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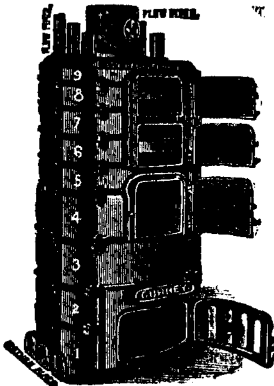

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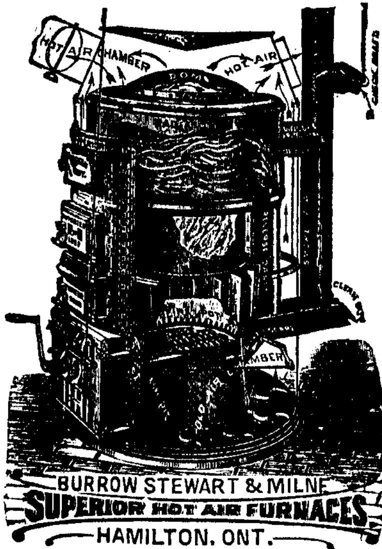

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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

ANOTHER curious illustration of how far our civic arrangements still fall short of an ideal standard is afforded by the way in which our towns and cities dispose, or rather fail to dispose, of their refuse. The fact that a city like Toronto can as yet find nothing better to do with its daily product of solid garbage than to dump it in hollows, to be not only an offence to the eyes and noses of hundreds of citizens, but a menace to the health of the whole city, is a most curious reflection upon the general intelligence. Such a proof of our civic incapacity is paralleled only by our no less brilliant plan of conducting the liquid refuse of the city, by sewers, into the lake from which we draw our water supplies. Thus far we had written when we gleaned from a daily paper the welcome intelligence that the city fathers had at last resolved to go on at once with the erection of a crematory, thus calling in the aid of the great purifying agent provided by Nature for resolving decaying animal and vegetable matter into its harmless constituent elements. Let us hope that henceforth the purifying fires may never be quenched in our local gehennas. The tone and declarations of the meeting of some of Toronto's most influential and energetic citizens, afford, also, a pretty good pledge that the esplanade difficulty is about to be grappled with and another great reproach to our civic management taken away. But surely when the city sets itself in earnest to secure the water front from the grasp of private corporations and to make it a thing of beauty instead of the offence and menace it now is, they will not forget the necessity of, at the same time, settling once and for all the sewer question. It will be clearly impossible to make the city front the pleasant and attractive locality it should be, so long as the sewers contribute their foul current to defile the waters along the lake shore.

ASSUMING, as we may with certainty of almost universal assent, that the continuance of the present colonial status of Canada is out of the question; that change, development of some kind is inevitable in the near future, there are in all three possible courses which this development may take: Annexation, Federation, Independence. The first may be at once eliminated. No influential party in Canada advocates it; the great majority of the people are resolutely opposed to it; even candid American statesmen admit that it is not now a practical question, and those who regard it as manifest destiny are obliged to relegate it to a distant future. Of the remaining alternatives the prospects of Imperial Federation can scarcely be said to be much brighter than those of annexation. While to the eyes of Mr. Parkin, and a few other enthusiastic Canadian federationists, the day of a differential tariff in favour of the colonies is within measurable distance, the words of leading British statesmen on both sides of politics, and the general tone of British journalists show that there is scarcely the remotest possibility of that *sine qua non* of the project coming within the range of practical politics. Nothing could be more significant than the fact that Sir Charles Tupper's suggestion of a conference of colonial delegates in England is disapproved by leading English federationists, as likely to retard rather than hasten the movement. The chances of success for an idea whose advocates are not only unable to formulate a scheme, but even shrink from having the matter discussed by avowed friends, are surely remote. Why should not patriotic Canadians, then, turn their attention seriously to the only remaining course worthy of themselves and their country? Objection on the score of expense can scarcely be taken by those who are willing to face a scheme of Imperial Federation. The argument based on the assumed necessity of a great standing army and navy is the outgrowth of European rather than American ideas. "The people of the United States," says Senator Hoar, "do not conquer other people, do not subject them to our institutions against their will." The remark is of value, not because Mr. Hoar says it, but because we know it to be a true expression of the sentiment of the great body of the American people. In any case, ought five millions of Canadians to be afraid to take the risk? As to the more difficult question of all, the French national question, independence could not aggravate the difficulty, and might afford the best opportunity for settling it. Members of the "Equal Rights" association should not shrink from the attempt. If our Nova Scotia correspondent of a couple of weeks since rightly gauges the sentiment of the Maritime Provinces, and there is hope that an independent Canada might effect that real union with the East which confederation has conspicuously failed to bring, a new and powerful incentive would be added.

THE Manitoba *Free Press* maintains that under the Constitution the Manitoba Legislature has the power at any time to amend the French language out of official existence, and points to the action of the Province in abolishing the Legislative Council as a much greater exercise of the right to amend its own Constitution than that which would be involved in doing away with the dual language system. The *Free Press* thinks, however, that the official use of French is gradually dying out. If so the evil may cure itself, if left alone. The question of Separate Schools is, it admits, a more difficult one. We may add that it is, too, a much more important one, in its bearing upon the future of both the Province and the Territory. In view of the great difficulty which the scattered residents of the Prairies must find in maintaining a single set of efficient public schools, the folly of the system which leads them to attempt to support a double set is too apparent to leave room for argument. One of the most healthful tendencies observable in the early settlement of the North-West was that of the incoming settlers to leave behind them to a large extent their old prejudices, both political and religious, and work together on broader principles. This was a tendency which should have been encouraged, but which the ingrafting of the Separate School system was well adapted to counteract. Left to themselves, aside from clerical pressure, we believe that very few of the settlers would have raised a finger in favour of Separate Schools. The Equal Rights Association could confer no greater boon upon the people of the great North-West, for all time to come, than by securing the union of all the people in the use and support of one efficient set of Public Schools. Why should not Mr. Dalton McCarthy make the abolition of the Separate Schools in the Territory another plank in his platform?

IF it be true as reported, and as there seems good reason to believe, that another British vessel has been seized by a United States revenue cruiser for seal fishing in Behring Sea, the grave international question which was supposed to be in process of settlement will be reopened with new aggravation. The action of the United States in this matter is simply incomprehensible. The Government, the leading publicists, and the more influential journals of the nation seem, so far as can be ascertained, to admit that no claim to jurisdiction over these waters can hold, and yet their cruisers, acting under Government orders, proceed to capture and confiscate British vessels on what is, themselves being judges, the open sea. If they do so, simply counting on the wonderful forbearance of the British Government, it must be confessed that their assurance seems so far justified. Can it be, one is tempted to ask, that pending the conclusion of negotiations, they have some secret understanding with that Government in virtue of which they are authorized to exercise a police supervision for the protection of the fisheries? But, no, that cannot be, else Canadian fishermen would surely have been warned. The Canadian Government is, of course, bound to suspend judgment and action until it is in full possession of the facts. Then, save in the highly improbable contingency of the seals having been taken within the real jurisdiction of the United States, it cannot hesitate to urge the matter upon the attention of the Colonial office and insist upon being promptly and distinctly informed whether protection of Canadian rights is to be given or not, that we may govern ourselves accordingly.

CANADIANS are, it may be hoped, much too sensible not to welcome an unpleasant as well as an agreeable truth from the lips of a not unfriendly critic. It may not be flattering to our self-esteem to be told that it is in view of the future, and not of the present, that the population of our great North-Western provinces and territories are matters of interest to our neighbours. We cannot, unfortunately, deny the substantial correctness of Senator Hoar's statements when he tells his compatriots that there are not 50,000 white people, all told, in British Columbia to-day, and not 100,000 white people in Manitoba; and that "five years' growth of Tacoma and Seattle, five years' growth of the single city of Minneapolis, makes up a larger population and one which is infinitely more important, as a customer, to the people of the United States than the entire population of British Columbia or Manitoba to-day." Nor will we, if we are wise, be angry with him for saying that, for some reason or other, these countries do not get settled up under Canadian institutions. It will be much more to the purpose for us to ask ourselves seriously what is the reason of the fact. The question admits of various answers, anyone of which may contain a modicum of truth. But few thoughtful readers will, we believe, doubt that first and most potent among the operating causes is the fact that we are without a national name or status. The better class of emigrants when leaving their native land naturally prefer to go to one which has the power and prestige of nationality. No natural advantages, no amount of undeveloped resources can avail to enable a colony to compete for capital and population on anything like equal terms with a great republic at its side. It is at least well worth considering whether and to what extent the undeniably slow rate at which the great fertile plains of the Canadian North-West are becoming peopled is due to the fact that Canada, not having a national existence, is and must remain comparatively unknown and unappreciated. We shall, of course, be met with the familiar assurance that the basis of unfavourable comparison does not exist, since the percentage of Canada's increase within a certain period is greater than that of the United States. We do not think such reasoning can convince any one. The hard fact remains that the North-West does not fill up under Canadian institutions as it ought, and that at the present rate of progress a discouragingly long period must elapse before Canada can hope to have become the home of even the

twenty or thirty millions whom it could so easily support. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Is there no legitimate means of hastening the process of national development?

THAT is a sensational story told to the *Pall Mall Gazette* by the Rev. Dr. Howley, of Newfoundland, concerning the outrages suffered by the residents on the west coast of the island, at the hands of the French fishermen. If the half of it be true it would be a wonder if the people of the island were not in the state of unrest and semi-revolt described. "The Frenchmen stretch nets across the mouth of our salmon rivers, netting our fish; they drive away our fishers, tearing up their nets; they pull down and break up our factories which are erected on the coast." In the Island of St. Pierre, which they were allowed by treaty to occupy on condition that they erect no buildings and do not occupy it with a garrison of more than fifty men, they have set up a town and established permanent buildings, gaols, citadels, and the whole apparatus of government. Nay more, within the last few weeks they have actually conceded to St. Pierre the right of electing a deputy to the French Chamber and are treating it as if part and parcel of French territory. This is bad enough, but it is not the worst by any means, if the statement of Mr. Howley, who is the elder brother of the Apostolic Prefect of St. George's Bay, Newfoundland, is to be believed. According to that statement the male residents of a small settlement of Newfoundlanders were recently seized, tied hand and foot, and severely flogged by a regiment of French fishermen, for no other crime than that of manfully defending their wives and daughters against brutal assault. This, it is said by the reverend gentleman, is only one of similar instances which are occurring up and down the coast under the very nose of the British gunboat which is supposed to be stationed there for the protection of the interests of the Empire and its colonists. It may be hoped that these accounts are greatly coloured and exaggerated by the exasperation of the witness, but it is evident that the state of things is becoming serious. "One of two things" Mr. Howley declares "will happen: either our men, driven desperate by the destruction of their property and the insults to their women-folk, will take the law into their own hands and deal death among their unwelcome visitors, or if they do not do that they will in self-defence be compelled to appeal to the United States to extend to them the protection which the British Empire seems unable or unwilling to afford." The Americans, he avers, understand, as the British do not, the enormous importance of the Newfoundland fishery, and overtures for annexation would not fall upon deaf ears. This excited language is in marked contrast with the drowsy, easy-going answers given by the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, to questions put in the House of Commons in regard to the matter. These answers, though very indefinite, seem to indicate that the Government think that things are going on pretty well as they are, and are inclined to a policy of *laisser faire*. It is to be hoped that they may not have a rude awakening.

REFERRING to the half-grown youths who congregate in some of the low-class boarding dens of the city, and who are continually being brought before the Police Court for juvenile depredations of one kind or another, a Toronto paper says that their ranks are largely recruited by newsboys who, having become too old to sell papers, have neither ability nor disposition for any other occupation, and consequently take to preying upon society. In Hamilton, a sentence of three years in the Reformatory, pronounced upon a boy for stealing a bird, is withdrawn by the magistrate, who finds that he has exceeded his powers, and fifteen days in gaol substituted. These two typical instances illustrate the astonishing shortsightedness of many of our methods of dealing with vice and crime, while we vaunt the high civilization we have reached. If our descendants in the twentieth century happily reach a higher plane, with what wonderment will they look back to a time when the dwellers in cities deliberately permitted hundreds of children to follow a course which inevitably left them in a few years in a *cul de sac* where they were hopelessly shut up to lives of idleness and crime, and then, whenever one of them was convicted of some offence against the laws of property, forbade the dispensers of justice to send him to a reformatory where there might be some hope of his being reclaimed to a life of honesty and usefulness, but required that he be sent to herd with confirmed criminals, thus almost surely condemning him to become one of their number. It is hard to say which is the more culpable, the indifference or assumed helplessness with which we look on while these waifs are in training for the dark future which lies before them, or the heartlessness with which we condemn them to the society and the career of criminals as soon as we have detected them in some of the depredations which are the sure outcome of the course which we have permitted them to follow day by day before our eyes. Private philanthropy is, it is true, having its eyes opened to the stupidity and folly of which we, as a civil society, are thus guilty, and is doing something to counteract the evil. But private effort can do little to check the current, so long as organized society does nothing to remove its perennial source.

