrault and Duchesne, with two companies of Voltigeurs and 300 Indians, to re-enforce Major Laforce who had two companies of militia at La Cole river. This post was further strengthened by Captain McKay with some of the Voyageurs' corps and 80 Indians. The next day Colonel de Salaberry came up himself with the rest of the Voltigeurs and McGillivray's Voyageurs and four companies of Chasseurs.

The Americans were at this time at Champlain town, two miles distant. On the 20th, 1,400 strong, under Cols. Clarke and Pike, they surprised a guard-hut, but retired immediately after.

On the 22nd, the Governor of Lower Canada gave an order to the militia to prepare for active service. Colonel Deschambault crossed the St. Lawrence at Lachine with four battalions and moved on L'Acadie. One battalion, four companies and a troop of dragoons crossed the same river to Laprairie. General Dearborn, seeing that vigorous means were being taken to oppose his advance, retired into winter quarters at Plattsburg, November 27th, 1812.

The next year, 1813, found the United States armies assembled as follows:—The army of the North, 18,000, under General Hampton, was near Lake Champlain and the southern borders of Lower Canada. The army of the Centre 7,000, under Generals Dearborn and Wilkinson extended its lines from Buffalo on Lake Erie to Sackett's Harbour on Lake Ontario, and the army of the West, 5,000, under Gen.

Harrison, was prolonged westward to the uttermost extremity of the British dominion.

On the Canadian side Colonel Proctor garrisoned Detroit with 600 regulars and some Indians. On January 17th, 1813, General Winchester, with 1,000 men, drove one of Proctor's advance guards, consisting of a company of militia and 200 Indians, from Frenchtown back on Detroit. Colonel Proctor immediately advanced on Winchester with 1,100 regulars and Indians, and attacked him, on the 22nd, at Frenchtown, where, after an obstinate conflict, Winchester being captured, the Americans were repulsed, leaving behind 500 prisoners.

This action on the part of Proctor secured Detroit for a season. Proctor was elevated to the rank of brigadier-general by Sir Geo. Prevost.

After the ice was formed on the St. Lawrence parties of United States troops made several incursions from their camp at Ogdensburg into Canada. On one of these raids, in the winter of 1813, they captured and burned a part of Brockville. In retaliation, Lieutenant-Colonels Pearson and McDonnell, on February 22nd, attacked Ogdensburg, and captured four field pieces and seven large cannon before they returned to Prescott, from which they had set out.

This winter the King's Regiment of New Brunswick militia marched on snow-shoes to Lower Canada to assist against the Americans.

VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC.

* * *

Impressions of Rossetti.

AMONG the list of eminent decadents in whose work that very original critic, Max Nordau, has discovered symptoms of degeneration is Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The poet has accordingly been relegated by this amiable critic to that long list of the illustrious insane which includes so many of the most eminent writers of the day, and among them, of course, that school of literary impressionists with whose work the verse of Rossetti bears so delicate and subtle an affinity, and which numbers among its leaders, De Musset, Bandelaire, Leopardi, Maeterlinck and Verlaine. It will be some consolation to the admirers of the poet to reflect that the harsh opinion of Nordau is entirely at variance with the verdict of that higher and rational school of criticism which, with hardly a dissenting voice, has assigned to this poet a foremost place among that exalted band of minstrels whose lofty mission it has been to find a rhythmic voice for those sublimer harmonies which move the spirit of man to alternate smiles and tears. The critics have been very kind to Rossetti, perhaps because he was kind to the critics. He set before them a dainty dish, which even the most fastidious intellectual epicure could hardly fail to relish; and it would be a difficult thing indeed to find a flaw in any one of those beautiful sonnets which he wrought with such exquisite care, in which the soul of music seems to slumber, and which seem not only poetry, but the very essence of poetry.

The limitations of Rossetti are more obvious than his defects. His work is not characterized by that universal sympathy, that cosmic breadth and depth of thought, and great imaginative power which is generally conceived to be the visible stamp and seal of the highest form of genius. There are here no vast and primitive emotions, no turbulent upheavals of the depths, none of that great titanic wrath and rapture, those tragic heights and depths of pain and passion which thrill us with sudden and tempestuous emotion in the poets and prophets of old. There is none of the heroic grandeur of Homer, the sublime passion of Æschylus, the flame-clad imaginings of Dante, the prophetic ecstasy of Isaiah. We do not find these things in the work of Rossetti. His is essentially the poetry of a highly civilized epoch, subtle, sensitive, and refined. Passion indeed there is, indeed as terrible and as intense as ever rent the stormy heart of Prometheus, or moved the stony eyes of Loke to tears. But this emotion wears a veil, and tears its pallid face away, utters no heaven-rending cry of agony, but in a whisper hushed and sibilant, voices a grief as cruel as death or night. Under the influence of the great emotions the voice sinks to a whisper. The deepest grief is not the most audible. In this age of self-repression passion cowers behind the prison bars of sense, and Will, the warder, holds the lock and

key. Our sorrow is subdued. Our grief is not the grief of angry gods, but the deep and inexpressible anguish of the silent, inexplicable sphinx.

And yet though his range is limited, and his sympathies are far from universal, I sometimes think this poet has struck a higher chord of music than any who preceded him. To him more than to any other of those who voice their moods in verse, there seems to have been given the faculty to penetrate the profounder depths of feeling, to play more subtle melodies upon the soul of man, to look down deeper into elemental emotions, to lift a little while the mystic veil, and gaze upon a beauty vague and terrible, as that which haunts the dreams of those who sleep in graveyards. To those who read his verse there comes consciousness of profounder and diviner things than those perceptible to eyes blinded and dim with dust blown from the highways of the earth, he wakes the seventh sense and shows us spectral soulscapes of unearthly beauty. The intellectual atmosphere is redolent with the perfume of invisible flowers, music of invisible orchestras, visions of the mystical realm which

... lies in heaven across the flood
Of ether as a bridge.
Beneath the tides of day and night,
With flame and darkness ridge.

He seemed to see beyond the horizon of human perception, and piercing duty mists with eyes of fire, gaze into the heart of the invisible. It was not enough for him to see the things that others see, or know the joys that gladdened other eyes, and thrilled the chords of souls not less than his with deep pulsations of immortal passion, and joy of mortal life and ecstasy of wind and wave and star. It was not enough for him to absorb into his soul the beauty and the verdure of the earth, and weave into the fibre of his verse the white and ashen splendour of the dawn, the golden glory of the noonday sun, the sacred dusk of twilight. No. He would absorb them all indeed—and wait—so impatiently for the night—for the night to come with its darkness—and in the bosom of the darkness the stars—and from the hearts of the stars, the music—that music astral and divine—the music of the star-beams singing, and join his voice to theirs and sing

a song whose hair
Blows like a flame and blossoms like a wreath,

till they who read his verse when the moon is high in the heavens and the astral light of the singing spheres floats earthwards so mysteriously, can sometimes hear in sweetest fancy the tinkle of angelic harps and hear the seraphim sweetly singing as they cluster in the twilight of the immortal heavens to sing immortal songs.

It is this transcendental tone—this poetic perception of the supersensible—which gives this poet a place apart from his fellows. He seems to have touched a higher chord—subtle, attenuated and refined—some prelude of a sublimer minstrel—a stray note of a choir celestial—a floating melody which drifted downwards to lift us upwards along the aisles of light to realms forever divine,

Where we shall meet
With bodiless form and unapparent feet.

The soul of man looks out of his prison-house of clay and waking strangely from the sleep of life holds cosmic communion with nature unconcealed and feels a deep and subtle affinity with all that is beautiful and fair—the sweet roses—its sisters—its brothers, the stars. From the tragic island of his frail mortality he drifts in dreams to glory and with an inner ear hears sweeter harmonies than those poor muffled sounds which mocked him in the midnight of mortality. On waves of colour, sound, and light he floats to sweetest rapture and is absorbed in the depths of that supreme Being whose mortal mood he was.

Rossetti buried his happiness some years before he died and, as students of his biography know, he buried his poetry with her. There is no more pathetic picture in all literary biography than that which was visible to the eyes of those who saw a broken-hearted poet enter the room where the love of his heart lay dead, and after reading to ears that were deaf the poems he wrote to her honour, deposit in the coffin the book of verse which she had been the ever living inspiration. Later, the body was exhumed and the only copy of the poems then extant was rescued from oblivion, and those who read these verses sometimes think

they have absorbed the spirit of the dead and still retain with all its ecstasy of love some odour likewise of the grave, the coffin and the dust wherein they lay a time upon a pallid breast. Others who read them think that when the spirit parted from the clay, she took these lines with her to heaven to be revised by angels and dowered with perennial immortality by the warm breath of gods. But this is only fancy. On her death the poet strove to voice his grief in those sonnets of the Book of Life—sonnets which sometimes seem to sweat a sweat of blood, which glow and palpitate and tremble with the very ecstasy of music and blush and thrill like things of flesh and blood. The lines are dripping with tears and damp with vermilion drops.

His soul remembers yet
The sunless hours that pass it by
And still he hears the Night's disconsolate cry
And feels the branches wringing wet
Cast on his brow that may not once forget
Dumb tears from the blind sky.

The dew of death was on his brow some years before he died, and the relentless grip of an insidious disease drove him for peace to poison. Through the clouds of chloral and mists of tears the splendid soul shone like a star, and even as the microbe ate away the ropes of dust that bound the spirit and the flesh, his eyes forever open sought the light that fadeth not forever. Through the long hours of the night when pain denied him sleep he paced with restless step his studio and watched the first faint streaks of dawn fall on the picture that he loved.

Look in my face—my name is Might-Have-Been.
I am also called—No More—Too Late—Farewell.
Up to thine ear I hold the dead sea shell."

There is no biography but autobiography, no revelation but self-revelation. Where shall we seek the character of an author? We must seek for it in his writings. The spirit of the author broods over his creations. His presence is visible between the lines. We hear his heart-beats in its melodies. Through the flame-lit aisles of the Inferno stalks the majestic figure of Dante. Milton walks in the Garden of Eden, and Homer dogs the footsteps of Achilles. Behind the fantastic figures which revel in the midnight saturnalia of Walpurgis we see the sphinx-like countenance of Goethe. The sunset falls on Scottish hills and from a lonely cottage on the heather the face of Burns looks up and smiles forever. The skylark soars and Shelley sings. The raven sits on every bust of Pallas and the voice of Poe forever echoes in the ringing and the rolling and the tolling of the bells. The dark clouds brood above the heights of Sinai and the thunderings and the lightnings of some immortal wrath stir the spirit of Isaiah to prophesy. The blessed Damsel leans out of heaven, her lily-white hands are on the golden bars, and her eyes look softly downwards

Like waters hushed at even,
and that white soul which gazes ever upwards, straining against the prison bars of clay in the dim ecstasy of breathless expectation and the vague wonder of divinest discontent—that is Rossetti.
E. F. Cross.

Parisian Affairs.

THE death of Prince Lobanoff leaves Russia with one great diplomatist less. Not that his demise was a surprise to those who encountered him at Vichy, whose waters did him much good. No assurance office would ever accept his life. He had a very complicated heart affection. Some years ago he entered as inmate of a private hospital in Paris, and was operated upon for the stone; this disease recently reappeared, and necessitated drinking the severe water of Contrexéville. These ailings and his advanced age explain his sudden death. He was the type-diplomatist of the modern, the scientific school. He advocated peace, like every person of common sense; he proclaimed the unity of the six powers, so long as it did not interfere with his combinations; he reaped the lion's share of the Franco-Russian alliance, and by his energy, tact, foresight and dogged pursuing of definite ends, ever succeeded in grasping the skirts of happy chance. His successor will have a difficult inheritance to administer, since England is clearly adopting the general diplomatic lines of canny and staying Russia. She will nap

no more, and will only take a sixth interest in the syndicate of powers to redress human wrong. There was a time when she and France went singly in quest of the Holy Grail. But where are the snows of Antan?

At first the death of the prince gave a scare to the French, as they expected the visit of their Russian majesties might be postponed. The Czar soon gave the order, "Let the ball proceed," for ministers, like sovereigns, have successors. The event may curtail by a day or two the sojourn of the imperial visitors in the capital, but the end will be attained—the Czar and Czarina will make their bow to Parisians. As for the Franco-Russian alliance, be that gold or gilding, it has had an important influence on the home tranquillization of France, a result generally overlooked. In the population of 38 millions not a single inhabitant would be found to cry, "Vive la Poloque, Monsieur!" But the age of the Floquets is past, and which at best was largely wind-bagism. How the alliance will stand a period of storm and stress, the future alone can respond.