THE interesting speech delivered by Senator Hoar before the Massachusetts Club at Point of Pines, a week or two since, has naturally attracted a good deal of attention in Canada. This is due no less to the well-known ability of the speaker and the broad and liberal spirit of his address than to his official position as a member of the Committee appointed by the U.S. Senate to investigate the subject of commercial relations with Canada. Though Senator Hoar does not think the scheme of Commercial Union between the two countries likely to be practicable, his expression of opinion was made under such reservation, and most of the arguments by which it was upheld might so easily be made to tell on the opposite side, that one cannot avoid the impression that those Canadian advocates of the scheme who have been convinced of its hopelessness by his words, must have been already very faint-hearted in regard to it. No one in Canada who has paid any attention to the discussion needed to be told by an American Senator that it might be difficult for the people of Canada to maintain a political relation with Great Britain and at the same time have absolute freedom of commercial intercourse with the United States, "admitting the manufactures of the latter without a tax, and establishing against the country of which they are a part a protective, still less an excluding tariff." This is the burden of Senator Hoar's difficulty, as it has been the burden of hostile argument in Canada ever since the scheme was mooted, but it is peculiarly hard to see why an objection, drawn from our own political relations, which was regarded as having no conclusive weight when urged by Canadians, should be considered decisive as soon as urged by an American statesman. THE WEEK has never advocated Commercial Union, nor has it, while admitting that great benefits would flow from freer commercial intercourse with our neighbours, ever supposed unrestricted reciprocity possible on any other terms than uniformity of tariff against all outsiders. At the same time it is quite unable to see why Senator Hoar's opinion as to what is or is not possible as between Canada and Great Britain should be accepted as decisive.

THERE is little or nothing that is new in Senator Hoar's description of the natural relations between the various sections of Canada and the corresponding localities of the United States, as affecting commercial conditions and tendencies. Every student of Canadian and American geography knew that the facilities for trade between British Columbia and the towns on Puget Sound; between Manitoba and St. Paul and Minneapolis; between Western Ontario and the cities of Western New York and Michigan; between the Maritime Provinces and the cities of New England, are much greater than those existing between each of those various sections of Canada, and the centres of trade and commerce in any other section. No Canadian needed to be told of the formidable though not insurmountable barriers which nature has interposed between the Pacific and the prairie provinces, between the latter and Ontario and Quebec, and again between the last named provinces and those on the Atlantic coast. No profound statesmanship was needed to draw the obvious conclusion that Nature has pronounced most unmistakably in favour of a vast and ever-growing flux and reflux of trade from north to south and south to north across the international boundary line, and that nothing but the most purblind and inveterate folly could permanently maintain hostile tariffs between the two countries. "It seems to me absolutely impossible," says the shrewd Senator, "that hostile or different commercial systems, or fiscal systems, can be maintained when that great country has been filled up along our border." If not impossible, such action would be culpable in the extreme, not to say suicidal. That for which we may specially thank Senator Hoar is his reminder that there is scarcely "an instance in history where two separate peoples of two separate nations were ever brought together by a spirit of cool calculation of their commercial or material interests." Nevertheless the Senator's inference, though it is but obscurely hinted at, seems to be that the forces which are drawing Canada in the direction of political union are so powerful and so constantly being multiplied that sooner or later the amalgamation must come. We submit that his facts and reasonings are at least equally valid in favour of the possibility of an Independent Canada, with distinct political institutions, but with freer and fuller commercial intercourse than has ever yet been enjoyed between the two nations.

THE Western Australia Constitutional Bill, which recently passed its third reading in the House of Lords, is likely to call forth an important discussion in the Commons. It will be something new under the sun for the Lower House to take exception to the legislation of the Upper on the ground of too great liberality, but this seems likely to occur in the present instance. The Bill in question endows the people of Western Australia with responsible government on pretty much the same lines as those of other self-governing colonies. The chief peculiarity is the novel feature incorporated in the constitution provided for the Upper House of the Legislature. This House is to be neither wholly nominated nor wholly elective, but a compromise between the two methods is employed. For the first six years the Council is to be a nominated one; after that date, or after the inhabitants number sixty thousand, whichever event happens first, it is to be elective. But the chief objection is likely to be made to the immense size of the Province. Though the new colony is to have control of but about half the vast territory marked on the map as Western Australia, it will still come into possession of a tract of no less than 500,000 square miles, or a country, as the *Spectator* puts it, "as big as three Frances." As the present population of the colony is but little over 40,000, their lordships are thought by some to have rather overdone the business in the matter of giving the fledgling Colony room to grow. Power is, however, reserved to the Queen, by Order in Council, to divide the Colony hereafter as may be thought fit, a provision rather suggestive of possible strife at some future day. A clause is significantly inserted in the Act intended to prevent the Parliament from forbidding immigration.

AS a princely pageant the ceremonies attending the marriage of the daughter of the Prince of Wales to the Earl of Fife seem to have been an unqualified success and worthy of the old traditions of British Royalty. The two circumstances, that the bridegroom is a British subject of the highest personal character, and that the union is believed to be one of mutual choice and affection, render it beyond question extremely popular throughout Great Britain. But the marriage has an interest deeper and more permanent than any arising from personal considerations. There can be little doubt that it marks a new departure in British monarchism. It is not of course the first instance in modern times in which a member of the Royal Family has married a subject, but it is the first case in which a possible future sovereign has done so. The union has made it distinctly conceivable that a Scotch nobleman may one day be Prince Consort to a British Queen, or that his son may be King of England. The not improbable rumour that this contingency renders the event very distasteful to some members of the old English nobility, accentuates the fact that it is a step in the transition from older to more modern notions. The old idea of the divinity that is still supposed in such circles to hedge in a king must have received a rude shock, and another long stride has been taken in the direction of the democratic conception of the monarch as the chosen head of the State, deriving his supreme right to rule not from the accident of birth, but from the consent of a willing and loyal people.

MANY of our readers have no doubt been following with interest the various stages of the controversial duel which has been for some time going on between Professor Huxley and his clerical antagonists in the columns of the *Nineteenth Century*. To such Professor Huxley's last article will suggest some hard questions. Especially worthy of note is what may, we suppose, be regarded as his amended definition of Agnosticism. That which is essential in its faith is, he now tells us in effect, the conviction that it is wrong for a person to say he is certain of the truth of a statement which he cannot prove by reasons logically justifying that certainty. This seems to

us to shift the argument to grounds which are, if we may say so without suspicion of punning, very uncertain. The question at issue is henceforth the vexed one of the meaning of certainty. Professor Huxley's position clearly is that certainty is given to us by the logical faculty and by that only. But it cannot have escaped his penetration that every deduction of the logical faculty is itself the product of at least two factors, each of which is given us by intuition, or if he would object to that word, by a natural process, and so incapable of logical demonstration. There must be first the fact or facts furnished by observation or experience. Professor Huxley is too keen a metaphysician not to perceive that the simplest fact given to us by any of our senses, *e.g.*, the sense of sight, is really the result of a process of inference, and that in every attempt to logically justify its certainty we are at once thrown back upon our innate or constitutional faith in the reliability of the physical and mental processes which make up the act of perception. Then, again, every logical inference from accepted data involves our intuitive faith in those convictions which are formulated as axioms, and the certainty of which cannot be justified by any logical process, though it is impossible to doubt it. Thus it appears that in resolving the whole controversy into one touching the nature of certainty, in other words, of knowledge, Professor Huxley is really transferring it to the battle ground of the old metaphysics, where the ghosts of the slain are perpetually reappearing in endless procession to renew the contest with their equally unsubstantial and indestructible antagonists.

THE spectacle of Mr. Gladstone followed by Mr. Parnell and the bulk of the Irish Nationalists, going into the lobby to vote with the Government, and against the leading Radicals, was an unwonted one in the British Commons. The question directly in issue so exclusively concerns the British people themselves that we may be excused from venturing an opinion upon its merits. In fact it is not very easy to say what were, in the last analysis, its exact merits. The point was not whether a sum of money should in this particular instance be voted from the public funds as a provision for one of the Queen's grandchildren, for if that proposal was not distinctly negatived it was at least significantly evaded in the shape in which the resolution was reported by the Committee and acted on by the House, that of an increase of the annual allowance to the Prince of Wales, the better to enable him to make provision for his own children. The terms of Mr. Morley's motion and speech would seem to have made the question one involving the general principle of the obligation of Parliament, that is of the people, to make provision for members of the Royal Family other than the children of the reigning Monarch, and such grandchildren as might be in the direct line of succession. But in regard to this there seems to have been scarcely a difference of opinion; or if there was the decision of Parliament was not directly challenged in regard to it. Perhaps we should be nearer the truth if we should say that the question voted upon was whether the Queen's promise that no further grants should be asked for the grandchildren of Royalty during the present reign should be accepted as sufficient for present purposes; or a distinct refusal by the House in advance to consider any such application should be recorded. The fact that, as Mr. Chamberlain pointed out, a general declaration against such future grants would be worthless, combined with the consideration that the passage of such a resolution, would have been an act of very scant courtesy to both the Queen and the Prince of Wales, would no doubt have sufficed to secure a large majority for the Government. But Mr. Gladstone evidently voted on what to all believers in hereditary monarchy will seem much higher and more loyal grounds, while there is every reason to believe that the bulk of the Parnellites who voted with him, did so as a personal compliment to him, not that they cared for Queen or Prince, or for the principle involved. Take it all in all the situation was a peculiar one, such as could not have been possible at any previous period in modern Parliamentary history.

IT is now morally certain that "Prof." Hogan, who ascended in Campbell's air-ship from Williamsburg two weeks since, met with a fatal disaster, and will not return to tell the tale of his aërial voyage. This result is to be deplored, not only for the sake of the fearless adventurer himself, but in the interests of the science of aëronautics, in which he was chosen to conduct a most important experiment. If the facts be as reported concerning the success which attended his voyage at the start and up to the time of the accident, this experiment, notwithstanding its fatal issue, will stimulate rather than check the zeal of those who are trying to solve the problem of aërial navigation. It is said that after rising several hundred feet Hogan had no difficulty in lowering the ship to within one hundred feet of the ground. Everything seemed to be completely under his control, and he guided the ship in a northerly direction, turned it about and arrived at his starting point. Just at this moment, when success seemed already achieved, something went wrong with the machinery. The lower propelle rof the ship, used in regulating the altitude, fell to the ground, the steering propeller became motionless, the ship shot up to a great height and drifted away. Nothing more is known, or is likely to be known. But so far as this attempt bears upon the solution of the problem of aërial navigation, it points in the direction of ultimate success rather than failure.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

THREE or four years ago, when the question of Sunday cars was agitated, we gave our opinion in favour of running a certain number, at certain times, on the Lord's Day. We pointed out at that time, that, in a great city like Toronto, it was very desirable, some might say even necessary, that the poorer classes who live in the very heart of the town should have the means of transport to the fresh air which is to be found in High Park and other similar resorts. It is a long way from Centre Street to the Humber, and the men, and women and children, who should accomplish a journey to and fro, would probably feel that the Day of Rest had been the hardest working day in the week.

We confess now, as we pointed out before, that this argument for the Sunday car seems to us a much stronger one than the plea on behalf of church-goers. There are now so many churches in Toronto of every colour and shade that a reasonable person can find no difficulty in attending one of his own communion without any grievous effort. If he is so hard to please that he must go miles before he can find a church to suit him, then let him pay for his pleasure without expecting much compassion from his neighbours. But the case of the poor man is quite different. He cannot get open spaces, and trees and grassy slopes at his own door, and he may fairly complain that he is refused access to them.

The arguments employed by the opponents of Sunday cars are of various kinds, some of a merely Judaic character, some vaguely biblical, but the greatest number frankly utilitarian. The only logical Sabbatarians are the Seventh Day Baptists, whose contention up to a certain point is perfectly sound. If the fourth commandment is literally binding upon Christians, then the day which we call Saturday should be kept as a day of rest. On Saturday no avoidable work should be done. The son and the daughter, the man-servant and the maid-servant, the cattle, the stranger within the gates, all these should rest and do no manner of work. The cooking of food, for example, on the Lord's Day is not necessary, and, on this theory, ought not to be done. Horses should certainly not be made to draw carriages; they should rest from their labours on this day, the commandment being precise.

Moreover, we must emphasize the keeping of the Saturday and not the Sunday. If the commandment is literally obligatory, then it requires rest on that day. There is not a grain of authority for the statement that Christ or the apostles changed the Sabbath from the seventh day to the first. The first day was kept in commemoration of the resurrection, without the slightest reference to the Sabbath. It was only by slow degrees that the Jewish Sabbath disappeared; and then the principle of resting on one day out of seven was recognized by the Christian Church, which gradually introduced regulations, differing in different places, in order to secure the observance of the Lord's Day. We do not propose to do more here than state the simple facts. Those who care to investigate the whole history of the subjects will find all that they need in Hessey's Bampton Lectures on the Sunday.

The ground, then, of Lord's Day observance is simply the ground of Christian expediency. There are persons to whom such a ground will seem altogether inadequate and unworthy. Expediency! they will say, this is something poor and mean and despicable. Let us move on the higher plane of principle.

Such people are a little trying, or even hopeless. They have a knack of converting their own private preferences into universal principles, and of opposing these preferences or prejudices to the well-considered conclusions of more thoughtful men. It is of no use telling these people that three-fourths of the duties of human life are simply dictated by considerations of expediency; that even the deepest and most self-evident principles cannot be applied in practice without reference to utilitarian considerations; in short, that next to the plain dictates of conscience which say: Do this, and, Do not do that, there is nothing of higher obligation than the prescriptions of a reasonable Christian expediency.

The Sabbath was made for man; and so is the Lord's Day. Even if we were under the law, our Lord has taught us that its commands must be understood spiritually. It is lawful to draw an ox or an ass out of a pit on the Sabbath. It is "lawful to do well on the Sabbath day." Certainly then it is lawful for us who are not under the Law, but under the guidance of the Holy Spirit of love, to consider how we may so use the Day of Rest as to contribute to the highest good of the community.

After the Sabbatarian Argument, the value of which we have sufficiently discredited, the principal reason urged against the use of cars on Sunday is the fact that it imposes unnecessary and hurtful labour upon the drivers and conductors of the cars; and also upon the horses. With regard to the horses, the objection is utterly absurd. There can be no difficulty whatever in providing such an addition to the number of the horses as shall lay upon these animals no more burden than they already bear. May not the Car Company be trusted to see to this? Are they likely to be guilty of such inhumanity to their beasts of burden as will destroy or injure their own property? With regard to the men employed in the car service, there need be no greater difficulty. No man, we imagine, would be expected to work for seven days; and it would be quite easy to make such arrangements as would impose only two or three hours' labour on the men employed in the car service. The moment we come to work out the scheme, we find no real difficulty in any part of it. It becomes quite possible to accommodate the public without inflicting any injury or inconvenience upon the men employed in the car service.

But, it is said, this is letting in the thin end of the wedge. What is the meaning of such an objection? Does it mean that, because we are doing something which is lawful and right, we may be asked, by-and-by, to do something which is unlawful and wrong, and shall be unable to refuse it? If it does not mean this, we do not quite understand the meaning of the objection. But, surely, this is a very unworthy argument. It is to tell us that we are not governed by principle but by selfish considerations, that we shall yield to importunity that which we would not concede as the fulfilment of a duty. Such an argument is not complimentary to our strength of character, or to our public spirit.

If less than this is meant, then the thin end of the wedge is in already. We have our horses and our carriages in the streets already on the Lord's Day. Men and cattle do actually labour on the Day of Rest, that other men may drive to church on Sunday instead of walking. If this is wrong, then let it be stopped. If this is not wrong, then neither is the proposed running of cars on the Lord's Day wrong.

We have taken some pains to go into this subject, more that we may put on record our own deliberate judgment than with any great hope of convincing Sabbatarians of the absurdity of their position. We are not advocating Sunday labour. We are as anxious as any one can be that the greatest amount of rest may be secured to all persons on the Lord's Day. But we maintain that it is lawful to impose a certain amount of labour upon the minority for the benefit of the majority. Unless this principle is admitted, it is difficult to understand how good people can go to church on Sunday and make their clergy go through such an amount of labour on their account. As regards the Sunday car service, it is a little absurd to imagine that every other city of the same size in Europe and America is quite wrong and that we alone are right!

We are greatly afraid that the utterances of our Sabbatarians are proving a stumbling block to some who are not so well affected to Christianity as its adherents would desire. It is a bad thing to lay ourselves open to the change of fanaticism; but it is even worse to be suspected of insincerity and inconsistency. One of the most flagrant instances of this—shall we say humbug?—is the tolerating of the hideous noises of the Salvation Army in our parks, and the prohibition of the playing of military bands. On what principle do we approve or condemn the use of music? Either on the ground of the actual emotions which it excites, or on account of the associations to which it gives rise. Tried by either principle, good music, whether secular or sacred, would be more edifying in every way than the howls of men like dancing dervishes aided by the noisy rumbling of a big drum.

DEMOCRACY IN LITERATURE.

IN rapid sequence to the triumph of democracy over political and social conditions, the demand that literature also should submit to its authority is made. Some American critics have lately felt obliged to apologize for Longfellow's scholarly refinement as not being sufficiently in sympathy with the wants of the people. A similar charge, has been brought against Lowell. "Intense patriotism," says one, "does not wholly atone for the assumption of an extra-American, or quasi-European superiority of experience. . . . Plain, unlettered labourers in the fields and woods do not relish the apparition of a man in dress coat and kid gloves in their midst assuming to do their literature for them."

It is impossible to believe that Mr. Maurice Thompson, from whose clever and interesting article, "On the Sixth Sense in Literature," the above sentences are taken, would seriously contend that literature in the future must adapt itself to the taste of "unlettered labourers in the fields and woods," or anywhere else; but such utterances, claptrap though they may be, show the prevailing tendency of American criticism. Mr. Howells, in *Harpers'* "Studies," speaks still more plainly. "The penetrating spirit of democracy," he says, "has found its expression in the very quality of literature. The old oligarchic republic of letters is passing away; already we have glimpses of the commune."

We know that democratic France at present possesses such a literature as might well have been bred in the Commune which produced the terrible *petroleuse* and other forms of horror; a literature in which the worst vices, diseases and deformities of debased humanity are employed in the service of a degraded art, and of which M. Emile Zola is the great high priest. It is unnecessary to enlarge here on the polluting effect such a literature must have on the imagination (so powerful a factor in the sphere of morals); it is so clearly recognized that a London bookseller of note, Mr. Vizetelly, has been lately sentenced to three months' imprisonment for selling M. Zola's novels. But there is another sort of democratic, or, if Mr Howells pleases, communistic, literature which, though immaculate from a moral point of view, must inevitably degrade the taste, lower the standard of art, and prove fatal to all elevation of mind and all noble ambition. In this sort of literature Mr. Howells is *facile princeps*.

This popular novelist began his literary career as a poet, and one who assumes to know all about him tells us that a rare and original genius for poetry was silenced when Mr. Howells ceased to sing. This assertion has to be taken on trust by most of us, as his poems are apparently little known and never quoted. At all events, he found that poetry would not give him a living, and therefore came to the conclusion that its day had gone by, and it was now, in fact, only another name for emptiness—whether of his own purse, or of joy for the world, is not stated. It was therefore clear to him that under the reign of democracy the only true and living art must be realistic, or, as he has presented it to us, the prosaic details of commonplace life, with every vestige of poetry carefully eliminated. To this theory and practice he has steadily adhered, and has become so completely its slave that each successive book he produces is more paltry and insignificant in its incidents, more tedious and trivial in its talk, and more dull and disagreeable in its characters, till in his last novel, "Annie Kilburn," he seems to have sunk to the lowest level of all that is mean and uninteresting. An admirer, in reviewing this book, assumes that his aim is to make his readers "explorers in the desert of the commonplace for green oases;" but our accusation against Mr. Howells is that he gives us no green oases, but keeps us always in the sandy desert. Annie Kilburn, at any rate, found none in Hatboro', and neither will the readers of her doleful story. And the people of Hatboro' are only a little more vulgar and disagreeable than those with whom we are condemned to associate in the whole series of Mr. Howells' so-called realistic novels. They all dwell together on the broad plane of the dullest mediocrity. Not one among them could excite admiration or sympathy from the most catholic lover of his kind, only at the best a compassionate tolerance or a pity more akin to disgust than to love. Worlds away as Mr. Howells' representation of life is from M. Zola's theory of realistic art, or Count Tolstoï's tragic stories of oppression and cruelty, it appears to me as thoroughly pessimistic in its tendency. His novels, if accepted as true pictures of the best that life can give, could scarcely fail to check all aspirations after the higher possibilities of existence, without which life would certainly not be worth living. "Those who live with mean people think the world mean," Emerson says Mean books are as lowering as mean society, and all books are mean that do not make us think nobly of human nature and the heights to which it may attain.

We are told by the admirers of democracy that now, at last, the people hold their proper place in literature. Aristocracy is crushed, and art is made subservient to the "enthusiasm of humanity." But when we consider the humanity represented in realistic novels, and the human specimens there pourtrayed, it seems as if the people might well rise up in just indignation, and claim damages for a series of the grossest libels. If we go back to the old days before democracy in literature was heard of, we shall find them treated very differently. The masters of fiction now looked upon as benighted aristocrats depicted the working classes with a just and generous appreciation that gained for them the respect and sympathy of every reader. Sir Walter Scott drew his burghers, shepherds, fishermen, farmers and ploughboys from the life. He had gone familiarly among them from childhood, knew their homes and their ways, and, sturdy old aristocrat as he was, all his life spoke to every man he met as to his brother. He understood them thoroughly, and while discerning with keen and penetrating insight their inevitable defects and prejudices, delighted in doing justice to their many fine traits of character. He brings before us Dandie Dinmont's manliness, honesty and good feeling, and his simple, kindly household, with all the power of truth and nature. His genial and kindly humour revelled in the pourtrayal of such characters as Baillie Nicol Jarvie, Cuddie Headrigg, Andrew Fairservice and Edie Ochiltree, with all their amusing oddities, absurdities and selfish shrewdness. He has given us a host of such characters, depicted with that kindly indulgence and humorous sympathy which only the truest insight teaches, making them all excellent company in their way. So truly does he discern the soul of goodness in all things that even in his rogues and vagabonds he finds some redeeming touch of better things. And in his pathos or his mirth, he never forgets to render high honour to those simple heroic souls that

> Follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
> And earn a place in the story.

Old Janet's protecting care for the Baron in his Patmos; Evan Dhu's devotion to the chief who had brought him to the scaffold; Dominie Sampson's faithfulness to his ruined master's children; the wild love of Meg Merrilies for Harry Bertram came straight from Scott's heart. His deepest power of pathos is drawn forth in the scene where the Antiquary comes on Saunders Mucklebackit trying to patch up the boat in which his fine young son Steenie was drowned. The heroine above all others whom he seem to have painted *con amore* was Jeanie Deans, a bare-footed Scotch lassie drawn from real life. In all his pictures of humble life, true as they are to nature, and various as their circumstances are, there is nothing to revolt or disgust, or lower our estimate of human nature. He makes his readers as much interested in them, as he himself was in his work-people and poor neighbours, and speaking out of the depths of his own knowledge and experience, he unconsciously gives lessons to us all on the great truths which he so unaffectedly and thoroughly recognised, the common brotherhood of all mankind.

Scott painted his princes with the same, powerful pen that pourtrayed his peasants. No one except Shakespeare has given us such graphic portraits of kings and queens, knights and nobles and ladies of high degree. But wonderful as his historical portraits are, they are still only studies from history, vivified by his imagination, while his peasants were drawn from true life, and not only life-like, but actually living on the pages. He could paint both high and low, the king and cadger, the queen and the fisher-wife, with truth and vigour. Dickens could only paint the people, for whom he used to say he held a brief. We know that the whimsical fancies, the quaint garb in which he so often draped his favourite characters, have made some modern critics accuse him of melodrama and false sentiment, and even deny that he had any title to genius except his marvellous gift of humour. Happily there are still many who can appreciate his power over all the emotions that move the heart, and can feel how ably he employed it in his client's cause. If he had done nothing more than create the Peggotty group—Clara Peggotty, old Daniel and young Hans—he would have deserved a high place among the great ones who teach us to "think nobly of the soul;" for in those three characters he has shown with unerring touch, the height and grandeur of virtue to which simple human nature may attain.

George Eliot, another great novelist who wrote before democracy in literature became a cult, took her finest characters from the working classes, and described the pious, dutiful, elevated lives she had known in their homes with a truth and beauty all England acknowledged.

The writings of those great spirits and fine artists strongly impress us with the truth that beauty and virtue are more real and permanent parts of nature and life than vice and ugliness, and for this reason they will always have the finest uses for humanity, being good for hope, for healing, for the strengthening, and ennobling of men and women.

In a later article than the one quoted above, Mr. Howells tells us with authority—"The truth is—and from time to time the scribbling race had better face it—there is no very deep, no very wide interest in even the greatest of authors . . . There are moments," he says, "when Shakespeare seems essential to the young life, but he is not really so; and if the elder life will be honest, it will own that he is not at all important to it." He generously assures us that, in saying so, he has no wish to "*abolish* or *supersede* Shakspeare [the italics are the present writer's]; he only desires to make literary men recognise the fact that nothing, except, perhaps, the deceitfulness of riches, is so illusive as the supposition of interest in literature on the part of other men. . . . They are not altogether to blame for this," he says: "they are very little to blame, in fact, for it is only in the rarest instances that literature has come home to their business and bosoms. . . . It appeals to the taste, the æsthetic pride, the intellectuality of the reader; these are not his real life, and so it presently perishes out of him again to be utterly forgotten."