It is a good moment to take stock of the European situation, as some changes must ensue when a great actor quits the stage. Two events are taking place that merit attention; the affectionate effusions between the Austrian and Russian Kaisers, and the betterment of amicable relations between France and England. Albion is ceasing to be *perfidie*, despite that railway king, "Sir" Kitchener. These are the relics of Prince Lobanoff's policy—the isolation of Germany. Circumstances are not wholly unfavourable to the programme, because it aims to smash the triple alliance, and honey catches more flies than vinegar. Austria cajoled, and Montenegro embracing Italy; England in her "splendid isolation" enjoying the staging, these are signs of the times. But Germany has two trump cards; she has one eye upon the Germanized, or eastern, provinces—and the richest, of Russia; and the other upon the absorption of the Austro-Germans, when the Austro-Hungarian mosaic monarchy disintegrates, and prophesied to be coeval with the death of Francis-Joseph. Italy has a pound of flesh to cut out of Austria into the bargain.

Bismarck's policy consisted in setting all the powers at each other and calmly enjoying the diplomatic cockpit. That is now over; the combatants have discovered the trick and are practising it against the originator. Germany must ever keep her hand upon the hilt of her sword out of prudence for France, just as Westerners do when propagating civilization among Orientals; she has to keep a vigilant eye on Bavaria, which is afflicted with "particularism," and would not object to be wooed and won by Austria. The latter, backed by Germany, has to maintain 70,000 splendid cavalry to guard the Balkans against the Cossacks. Russia might offer Salonica to Austria in exchange for her passing Constantinople and some of the Balkan territory to the Muscovite. But Germany, Italy and Britain might ask, "Where do we come in?" Even the change might be too much for France to swallow.

The death of Francis-Joseph—a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; the departure of "The Shadow," for the Land of Shadows, the sickening rottenness of the Ottoman Empire, corruption tempered with massacre, may at any moment precipitate the continental cataclysm. The relations between Germany and England are anything but cordial, and every diplomatic incident involving the interests of England—the most recent of Zanzibar, sees the Germans banded in animosity against Britain. The French cannot be blamed for blowing the coals—nor ought the Teutons to become ruffled, if they receive Rolands for their Olivers. In fairly making war to the commercial seven-league-boots advance of Germany, and so rousing France and the United States to follow her lead, England has delivered a bitter blow to Fatherland. Her secrets of success are known, and being made known, and will be followed up. The Anglo-Franco industrial quarrel will be tried with Germany, hilt to hilt. Produce the kind of articles local markets demand; at the lowest prices; ship at best rates of freight; study how goods are made up, presented as it were to give an appetite to the eyes of buyers; be hail-fellow-well-met with the latter—such are almost the Ten Commandments for German commercial triumphs. In France several modest manufacturers of different articles unite to send out consignments under a competent commercial traveller; it would be well could some of themselves undertake the voyage; the master's

eye makes the horse thrive. The economic situation of France is experiencing a baby boom—like a Spaniard it will grow. Indeed the reign of the lean kine has too long endured. She has still to run the gauntlet respecting fiscal reforms: some sound, not a few fantastical. The serious block expected on the line is the coming election of the President of the United States, and which is followed with intense interest. Whether Mr. Bryan or Mr. McKinley win, the result is discounted as equally disastrous for French trade.

The French admit England has been sagacity itself, in continuing to keep Zanzibar as a "protectorate," in preference to annexation—the error they have committed in the case of Madagascar. Germany claiming to exercise capitulation rights at Zanzibar, by affording with glee, consular protection to the usurper, Said Khaled, fortifies the claims of the British on Madagascar. When the Teuton is tired of the big refugee's presence, he must be set free on some neutral territory. His property, and those of the chiefs who sided with him, will be confiscated. The bombardment of the palace, and securing order within fifty minutes by Shrewsbury clock, will convince the hinterlands that England does not deal in Quaker guns. Besides, it is not bad to allow occasionally, as the Arabs say, the "gunpowder to speak" It is as good a calm out as Sergeant Kite's bed of honour.

It will be a long time ere France will see colonists arrive in Madagascar. Concessions of land to the extent of 125 acres will be granted free to Frenchmen only, or to approved protégés. Only one concession to one person. This is to keep away foreign devils. Even the concession will not be accorded till the applicant deposits 5,000 frs. as evidence of his sincerity. Sydney Smith said a man is only in earnest when he puts his hand into his breeches pocket. After the deposit is lumped down the colonist will require 40,000 frs. more to erect a house and stock the homestead; he will have to pay his own passage out, and expend on landing 1,000 frs. more to transport himself and his impediments to his estate. Then he will have to agree with the natives—they are not cannibals—and fight the climate as best he can. No wonder Frenchmen prefer to enjoy their five o'clock absinthe at a café, than risk 60,000 frs. in the wilds of Madagascar, plus the possibility of being potted at by the Fahavalos. As for the poor man with only good health and strong arms for capital, he must etiolate at home.

France, though wealthy, lacks money to keep up her establishment, to maintain her style. The ordinary sources of revenue have arrived at the limit of their taxable production. Discover then a new way to raise the wind. Eureka! replies Professor Alglave; let the State become monopolist distiller, sell alcohol or brandy of excellent brand at an arbitrary tariff, and the treasury will net 1,200 million frs. annually! With that sum, taxes on wine, beer, cider, octroi dues and the land taxation of small farmers, could be abolished; ironclads constructed that there would not be enough of harbours to contain them. Well, the public has "caught on" to this idea. It is a big bonanza, assert some; it is another Panama, with the State not private individuals, for victims rejoin others. Some districts of Russia are said to have adopted the system, but blue book data of its working are wanting. Switzerland has officially tried the experiment, expecting to net the calculated nine millions of francs, at the rate of 3 frs. per inhabitant. Professor Alglave counts upon 25 to 30 frs. per head of the French population. In 1891 the excise reports of Switzerland for the year showed that instead of 9 only 6 million frs. were raised, and the drop has continued steadily since; in 1895 it was 4 4 5 millions, and the Federal President, M. Droz, declares the State monopoly in alcohol to be a fiasco, a failure. Official evidence of the success of the system is hence lacking. By abolishing the duty on wine, the latter could be obtained at the rate of 18 frs per 22 gallons which if distilled, would produce two gallons of pure alcohol, representing at the State's tariff of 36 frs. a gallon, a sum of 72 frs. But any householder could distil, the apparatuses are so cheap, the two gallons of brandy for 27 frs., leaving a net profit to those who could "do the excise," amounting to 45 frs. It is the occasion makes the thief. In those regions of France, Cognac to wit, where the farmers convert their grapes into alcohol, not wine, the Minister of Finance not long ago stated the treasury lost twenty millions of francs annually by fraudulent distillation. What would it be when every citizen would

venture to defraud? The whole army of France could not enforce the law.

Dr. Bertillon, inventor and head of the anthropometrical system, and department for the judicial identity of criminals, states that in proportion as the measurements of criminals are made and recorded, they are readily recognized if rearrested. Some who give false names confess the truth on being placed again under the machine for measurement. It is the story of the coon: "Don't fire, Colonel; I'll come down." The mensuration test is gradually clearing away international pickpockets. Any recidivist foreigner is punished severely by the French law.

Paris, September 5th, 1896.

* * *

With Nature, Face to Face.

O! Pliny, that was seasonable word,
 Fraught too with inference for this swift age:
 "In Athens sacred, let conceits not rage
 Within thy breast; REVERE THE GODS." I've heard
 A poet grieve that Nature seldom stirred
 In men to-day, that gentle love of flow'rs
 And trees, that led the ancients to the bow'rs
 Of Thessaly's sweet vale. The song of bird
 At eventime has often come to me
 With strain of invitation: "I am free,"
 And following through a dale we reach a wood
 We bare the head; it seems a holy place;—
 "Revere the gods!" O! that all mankind could
 Stand here with Nature's workshop face to face!

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

* * *

The Late Prof. Child.

IN the death of Prof. Child, of Harvard, American scholarship has sustained a very great loss. His immense learning, tireless industry, and fine literary judgment, made him a brilliant example of that type of scholar of which no country can ever boast a great number, and of which this continent has so far produced but a very few. To Harvard University, with which he has been associated for over half a century, the loss is especially severe; for it has been chiefly owing to his exertions that that institution has cultivated so profoundly and so extensively the study of our own literature and language that to-day it possesses a school of English which is without an equal on either side of the ocean.

Dr. Child's services to scholarship have been chiefly in the field of early and middle English. In his "Observations on the Language of Chaucer," he laid the foundations of that school of study which has made possible the production of a critical text of our first great poet of a proved accuracy such as his earlier editors had never dreamed of achieving. Even more final was his work in Ballad Literature. The study of a life-time in this field culminated in a magnificent edition of all extant versions of all genuine Scottish and English popular ballads, the tenth and last volume of which he was just completing when he died. The mere collecting of the ballads was but a part of this immense undertaking; for each ballad is prefaced with an introduction which contains a collation of all the analogues to it to be found throughout the popular literatures of the world—a task the performance of which was made possible only by his marvellous knowledge of the folk-lore of all countries.

Yet it is a very inadequate idea of the man and his achievements that is to be gained from an enumeration of his literary productions. For Harvard and for American Colleges in general he has probably done more in suggesting an ideal and in giving inspiration than he has done even in his more direct services to scholarship, immense though these have been. He was a rare instance of a student in whom great and minute learning had not dried up the kindlier juices of his nature. A man to whom sentimentality in every form was abhorrent, he had yet so tender a heart and such a susceptibility to noble emotion that, even after fifty years' familiarity, his eyes would fill with tears over a ballad like "Mary Hamilton," or the beauty of expression in a passage from Chaucer or Shakespeare. No amount of philo-

logical or antiquarian discussion ever seemed to deprive him of the finest kind of appreciation; and no aesthetic criticism could be more effective in generating enthusiasm than his "Could anything be finer than this?"—forced out of him, as it always seemed to be, by the intensity of his own admiration.

Nothing, in truth, could be finer than the transparent clearness of his almost child-like nature. I have never known a man freer from self-consciousness or affectation of any kind. He never posed, never tried to show himself off in any way, and consequently never disguised himself. No student who came into close personal contact with him failed to fall under his spell; and I should suppose that, since the days of the literary patron, no man has ever had so many dedications written in his honour. His love of thoroughness, his respect for what was genuine, and his scorn of pretence communicated themselves in some degree to all who worked with him; and, though he probably was never aware of it, they are to-day reproduced in his disciples throughout the colleges of the United States.

In Professor Child the world of learning will mourn the scholar whose rare equipment and perfect honesty made his judgment always important and always welcome; America will mourn the pioneer whose work earned for her scholarship the attention and respect of Europe; but Harvard men, both past and present, will mourn far more the man whose clear and beautiful spirit was to so many of them one of the great inspirations of their lives

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON.

Cambridge, Mass.

* * *

Beust.—II.

IT was during this period of European tribulation that Bismarck—the most powerful, the most resolute, the most strategic, and the most successful of all modern statesmen, the genius who resembles the mighty Napoleon in this particular, that, although the great majority of his important undertakings have been eminently disastrous, yet history has wisely determined from the wide influence which he exercised on his generation, that he is peculiarly qualified to bear the title "great"—saw the possibility of performing a supreme act in history, and bequeathing his name to the remotest ages as the originator of a policy and the creator of a throne. There had been in modern generations many contests among the rival states for the dominion of that vast and uncertain region of Europe which, lying between Russia on the one side and France on the other, stretched from the shores of the Baltic on the north until it was lost in the mountainous wilderness which marked the upper confines of Turkey on the south. This tract had already been the seat of several successive kingdoms, and already a number of ill-fated dynasties had alternately flourished and perished on its soil. Some, however, though pursued by fate, continued to preserve the reality of an existence. Among the survivors was Austria. The history of Austria has been a history of insurrection, of conquest, of political inquietude, of the maintenance and provision of unsatisfactory and costly provinces, and of the carrying on of troublesome and disadvantageous wars. Although weak, Austria was the strongest of the states comprising the German Confederacy, and was jealously regarded by all the others, and especially by that kingdom which has remained as a monument to the genius of its founder, Frederick the Great. The revolts of 1848, instead of regenerating, had drained Austria's vitality into other and alien lands. Internal foes were rapidly accomplishing the destruction which before very long was destined to be completed by enemies from without. Bismarck now observed an opportunity to deprive the House of Hapsburg of its interstate pre-eminence, and transfer the honour of German supremacy to the kingdom in the north.