We may reasonably suppose that by "literature which comes, home to men's business and bosoms," Mr. Howells means fiction employed on the average lives of average men and women, their business affairs, their domestic concerns the familiar matters of daily life. Yet the best evidence of the ephemeral interests, and little real value of such literature is to be found in the fact that time so speedily consigns it to oblivion; except in one or two instances of unique genius. It is the literature that brings before us with truth and power men in those aspects of greatness which raise them above the crowd, and show us the height to which human nature may attain, that is immortal; not that which describes their successes or failures in business, their flirtations with vulgar women, their marital quarrels, or their social difficulties. The books which live for ever are those which we follow with breathless interest—the fortunes of such heroic hearts as Robinson Crusoe making for himself a little kingdom and obedient subjects of his desert island and its wild creatures; Monte Christo escaping from his prison; Amyas Leigh throwing his sword into the sea; Skimmer of the seas giving that last "ahoy" to his matchless Water Witch, and the sails, like sentient beings, fluttering at the sound; or the great tragedies of love and anguish, like the *Bride of Lammermoor*, *The Scarlet Letter*, or that wonderful book in which the bewitching picture of the gipsy Esmeralda and her little white goat dancing to the sound of the tambourine is so quickly followed by her terrible death on the scaffold, the victim of others' crimes and cruelties, and as innocent and helpless amidst them all as the moth that perishes in the flame of the candle. The genius that creates such scenes and characters can only die when time is no more,

Novels that confine us to the trivial round of commonplace lives soon pass away, though a fetish, or a fashion, may give them a brief popularity, but novels that lift us into a higher atmosphere of thought and action, rank, though in a lower degree, with the plays of Shakspeare, and other dramatists, and no criticism can stale or wither their perennial power and beauty. Mr. Howells, indeed, informs us that Shakespeare is of no importance in the lives of men. This dictum, in effect, includes the whole of that imaginative literature in which the poetry that preserves the divinity in man from decay is enshrined. It is difficult to believe that he is sincere in making such an assertion. Let us imagine if we can, a state of things in which Homer, Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe, were suddenly *abolished*, and their works forgotten as if they had never been. Who could estimate the impoverishment, the great rift and chasm in the sphere of ideas and emotions—that is in the soul of man—that would follow? Then let us suppose that great literature of the past *superseded* by the realistic or communal literature of whose approaching reign Mr. Howells has sounded the note! Such a revolution in literature and all that it implies, can only be compared to the destruction of Imperial Rome and its civilization by the Barbarians! However, there will be one compensation. It will *abolish* Mr. Donnelly and the Baconites.

LOUISA MURRAY.

AT THE BASILICA, OTTAWA.

SHADES of twilight, deep'ning, dark'ning—
  With the shadows entered we,
Wearied of the city's murmur,
  Longing for tranquillity;
Soft we entered, and the shadows
  Wrapt us round as noiselessly.

Silence! brooding hearts are beating
  Underneath the censer's glow;
Pictured faces from the panels,
  In the dumbness of their woe,
Act again the scene enacted
  Eighteen hundred years ago.

Silence—solemn, deep, and holy;
  Unseen wings are hovering o'er,
Unseen hands are bearing cooling
  Unto hearts that burned before;
Unseen lips are whisp'ring softly
  "God is peace for evermore!"

Not a sound the silence breaketh
  But a father flitting by,
With his soutane's silken rustle,
  Where the sombre shadows lie;
Not a sound—save God's low whisper
  And the soul's responding cry.

EMILY MCMANUS.

LONDON LETTER.

THE long stretch of garden at Gray's Inn was empty this brilliant summer morning. Branching trees shaded low seats, set near to the straight gravel paths. Birds flying low in and out of the sunshine were the only occupants of the pretty old enclosure, which, wanting but the tinkle and splash of some of Lamb's loved fountains ("the fashion, they tell me, is gone by, and these things are esteemed childish"), is the quaintest of the London backwaters. Like the Peri at the gate of Paradise, I stood disconsolate on the scorching pavement, looking through the iron railings on to the cool green lengths of lawn beyond; for unless armed with an order from the steward's office it is impossible that strangers can be allowed in the sacred precincts, and the hour unfortunately had passed for the giving out of these permissions. The porter, shut up in his flowery cottage, was taking a siesta, I suppose: at any

rate there was no sign of him; securely locked, the wickets were opened for no one, and, indeed, nobody but myself seemed to have any wish to go inside; the casual passers-by, lounging slowly along, looked neither to right or left, murmuring, if they spoke at all to each other, of the stifling heat, while the ordinary denizens of the Inn, the lawyers and the lawyer's clerks had sauntered off under umbrellas to the restaurants about Holborn, from which retreats they were long in returning. A very mirage, the beautiful gardens lay shimmering, steeped in sunlight before my longing eyes. To me, out in the desert, it seemed as if leaves and grass, and flowers and priceless shade were as unreal as the wraiths on the terrace amongst whom Bacon sat musing on the subject of his next essay, while Sir Roger de Coverley "cleared his pipes" in the fresh morning air. As there is never any use in keeping one's mind fixed on the unattainable, I turned from the inhospitable gates and wended my way through the court-yards to the hall, as the next coolest place after the gardens, meeting Mr. Perker and his clerk Lowten, frequenter of "The Magpie and Stump," Jack Bamber, immortal Mr. Pickwick, and "my esteemed friend Parkle," of whom Dickens discourses delightfully in "An Uncommercial Traveller." Dickens, I am sorry to say, has spoken disparagingly of the Square more than once, but I think he can't have known it in the summer when the most captious person would not call it either dismal or depressing. Then, again, Gray's Inn no doubt has altered for the better since Mrs. Sweeney and Mrs. Miggot were laundresses here, and the dozen of lively young leeches, escaped from the feeble hands of the trembling ticket porter, were met taking their walks abroad. So improved is the quarter, that in one or two of the houses, no longer let off in flats for chambers, children were looking out of their nursery windows as I passed, and more than once there came across the Square the shrill voice of a canary, and the sound of familiar monotonous scales thumped by small tired fingers. The beautiful hall, with its raftered louvre-roof of polished oak, its many interesting old portraits, its delicate shields and lozenges of stained glass, has been the dining-room of the members of Gray's Inn for over 300 years. Anyone can go in who likes: the doors stand open through the day. You can rest on seats (made, they say, of planks of the Spanish ships driven on our shores in 1588), while the maiden Queen, surrounded by her solemn judges, glances at you from the walls. You can watch the light stream in, all colours, through the great panes, and fall on the same objects standing in precisely the same places on the oaken floor as in the time when loyal Benchers wore black on the death-day of the martyr, King Charles, or Jacobite students defiantly whistled "Lillabullero" as the young Chevalier came nearer and nearer to Derby. Peopled with the figures of the few successful lawyers, Cecils, Bacons, Sydneys and the like, who once sat at meat here on the dais, and with those many unsuccessful members ("surely called to the Bar," says Dickens, "by deceiving spirits, seeing they are wanted there by no mortal"), dragging through the weary days with nothing to do, the long hall is far from lonely, and is full of interest even to the ignorant intruder who knows next to nothing of the originals of many of these portraits, or the names of the owners of these magnificent coats-of-arms which shine in the jewelled window-panes.

As I stayed on in the dim, cool room, looking now at my Lord Raymond, now at Sir Nicholas Bacon (the ruins of whose house I saw the other day at Gorhambury) some one came from across the passage to tell me a little of the history of the Inn. Originally, it seems, the property belonged to Lord Gray de Wilton, who sold it, houses, gardens, windmill and all, to a Mr. Denny. From him it came into the hands of the monks at Sheen, who let it as a lodging for lawyers till the evil days of the Reformation, when Henry VIII. took it into his possession. I was shown a carved high-backed chair, on which Queen Elizabeth sat when she came, attended by her court, to see a Masque or partake of a banquet; and some glazed Roman pottery, found when a new room was built not many years ago; and some excellent mezzotints and line engravings of portraits of those Benchers who have made themselves and their Inn famous.

"Do you know that an invitation to dine at Gray's Inn is considered a very great compliment indeed? [writes Frith, R.A., in a letter, the receipt of which this morning sent me down to Holborn to see the pictures he mentions] I am not now much of a diner-out, but as those great lawyers seemed to desire my company the other day, I resolved to bestow my tediousness upon them. Every one assembles in the library, a modern room upstairs, from whence the guests are conducted down to the hall, each on the arm of a Bencher, who wears a solemn black gown. Being late, I missed that part of the ceremony, so was taken straight to the hall, which seemed to my bewildered eyes to be filled with a multitude of people. An awful Presence, carrying a rod, went in front; with his staff he struck the ground three times, announcing in a loud voice, Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A. There rushed up a figure in flying robes to welcome me. Then, 'You know the Lord Chief Justice, I think?' he said, and the chief, in shaking hands, remarked: 'You have good reason for remembering me.' His tone was not threatening. He sat, you know, to me in my picture of the Private View at the Royal Academy, a function he never attended except for my benefit. After more knocking, a stentorian voice announced dinner was served, and the multitude, consisting of barristers and students, separated themselves from the Benchers and their guests (the élite), and took their places at the long tables lining the hall from the dais to the magnificent screen at the end of it. There were about twenty of us grandees at the upper table. Next the Lord Chief Justice sat Mr. Manisty, a great judge and a great fisherman, over eighty years of age, whose favourite amusement is salmon fishing. He stands for hours with the Scottish waters up to his waist, an experience likely, I should have thought, to be fatal to much younger people than the judge. Then came Mr. Justice Stephen, and then Mr. Justice Bowen, who, my neighbours told me, had just recovered from a severe illness. Morley was there, a man whose genius I admire and whose politics I detest, and, nearly opposite, a nephew of his, another Morley, who is exceedingly handsome. I should like to paint that youthful M.P., and if he should fail in the House I can promise him a decent livelihood as a model. This offer is worth notice, for at the next election I hope—but I will forbear. Sir Charles Russell looked very worn on the edge of the Irish Commission, to say nothing of the terrible wear and tear of his other suits. Near him was a gentleman with a very astute face, ornamented by one of the most provoking noses I ever saw. There is no mistaking the handwriting of Providence on the human face, and I wasn't surprised to find that this was Reid, Q.C. The rest of the company consisted of common nobility in whom I didn't feel interested. The dinner was splendid. My kind neighbour told me all sorts of interesting things. He told me the hall was finished in the reign of Elizabeth, that Bacon was a Bencher, and that there are two portraits here of him. 'The small one which hangs there to your right,' he went on, 'is, we believe, a genuine picture, and the tradition is that he sat for it. There's Queen Elizabeth, the one on the screen behind the chaplain. Shakespeare may have sat where you are, you know. Bacon may have asked him to dinner. We've no record connected with him, except that it's pretty sure one of his plays was acted here, but we don't know which. We often think it is a pity the cloth is never removed, for underneath this one we have a highly polished table made from wood taken from the Spanish Armada. Speeches? No, we've no speeches; just the usual formal toast, the Royal Family, and one special one, the health of Queen Elizabeth.' 'The health?' said I. 'The memory—the immortal memory, I mean,' answered my friend, laughing. Another and a longer Latin grace (we began dinner with one) from the chaplain, and then the loving cup appeared, such a beautiful silver thing, filled with sack, the veritable sack of Shakespeare's time, made from a receipt, a great secret, in the possession of the society, and dating back from Elizabeth's days. The guests rose and bowed to each other. 'I drink the glorious, pious and immortal memory of good Queen Elizabeth,' some one began. Then the cup was passed on to the next person, and as we each in turn held it we repeated the toast. I tasted sack for the first time; it was peculiar, and not very nice. The students were quite quiet at the long tables, except for an occasional burst of laughter. 'They will find their tongues when we leave,' I was told. 'Their silence don't prove any great amount of respect to the upper table; each of them thinks he has a judge's wig in his pocket.' After dinner, the Lord Chief Justice leading, we went upstairs to the library (modern, full of ancient books) to dessert: fruit, ices, and what was to me of far greater importance, cigars. . . . As I left I passed the hall, and, hearing melodious sounds, looked in to find they proceeded from a band of students who were 'waking the night owl with a catch.' By the way, and not apropos of Gray's Inn and my entertainment, I forgot to tell you Sidney Cooper's eyesight, at eighty-four, has returned. He can't account for it, but says simply that, after years of spectacles, he can now see without them as well as ever he did at twenty-five. There's a curious thing. His pictures prove it is true. In the Academy this year you can see how precise and delicate his touch is, not in the least like an old man's work. This beats Beswick's grandmother, who cut a new set of teeth at seventy-five."

The other day I came across the "Poems and Letters of Bernard Barton," the good Quaker poet of Woodbridge, whose daughter Edward Fitzgerald married, and who was the lifelong friend of Lamb and Southey. Clad in a sober suit of grey, the small volume lay unheeded on a bookstall. The bells of St. Clement Danes, Psalm-ringing overhead, set the bits of rhymes to music as I turned the pages:

> Midnight has stolen on me. Sound is none,
> Save where light, tinkling cinders, one by one,
> Fall from my fire, or its low, glittering blaze
> A faint and fitful noise at times betrays;
> Or distant baying of the watch-dog, caught
> At intervals; it is the hour of thought.
> Canst thou then marvel now that thought is free,
> Memory should wake and fancy fly to thee?