The history of Prussia's victories over Austria, and the formation of the modern German Empire, belong rather to a study of the career of Bismarck than to that of Beust. Beust, however, was not idle during that period which was distinguished by the conquering advances of Bismarck and Von Moltke. When the ill-fated states Schleswig-Holstein were torn from the crown of Denmark, and sought by Bis-

marck to be allied with Prussia in the new empire, it was Beust who successfully interfered, and who, by the exercise of that strategic ability which he kept in constant action, compelled the great Prussian to divide with his illustrious rival the spoils of the preliminary skirmish.

Bismarck, no doubt, expected that there would be but one termination to his violent undertaking. The whole of Central Europe should have fallen into his hands. An empire equal in intelligence, in population, in civilization, and in wealth, to that mighty confederation which dwelt in the dreams of Napoleon, would have been founded in the heart of the continent of Europe. The same dauntless conqueror who had not hesitated to violate his own country's laws in order to attain a personal end, would scarcely deem more inviolable the laws of other nations when the design to be accomplished was beneficial to his country as well as to himself. France would have been overcome immediately after Austria, as she was overcome when the last of the Napoleons met a fate not less ignominious than the terrible fate of the first. Belgium and Holland would probably have surrendered to a less cruel though more powerful conqueror than Alva. Spain would have felt the general overthrowing, and if nothing more had been done—as is extremely improbable—England would at least have been humbled by the daring genius before whose iron determination there had fallen so many thrones. But a genius of a greatness not inferior to Bismarck, even in action, had determined the ultimate limits of the new Napoleon's conquering career. As soon as Austria was doomed, the Foreign Minister of Saxony sought for an alliance with the kingdom which many statesmen conceived to be rapidly hastening to ruin. Hungary was the most likely as well as the most desirable ally. Between Austria and Hungary there existed a long-standing enmity. But there was one who was equal to the emergency. The enmity in some strange fashion was for a period forgotten. A union was rapidly arranged. The new kingdom became Austro-Hungary, and the advancing career of the founder of Prussian supremacy was hurried to a sudden and final end.

After the defeat of Austria at Sadowa, Beust became Chancellor of the new empire. He alone of the Austrians understood sufficiently well for the necessities of his country the nature of his rival in the north. Not only did he know his capacities, but what was of much more importance, he knew his intentions. And planning carefully, artfully, wisely, and secretly, Beust completed the series of intricate negotiations between the torn parts of the new monarchy with so great a degree of success that the kingdom he had reared on the ruins of the Hapsburg monarchy was of such an inherent durability and visible strength that its dictates the Prussian conqueror was compelled in the hour of his glory to obey as well as to own.

During the years from his ascent to greatness in the new empire down to the time of the French invasion, Beust was incessantly active in placing his kingdom in such order that it might eventually become one of the first of the nations of Europe. He descended to details. He reorganized the entire internal administration of the state. He brought to a closer proximity all classes in the empire, not by dragging down the higher classes, but by elevating the low. The political, social, financial, military and religious conditions of the people were thoroughly revised. How he accomplished the internal revolution, when an external revolution in the neighbouring nation was disturbing distant continents; how he preserved the autonomy of his country by the sole strength of his genius during the stormy season when France was falling for the last time beneath the blows of a conqueror; how he maintained the supremacy of the new alliance without an army in the face of the vast military array commanded by the veteran ability of Von Moltke; how, without force to ensure the success of his measures, he undertook successfully to dictate a policy of peace to Europe when the war-worn battalions of a hostile foe were marching victoriously into Sedan, when the last French monarch was signing the instrument of his compulsory abdication, and when for the last time France was being taught the terrible fate which was destined to pursue the charmed name of Napoleon; how, in that great day of degradation, England was persuaded to remain inactive, and forego, as she had done even when she herself was conqueror, to plunder the nation which, in its turn, had been plundered by every power in Europe; how Bismarck was compelled to retire from Sedan to preserve the supremacy of his own kingdom;

how France recovered from the shock of the terrible blow and became a greater nation than she had ever been since the years when the Mayors of the Palace were assuming to themselves an authority which transcended the undefined authority of the throne; and how since then peace has reigned supreme upon the continent of Europe, will probably not for many generations be narrated in the pages of history, and even then will scarcely be recognized as in some degree due to the ability, the genius and the statesmanship of Beust. The abundant details of his activity, of his foresight, and of his energy have not yet been disclosed by the historian, nor do they appear in the memoirs for which the world waited in vain. The knowledge of his exertions is gained only from the pages of that history which never errs, and never falters, the results of the deeds which have been done. Before Beust appeared, the great expanse of empire bounded by the Baltic, by Russia, by Turkey, by the Netherlands and by France was in a condition of chaos. Authority after authority had exercised its supremacy over that lonely wilderness, but the only effect of authority was to hurry it further into anarchy. One great spirit had come, but the dominion of Frederick the Great had after his death dissolved away with extraordinary rapidity. Maria Theresa was not more successful than her illustrious hereditary foe. For a century after the Seven Years' War, all was darkness. Bismarck appeared. But his policy of tyranny and war was scarcely the policy which wise and independent statesmen would have recommended to the necessities of the already tyrannized and war-burdened land. Then came Beust. The greater part of what he did will probably never be known. Sometimes he required to act too suddenly, sometimes too secretly, sometimes too subtly, but always too mightily, to permit of a record being made of what he proposed to do. Yet there remains, if not the record, at least the visible results. These results were attained by means, by necessities, by principles, and by desires which alone have been revealed. And in the dark and unwritten region extending between the statesman's desires and his results, there repose in mysterious gloom the tangled webs of secret schemes and unfolded plans which were thought and wrought by the master-mind to compass the full measure of his ends.

In the year 1871, Beust, after having accomplished the emancipation of the Magyars, and having liberated Austria from the serfdom of the Papacy, in addition to other great and wise reforms, of a permanent and of an essential character, resigned the Chancellorship of Austria and was appointed as Austrian Ambassador to England. This position he occupied for five years. In 1876 he became Austrian representative at Paris, a position he occupied for six years. In 1882 he retired—some say he was driven—from public life. He lived four years longer, and died on the 24th of October, 1886, in his rural residence near lovely Vienna, in that kingdom which he had given as a new state to expectant history, and as a peace-offering to a continent which had been shaken for many centuries with a giant tribulation and unrest.

Of all the great statesmen whose extraordinary fertility of intellect Beust was required to encounter, Bismarck was certainly the first. Between the two, keen, ambitious, and resolute as both were, the historian would naturally expect an engagement which should compass the destruction of either one or the other—a conflict which would be prolonged until, after many battles had been fought for no necessary purpose, after many lives had been sacrificed without any beneficial result, after the contagion had spread and a personal antipathy had replaced the old partizan hostility between political factions, after the civilized world had been shaken to its remotest corners with the stormy violence of the tumult, one alone of the two would emerge from the conflict successful, supreme, and destitute of a rival, while the other lay vanquished and defeated beneath the victor's feet. That such is not the result of the meeting between Beust and Bismarck is due, in some degree, to the age in which the two characters appeared, in some degree to policy, but in no less degree to the keen and penetrative discernment and knowledge of men possessed by Beust, especially when he was in the presence of men like Bismarck. Bismarck had told Beust: "If I have an enemy in my power I must destroy him." Perhaps Beust read in those words his probable fate. But whether he did or not, this, at least, can be confirmed, that Beust never permitted himself to fall

into the hands and the power of Bismarck. The means by which he avoided self-destruction eventually led to the formation of a new empire. Beust knew that no foe is as powerless as the enemy which is always on the defensive. The Prussian Prince's plan was one of territorial aggrandizement. Beust might have merely opposed Bismarck's designs by obstructing his various acts. Had he done so he would in all probability have met with a fate which was familiar to many of his contemporaries. But he did not remain long on the defensive. He knew that the most satisfactory attitude to preserve during a contest with a power of uncertain magnitude was a condition of active and offensive hostility. That condition Beust preserved. He did not oppose Bismarck's design of forming a new empire. That would in all probability have been impossible. He simply created a rival kingdom. During the intervals between Bismarck's active operations he would not have leisure to conceive schemes of destruction. He would require to defend his throne from exterior aggression. The exertions which Beust would require to make in order to act on the defensive would, if properly applied, permit him to act on the offensive and, with the exercise of a little of his genius, sustain a new monarchy as well. Bismarck was opposed by an inferior statesman, as Napoleon was encountered by an inferior commander, and, like the great Napoleon, Bismarck was defeated, not only in a warfare with which he was most familiar, but also with the weapons of his choice.

History is a record of the world's great deeds; philosophy is a record of the world's great thoughts; statesmanship is a combination of the two. The statesman is the thinker in action. He is an answer to the falsehood that a union of deeds and devices, of contemplation and completion, is in anything, except in theory, incompatible. A Shakespeare, men say, could never be a Caesar. His very wisdom would be his failure. The principles of the thinker are written, are universal, are utopian, while those of the man of deeds are never written, are always local, and, once applied, become useless forever. He must make a law for every case; the application of a principle with him is the rule. Whatever may be the answer to this apparently conclusive reasoning, this much is certain, that the statesman has for many generations combined, with a practical success, which is singularly surprising, the two opposite and apparently inconsistent characters—those of the man of thought and the man of deeds. The extent of his thoughts are indefinite, the measure of his acts is, too, somewhat misty, and the precise point of the connection of thought and act is also undefined, but in that undefined mist they meet and are united. For in the statesman's meanest measure there must have been present a penetrating intelligence to conceive the necessities of the titanic occasion, the means which were required to be employed, and some vast energy reposing behind the intelligence to turn the means employed into the end.

Beust stands prominently before history as the greatest modern example of that peculiar type of genius which may correctly be termed the extemporizing statesman. He did not, like Bismarck, discern far in the dim distance of the untroubled generations a tremendous consummation towards which all his energies and all his measures were aimed. He was rather the director of means than a creator of ends. As such director of means he was undeniably of extraordinary advantage to his king. It is not always the statesman who has a new and gigantic policy to effect, or a vast undertaking to accomplish, that is desired by his employer. It is rather the man who can serve his sovereign whenever he is needed, who can assist that sovereign out of his difficulties, who can avert with skill constantly impending catastrophes, who can allow his superior to sow, yet not compel him to reap, and give him the benefit of the enjoyments without allowing him to be harassed by the results. Such a man was Beust. Had he been required to create a policy of world-wide dimensions, he would probably have been baffled; had he been invited to devise a plan for conquering Europe, in all likelihood his genius would have met with a task beyond the compass of his capacity; but when he had placed before him a dilemma, a crisis, or a pursuing and unrelenting fate, then he was in his proper element. He could stand before the flowing stream and turn its course aside, but his genius was not of a nature which would allow him to create the first ripple which rolled on the face of the

flood. If he did create an empire, it was merely as a means towards the end of ceasing the course of a foe which he was unable to conquer, and not as the vast and skilfully conceived termination of a splendid and world-embracing design.

If it be true that Beust was driven by his sovereign from public life, then men are not deceived when they expect that as his life was in the hour of his glory so also must it be in the hour of his decline. In the season of his greatest success he was but the servant of a single will, the servile instrument of an ambitious king. To effect the king's desire, to hearken to the slightest whisper which dropt from above, to turn reverently his gaze upon the upper powers, to watch with changing colour the splendour and magnificence glow and fade round the throne, to meekly bow when the royal accent fell nervously upon his ear—this was the life of Beust. But to the great roar of the weak masses who sobbed and sighed and beat the unhearing air, and shook the palace where he dwelt, and penetrated the secret council chamber of the king and echoed from the golden dome which shone above the jewelled throne, his ears were forever sealed, to the tears which fell from blinded eyes and saturated again the soil already saturated with blood, his eyes were forever shut, and to the agitating questions which came up from the toiling myriads on every hand, the great Minister's tongue was forever dumb. He was the friend of the king, and the foe of the people, and when he had lost the favour of him to whom he had sold his soul, why should he seek the confidence of those whom he had betrayed? He fell when the subtle king had used him to the full, and no bed of roses broke his heavy descent to earth. No one comforted him when the palace door had shut behind him, for its closing was as secret as its opening had been. He went forth from its portals as he had entered them—alone. When he crossed the golden threshold he was crowned arch-king over many sovereigns, and when he passed away from the glittering court room he became the humblest subject's slave.