The bells have no hard task, and the words, written by Elia's friend to Elia, trip lightly to the chime from the steeple. We may burn our candles at many shrines, says Mr. Birrell in his "Obiter Dicta," so I light my penny taper in front of this modest table, where the wild flowers bloom, raised by Barton in honour of Poesy. If you wish for priceless altar-pieces, for ornaments of gold and silver, rich hangings or fragrant incense, you will not find them here. The gentle Quaker only offers his goddess a handful of wild roses and a branch of sweet briar. Yet the manner in which the posies are arranged is worthy the attention of idle worshippers, who, wandering from one gorgeous jewelled shrine to another, would not waste their time if they stayed for five minutes by this lonely, neglected little side-altar, where the blossoms are so sweet and the scent of the leaves so fresh.

WALTER POWELL.

QUATRAINS.

1

The lictor slow unties his rod,
Lest the doomed man repent,
But slower moves the will of God
Unto man's punishment.

2

For pleasure do not swerve
Aside in thine employ;
Content if thou deserve,
Let other men enjoy.

3

He who sings never makes
No discord in his song;
He who speaks never speaks
The word that is not wrong.

4

All comes to him that waits,
If his desire be pure;
Master he will all fates,
His victory is sure.

5

Question not, but enjoy;
Scan not too curiously,
Lest thy close search destroy
The charm of sympathy.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF "BOWS."

According to a reliable authority, familiar at least in name to ignorant and learned alike (Webster's Unabridged), a bow is a "bending or an inclining of the head or body in token of respect, homage, condescension, reverence or civility," which definition, so far as it goes, is precise and true enough. But my readers will allow, with a knowing smile, that the "unabridged conventional" interpretation of this very interesting and comprehensive monosyllable is vastly more than the name implies; in fact it is a question whether an *un*-abridged conventional definition would not carry its writer into an infinity of research, for the subject is pregnant with other important aspects that tempt the keen observer into fertile arguments *ad infinitum*.

It is evident, therefore, that in a necessarily short essay of this nature the question can be little more than touched upon in a few of its striking commonplace phases. Space, or the want of it, will hardly allow me to analyse the subject as an exponent, in individual cases at any rate, of men's self-taught social beliefs; for not even this simple gesture has escaped the omnipotent influence of our times, which, though a would-be occult power, is very plainly revealed in the smallest actions of worldly men and women. Let us call these results the fruit of involuntary motives, of impulses that are stronger than the force of ordinary human resistance, concomitant with that inward growth which seems in so many instances to outreach our zealous controlling efforts, if by so doing we throw a straw to the perishing dignity of our better nature. This is merely, however, a speculative act of charity which a review of stubborn reality cannot and does not encourage to any extent.

I must deny myself the pleasure of taking the extreme limits of my subject as my starting and finishing points. Were I to begin with, I shall not say "the nod that ratifies the will divine," but hold my quill to earthly confines, and begin instead with the imposing, not to say solemnly majestic, bend of the gentleman usher of the Black Rod on the occasion of the opening of Parliament, and come carefully down the gamut to that heart-warming (?) sign of recognition, a bow with the "eyelids" (if my inexperienced reader can narrow his conception of unknown things to such a fine point as to understand what a "bow with the eyelids" means), I should have to resign myself to a task which time and labour would magnify into matter for many essays. But the subject *prima facie* suggests a great deal from which very practical reflections may be deduced, without probing any farther than the surface-aspects.

The obvious differences between those signs of mutual recognition which we call "bows," make it almost unnecessary for me to qualify them according to the sentiment that inspires them. Any public thoroughfare will serve more satisfactorily to vividly illustrate the truth of what I intend to say on the subject of "bows" than any argument, I care not how subtle nor how convincing, that I might adduce.

One needs no extraordinary power of disquisition to distinguish between bows of equality and bows of inequality; the former, though certainly the most natural and unaffected, are perhaps also the most uninteresting of all bows. Their substance is a simple sign of mutual recognition, a passive token of civility, uninsinuative of either condescension or unworthy adulation. The bow of inequality has a rarer and more savoury interest for the sly observer, from the supercilious nod of the self-inflated social or political "snob" to the servile bend of the over-affable cringeling.

By a slow and subtle process, from either of these

above named headings may be evolved the bows of acquaintanceship, of friendship, of love, of rivalry, of hidden enmity, of policy, business, speculative, professional bows, and so on. But in classifying these various greetings according to their ordinary appearances, it is necessary to exclude those particular instances where private and personal motives predominate wilfully over what we have decided to call the inane instincts, upon which we throw a large share of the responsibility of our own actions.

Taking ordinary society men and women in their attitude towards other people, as a mass, their modes of recognition are pretty sure to come under three distinct heads; first, there is the charming, smiling bow, bestowed upon the individuals of their own particular *set*, in whom they are obliged by that law which is the inevitable outgrowth of man's social relationship to recognize a power to which they must bend, even though it be in proud submission. Next comes the careful, guarded bow, cunningly speculative and non-committal (where the object does not call for a coldly decisive nod), the bow to one who is not generally known to belong to the exclusive rank of the *élite*, but who may any day be "taken up" by that fashionable caprice which is the arbiter of men's social destinies, and who, on account of this possibility, needs to be treated with an uncompromising discretion from the first. It is not hard for the speculative bow to become ardently decisive, when this fastidious power has raised one's doubtful acquaintances to one's own social level; by a slow and would-be imperceptible process it melts into the sweetness and charm of the first-mentioned faultless greeting.

Lastly comes that bow which is a consummation of the most artful hypocrisy, and which is bestowed with the nicest discrimination by the votaries of fashion upon such as are universally known to be their inferiors in every sense of the word, and who, moreover, have no ambition to outstep that point which is overshadowed by the pompous personality of such knowing patricians. It is not my intention here to penetrate into that active region of motive and thought presided over by the "darling sin" of the Father of Pride. Charity is a great virtue and generously veils the bluntness of impartial truth, but there are times when the kindest of us are tempted to brand such exhibitions of mock civility as nothing short of "the pride that apes humility." This tentative artfulness, if the truth be told, is, unlike the other pet subterfuges of that class of society with regard to their exercises of civility and courtesy, hardly an epicene weakness; I think to be frank we must own that the "bonnets" bring down the scale.

There are of course many exceptions to these rules, if rules they be. Any man or woman who, by reason of his or her personal merits, and for no other consideration, is placed upon that pedestal whither poor mortal eyes are ever and often vainly turning, is not reined in by the exactions of the social law, and it follows that the consequent freedom of his or her attitude towards other people, regardless of kind, class or condition, necessarily declares him or her, by reason of this noble and enviable self-emancipation, superior to the submissive advocates of these social tenets. It is strange that these two conditions, though so opposed, should be traceable to a common source, yet they both do spring from that forcible and salutary aphorism *Noblesse oblige*, which is open to a false construction and which, if violently misused, may justify supreme folly.

It may seem that so close an analysis of motive induces a miscarriage of justice in dealing with the proximate causes and effects of such a seemingly-trifling subject, which is not so, however. The most uneducated mind seizes the drift of such efforts, and though not stimulated to probe into it with the avidity of a restless disquisition, it deduces the same practical truth therefrom by assuring itself, with an emphasis well understood by itself, that such advances are "too good to be wholesome."

Were we to speak of the language of bows our theme would threaten to become exhaustless. That is another comprehensive and interesting limb of the parent tree which, however, must not claim our attention for the present. From what has been said, it seems to me that if we have any real self-sustaining merit of our own we should feel that it is able to support us without the "feeble prop of human trust" or public opinion. Agreed that it is not only right but judicious that we use certain nice discriminations in the manner of greeting and saluting people whom we know in so many entirely different ways, there is still much to be condemned in the manner in which people freely interpret and apply this license of social decorum. Let us try to awaken a more active appreciation within us of the dignity, as fellow creatures at least, of those who are held to be the *nobodies* of the fashionable world, and bestow upon them when they cross our path something less intolerable and insulting than a mere flutter of the eye-lids or a scarcely perceptible motion of the lips. If there must be bows of necessity and bows of habit let us make them worth bestowing.

It is of course always the same underlying tenor of utter shallow-mindedness and sottish folly that stimulates men and women to make such asinine exhibitions of themselves before the world. Until the worm be taken from the root it can hardly be hoped that these tentative remedies can produce anything but a short-lived flickering of artificial life, which, while seeming to vivify, is but masking the progress of inward corruption.

Let us look to it in time, for when the disease has crept even into our "bows" it must be that it has gained great headway.

K. MADELEINE BARRY.

Ottawa.

THE SONNET.—I.

So much has been said of the Sonnet, and so many sonnets have been written by clever critics and eminent poets that it would seem an idle task to attempt addition in either direction; yet this exquisite form of verse appears to be more popular now than ever with both versifiers and litterateurs. Instead of being considered a task for the highest thought and a test of peculiar poetic genius, the sonnet is now the vehicle of verse first chosen by every little trifler with the muse.

Time was when the poetaster designed a tragedy after Shakespeare or an epic *à la* Milton as the proper outlet for his pent-up powers, much as (readers of Murger will remember) Marcel worked for five or six years at his great picture, "Le Passage de la Mer Rouge," which, though subsequently altered to "Passage du Rubicon," "Passage de la Berésina," "Passage des Panoramas," failed to obtain the success desired by its author at the Salon (always being recognized and rejected by the jury in spite of its complete annual disguise); but which achieved a certain amount of popularity afterwards as an eating-house sign. Many an amateur epic has made a good wrapper for a pie.

It is said that the present is an age of small accomplishment by great men; but what is far more lamentable it is also a period of little attempts by ambitious nonentities. A pseudo-epic of some 20,000 lines on "The Purpose and Progress of the Universe" at any rate effected some indirect good, for it kept the author for some time out of sight and print and occasionally laid him in his grave; but now that three or four verses are able to satisfy the cravings of every rhyme-hungered soul—sonnets, ballades, rondeaux and quatrains flash off all round, like light from a fast revolving reflector. Perhaps on the principle recently advanced by a reputed poet of Canada; that "it is so much easier to write poetry" than prose, it is also thought by each new weaver of rhyming-straws that the finest forms of poetry are the easiest of all.

If the sonnet were only "a little sound," and nothing more than fourteen lines of it, then every quatorzain, labelled a sonnet, would have a fair claim to consideration; but unfortunately for the high genius of Heavysege and the aspirations of some others, much more is demanded before those fourteen lines can be truly termed a sonnet. So high are the standards laid down both as to musical form and completion of idea that many of the noblest poets of the English language are not to be found in any sonnet-collection; and many of the small poems that have been placed in them are not strictly entitled to the honour. For the natural outflow of a phase of thought or the evolution of a mood of passion the sonnet has been proven the finest form of verse. It has therefore been called the alphabet of the heart.

For a flight of whimsical fancy, or for a pretty conceit, the rondeau and ballade are the properly invented forms of verse; though in the hands of a Swinburne they may possibly convey more than in the fingers of a Peck.

The sonnet does not lend its flawless mould to be filled with mere freaks of poetical eccentricity. In spite of its prescribed length and strictly defined forms, there is little artificial about the sonnet. There are no long rhyme-repetitions to be insisted upon as in the ballade; no enforced returns to a central phrased thought, as in the rondeau; nothing to contract the poetic fire and extinguish it, as in the villanelle; but there are the fixed conditions of restraint and freedom of poetic forces that make it crystallized verse. Of all absurd impossibilities, the insuperable one is to attempt a thoroughly artificial sonnet. Instances of the sonnet form being used as an exponent of humour and philosophy abound; but the serio-comic muse must weep at the use of the sonnet to trifle with her affections.

Take the following, written at the beginning of this century on a celebrated character, Thomas Hogg, whose eccentric genius led him to live in a barrel, write verses and make knives, and caused a few small books to be written concerning him after his death.

CHEAP TOMMY.

If I forget thee, worthy old Tam Hogg,
May I forget that ever knives were cheap:
If I forget thy barrow huge and steep,
Slow as a snail, and croaking like a frog:
Peripatetic, stoic, cynic dog,
If from my memory perish thee, or thine,
May I be doomed to gnaw asunder twine,
Or shave with razor that has chipped a log.
For in thy uncouth tabernacle dwelt
Honest philosophy: and oh! far more
Religion thy unstooping heart could melt,
Nor scorned the muse to sojourn at thy door;
What pain, toil, poverty did'st thou endure,
Reckless of earth, so heaven might find thee pure.

There are instances of the sonnet form being employed for cryptic verse; but they merely prove how easy it is to destroy the soul of the sonnet while preserving the mere outer form. One of the most notable and certainly the most ingenious of this constructed verse is the well known enigma of Poe, to solve which the reader must take the first letter of the first line, the second letter of the second line, the third of the third, fourth of the fourth, and so on to the end. On putting these consecutively the name of the lady, for whom this masterpiece of patient toil was made, appears, viz.: Sarah Anna Lewis.