Yet even in the humiliation of his decline, and amid the darkness of his closing days, history has bestowed on Beust the title "great." Nor can it be denied that history, with its unflinching measure of justice, even in this single instance, has given a hurried judgment, which future ages shall reverse. Estimated by a single deed, viewed from a single point of vision, yes, from many points of vision, he was indeed unworthy of a title to future fame. But it is not from these single deeds, or from these single points of vision that history considers its subject, and gives the verdict which shall live as long as the foundations of love and liberty. History looks at the many acts, at the myriad influences, at the countless displays of genius, at the innumerable achievements of its subject before it writes in indelible letters the word "great" or the word "small." To the passions of the subject, to the influence of the generation, to the circumstances and necessities which ordained inconsistencies, history extends a leniency similar to that leniency which, in the administration of justice, is termed mercy. And history is right in its method. For these are but transitory effects which have resulted from causes which in no wise shall endure. And when this leniency is extended to Beust, and his weaker and less noble deeds are redeemed by his great achievements, and offset by his circumstances, history will estimate him as he was estimated by his closest contemporaries, and the tongue of the generations shall this at least proclaim, that had there been no interval of action between Beust's cradle and his coffin, the most enchanting chapters which have been written in the historical romance of the nineteenth century would never have thrilled the hearts of gods or men.

ALBERT R. J. F. HASSARD.

Toronto, September 1st, 1896.

* * *

The Irish Convention is regarded in Dublin as a great success, and it is a great success, for it proves to demonstration that what the Irish people love is a declaration in favour of impossibilities, or at least of ideals so visionary that they have not the least relation to anything within their reach at the time at which they proclaim them. This is what irritates a practical Irishman like Mr. Healy into the attitude of disaffection which he takes up.—*London Spectator*.

The Appraisal of Literature.

MR. GEORGE ILES, formerly a resident of Montreal and a sometime contributor to THE WEEK, read a paper before the recent meeting of the American Library Association at Cleveland, giving such valuable and timely suggestions to Librarians and Public Library Boards that we reproduce it almost in full. A better guide to the books in a library than a mere catalogue of titles and authors is something urgently needed. Mr. Iles is a man with literary gifts and tastes as well as a man of business; and his suggestions are worthy of serious consideration.

A good many of us can well remember the typical American museum of twenty years ago. It contained many valuable specimens drawn from the realms of earth, air and ocean; it had received rich gifts both from science and art; but truth to tell, the general effect of it all was not alluring. An atmosphere of dreariness repelled ordinary mortals; it was reserved for the lonely and athletic student to find any meat and drink in the shelves and cases. To-day how great the contrast as one enters the National Museum at Washington, the Museum of Comparative Anatomy at Cambridge, the Museum of Natural History at New York! How has the marvellous change from dullness to fascination come about? Why is it that instead of perfunctory glances at minerals and skeletons we are held by one vivid interest after another, until we regretfully hear "All-out" from the janitor at the close of the day? Much must first be credited to the discoveries and inventions which in the past twenty years have so largely increased the capital of all museums. Much also has been done by giving collections a reasoned order; by connecting as a series all the forms intermediate, let us say, between copper ores and copper ingots; in bringing clearly to view such genealogical trees as those which show the horse descended from a creature about the size of a fox, and which bid man reluctantly acknowledge his poor relations of the cavern and the glade. But an improvement equal to any other in importance consists in labelling every specimen fully and clearly instead of bestowing only its name. Indeed, Prof. Goode, Director of the National Museum at Washington, goes the length of defining a museum as a place where instructive labels are accompanied by well selected specimens. It would seem that the curator, taught by the inquiries of the visitors to whom he has displayed his treasures, and desirous to win attention at every step, has taken the printer for his partner and sought to say once for all everything that may awaken the visitor's interest, to answer every question he is likely to ask. It is only the eyes already instructed that pause before a mineral ticketed "bauxite from Georgia," but if instead of a ticket we read a label which tells us that bauxite is the basis of the aluminium manufactured by electricity at Niagara, the specimen at once comes home to our business and bosoms. A crystal, a bone, a bird, a bit of ore, however remarkable it may really be, cannot say so, for it is dumb; we owe gratitude to the man who enables it to tell its story, to explain whence it came, what it is good for, what it means in the great scheme of interpretation which the philosophers build deeper and higher for us every day.

While the museum has been advancing in wealth and in methods of making that wealth available to the plain people, the public library has borne it fraternal company in the service of popular culture. As the museum has been enriched by new gifts from the explorer, the discoverer, the inventor, so has the public library received new wealth in the provinces of art and science, scholarship and research, history, poetry and romance. And better modes of classifying its treasures, new and old, improvement in every detail of administration, have brought the public library to vastly extended usefulness, and notably in the co-operation more and more intimate which has in consequence sprung up between it and the museum. Not so many years ago teachers thought it great gain to have their books enriched by illustrations. To-day, whenever desirable, the teacher may pass from mere illustration to the thing illustrated—the piece of armour, the spray of coral, the gleaming crystal, which invites examination in the museum. It is the keynote of the new education that impressions should be immediate, that to rest satisfied with a word when one should know the thing the word is about,

is to allow the usurpation of substance by shadow. Often words become charged with their whole meaning only when we see and handle what they describe and discuss. And there is further reciprocity between the museum and the library; when the label-writer has more to tell than a label gives him space for, he can refer by title and page to the book where his story is continued to the end.

It is with regard to this matter of the label that the methods of the museum are distinctly in advance of those of its neighbour and friend, the public library. The curator has put so much light and colour into his ticket that the dry bones of his cases move and live; the librarian still shows a catalogue of mere titles which the ordinary reader runs over much as he might a series of tickets in a museum twenty years ago. Great treasures are undoubtedly heaped up in the shelves before him, but he takes the fact very largely upon trust. The veins of gold here and there are mixed with how much dross, with how much ore not worth the mining! Beside each other are the few genuine books of all time, the volumes which interpret these and bring them down to date, in much greater profusion, the mere echoes and dilutions of weighty writing, together with a preponderant mass of downright rubbish. Each book bears nothing more or less than its title; in the unrespecting catalogue no authority is before or after another. Francis Parkman and a catchpenny historical compiler touch elbows; George Eliot and Mrs. Southworth kiss each other. Of course, readers in choosing this book rather than that have some reason for their choice. But is the reason a good one; shouldn't there be an opportunity to choose with only the best reason possible? Perchance some friend has recommended the chosen volume; but is the recommendation informed and trustworthy? Or it may be that a laudatory advertisement has directed the choice; and how much reliance can be put on advertisements? Or, what occurs oftenest of all in the literature of instruction, the reader interested in birds, or African exploration, or electricity, takes the book most recently published, or which bears the name buzzed loudest in the public ear. But is it always the best book that latest leaves the press, even in the realm of travel, or exploration, or science on the march? Is it always the most popular author who best deserves popularity? One small class in the community has the good fortune always to have the best reasons in reading and studying its books. The young men and women in our colleges and universities enjoy manifold advantages of training, discipline and culture; among all these benefits one of the chief is their economy of time and attention through reading and studying only the best books. Thanks to the guidance of trustworthy judges they can shun the output of the mere mechanic of the pen; one first-hand work of authority judiciously supplements another; the defects and errors chargeable even to the greatest writers are pointed out, and where a subject is brought down to date in periodicals, the best of these are indicated. Popular education will receive an immense impulse when guidance of this kind is rendered the plain people, not only by the university professor, but by everybody else able and willing to give it. That guidance should come, I think, in a brief descriptive, critical and comparative note, duly signed and dated, to be carried within the book itself, and also to follow the title-card in the public library. Thus the reader, looking up French ceramics, or entomology, or taxation, might see the relative values of all the books of these subjects in the library as fully as if there stood at his side a company of men and women of authority on pottery, insects, or public finance.

And here we begin to see why it is that the museum specimen has long had its label, while the library book still lacks its note. The label is descriptive purely; the book note must be not only descriptive but critical, and so ably and justly critical as to commend itself to every informed and fair mind. By so much as sound judgment exceeds simple knowledge is the task of the literary evaluator more difficult than that of the label writer. One advantage, however, rests with the appraiser of literature, his notes can serve at once hundreds of public libraries and thousands of isolated students; a label-writer's circle is bounded by his own halls and galleries.

In canvassing this proposal among librarians it has been objected that if notes of the quality we seek were to be had, the proper place for them would be in bibliographies, and not on cards in the library catalogue. But if they were

concealed in bibliographies, I fear that few readers would take the trouble to find them there, whereas a reader could not very well dodge a note if it stood before him in the catalogue. Agur prayed that his food might be convenient for him.* Let us for this occasion change Shakespeare a little so as to have him say,

"How oft the sight of means to do good deeds
Makes good deeds done!" †

Library machinery as it stands is excellent, as machinery; it can take on a new character and a fresh usefulness when its mechanism includes the best available judgments of the stores committed to its keeping—judgments put directly into the hands of the public, not at so much as a single remove from the youngest or poorest person who enters a library door.

How, it may be reasonably asked, are we to get all this suggested characterization in the vast and swiftly extending field of literature? Of course, by piecemeal, there is no other way. Let but one department of history, or biography, or applied science, be worthily passed upon, and we shall soon know whether the public wishes to have our plans carried further. History, perhaps, might be taken up for a beginning. Historical literature grows steadily in popular favour; it unites entertainment and instruction, while it naturally and pleasantly introduces the questions social, political, and economic, which to-day knocked at the door of the veriest recluse of us all. At first a thousand titles might suffice; the choice to rest with an editor-in-chief, having a corps of assistants, each responsible for a definite part of the whole. The notes should have such conciseness as not to burden their cards with a needless word, while omitting nothing which the reader or student should be told.

The public library has waited a long time for its note of guidance; let it wait as much longer as may be necessary to get that note in sensible form, of the right quality, and first of all with respect to such books, humble or great, as best deserve the golden scales we are trying to set up.

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Letters to the Editor.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC AND THE EARLY AMERICAN
REVOLUTION.

SIR,—In your issue of August 8th I find a review of my late study, "The Province of Quebec and the Early American Revolution." While without either the power or the inclination to follow up reviews, I feel that *THE WEEK* occupies too important a place in Canadian literary journalism to let this one pass entirely without comment. My work is at least a serious and earnest effort to contribute to the elucidation of some important and neglected aspects of Canadian history; I confess, therefore, to some disappointment in finding that *THE WEEK* has not subjected it to a serious scrutiny. For I cannot regard as serious treatment the criticism of a writer who says that I describe "the military rule of the French from 1750 to the Capitulation of Canada in 1763," and who represents as my main contention the thesis that "the Government of the day erred in giving too much freedom to the French-Canadians." It seems not unreasonable in an author to ask that the critic who is accorded a place in a reputable journal should be able at least to conceal both too distressing an ignorance with regard to the fundamental facts of the subject in question and too entire a misconception of the writer's position.

Your reviewer, however, is cautious enough in the main to refrain from approaching facts too closely and assails especially that part of my work which he says "launches upon the sea of philosophical history and pretends to condemn the Quebec Act." I wish now merely to point out that the entire basis of his attack is precisely that old idea which I have laboured to show has no historical foundation. This idea is that (to use the reviewer's words) "as we all know they [the French-Canadians] remained faithful to the British Government" during the Revolution. It seems incredible that any serious critic should have wholly failed to notice the fact that I have devoted more than thirty pages

* Prov., xxx., 8.

† King John, iv., 2.

of my book to showing that the French-Canadians did not remain faithful, and that it is from this demonstration (which I venture to regard as a complete one) as a basis that my "philosophical history" proceeds. This attitude of my worthy critic has, however, for me one consoling effect: it shows me that I did not err in laying so much stress upon the dissipating of the old conception with regard to the attitude of the French-Canadians toward the Revolutionary invaders of 1775-6.

The conclusions of my study may be indeed "singularly unfortunate;" but I would like to suggest to my critic that they rest upon a basis of stubborn fact to which it would be well to pay some slight attention. I do, however, regard it as somewhat unfortunate that they have been introduced to the readers of THE WEEK by a writer whose head seems too far exalted amongst the clouds of "philosophical history" to recognize a fact when it confronts him.

VICTOR COFFIN.

Madison, Wis., September 5, 1896.

* * *

A Song Without Words.

The wind has a voice that is loud and deep,
And a voice that is sweet and low;
His song comes thundering up from the steep,
And again, like a whispered vow.

But the words of his song I never hear,
Though I listen with all my might;
The music is there full of hope and fear,
But no words can I bring to light.

The waves are all moved to tempestuous glee;
And the trees all sigh in the dark;
But what the wind says comes never to me,
Nor why the trees sigh, I mark.

C. S. L.

* * *

Art Notes.

MR DONALD McNAB, formerly of Toronto but now of Montreal, has recently painted a portrait of the late Dr. Laughlin Macfarlane, which is highly creditable to the artist and shows a marked improvement in style and colour treatment. The Doctor is represented in academical gown and hood, and the portrait is considered an excellent one. It may be seen for a few days at the store of Mr. Alex. McLaren, 181 King Street West

A writer in St. James' Gazette draws a contrast between Sir John Millais and Lord Leighton. In character, genius, temperament, even personal appearance, he says, no two men were more unlike. They were excellent friends, however, Lord Leighton being ever ready to admit the supreme genius of Millais as a painter, and the latter being a stalwart supporter of Leighton as president of the Royal Academy. The most marked contrast between the two lay in the reserve and dignity of the one and the demonstrativeness of the other. On this point we quote what is said of Millais: "Demonstrativeness was perhaps the most striking trait in Millais's character. 'I've got a lot of good work here; I've never done better.' It was a delightful and comforting belief of his. His last work was always his best. While Leighton was depreciatory to an extent that was undoubtedly sometimes not altogether sincere, Millais had a firm belief that the latest product of his brush was the best that he had ever done. It was probably only during the despondent moods which followed recurrent attacks of influenza that he ever felt his work to be out of tune—a feeling which influenced him to the extent of painting all his works in 1894 and 1895 in a sombre key. I well remember the exultant joy with which he showed me the first picture upon which he had used spectacles—it was a portrait of Miss Streatfield, first called 'Ruby' and then 'The Captive'—and how, placing an arm on my shoulder, he led me up to the canvas to show by close examination how finely and delicately it was wrought. But the time to see this enthusiasm at its height was upon his return to town with the result of his autumn's work and on first showing such a magnificent landscape as 'The Fringe of the Moor.' It was a great privilege to behold

such a rare masterpiece, but still more so to examine it in company with the genius who created it and to participate in his enthusiasm concerning it. It is only fair to say that if this enthusiasm was not always justified by the work upon which it was lavished, it was entirely sincere. So was the generosity which he displayed toward the work of his brother-artists. . . . It may be imagined from all this that sensitiveness was not present to any extent in Millais's character; but this was not the case. In some respects he was singularly so. Even when he was making £20,000 a year—perhaps more than any other artist has ever made—he was very anxious whenever a picture of his came up at auction; not on account of the monetary result, for I believe that he never was greedy of gain, but because its price was a criterion to him, a popular estimate, of his artistic worth. He was also very thin-skinned about any criticism which he considered unjust, and this of course, with his preconceived notions of the merits of his work, he was frequently compelled to encounter."

The number of pictures in the various great galleries is given as follows: Gallery of the Vatican, Rome, 37; Gallery of the Luxembourg, Paris, 207; Capitoline Gallery, Rome, 225; Academy of Fine Arts, Boulogne, 280; Bridgewater's Gallery, Earl of Ellesmere, 318; Collection of the Duke of Sutherland, 323; Gallery of Amsterdam, 386; Pitti Palace, Florence, 500; Brera Gallery, Milan, 503; Borghese Gallery, Rome, 526; Gallery of Brussels, 550; Academy of Science Gallery, Turin, 560; Gallery of Burghley House, Northamptonshire, 600; Antwerp Gallery, 600; Academy of Fine Arts, Venice, 688; National Museum, Naples, 700; The Leichtenstein Gallery, Vienna, 713; National Gallery, London, 902; Uffizi Gallery, Florence, 1,200; The Old Museum, Berlin, 1,250; The Pinacothek, Munich, 1,422; Belvedere Gallery, Vienna, 1,550; Imperial Hermitage, St Petersburg, 1,631; Gallery of the Louvre, Paris, 1,800; Museo of the Prado, Madrid, 1,833; Royal Gallery of Dresden, 2,200; Gallery of Versailles, 3,000.

The American Art Society is an organization of connoisseurs, incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts, associated together for the purpose of publishing and distributing among themselves the finest reproductions of the great artworks of the century. It closely resembles the Arundel Society of London, except that it confines its publications to modern subjects, while the Arundel Society issues almost exclusively copies of religious subjects by the old masters. The selection of subjects for publication will be placed in the hands of an advisory committee composed of American artists. In the publications themselves, the highest artistic skill and latest improved processes will be employed. All the publications will be *remarque* proofs. Any person "of full age and good character" is eligible as an associate.

The work done by William Hamilton Gibson was, in the opinion of The Art Interchange, unrivalled in its line, but was "of the kind to awaken enthusiasm for its patience and care rather than for its poetry and suggestion," and and hence "is not likely to live long beyond to-day."

* * *

Music.

A WRITER in the Boston Musical Record says of the late Madame Anna Bishop: I never heard a singer who made such an effect as she could with the simplest ballads. Her singing of "John Anderson, my Jo" always affected me greatly. Although she did not exaggerate expression and employ sensational effects, she seemed to have the power to color her voice to suit the words, and present the subject like a great painter would present the picture to our vision. I remember hearing her sing a song at a benefit performance at a theatre in San Francisco. The piece she selected was "Why do I weep for Thee?" by Wallace. It is written in the key of A-flat. She sang it a half-tone higher—the uppermost note in this ballad only reaches the fifth line of the treble staff. Madame Bishop scored a perfect triumph, however; and the entire audience, including the gallery, applauded enthusiastically. There was an indefinable *something* in her singing that impressed even those of her auditors who were unmusical with a sense of her genius. All great artists possess this power in a greater or less degree. It is much easier for

a singer to acquire "sky-rocket" execution, if they will practise for that end, than it is to sing the simplest ballad in the style of a great artist.

Jefferson de Angelis, who will be remembered as chief among the support of Della Fox during the past two seasons, has branched out as a star, the medium for his introduction in this character being a comic opera entitled, "The Caliph." The music by Ludwig Englander is not as original as it might be, but is, especially in the concerted numbers, quite melodious, and should be popular. Harry B. Smith has written much better librettos. The opera was well received when given recently in New York.

Passing through Salzburg during the recent Mozart Festival, with his friend Hellmesberger, Goldmarck, the composer, let his companion inscribe their names in a hotel register with the addition "and suite" after his own name. But it was in vain the landlord and staff looked for Goldmarck's "suite," the supposed retinue being neither more nor less than an orchestral suite of the master, still in manuscript, and such a favourite of his that he always carries it about with him on his travels.

Moskowski's new ballet, "Laurin," was performed for the first time recently at the Opera House in Berlin, and achieved fair success. Moskowski's music is, as usual, said to be very neat and melodious, especially the dances, but, on the whole, does not reach a high level, and produces no particular impression.

The London Figaro says: "At present Italy does not possess a really great soprano, either light or dramatic; for those that have a high reputation there, bearing Italian-sounding names, are either Spanish or Roumanian, or any other nationality than Italian."

Massenet has decided that Emma Calve shall sing the chief part in his "Cendrillon," if his new opera can be produced in Paris for a short run before her departure to America.

Johann Strauss is at Ischl, where, it is announced, he is busy at work on a new operetta for the Theatre an der Wien.

There is a movement on foot in London to erect a statue to the late Sir Augustus Harris.

At his final appearance as *Tristan* in London, Jean de Reszke had over thirty recalls before the curtain.

Sousa was recently presented at Manhattan Beach by the members of his band with a handsome silver loving-cup.

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The Drama.

MR. JOHN DREW has commenced his season at the Empire Theatre, New York, in a four act romantic comedy, entitled "Rosemary." The play was very well received, and is, we are told, "a dramatic work worthy of the most serious consideration." Two youthful lovers elope, and their chaise breaks down at the gate of *Sir Jasper Thorndyke*. This takes place just before Queen Victoria's coronation. *Sir Jasper*, a bachelor aged forty, befriends the young people and gives them shelter for the night. He follows this up by tendering the same hospitality to another couple who are likewise stranded at his door. It is only next morning that he finds out the latter to be the parents of the young lady in pursuit of her. In the first impulse of his kindly old heart, *Sir Jasper* improves the occasion by bringing about a reconciliation, and inducing the father, a retired navy officer, to give his consent to the marriage. He offers to drive them in his coach to London to see the coronation, and all goes well till he perversely falls in love with the young lady, a born coquette, who likes his attentions, and revels in making her fiancé jealous. *Sir Jasper's* affections become inflamed, and the reading of a page from her diary, showing that she has a liking for him, kindles his passion into madness. For one brief moment, blind to all sense of honour, his thought is to disunite the lovers and to take her for himself. An old and trusty friend appeals in time to his better self, and the older lover retires in favour of the younger one. The girl gives him a sprig of rosemary "for remembrance." The last act is in the nature of an epilogue. *Sir Jasper*,

now ninety years of age, the only one of the characters who has survived, has come up to town for the Queen's Jubilee. He is sitting in the old room thinking of friends and faces of the past. But strangely enough the episode of his love for that young girl is almost obliterated from his memory. Ringing for his servant brings down part of the wainscoting and with it the page of the diary which brings back the memory of the old love affair. Opinions seem to differ among the critics as to the propriety of this last act. One of them says: "Very few plays can stand a 'continued in our next' Think of Orlando and Rosalind fifty years after their little episodes in the forest of Arden! A love story begins with youth; it must end with youth. With old age comes the disintegration of everything." While the necessity of this epilogue may be questioned, the manner in which it is written gives no occasion for adverse criticism. It might, of course, be omitted, and the play might end with the parting of the years before, but, if it were so, the audience would be left a memory far less tender than that poetically drawn from the old man's undying love. Mr. John Drew, both as the self-sacrificing gallant of forty, and the faltering, aged lover of ninety, surprised an audience familiar with his former performances." Miss Maude Adams, as the guileless little flirt who permits *Sir Jasper* to fall in love with her, was the perfection of dainty refinement and wholesome, girlish naturalness. "A more delightful piece of work she has never done." Miss Ethel Barrymore, who has an hereditary right to distinction before the footlights, achieved an unexpected hit. "Rosemary" on the whole does not seem to have lost much in the process of transplantation from England, where, in London, it was presented by Charles Wyndham, whose acting of the chief male rôle seems to have been the only point of superiority in the English over the American production.

Following up his success in "The Prisoner of Zenda," Mr. E. H. Sothern has made a second essay in the field of pure romanticism, "An Enemy to the King," a four-act drama of life in France in the closing decades of the sixteenth century, with which he has just inaugurated his present season at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. In this venture Mr. Sothern seems to have been only less successful than formerly. The titular character is a young Huguenot chieftain. He has espoused the cause rather from love of excitement and adventure than from Puritanism. There is a dull-witted Governor of the province who desires to capture him, but is at loss as to the best way to go about it. When a beautiful maiden of noble blood comes to the Governor and sues for the life of her condemned father, he promises to restore him to her if she shall discover and betray the young Huguenot leader. Of course she falls in love with her intended victim, after he has saved her from the snares of a libertine and paid her numerous tender compliments. Thereupon she seeks the Governor in order to renounce her mission. The young Huguenot follows her post haste, and, by the good employment of his nimble wits and his strong right arm, effects the release of the maiden's father, overpowers the forces of the Governor and wins the day generally in the good old fashion of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. The heroine of Miss Virginia Harned was beautiful to look upon and pleasant to listen to. Her coquetry was charming, her anguish not too intense; she was, in short, an ideal heroine of romance.