AN ENIGMA.

"*S*eldom we find," says Solomon Don Dunce,
"H*a*lf an idea in the profoundest sonnet.
Th*r*ough all the flimsey things we see at once
As easily as through a Naples bonnet—
Trash of all trash!—how *can* a lady don it?
Yet heavier far than your Petrarchan stuff—
Owl-downy nonsense, that the faintest puff
Twirls into trunk-paper the while you con it."
And, veritably, Sol is right enough.
The general tuckermanities are arrant
Bubbles—ephemeral and *so* transparent—
But *this* is, now—you may depend upon it—
Stable, opaque, immortal—all by dint
Of the dear names that lie concealed within't.

No sonnet anthology is free from the presence of verses in sonnet-form, that are not, either by violation of form or misapprehension of purpose, really sonnets. Mr. David M. Main in his valuable "Treasury of English Sonnets," includes Shelley's 'Ozymandias,' and Mr. William Sharp in his "Sonnets of This Century," gives John Clare's "First Sight of Spring" a place. But in the question of what shall constitute a sonnet proper, critics differ. Mr. Main was in favour of "a relaxation, so far as English practice is concerned of nearly every law in the Italian code, except the two cardinal ones, which demand that the sonnet shall consist of fourteen rimed decasyllabic verses and be a development of one idea, mood, feeling, or sentiment, and one only." On the other hand Mr. Sharp lays down his law of the sonnet in what he terms "ten absolutely essential rules."

If in compiling his anthology Mr. Sharpe has strictly insisted on his "ten absolutely essential rules" being obeyed, the book would have been much smaller and the reader robbed of many beautiful and true sonnets.

It is impossible, after studying the entire course of English sonnet-literature, not to favour Mr. Main's view of relaxation rather than insist on Mr. Sharp's rules. Critical rules are not infallible, and Mr. Sharp has had to change his opinion on certain matters relating to sonnet-form before to-day. Other critics have held other views as to the essential requirements of the sonnet, and later critics will put forth more modified theories; but notwithstanding all the critics and their laws, (which by the way, have all been deduced from the best specimens long after they were written) sonnets and reputed sonnets will continue to pour forth innumerably into the ever-increasing sea of verse, and the critical divers of the future will, let us hope, find the true pearls by-and by.

The writer desires to go over some of the really fine sonnets from dead and living fingers, which should be favourites with all lovers of the diamond verse. For purposes of comparison certain subjects will be taken and examples of sonnets relating to them offered, and what can we treat of first better than the sonnet itself?

Of the actual composition of a sonnet, so far as the form is concerned, the untiring genius of the great Lope de Vega Carpio has left a whimsical record, which will be none the less interesting from the fact of its being written contemporaneously with those of our great Elizabethan writers. The translation here given is by James Y. Gibson, who has also translated many of Cervantes' sonnets.

ON THE SONNET.

To write a sonnet doth Juana press me,
I've never found me in such stress or pain;
A sonnet numbers fourteen lines, 'tis plain,
And three are gone, ere I can say God bless me!
I thought that spinning rhyme might sore oppress me,
Yet here I'm midway in the last quatrain;
And if the foremost tercet I can gain,
The quatrains need not any more distress me.
To the first tercet I have got at last,
And travel through it with such right good will
That with this line I've finished it, I ween,
I'm in the second now, and see how fast
The thirteenth line runs tripping from my quill,
Hurrah! 'tis done! Count if there be fourteen.

The above sonnet is the more humorous because the writer who took upon himself such airs of anxiety over the construction of a sonnet (asked for probably by his second wife), was one of the most facile and prolific writers of any time or clime.

Mr. Theodore Watts elaborated a very fanciful doctrine concerning the sonnet, which may be called the "wave theory." He believed the flow of the octave should have a justly balanced relation to the ebb of the sestet. This theory, we are told on the high authority of Mr. William Sharp, was accepted by sonnet specialists, and Mr. William Sharp himself not only accepted but added to the conception in 1886; but, alas! in a couple of years Mr. Sharp retracts all he previously eulogized so warmly, and says that "probably not the collective opinion of all the sonnet specialists could enforce the general acceptance of a theory which is really nothing more than a pleasant conceit." Mr. Theodore Watts took the bold and novel step of stating his theory and exemplifying the truth at the same time by writing the following sonnet:—

THE SONNET'S VOICE.

A Metrical Lesson by the Sea Shore.

Yon silvery billows breaking on the beach
Fall back in foam beneath the star-shine clear,
The while my rhymes are murmuring in your ear
A restless lore like that the billows teach;
For on these sonnet-waves my soul would reach
From its own depths, and rest within you, dear,
As, through the billowy voices yearning here
Great nature strives to find a human speech.

A sonnet is a wave of melody;
From heaving waters of the impassioned soul
A billow of tidal music, one and whole
Flows in the *octave*; then returning free,
Its ebbing surges in the *sestet* roll
Back to the deeps of Life's tumultuous sea.

It does not require much specialism to discover that the extraordinary theory of undulation will not hold water with a large majority of sonnets, though it may be supported by a few carefully culled examples. The theory is therefore valueless, except that it brought out a pretty sonnet on the sonnet from Mr. Wordsworth, who is

undoubtedly one of the six greatest masters in sonnet music in the English tongue, and who wrote on every subject he could subordinate to this form of verse, "except"—as Mr. John Dennis pointed out—"the one to which this branch of the poetical art has been usually dedicated,"—has written a fine, perhaps the finest, defence of the sonnet, which we now quote, in spite of its being known by everyone :—

THE SONNET.

Scorn not the sonnet ; Critic, you have frowned
Mindless of its just honours : with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;
With it Camoens soothed an exile's grief ;
The sonnet glittered, a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow ; a glow-worm lamp
It cheered mild Spenser, called from fairy-land
To struggle through dark ways ; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, how few !

It certainly cannot be said of the illustrious writer of the above sonnet that *his* "soul-animating strains" were too few. Indeed, some critics think they were too many, and opened the sacred door wide open to the tread of the vulgar scribbler. Certainly the "Ecclesiastical" and "Duddon" series do not add to the lustre of sonnet-literature, in spite of their value as Wordsworthian poems ; for the sonnet-proper is not the proper vehicle for purely scene-descriptions or philosophical disquisitions. Wordsworth, however, has offered the following polite apology for having allowed his great mind and soul to indulge in the pastime of sonnet-writing, and, I think that critic but a long-eared pedant who would deny existence to any of Wordsworth's four hundred sonnets because they did not agree with the ten or twenty absolutely essential rules. If poets did not die first, critics could not live after, and how many a volume of laboured criticism would not be given readily in exchange for that one of the oldest of our sonnets by Sir Philip Sidney—over three hundred years old, but as bright and untarnished as ever—ending with the significant line,

"Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?"

The critical voice is often raised over the finest of our poets' songs as a lively breeze blows over a field of flowers. It can carry away as much of the fragrance as it pleases to perfume itself with ; but it can neither produce as sweet an odour itself, nor succeed in stealing the secret of of its production.

Wordsworth's sonnet is as follows :—

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room ;
And hermits are contented with their cells ;
And students with their pensive citadels ;
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy ; bees that soar for bloom
High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells :
In truth the prison unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is ; and hence for me
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground ;
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

If "'twas pastime to be bound within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground," for Wordsworth, it was owing to his sharing the nature which Hamlet mentioned when he said, "O God ! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space."

In one of the "Melancholy Hours," poor Kirke White developed a few ideas concerning the sonnet ; but his nature was not altogether cast in the form of a living epitaph, and his critical remarks appear to be continually interrupted by the irksome cough of the consumptive. "There is no species of poetry," he says, "which is better adapted to the taste of a melancholy man than the sonnet. While its brevity precludes the possibility of its becoming tiresome, and its full and expected close accords well with his dejected, and, perhaps, somewhat languid, tone of mind, its elegiac delicacy and querimonious plaintiveness come in pleasing consonance with his feelings."

It is unfortunate that Henry Kirke White wrote several fourteen-line poems under the impression that they were sonnets, and would, probably, have continued producing quatorzains and calling them sonnets, had not his friend, Mr. Capel Lofft (who knew as much as anyone of his time about the subject), corrected him in the following appropriate lines :—

Ye, whose aspirings court the muse of lays,
"Severest of those orders which belong,
Distinct and separate, to Delphic song,"
Why shun the sonnet's undulating maze ?
And why its name, boast of Petrarchan days,
Assume, its rules disown'd ? Whom from the throng
The muse selects, their ear the charm obeys
Of its full harmony : they fear to wrong
The *Sonnet*, by adoring with a name
Of that distinguish'd import, lays, though sweet,
Yet not in magic texture taught to meet
Of that so varied and peculiar frame.
Oh ! think ; to vindicate its genuine praise
Those it beseems, whose lyre a favouring impulse sways.

It cannot be said that Mr. Capel Lofft has maintained "the continuous sonority throughout, from the first phrase to the last," and no one can consider this a very happy example to have set to a young poet. Henry Kirke White replied of course, "to the foregoing elegant admonition," in the following "recantatory" sonnet :—

Let the sublimer muse, who, wrapt in night,
Rides on the raven pennons of the storm,
Or, o'er the field with purple havoc warm,
Lashes her steeds, and sings along the fight ;
Let her, whom more ferocious strains delight,
Disdain the plaintive Sonnet's little form,
And scorn to its wild cadence to conform
The impetuous tenor of her hardy flight.
But me, far lowest of the sylvan train,
Who wake the wood-nymphs from the forest-shade
With wildest song ;—Me, much behoves thy aid
Of mingled melody to grace my strain,
And give it power to please, as soft it flows
Through the smooth murmurs of thy frequent close.

The history of the sonnet and the evolution of its structural differences will be referred to later ; but among others who have tried to induce new sonnet-forms into the English language was Keats. The attempt he made in this direction was sent to his brother and sister in America in a letter dated May, 1819, wherein the poet says : "I have been endeavouring to discover a better Sonnet-stanza than we have. The legitimate does not suit t e language well, from the pronouncing rhymes ; the other appears too elegiac, and the couplet at the end of it has seldom a pleasing effect. I do not pretend to have succeeded."

This was wisely fortunate, for even Keats would not have succeeded in pretending that he had added another to the sonnet-forms. He produced a hybrid, and here it is :—

If by dull rimes our English must be chained,
And, like Andromeda, the Sonnet sweet
Fettered, in spite of pained loveliness,
Let us find out, if we must be constrained,
Sandals more interwoven and complete
To fit the naked foot of Poesy ;
Let us inspect the lyre, and weigh the stress
Of every chord, and see what may be gained
By ear industrious and attention meet :
Misers of sound and syllable, no less
Than Midas of his coinage, let us be
Jealous of dead leaves in the bay-wreath crown ;
So, if we may not let the muse be free,
She will be bound with garlands of her own.

So that the contemporary sonneteers, who depart from classic forms and thereby excite the wrath of the fastidious critics, are not alone in their violation of established rules.

The greatest modern love-sonnet writer, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, has left us a perfect jewel of a sonnet upon itself, and which forms an introduction to that remarkable sequence, "The House of Life," like which nothing will ever appear again in English Literature :—

A Sonnet is a moment's monument,—
Memorial from the Soul's eternity
To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fulness reverent :
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
As Day or Night may rule ; and let Time see
Its flowering crest impearled and orient.
A sonnet is a coin ; its face reveals
The soul—its converse, to what Power 'tis due :
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve : or 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

Recalling Wordsworth's sonnet, already quoted in connection with the above of Dante Rossetti, one instantly remembers a more recent attempt by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, though now about ten years old or more, in which the American undertakes to answer the question, "What is a sonnet ?"

What is a sonnet ? 'Tis the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea ;
A precious jewel carved most curiously ;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet ? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstacy ;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me !
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath ;
The solemn organ whereon Milton played
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls :
A sea this is—beware who ventureth !
For like a fjord the narrow floor is laid
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.

In 1830, Charles Tennyson, a younger brother of the Poet Laureate, published a small volume of verse, entitled "Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces." Archbishop Trench eulogized these sonnets in his Dublin Lectures of 1866, and among them is the following, which evidently refers to the form of verse employed by the gifted young poet :—

THE PROCESS OF COMPOSITION—AN ILLUSTRATION.

Oft in our fancy an uncertain thought
Hangs colourless, like dew on bents of grass,
Before the morning o'er the field doth pass ;
But soon it glows and brightens ; all unsought
A sudden glory flashes through the dream,
Our purpose deepens and our wit grows brave,
The thronging hints a richer utterance crave,
And tongues of fire approach the new-won theme :
A subtler process now begins—a claim
Is urged for order, a well-balanced scheme
Of words and numbers, a consistent aim ;
The dew dissolves before the warming beam ;
But that fair thought consolidates its flame,
And keeps its colour, hardening to a gem.