The Rev. John E. Campbell, of Buffalo, who died a few weeks ago, bequeathed to the Players' Club of New York his valuable collection of portraits and autographs of actors, stage relics, and prompt books, believed to be the largest private collection of the sort in existence. The deceased clergyman was an ardent lover of the higher orders of the drama and numbered among his friends the leading players of the last half century. These he was wont to entertain at his little home near Buffalo.

Gladstone has written a highly complimentary letter to Wilson Barrett on his work as a dramatist and actor in "The Sign of the Cross," and several notable clergymen have spoken favourably of the play from their pulpits. This is the play in which our own Canadian actor, Mr. Franklyn McLeay, has scored a remarkable success in the character part of *Nero*.

Madame Janauschek will play with Stuart Robson this season. She is cast for the part of *Mrs. Ponderbury* in "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past," a play which was seen in this city late last spring.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke is now playing a short engagement at the Grand in a comedy entitled "Thoroughbred," and no one will need to be urged to see this clever and popular comedian. The first three nights of next week will be devoted to Lillian Russell in a new comic opera, "An American Beauty."

Miss Grace Kimball has partially recovered from her recent serious illness, and contemplates a few weeks of recuperation in the Berkshire hills.

Alexander Salvini is now at his father's villa in the hills of Fiesole, Italy, where he is fast regaining his strength.

Berbohm Tree disclaims any intention to produce a dramatization of Marie Corelli's story, "The Sorrows of Satan."

Joseph Jefferson's season will last but fourteen weeks, and it will include territory practically new to the veteran actor.

Della Fox will this season present her two comic opera successes, "The Little Trooper" and "Fleur-de-Lis."

Ellen Terry recently opened a bazaar at Rye, Sussex, in aid of the fund for repairing the Rye Church bells.

The Australians are now being treated to the dramatized "Trilby," which is drawing immense houses.

Sir Henry Irving will very shortly give an extremely elaborate production of "Coriolanus."

Sir Henry Irving was a pallbearer at the funeral of Sir John Millais.

Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown" has been well received in Australia.

Ada Rehan spent her summer in the north of England.

* * *

Church Unity.*

THIS series of lectures will repay perusal, not only for their own intrinsic worth but also as emphasizing the fact that the question of unity among the Churches is one that will not down until the end is reached. Nor can a journal like THE WEEK consistently ignore the same, for though specially devoted to literature, science, art and politics, religion so intermingles that it defies all attempts at elimination. To go no further than our last general election, how largely did the "creed" question influence the results. In the old land also, the ever present educational issue baffles the will of the strongest government. Nor is the reason far to seek: the religious element is an essential of man's nature; its demands are as imperious as the cry for daily bread. That demand cannot be satisfied with division. Even the anathemata hurled by sect against sect of the Christian Church are protests—where sincere—against the seamless robe of Christ. No possible justification can be found in the teachings of Christ and His apostles for the divisions which mark the Christianity of the day. Ever and again, spite of all special pleadings and rebuffs, the question of Church unity will rise up and be timely. These lectures are but one of the many proofs that the subject touches the very root of the religion whose model prayer begins "Our Father."

There are five lectures, each by representative men of the five leading Protestant denominations of the United States. They all agree that until unity is reached the true attitude and work of the Church in its relation to the world will not be attained. Yet each to a careful reader reveals without mistake his distinctive denominational bias. The Presbyterian can see the historic continuity of the presbyterate as clearly as his Episcopalian brother can that of the episcopate; the Baptist holding to the essential unity of the evangelical churches can still see room for denominational exclusiveness; our Methodist friend can dwell with pride upon the irenic import of Methodist reunion, while the Congregationalist would enforce the need of attaining first the unity of the Spirit. What are known as the "Lambeth Articles" appear to have been prominently before them all, and may call for some remarks from us in a future article. That the unity of the Spirit is a pre-requisite to any

thing approaching Church unity will be readily admitted, and that it needs enforcing first. A great step, however, has been gained when, as in these lectures, a general admission is made that even denominationalism is a decided weakness. Let the idea of Christian union gather force, as gather it will, and that idea will find a way. Imperial federation may be all very well to dream of—said a friend to me who was known as an ardent advocate thereof—but impracticable: a grand idea, nothing more. The reply was suggestive. The world is ruled by ideas, only make the idea strong enough—you admit its grandeur—and it will find its way to realization. The idea is gaining strength and even the Manchester school of politics no longer talks of the colonies as encumbrances to the empire. Let the idea of Church unity grow, it will be practicable; there is a common Christianity which will be seen sooner or later, and it will be found in proportion as Churches cease to be competitive, rejoicing more over one proselyte made than over ninety and nine poor wretches lifted up into the light of heaven; and learn to co-operate so that not one home in the land shall be without the environment at least of a loving helpful faith. We hail these lectures to students as harbingers of the good time coming.

JOHN BURTON.

Bimetallism.*

ALTHOUGH this monograph has been long in preparation its publication now is obviously opportune. No writer on economics can speak on this burning question with greater authority than General Walker can. He has dealt with it already in his monograph on "Money, Trade, and Industry," and in his "Political Economy," but these both deal with the money question at large and only incidentally with bimetallism. It is unnecessary, and would be futile, to try to summarize such a treatise in a brief notice. It must suffice to say that he is an out-and-out bimetallist on historical as well as scientific grounds. He believes that the totality of civilized communities would be better served by using the two precious metals for coinage purposes than by using only one of them. He believes that prices would be less liable to fluctuation with a double than with a single standard. He believes that silver might be kept at a fixed ratio to gold, as the experience of France from 1803 to 1873 conclusively shows. But he believes, also, that any effort on the part of the United States to maintain single-handed a ratio of sixteen to one between silver and gold must, under existing circumstances, result not merely in commercial disaster to the country but also in injury to "the cause of true international bimetallism." Dr. Walker arranges American bimetallists in three classes: (1) those interested in silver mining as an industry; (2) silver inflationists, and (3) convinced bimetallists; to the last class he himself belongs. He omits in this classification those who are actuated by a deliberate purpose to scale down their own indebtedness by forcing gold out of circulation and making debts payable in a cheaper metal. It is not at all unlikely that the publication of such a work early in the campaign will have an important effect on the result of the pending elections; perhaps it was intended that it should.

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Children's Aid Society.

AS the inclement season is approaching, the above Society would appreciate donations of warm clothing, under-clothing, hats, stockings, and shoes suitable for children from two to fourteen years of age. The nature of the rescue work done by the Society often renders it necessary that the clothing worn by the children brought in shall be immediately removed and burned, so that there is constantly a need of fresh garments. The clothing need not necessarily be new if it is whole. Parcels from city addresses may either be sent to the Shelter, 135 Adelaide Street East, or will be called for in answer to a post card addressed to the Secretary of the Society, 32 Confederation Life Building.

* "International Bimetallism." By Francis A. Walker. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1896.

* "Church Unity." Five lectures delivered in the Union Seminary, New York. 1895-6. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Public Opinion.

Ottawa Citizen (Con.): We sympathise entirely with the unwillingness of the present as well as of the last Government to enter into the miserable struggle invited by the alien labour law of the United States.

Ottawa Journal (Ind.): It was a great temperance reform which compelled members of Parliament to take their drinks sitting instead of standing. This is an admirable illustration of the measure of prohibition the country is likely to get from Parliament.

Ottawa Citizen (Con.): Mr. Charles Russell, son of the Lord Chief Justice, thinks that should prohibition carry there will be trouble in compensating the saloon keepers. There would be trouble, no doubt; but the question is not likely even to reach that stage.

Hamilton Herald (Ind. Con.): And so, with a clear majority of some twenty over Conservatives and Independents combined, and with a majority of 34 when its natural allies lend their aid, the Laurier Government is seated firmly in the saddle and may look with confidence to the future.

Toronto Globe (Lib.): We must move toward free trade as fast as a due regard for business safety will permit, and we must absolutely refuse to consider any further increases of tariff duties, no matter what the pressure or how powerful the interest which seeks a business partnership with the Government.

Sydney, C.B., Island Reporter (Lib.): The great difficulty with our American contemporaries is their inability to distinguish truth from falsehood. When the Tory organs tell them that the party comprising a majority of the Canadian people favours annexation they believe it. Here in Canada people have more discernment.

Hamilton Spectator (Con.): It so happened that the first division was on a question the Government side of which recommended itself to the Independents and the Independent Conservatives, and the Government was able to show a majority which it is not at all likely to equal on any other question which may come up during the present session.

Montreal Witness (Ind.): We greatly doubt the wisdom of Mr. Taylor's retaliatory alien labour law. The chief effect of it, if not the chief object of it, will be to make the Americans very angry. The fact that manifestations of anger under the circumstances will make them appear a little silly, will not mend the matter at all. It will rather aggravate the evil.

Montreal Gazette (Con.): The weakness of prohibition legislation lies in the fact that while the average citizen recognizes that there are evils connected with the liquor trade, and while, for the good of his fellows he is willing to submit to the personal inconvenience a prohibitory law may cause to himself, he is not concerned in seeing that breakers of the law are punished.

Victoria, B.C. Colonist (Con.): With such critics as the members of the present Opposition have shown themselves to be, Mr. Laurier and his colleagues will be obliged to pursue a policy which is conducive to the welfare of the country, keep the pledges they have made with respect to economy, and live up to their professions of honesty, or their tenure of office will be very short.

Ottawa Free Press (Lib.): It was very pleasing to see the customary tactics of party hostility dropped for a few moments in the House of Commons last night, and Sir Charles Tupper supporting Mr. Laurier in his contention as to the unwisdom of adopting Mr. Taylor's proposed bill to exclude American labour from Canada, after the manner of our less generous neighbours to the south of us.

Woodstock Sentinel Review (Lib.): Everyone but the bitter partizan must concede that the new Dominion Government is proceeding about its business with an evident desire to do the very best for the good of the country.

It is Mr. Laurier's plain purpose that his Government shall not go about the country on stilts, that it shall keep very close to the people, and that it shall do its work in plain business fashion.

St. John, N.B., Globe (Lib.): Mr. Laurier, on the first test vote—on a question raised by the Opposition as most likely to bring out its full strength—had the substantial majority of thirty-four. This is a majority of four more than the Government of Sir John Macdonald had in the first days of the last Parliament, and it is five more than the same Government had in the first session of the Parliament elected in 1887.

Hamilton Herald (Ind. Con.): Mr. Laurier's promise respecting an alien labour law is partially satisfactory. His promise is that the Government will endeavour by correspondence with the United States Government to bring about the abrogation of the offensive alien labour law which is aimed particularly at Canadians, and that if the United States authorities persist in retaining that law on their statute books, then the Dominion Government would consent to the adoption of a similar law in this country.

Toronto World (Con.): A majority of 34 on a test question is a good working force, provided it can be kept up. Mr. Laurier's compatriots, who, reasonably enough, have shown their confidence in him, form a solid slice in the vote, and they must be expected to look after the interests of their own province. When big questions arise and the claim of Quebec to be considered likewise makes its appearance, it will be seen whether or not the members from that quarter are easily satisfied.

Hamilton Spectator (Con.): Why should there be an investigation? Why should any time be wasted in "consulting" the people, whose wishes are as far apart as the poles? The statesman of The Globe has no difficulty in arriving at a programme for the salvation of his country. Almost every Grit paper in the country has decided what the policy of his party should be. And yet the statesmen whom Laurier has gathered about him must go a-hunting for opinions before committing themselves to any policy.

St. John, N.B., Gazette (Con.): The prohibitionists did not lose much time in asking Mr. Laurier to invite the people of Canada to express their views at the polls. Do the prohibitionists think of the serious character of such a request? The adoption of national prohibition would upset the whole fiscal arrangements of the country. . . . A majority of the people would perhaps vote for the abstract question of prohibition, but not one-tenth of those who voted for prohibition would lift a finger to enforce the law after it was passed.

Montreal Star (Ind.): The reluctant, but unmistakable position taken by Mr. Laurier yesterday in regard to Mr. Taylor's Alien Labour Bill, supported as it was by Sir Charles Tupper and the whole House, ought to give the American Government pause. Whatever may be thought of the policy, it is clear that there is great danger of retaliation from this Parliament if the Americans persist in their stupid and hostile course towards Canadian citizens. It looks as if they could have reciprocity of common-sense or reciprocity of international irritation, just as they choose; but it is plain that they must make the decision soon.