Charles Tennyson, who afterwards took the name of Turner, wrote a large number of very fine sonnets, only known to a comparatively few students, his own peculiar merit as a poet having been overshadowed by his brother's brighter fame ; but those sonnets are remarkable for their purity of style, love of nature, choice diction, and rare fancy. The following is very beautiful, and deals with the subject now under treatment :

THE GOLD-CRESTED WREN—HIS RELATION TO THE SONNET.

When my hand closed upon thee, worn and spent
With idly dashing on the window-pane,
Or clinging to the cornice—I, that meant
At once to free thee, could not but detain :
I dropt my pen, I left th' unfinished lay,
To give thee back to freedom ; but I took—
Oh ! charm of sweet occasion !—one brief look
At thy bright eyes and innocent dismay ;
Then forth I sent thee on thy homeward quest,
My lesson learnt—thy beauty got by heart ;
And if, at times, my sonnet muse would rest
Short of her topmost skill, her little best,
The memory of thy delicate gold crest
Shall plead for one last touch—the crown of Art.

It would be interesting to add more sonnets upon "The Sonnet," but time will not permit of further research. Should any readers of The Week know of any others worthy to be recorded, it might not be uninteresting to lovers of the sonnet to hear of them. Sarepta.

GAOL-BIRD JOE.

He was such a mite of a creature that no one noticed him huddled up in the arching doorway, or if they did catch a glimpse of *something* in there they had not time to pause and ascertain what it was. That is where philanthropists are wrong ; they blame the rest of the world for heartlessness, whereas it is merely lack of time they suffer from. It takes so *much* time to take care of oneself. And besides every door and archway in London has its nightly tenant or tenants—he was only one of the many. A hardened lot, all of them—hardened in every way. The cold that would have frozen other children—the children, for instance, of the passers-by this winter morning—they could not feel ; the wind that penetrated like a sharp knife, even through fur-lined coats and woollen mufflers, was as a summer breeze to them. Like the eels, "they were used to it." And he was five years old, and so was a well-hardened specimen. So he lay, or sat, or crouched—it is hard to describe the particular attitude—as far back in his chosen doorway as possible, and presently a low whimper of pain came from between the hitherto silent lips. The crowd passing at the moment looked about them for the source of the faint cry ; that is to say, looked about them as they hurried on, but this naturally did not bring to them the information they sought. One among the number, passing on with the rest, turned presently and retraced his steps to where the cry had appeared to issue from.

He was not what one would call, judging by appearances, "a respectable member of society." He was not "well-dressed ;" in fact he was very *badly* dressed, or hardly dressed at all. He had a shirt and the remains of a pair of trousers, and the still more slender remains of an old overcoat. He was tall, lank and evil-looking, and looking at his face, one could easily trace the qualities from the exercise of which he had gained his soubriquet of "Gaol-bird Joe." He was "wanted" on a recent charge of housebreaking in a town not far away—in fact he had been wanted ever since he was seven years old on one charge or another, but, like the proverbial snake, he had managed to wriggle out from between the eager hands of the law, until he had attained his present age, sixteen. How long he would continue to maintain his liberty and his mode of gaining a livelihood was a matter of speculation to many who had become familiar with his name through a perusal of the crimes column of the daily newspapers, was even a matter of speculation to himself sometimes. He had got into the habit of making his way among his fellow-beings in the manner called slinking. His eyes had a watchful, furtive look from beneath his shock of jet-black, uncombed hair, and the sight of a policeman made him suddenly remember business down some street or alley near at hand. He was not a prepossessing person, and the little bundle in the doorway shrank back a little further as the head, with its battered felt covering, appeared at the entrance. For a moment or two the restless eyes, beneath their overhanging brows, gazed at the pitiful little bundle before them without speaking. If the said little bundle had been reared in an atmosphere of fairy tales, he most probably would have jumped at once to the conclusion that the apparition before him was a veritable ogre come at last to eat him up or carry him away to his castle to devour at leisure, but such intellectual privileges having been denied him, as well as most other things, he took our ill-favoured friend for nothing more than he was, except that his fears magnified his size and translated the look in the restless eyes into an intention to do him some bodily injury. When at last a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder and a rough voice asked him what he was doing there ? he uttered a low cry of fear and looked up helplessly into the face above him.

"You needn't be skeered, younker," was the response to the cry and look. "I ain't a-goin' to hurt ye. What's yer name ?"

There was no reply to this and the frightened eyes never wavered in their fascinated gaze into the rough face so near them. "Well, I can't afford to waste a whole mornin' over a baby as 'asn't any tongue in 'is 'ead," was the consequent exclamation, and Gaol-bird Joe, straightening himself up, thrust his hands into his pockets and walked off. Half an hour later the black head passed the doorway again and, quite accidentally, the restless eyes, just because they *were* restless I suppose, cast a sidelong glance within. A few forward steps, a moment's hesitation, and then the uncouth figure that had so frightened it before, was standing by the little huddling figure and critically surveying it.

"So you're 'ere yet, younker !" was the first exclamation, "well now, if I was you and 'ad a 'ome to go ter, I'd go ter it. I never stays away from *my* lugsurious apartments long in this kind o' weather. [Here a grim laugh as a token of appreciation of the merit of his joke.] Tell me where I kin take yer to, baby, as a kind o' set-off to my other wirtues. Where's yer 'ome ?" This last in a more business-like tone. For a moment the blue eyes before him gazed into his with the same frightened look, then a change came over them, and with a sadness that took away Joe's breath for the moment, two little arms were thrown around his neck, whilst a pitiful voice, amidst its sobs,

wailed out, "O I are *so* hungry! and it's *so* cold." For a moment Joe's astonishment made him motionless, so that the little arms remained about his neck long enough for him to become conscious of the strangeness of the situation and the feeling. Nobody had ever clung about him or turned to him for help, that he could remember, before, and after an instant an unexplained impulse of anger seized him, as if someone "was trying", as he put it to himself, 'to make a fool of him and he was not going to have it!"

"I say, younker!" was the fierce exclamation as he flung off the encircling arms, "stow that, will yer! I ain't none o' yer softies." Then he turned away to depart, but a second later he was back again in his old position, seizing the child by the hand and dragging it up from its recumbent position.

"Here, come along! I'll do one thing fur ye. I ain't 'ad my own breakfast yet; I'll go snacks with yer in that, Only don't yer go a-maulin' of me again as yer did afore, mind that!"

With a hasty glance outside to see that no "Bobby" was in sight, he hurried his protégé down the street and into a smaller one near by. Here he bade him wait for a moment outside a shop bearing in its fly-stained windows a tempting array of superannuated tarts and buns, and slices of highly-coloured ham, only the colour was a little more yellow than is generally supposed to belong to that especial article of diet. His charge was by no means sorry to pause, for what little breath had been left in the thin, half-frozen body was now very nearly knocked out of it by the pace at which he had been dragged along for the last five minutes. In a few seconds his strange protector appeared again, only this time the hand that had been laid so roughly on him before, was stretched out toward him with what seemed to the hungry eyes fastened upon it a veritable feast for the Gods, but which was in reality a bun, neither too new nor too clean, with a currant here and there to redeem its plainness. "You'd better make the most o' that, younker, it's all yer'll get," was the characteristic remark that accompanied the offering. And then Gaol-bird Joe turned away and walked, whistling, down the street. Whether he intended to leave his quondam charge thus must ever remain a matter of doubt; his companion's intentions were more decided. After a short two minutes' walk Joe, looking down, became aware of the fact that the tiny figure was still by his side, trotting along as fast as two very tiny legs would carry him, in order not to be left behind, and munching away meanwhile at the repast that he, Joe, had provided.

"Hullo, younker!" was the surprised exclamation. "What do yer mean by this? Where are yer goin' to?"

There was no real reply to this, only the blue eyes looked up into the deep-set ones above with not a trace of embarrassment in them, and one little hand, free now, for the last fragment of the bun had been demolished, was slipped into one of Joe's. A long, low whistle testified to the utter state of bewilderment into which this final state of affairs had projected the author. For a moment he was too much at a loss to do or say anything, then a low amused chuckle broke, involuntarily, as it were, from his lips.

"This 'ere's a rum go: Gaol-bird Joe turned philanthropist. Guess I'll found a horphin asylum and get my name in the newspapers! Say, younker, yer don't think hi'm agoing to undertake yer bed and board, do yer? I've a real nice bed but I'd like it hall to myself, thank yer; and as fer board, why my landlady's werry partikler and might hobject to take sich a werry poorly dressed gentleman as you in. What er yer goin' ter do about it?"

The only response to this grim jocularity was a closer approach of the little figure to his side and a pitiful "Is we near home yet?"

A picture came to Joe's mind of various boxes and barrels that had given him refuge at night, varied by stray nights now and then, when a successful "lift" had enriched his pockets, in some tenement devoted to the entertainment of such as he, who could not afford to pay more than a penny or two for the privilege of sleeping under shelter, or did not care to waste more than that amount upon the luxury. The last "lift" had been the cause of his departure from Bromley some two weeks ago, and the last copper of the thence-arising profits had been devoted to the purchase of that bun for his present little companion; a fact which perhaps had caused Joe's sudden departure as soon as he had pushed the bun into the baby-hand, for eighteen or nineteen hours without food in mid-winter are apt to tell upon the appetite, and it was about that long since Joe had tasted anything.

"O yes, werry near 'ome," he remarked, jocularly. "Some of 'em anyway. I's got so many of 'em, you see. Which would yer like to go to?"

But the brain he appealed to was too young to take in the meaning or humour of these speeches, and at last Joe awoke to the full reality of the fact that he positively had to decide what he was going to do with the strange burden so suddenly thrust upon him. For a few minutes he stood with knitted brows and half-scowling face. Then his eye fell again to the level of the small figure waiting so patiently for him to make some movement. As it fell, the former grim smile broke out again, with the ejaculation, "Well, if 'e aint a rum little chap!" and then, a light of revelation breaking over his face, he closed his big hand more tightly over the baby hand lying so confidently in it, and, with a half-impatient "Come on, younker!" set off again at the former rapid rate down the street upon which they were. A pause before an open doorway, a steep climb up one flight of stairs, a knock at a doorway on the right of a dirty, foul-smelling passage, a brief interview (or altercation) with a woman who opened it, then another steep climb up two more flights, and finally Joe and his companion found themselves in a small, low-ceiled, dimly-lit garret, with one small window set in the sloping roof and cobwebs hanging everywhere about it. Furniture it had none, but Joe looked about it with an air of pride.

"'Ere, younker," he exclaimed, "'ere's my town residence. I've several fine places in the country, but I prefers this in the winter. It aint werry grandly furnished, but that's a matter o' taste. Some people likes lots o' furniture, some likes little; I'm one o' them as likes little. Now, baby, I'm just agoin' to pay a few calls, and as children ain't hallowed, yer'll 'ave to stay 'ere for the present. I'll be back some time or other."

Whether this was a real promise, or merely a ruse to get rid of the child, and, whilst leaving him under shelter for the day, leave his future destiny to chance, must remain another matter of doubt. As Joe emerged on to the pavement, he cast an involuntary glance up at the cobweb-hung windows which he knew overlooked the street. It was merely the last glance that most of us give as we are taking our departure from anywhere; but the sight that met Joe's eyes touched a chord somewhere in his nature. Close against the dusty glass, in the vain effort to see down into the street below, was the outline of a little face, and Joe's imagination could fill in the rest. The blue eyes, the soft, baby-features, the tangled fair hair. "Blow the little brat!" was the not very tender ejaculation. "He kind of haunts a feller."

Perhaps it was this same haunting that drew Joe back to the "little brat" waiting so trustfully for him in the dark garret. At all events, as the lights began to twinkle one by one in the street below, and the gloom in the garret grew denser and denser, he re-appeared with a piece of bread he had begged, and the usual invocation, "Well, younker!" Later, when the city clocks had long since tolled forth the hour of midnight, and his young roommate was sleeping as soundly as bare boards and no covering would allow, after having been nursed to sleep in Joe's arms, beneath Joe's overcoat, Joe himself stole forth again (there were no locks in that dilapidated tenement), and in the morning the papers told of a robbery committed the night before, in which a widow's house had been entered, and all her little hoard of money taken out of her bureau-drawer. Peter robbed to pay Paul. God protects the widow *and* the orphan, *we* protect the one at the expense of the other, just as it pleases us. When little Bobbery, as Joe had taken to calling his young protégé, because it was all he could make out of the child's effort to tell him his name, saw the bright glitter of the silver and the gold, the next morning, he laughed with delight, though he appreciated still more the dainties that Joe placed before him as his breakfast. Joe himself fared sumptuously as well. It had always been his habit to feast when he could, and starve when he couldn't. He was an unconscious epicure, and held their motto, "Live while we may, for to-morrow we die!"