Halifax Chronicle (Lib.): The debate on the Governor-General's warrants which was initiated by Mr. Foster has resulted in showing to the country the superior debating ability of the members supporting the Government and the confidence in the Government which Ontario as well as Quebec entertains. It is significant that although a large number of legal gentlemen in the House took part in the debate yet every prominent lawyer who spoke, except Mr. Borden, justified the interpretation placed upon the statute by the Government, and concurred in the legal opinion given by Sir Oliver Mowat, unquestionably the ablest constitutional lawyer in Canada.

Literary and Personal.

We are pleased to learn that our old and valued contributor, Miss A. E. Wetherald, has at last been persuaded to bring out a selection of her poems in book form, with the title of "The House of The Trees." We have not seen the volume yet, but understand it has recently been published by Messrs. Sampson & Wolfe, Boston. Miss Wetherald's verse always impressed us as possessing a singularly attractive quality and we bespeak for her book a favourable reception.

Cavaliere Cristoforo Negri, whose death was recently announced, was a distinguished Italian scientist and, for many years a most enthusiastic promoter of geographical research. Born at Padua in 1809, he first devoted himself to the study of law; he held the post of Professor of Constitutional Law at Padua, but was after 1848 compelled to leave the city for political reasons. He was the founder in 1866, and the first President of the Italian Geographical Society. He was for many years an honorary corresponding member of the English Royal Geographical Society.

The Rev. Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) was to have sailed from Liverpool on Wednesday last and is expected to arrive in New York about the 25th inst. The six lectures on Preaching (the Lyman Beecher course) will be delivered between Sept 28th and Oct 8th. Dr. Watson is booked for fifty-four lectures. As at present arranged he will visit only four Canadian cities, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston and Toronto; but it is probable that he will lecture also in Hamilton. He will lecture in Toronto on Monday evening, Oct. 19th, but it is unlikely that he will preach here. The subjects of his lectures and readings are: "Certain Traits of Scottish Character," "Reading from the Annals of Drumtochty, with Notes," and "Two Unpublished Annals of Drumtochty—('How we Kept Christmas at Drumtochty' and 'Kildrummie Fair')." .

In the September number of the Catholic World Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., has an exceedingly interesting article entitled, "Some Canadian Women Writers," with portraits, arranged in groups, of Agnes Maule Macher, S. A. Curzon, Frances Harrison, Grace Dean MacLeod Rogers, Marshall Saunders, Anna T. Sallier, Maude Ogilvy, Kate Madeleine Barry, Faith Fenton, Janet Carnochan, Lily Alice Lefevre, Elizabeth G. Roberts, Helen M. Merrill, Emma Wells Dickson, Constance Fairbanks, Grace Campbell, Margaret Poulson Murray, Eve Brodlique, Jean Blewett, Ethelwyn Wetherald, Emily Manus, Mrs. Everard Cotes (nee Sara Jeanette Duncan), Sophie M. A. Hensley, Helen Gregory Flesher, M.A., Mus.B., E. Pauline Johnson, Madge Robertson Helen Fairbairn, Catherine Parr Trail, and Amy M. Berlinquet. We shall probably reproduce the article in our next issue, as nearly all the writers mentioned have been frequent contributors to THE WEEK.

The death of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has naturally revived popular interest in her literary labours, and Houghton, Mifflin & Company announce the early publication of a uniform edition of her works. In this connection The Bookman says: "Special interest will be taken in the limited large-paper edition, for every copy of which the publishers were fortunately successful in securing Mrs. Stowe's autograph early this year. We have been somewhat surprised to note that in all the comments which her death has called forth, the merits of Uncle Tom's Cabin have been allowed absolutely to obscure the beauty and depth of charm of much besides that she has written. It is true that few, if any woman among all who have lived, have accomplished a greater work by the writing of one book, for it was Uncle Tom's Cabin, more than any cause, that broke the fetters of the slave. The book itself is full of genius, a Spagnolato book, as Macaulay called it. But "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," especially the touching noble, and profound "Old Town Folks," are among the best gifts

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contributed to literature in America, and it is to us quite inexplicable that, in the present rage for idylls, such works have been overlooked—works so tender, so accomplished, so religious. We should not dream of putting any American novelist near her with the single exception of Hawthorne. The history of literature shows that resurrections are very rare, yet we cannot but think that there is a future for some of the neglected books of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. Her character was in keeping with her works, although she had the weaknesses of the Beecher family, the weakness in her case being an inordinate love of gossip, and in her thoroughly unwholesome Byron publications. That she repeated the story told her by Mrs. Byron cannot be doubted, but those who know most discredit the tale, although an extremely able writer in the Saturday Review accepted it, and supported it in articles which have seldom been surpassed for their trenchant vigour. The true reason of the separation very probably lies in another and quite different direction, and we must wait a few years before the story is told. It is a story which will profoundly affect various reputations and positions, but it leaves Byron more human a great deal, and more pardonable than Mrs. Stowe did.

Stranger than Fiction.

IS THE TRUTH CONCERNING JOHN GIBBONS OF EAST LONDON.

He Was Tortured With the Pains of Sciatic Rheumatism—Tried Doctors, all Sorts of Medicine and Went to the Hospital in Vain—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him When All Else Had Failed.

From the London Advertiser.

There are two things in this world which Mrs. John Gibbons, a resident of Queen's Avenue East, will henceforth place implicit confidence in. One is the judgment of his wife and the other the curative qualities of Dr.

Williams' Pink Pills. In his case the two went hand in hand. Mrs. Gibbons thought of the remedy, the pills did the rest, and today Mr. Gibbons is a well man where last fall he was virtually a cripple. An Advertiser reporter called at the house the other evening and was met at the door by Mr. Gibbons, to whom he told the object of his visit, and was cordially invited in. The reporter had no sooner got comfortably seated when Mr. Gibbons went into an adjoining room. The sound of clinking bottles floated through the half-open door, and when Mr. Gibbons reappeared he had in his arms a whole basket of bottles—all he has to show for many and many a hard earned dollar spent in useless drugs. As Mr. Gibbons was busy showing the bottles and decanting upon the impotency of the medicines they had contained, the reporter had abundant opportunity of marking the personal appearance of the man. His speech betrays his English birth and his face still bears the marks of suffering, but his frame is erect, his step light and elastic, and when he tells you that he can work, run, or jump with any man, you cannot help but believe him. He is 29 years of age and was born in Bow Road, Stratford, England. He came to Canada in 1882, and located at Galt, where he is well and favourably known. He worked for the Hon. Mr. Young, member of parliament, for a long time, and seven years ago he married Miss Alice Mann, also of Galt. After Mr. Gibbons removed to London he settled down near the car shops and did very well, always having plenty of work and always having the strength to do it. He cared nothing about a wetting until one day a year ago he took an acute attack of sciatic rheumatism following wet feet. "I lay down on this floor," said Mr. Gibbons, in telling his story, "night and day suffering terrible agony. I could not get up a step and my wife had to help me up from the floor. I felt the pain in my back first. It then apparently left my back and got into my hips. Doctors came here to see me. They gave me prescriptions but none of them seemed to do me any good. The neighbors could hear me all over Queen's Avenue when I would get an attack of the pains. Last fall I was taken out of this place in a hack and taken to the hospital. I remained there about three weeks and the doctors did what they could for me, but could not give me any relief. At the end of three weeks I came home again suffering as much as ever. My wife got hold of a pamphlet which told of a number of remarkable cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and we determined to try them. I took about three boxes and felt myself getting a little easier. I took thirteen boxes altogether, and it is over two months since I felt the least suggestion of pain." "Do you feel that you are entirely cured?" asked the reporter. "Yes, sir, I can go out and do a day's work just as well as ever I could. I feel perfectly strong and have a good appetite." "No, I don't want another attack of sickness like that," said Mr. Gibbons, as he lighted the reporter to the door.

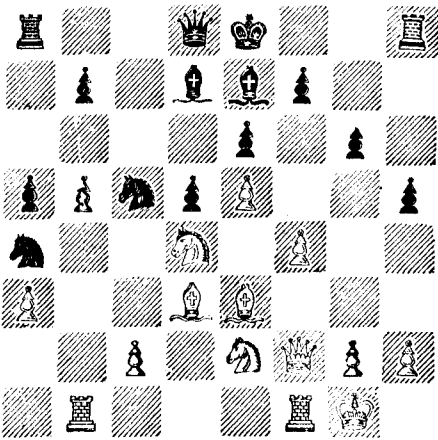
Mrs. Gibbons was not at home on the occasion of the reporter's first visit. Subsequently he called on her and received an entire confirmation of Mr. Gibbons' story. "He was home all last summer," said Mrs. Gibbons, and last August the pains were so severe as to bring him down on his knees, and to save himself he could not get up. I had to lift him off the floor many a time. He seemed powerless. The bottles he showed you had almost all of them been repeatedly filled so that the number of bottles is no criterion of the amount of medicine taken. Before he took the pills," concluded Mrs. Gibbons, "I thought my husband would never be able to stand upright again. But now," she added in parting, "he is as well as ever he was."

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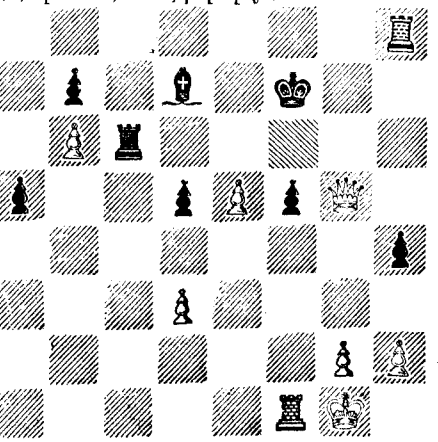
Chess

Pillsbury makes the pace too hot for champion Lasker in the 9th round at Nuremberg.

- | | | |
|--|---------------|------------------------|
| Pillsbury | Lasker | (Game 752) |
| 1 P K4 | P K3 | BD GF |
| 2 P Q4 | P Q4 | 24 75 |
| 3 Kt QB3 | Kt K B3 | ju ZP |
| 4 B K K5, P xP | (Kt xP, B K2) | B x Kt, P x B, G K x P |
| 4 P K5 | K Kt Q2 | DE P7 |
| 5 Q Kt K2, P Q B4, P Q B3, Kt Q B3, 7 P B4 | | |
| 5 P B4 | P Q B4 | KN yw |
| 6 P xP | Kt B3 | 4w rx |
| 6... B x P, 7 Q Kt3, P K K3, 8 B Q3, Kt Q B3, 9 B Q2 | | |
| 7 P QR3 | Kt x B P | bc 7w |
| 7... B x P, 8 Q Kt4, B x B4 | | |
| 8 P Q Kt4 | Kt Q2 | kn w7 |
| 8... wasted move | | |
| 9 B Q3 | P QR4 | J3 ge |
| 9... P K B4 looks better | | |
| 10 P Kt5 | Q Kt - t1 | no xr |
| 10... still wasting time | | |
| 11 Kt B3 | Kt B4 | SM 7w |
| 12 B K3 | Q Kt Q2 | sC r7 |
| 12... unfortunate development | | |
| 13 Castle | P K K3 | AS YX |
| 13... Kt x B, 14 P x Kt, P K B15 Kt K5 | | |
| 14 Kt K2 | B K2 | uB RG |
| 14... B K Kt5, worth trying | | |
| 15 Q K1 | Kt K3 | 1A 7p |
| 15... K B1 rather doubtful | | |
| 16 K Kt Q4 | B Q2 | M4 27 |
| 17 Q B2 | Kt, Kt3, R5 | AK pd |
| 17... R Q B1, 18 Kt Q B3, Kt R5! | | |
| 18 beautiful combination looming up | | |
| 18 QR Kt1 | P R4? | aj 7766 |
| 18... already embarrassed | | |



- | | | |
|--|----------|---------|
| n2N1P2, P2B1 3, 2P1N0PP, 1R3RK1) | | |
| 19 beginning deeply calculated masterpiece | | |
| 19 P Kt6! | Kt x B | op w3 |
| 19... Kt x P, 20 Kt x P or better | | |
| 20 P x Kt | B x P | t3 Gc |
| 20... yielding to the temptation | | |
| 21 intending other Kt to bear on KP | | |
| 21 P B5! | Kt P x P | NO X0 |
| 22 Kt B4 | P R5 | BN 5544 |
| 22... B K B1, 23 QR R1, etc. | | |
| 23 R R1!!! | B K2 | ja cG |
| 24 brilliant sacrifice | | |
| 24 R x Kt! | B x R | ad 7d |
| 25 forcing the position | | |
| 25 Q Kt x KP! | P x Kt | 4F QF |
| 25... Q B1, 26 Kt B7 ch, winning | | |
| 26 Kt x Kt | B Q2 | NF d7 |
| 26... Q B1, 27 Q x B P, (R B1, 28 Q Kt6 ch) B Q B3, 28 B K5! | | |
| 27 Kt x Q | R x Kt | F8 h8 |
| 28 B B5 | R Q B1 | Cw 8z |
| 29 B x B | K x B | wG HG |
| 30 Q K3 | R B3 | KC zx |
| 31 Q Kt5 ch | K B2 | CW+ Gq |



- | | | |
|-----------------------------|----------|--------|
| 32 R B1! | R x R ch | Js xs! |
| 32... R x P, 38 R Q B7 wins | | |
- Black resigned on fiftieth move.

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Periodicals.

The September Journal of Hygiene and Herald of Health contains "Vegetarianism," by Dr. M. L. Holbrook, "Hindoo Diet and Race Decay," by A. Hindoo, "Hygiene for Women," by Jennie Chandler, and "Notes Concerning Health," and "Topics of the Month," by the editor.

The September number of St. Nicholas opens with some pretty lines entitled "What Margery Saw," from the pen of G. W. Carryl. "Out-of-the-way Corners in Westminster Abbey" is the title of an interesting contribution by Max Bennet Thrasher. Agnes Repplier writes some curious notes on "At School a Hundred Years Ago" Other bright and readable contributions unite in making the September number well up to the usual form of this periodical.

Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for September contains, with much other useful and instructive matter, the third paper on "Principles of Taxation," by Hon David A. Wells; "The Sympsiograph," by President D S Jordan; "Some Modern Views of the Cell," by J. E. Humphrey; "The Vivisection Question," by Prof. C. T. Hodge; "Immigration and Crime," by Sydney G. Fisher; "Illusions and Hallucinations," Prof. W. R. Newbold and a sketch of Samuel Luther Dana, a portrait of whom is the front-piece of the number.

The opening article in the last issue of Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science is on "The Growth of the French-Canadian Race," by Mr. John Davidson, of the University of New Brunswick, who shows that we have been all mistaken about the excessive "prolificness" of the French-Canadian and "that the size of the average family in Quebec is only a fraction larger than the average family in Ontario, or than the average family taking Canada as a whole, and is smaller by as large a fraction than the average family in Prince Edward Island." Other papers are "Financial Procedure in State Legislatures," "The Union Pacific Railway" and "Uncertainty a Factor in Production."

The principal articles in the September Educational Review are "Horace Mann," by Wm. T. Harris; "Democracy and Education," by Nicholas Murray Butler; "The Educational Value of Examinations," by Jas. Seth; "The Study of English in American Colleges," by T. W. Hunt; "Unity in College Entrance History," by Lucy M. Salmon, and "History in the Common Schools," by Emily J. Rice. The separate school question in Canadian politics is treated of by Mr. Stambury R. Starr, of Woodstock College, Ontario. Of the race question, with which the school question was mixed in the recent election, Mr. Starr says: "Nothing could contribute more to remove the last trace of racial animosity than the succession to the premiership of a man who, as a statesman, is at once a cultured Frenchman, an English-speaking gentleman, and above all a patriotic Canadian."

Current History (2d quarter) has 269 pages of reading matter and sixty-eight portraits. It contains a wealth of information on a world-wide range of topics, and fully sustains the reputation it has won during the past six years for impartiality and breadth of view, and clearness and conciseness of statement. Political subjects—in the United States and Canada particularly—perhaps outweigh others in this number, but the usual world-wide range of topics is covered—the fields of war, diplomacy, commerce, legislation, social and industrial reform, scientific progress, literature, art, music, education, religion, etc., being all brought under full review. The opening number is an article on the Political Campaign covering forty six pages, and embellished with sixteen portraits, including two full-page photo-engravings of Messrs. McKinley and Bryan. The overthrow of the Conservative Government in Canada, and the accession of the Laurier Ministry to power are also fully reviewed. The portraits of prominent Canadian politicians are numerous and well executed. (Buffalo N.Y.: Garretson, Cox & Co.)

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Periodicals.

The September Kindergarten Magazine gives nearly a hundred pages of important and readable matter. A complete account of the methods pursued in the Boston public kindergartens is followed by a full report of the annual kindergarten department meeting held during the national congress at Buffalo: the opening chapter of "A Twentieth Century Gertrude," by Ellen Lee Wyman, and the Mother Play Study series conducted by Susan E. Blow. Dr. John Dewey discusses in an able article, "Imagination and Expression." (Kindergarten Literature Company, Chicago, publishers.)

The September number of the Annals of the American Academy contains the following papers: "The Growth of the French-Canadian Race in America," by Professor John Davidson, of the University of New Brunswick; "The Union Pacific Railway," by Dr. J. P. Davis; "Financial Procedure in State Legislatures," by E. L. Rogart; "Uncertainty as a Factor in Production," by Professor Edw. P. Ross, of Stanford University; "The High School System," by Dr. L. R. Harley, and "Courses in Politics and Journalism at Lille," by Dr. E. P. Oberholtzer. There are as usual Personal Notes, Book Reviews, Sociological Notes and Notes on Municipal Government. The whole number forms a large volume of 220 pages.

Hypnotism has now a special organ to promote its interests and exploit the views of its votaries. It is entitled the Hypnotic Magazine, devoted to an Investigation of the Science of Hypnotism: Its Uses and Abuses: and its Therapeutic Possibilities. It is published by the Psychic Publishing Company, Chicago; and the second number, now before us, is certainly very attractive in matter as well as in typographical appearance. The first article is the "Report of the Chicago School of Psychology," by Dr. Herbert A. Parkyn, formerly, we believe, of Toronto; and other articles are "Hypnotism in Everyday Life," by C. T. Hood, M.D.; "Baldness vs. Mental Treatment," by Cuthbert Wolf, M.D., and "Hypnotism as an Aid to the Anesthesia of Chloroform and Ether," by Chas. Gilbert Davis, M.D., besides Notes, Reviews, etc.

The September Century contains a variety of fiction. No serial story of the present time is attracting so much attention as Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Sir George Tressady." Mr. Howell's lively story of Saratoga, "An Open-Eyed Conspiracy," is continued; and Mrs. Amelia E. Barr contributes the first part of a novelette, "Prisoners of Conscience," which deals with life in the Shetland Islands, and is illustrated by Louis Loeb. The short stories of the number are "Sonny's Diploma," by Mrs. Ruth McEhery Stuart; "Abner," by Lynn Roby Meekins; and "The Healing of Meechum," by Frank Crane. Mr. Richard Burton gives an account of the life of Mrs. Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which is illustrated by several portraits, including the frontispiece, from a daguerreotype taken in 1852, and a facsimile of the original MS. of the story. Other illustrated papers are Mrs. Pennell's account of a "Midsummer in Southern Spain," illustrated by Mr. Pennell; a description of the "Prehistoric Quadrupeds of the Rockies," by Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, with pictures of the extinct beasts; the second paper of the late E. J. Glave, describing his "Journey to the Livingstone Tree"; and Professor Sloane's chapters in the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," describing the Emperor's efforts to maintain himself in 1814 against the allies, his exile to Elba and his return. A paper of interest is an Arizona miner's account of his hard experiences in "The Gold Fields of Guiana," illustrated by photographs, some of which show the manner of carrying on placer diggings both in the Barima river region of the disputed territory, and in the Potaro river district to the south. "The Bicycle Outlook" is discussed by Isaac B. Potter, Chief Consul of the New York Division of the League of American Wheelmen; in the editorial departments attention is given to several leading public questions.



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Scientific and Sanitary

The British Institute of Public Health has just held its yearly meeting in Glasgow, Scotland. Of the value of sanitation in cities the Lord Provost says: "In 1847 Glasgow had a population of 320,470 and a death rate annually of 56 persons out of each 1,000. In 1893 the population was 687,800 and the death rate only 22 per 1,000. This great change was due entirely to sanitation—to the introduction of pure water, to improved drainage, to rebuilding the slum districts, to opening fever hospitals, to parks and play grounds for children and to cleaner streets."

September and October are the months for the grape cure, much used by overfed people in Europe and might be used to advantage by many of us in America. The cure consists of living for seven or eight weeks on good stale bread and the best of grapes. Some physicians advocate grapes only, with no other food. Meat and the coarser vegetables, as potatoes, cabbage, etc., are omitted entirely. The results are often remarkable. This treatment is not suited to consumptives, to those exhausted and thin, but to the stout and overfed.—*Journal of Hygiene.*

Very few people know much of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, beyond the fact that it is a very large inland sea with very salt water. Some of its physical characteristics, however, are extremely interesting. While the Atlantic ocean contains but 3½ per cent. of solid matter in solution, Salt Lake contains 18 per cent., being of such great density that it is impossible for a man to sink in its waters without additional weight. This solid matter is principally plain salt and soda, although there are small amounts of chlorine, bromide, potassium sulphur, calcium, magnesia, lithia and boracic acid. The result of this great salinity is that tons and tons of salt are deposited by evaporation along the shores of the lake, many tons being often piled up in a single night when a strong wind blows the water high up on the land. Salt Lake is 100 miles long, with an average width of 27 miles. Its mean depth is 20 feet, and from these figures it may be easily calculated that the contents of the lake are 1,505,433,600,000 cubic feet of water, one-sixth of which, or 250,905,600,000 cubic feet, is salt and sulphate of soda, over 219,500,000,000 cubic feet of which is salt. As a cubic foot of salt weighs 80 lbs., it may be seen that the Salt Lake contains about 17,560,000,000 lbs., or 8,780,160,000 tons of salt. As salt is worth about \$10 a ton, it is evident that there is a fortune in the Salt Lake, for its salt alone, by the side of which the riches of Trail Creek are as a drop in a bucket. It is enough to pay the national debts of all the civilized nations of the world.


The human voice may or may not be terrifying to wild animals. Woodchucks, red squirrels, muskrats, mink and various other of the small animals seem to fear the human form, but not the voice. Foxes flee at a lively gait when a man yells, but deer have been known to almost run over men that were talking in loud voices. Logging teamsters in the woods yell and swear at their horses in voices audible a mile away, but deer lie in their beds comfortably less than half a mile distant. Bears do not usually monkey around in the vicinity of men, except during berry time, when they are sometimes on one side of the bushes while human berry pickers are on the other. The human voice is very soothing to wild birds of various kinds, such as robins. They will often come very close to a person who talks to them and turn their heads from side to side, much as caged birds—canaries for example—do, but if a person is robbing a bird's nest the voice adds greatly to the terror of the birds. It is related of a swallow that it had in some manner broken its leg which was observed by a woman as the bird flew about. She went out, called to it, and spoke to it, and after awhile the bird came so near as to be taken in the woman's hands, who then put the leg in splints, setting it properly and putting on a soothing ointment. The bird flew away and was soon chirping with the rest of the birds in the air, its leg having been relieved of pain evidently by the bandages.—*New York Sun.*

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Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.
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- Financial** { Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Company, Toronto Street. J. Herbert Mason, President.
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The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.
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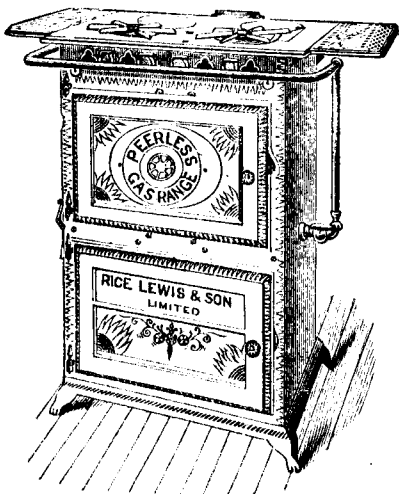
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