So followed the long, hard winter. By degrees Joe had managed to get together a bundle of straw and a blanket purchased of a second-hand dealer in all sorts of household necessaries, so that Bobbery was tolerably comfortable at night, and as for Joe, sometimes he was there, sometimes he was not. Little Bobbery never missed him. He was always there when the little one went to sleep and when he woke, and, to Bobbery, all the kindness and goodness in the world was concentrated in one person, and that person his big protector. He would have been very much surprised if he had heard the opinion held of that selfsame personage by the world at large. Gaol-bird Joe seemed to be "wanted" more than ever that winter, but somehow he was never found. He *might* have been found at any hour of the day in the attic at No. 419 Water St., but apparently fortune favours others than the brave, and no one sought him there. At night he was there also as long as the proceeds of the latest adventure lasted; when those were spent, the daily papers had another robbery to chronicle, and so the winter wore away. Every night after dusk the necessary purchases had to be made, and the last thing that Joe saw on setting forth, the first thing that greeted him on returning again was the outline of that baby face pressed flat against the glass to catch the last glimpse of the retreating, and the first glimpse of the returning, figure of his hero. But at last a time came when the uproar in the city over the repeated robberies grew so great that the police were roused to unusual efforts to find the culprit. So it came to pass that Joe dared not venture on any new exploits, and funds dwindled *very* low. At last Joe had to do what he had never done before, husband his pennies. Little Bobbery, munching his bun or bit of bread, sometimes wondered when Joe eat his breakfast or tea, but it never occurred to him that Joe, perhaps, did not have any. But the worst thing was the rent. A shilling a week is not much, but it might as well be a pound if you have not got it. For two weeks the irate landlady waited and then, one night, marching up with a new tenant, she turned them out into the winter night with as little mercy or compunction as if they had been two cobwebs from the ceiling. It was a bitter night. The thermometer that had been falling all day, now stood at about ten degrees below zero, and the wind was blowing up for a storm. Joe took little Bobbery in his arms and turned his face, almost unconsciously, down towards the docks. Perhaps some faint remembrance of olden refuges found there in the days when he was alone, guided his feet. Folded under Joe's greatcoat, little Bobbery tried to still his frightened sobs, and be good for Joe's sake. And so they went down to the docks of that mighty river that bears the traffic of the world upon its breast. Comfortably-housed people, that night, between their linen sheets and woollen coverings, listened with a shiver to the howling of the wind outside the rattling casements, to the beating of the sleet against the glass, to the concatenation of storm-voices abroad that never-to-be-forgotten night. "God pity those abroad!" was the cry of many a heart and tongue. Perhaps they would not have prayed it, or perhaps they would have made a reservation in his case, if they had known that Gaol-bird Joe, the disturber of their peace, the despoiler of so many homes, was one of those they prayed for. Perhaps God understood and answered according to what they *would* have prayed, or perhaps He was not thinking of them but only of Joe, whom, despite his vice and vileness, He may still have loved. Who knows? His "way is in the sea."

When the morning came at last, bright and smiling as if just awake from a peaceful sleep, a policeman on his rounds found in a barrel on the docks, close by Westminster bridge, two figures frozen stiff: a tiny child wrapped up in an old greatcoat, and a boy of about sixteen with nothing between him and the bitter air but a pair of trousers and a cotton shirt. "Gaol-bird Joe!" The cry burst involuntarily from one of the crowd that soon gathered about the spot, as crowds will gather on such occasions—an "officer of the law" who had once had the honour of holding Joe in his possession for about five minutes, until that worthy's aforesaid snake-like propensity had enabled him to wriggle, physically this time, from under the detaining clutch, and then do something more than wriggle down the street and out of sight. They had been after him all the winter, and now they had got him—only it was not exactly as they had expected. If they had taken him alive he would have been sentenced to penal servitude for years at all events; now he had passed to a higher tribunal—what would his award be there? There was nothing to regret in his death; there might be a good deal to be glad of. The world had lost a nuisance, perhaps he had been spared a death upon the gallows, for he certainly would have come to that in the end. He was thoroughly bad from beginning to end, *utterly depraved.* So the world said, and why should we doubt its judgment? *Well!* now he had passed to the Judge, whose ways are not our ways and whose thoughts are above our thoughts as the heavens above the earth! He would appraise him justly either for good or ill. They could not unclasp the frozen arms from about the little figure by his side (and there were some, principally women, who began to wonder if "Gaol-bird Joe" had been as black as he had been painted), so they lowered them together into one common grave. To me it seems *so* sweet: the little heart resting in its last long sleep on the big, faithful heart that had yielded up its own beating in the vain effort to preserve life in the small frame that had become so inexpressibly dear to it. Bah! I am an imbecile. He was "Gaol-bird Joe," the worst criminal for his age that England had ever known. No doubt his death was a just punishment, and they were right: he was bad from beginning to end, *utterly depraved.*

ESPERANCE.

THE ORANGE REVOLT.

IN the works of Artemus Ward reference is made to a suppositious sensation novel "De Jones, the Corsair of the Gulf." "For seventeen long and weary years," says Artemus, "he languished into a loathsum dunjon. But one day a idee struck him. He opened the winder and got out." The career of this long-suffering hero of romance is forcibly recalled by the anti-partizan speeches and protestations of the 12th of July orators. For many years they have been grinding in the prison-house of partyism, keeping in power by their votes a government which has been guilty of repeated acts of corruption and tyranny and has only maintained its hold on office by the wholesale subsidizing of sections and classes. Yet they have only just discovered what has been a perfectly familiar truism, ever since Confederation, to every man with a grain of intelligence and capacity for independent thought. There is something ludicrous in the naive simplicity with which these Orange and "Equal Rights" zealots shout out that they have been betrayed by the politicians, and exclaim with the air of one who has just made a novel and startling discovery, that the government is actually willing to buy votes by concessions to provinces and race sections! Really after this the stolid infatuation of the detected swindler in the "Bab Ballads" loses its point as a caricature:

> He called me "thief" the other day,
> And daily from his door he thrusts me,
> Much more of this and soon I may
> Begin to think that Brown mistrusts me!

Ever since the days of the "Canada First" party the evil consequences of our system of partizan government have been pointed out by independent writers and speakers. Every instance in which unjust concessions have been made to sects and factions, provinces and corporations, with the object of buying political support has been utilized to point the moral against partyism, but to little purpose. Even when the Orangemen in their own persons were ignominiously thrust out of doors they failed to realize that party exigencies were more powerful than all considerations of justice or fair play, and continued with spaniel-like devotion to lick the hand that smote them. True, in the case of the not-inconsiderable fraction of the Order who have attained the Nirvana of office, the rustling of crisp bank bills, if we may so paraphrase Tennyson, helps the hurt that honour feels. But the subserviency to their

political chiefs of the rank and file who had no such personal motive for self-effacement remained as servile as before until the Jesuit Bill, or rather the exploitation of the subject by the *Mail*, aroused this sudden and unwonted assertion of political independence.

Neither the Orangemen nor any other section of the supporters of either party have the right, as matters now stand, to complain that any principle or cause has been "betrayed" either by the Government or the Opposition. The clamour over the disallowance of the Jesuit Bill is utterly unreasonable, coming from men who have for so long condoned—nay, even applauded—any and every violation of right and justice committed by the Government so long as it served the end of maintaining Sir John in power. They did not elect the representatives whom they now denounce as faithless to maintain Protestantism nor to do justice as between sections and creeds. Their mandate was simply to support the Government and in return to get as many offices and other privileges as possible for their constituents. Having systematically and deliberately chosen partizans, as such, and ignored all other considerations of character and fitness they have no right now to find fault with their representatives for doing just what they were elected to do or to expect the latter to regard politics as anything but a scramble for the spoils. These eleventh-hour denunciations of Sir John and his parliamentary following would be unfair and inconsistent even if, instead of confirming the claim of the Jesuits to a paltry $400,000, they had voted them a hundred times the amoun out of the public treasury, and recognized the Vatican as the final court of appeal for Canadians. Whoever could have consistently and honestly complained, it is clearly not those who until now have put party before everything and made a servile and unquestioning support of "the Chieftain" their election shibboleth.

It is impossible to believe in the sincerity of these men or the permanence of their sudden and phenomenal conversion to political independence. The fatuity with which for a generation or more they have clung to partyism, in spite of the clearest proofs that the principles they profess to hold dear were daily being set at nought, is only equalled by the blindness with which they now rush upon a course that can only result in the destruction of another of their cherished ideals—the integrity of the Empire. "Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad." They have just awakened to the consciousness of having been the willing and ignorant tools of Ultramontanism, but, unable to profit by past experience, have set themselves to do the work of the annexationists. No one who has closely followed the course of the *Mail*, the parent of the present anti-Catholic agitation, can doubt that this able and astute journal is actuated by the well-defined and deliberate purpose of bringing about a political union between Canada and the United States. The unthinking and fanatical masses of the Orange body are its dupes—misled, as always, by catchwords and phrases, which appeal to their passions and prejudices. No one knows better than the conductors of the *Mail* that there is no constitutional means of interfering with the Jesuit Bill, of abolishing Separate Schools or the use of the French language, or of checking the influence which the French and Catholic representatives must always command under a free government by reason of their voting strength, yet it foments an agitation, which, if it has any practical result whatever, must attain its object by a war of races and sections. Threats of civil war are freely bandied about already between the Orange agitators and the spokesmen of the Quebeckers. One of the surest means by which a speaker at an Orange or "Equal Rights" gathering can secure a round of applause is to hint at a trial of strength between the British and French. The result which those who are stirring up this agitation doubtless foreshadow in their own minds is either that the Canadian people, wearied and harassed by the turmoil of a protracted faction-fight, will in sheer disgust look to annexation for relief, or that in case of an actual resort to arms, the United States will step in and summarily end the matter by absorbing both the combatants. It is not to be supposed that a powerful and not over scrupulous nation like our neighbours would permit their business interests to suffer, and the peace of their frontiers to be disturbed by civil war in Canada. We may depend upon it that the first shot exchanged between Ontario and Quebec would be the cause—or the pretext, it matters not which, for the armed intervention of the United States to protect her commercial interests, so closely interwoven with ours, and this state of things is the logical result—if result there is to be—of the crusade against everything French and Catholic into which the "loyal" Orange body have so needlessly rushed.

Corruption in politics is bad, but a race and creed war is infinitely worse. A conflict, whether within or outside of the constitution, to establish the ascendancy of any division of our composite population over the rest—such as that undertaken in the much-abused name of "Equal Rights"—ought to be condemned by every good citizen. Class supremacy in any form is a hateful thing, but, if it must be—if the feeling between Orangeman and Catholic is so intense and deep-seated that no *modus vivendi* can be arrived at other than the ascendancy of one or other—then the Catholic, the "Jesuit" if you will, is on the whole preferable to the Orangeman. The Jesuit is at least a gentleman and a man of the world. The Orangeman is too often either a fanatic or a self-seeker affecting fanaticism to serve his personal ends. Either party, of course, having the power, may be expected to abuse it. But it is less disagreeable to be met by the "stand and deliver" of a gentlemanly and courteous highwayman of the Claude Duval type, than to be garrotted by Bill Sykes.

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

LA CHANSON DE ROLAND.

A TASTE for mediævalism seems to be acquiring strength among the cultured on this side of the Atlantic. Several works of Middle-Ages flavour, and of more or less merit, have recently appeared. One of the best of these is a translation of the Chanson de Roland, in smooth, strong blank verse by Professor Léonce Rabillon of John Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland. Although this celebrated poem has been four times translated into German, once each into Danish, Polish and Icelandic and twelve times into modern French, Prof. Rabillon's is the second translation that has appeared in an English dress. The first was by O'Hagan and is long since out of print.

The Chanson de Roland, the most celebrated poem of the early middle ages, dating, in one shape or other, from perhaps eleven hundred years ago, is familiar by name to most persons of culture, although few indeed know anything of its plot or structure. Even excellent French scholars and students of the more recent literature of France find themselves in the dark when confronted with the dialect in which the *Gestes de France* were composed, probably soon after the events they narrate. Scholars who are capable of judging marvel at the rhythmical power, the dignity of the scenes, the graphically dramatic grouping and the strict preservation of the unities possessed by the unknown poet of that early age. History, or rather legend, says that William the Norman caused this song to be sung on his marches, to inspirit his troops while advancing to the conquest of England. This may or may not be, but certain it is the sonorous periods and verbal battle pictures of this noble epic seem well adapted to awaken the feelings of a chivalrous band of warriors.

There is a halo of dignity around these chants, which strung together develop the story, that is eminently wanting in modern epics. There are in the Chanson few or no verses that are not cut with cameo clearness. Every stanza ends with the ejaculation, "Aoi!" the precise meaning of which is as obscure to commentators as is the Hebrew "Selah!" Let us surmise it was a spontaneous burst of agreement like the Indian "Ugh!" or German "Hoch!" perhaps intensified at striking passages by the clash of military music. Tennyson introduces another similar Norman cry in his "Harold":

> *English cries:* Harold and God Almighty!
> *Norman cries:* Ha rou! Ha rou!

The poem opens with a council held at Sarragossa by Marsile, the Saracen king of Spain, at which it is decided to send gifts and a treacherous embassy to Charlemagne to induce him to evacuate the country:

> "To France, their land, the Franks will take their way:
> When each has gained the shelter of his home
> King Carle will in his chapel be at Aix
> To celebrate St. Michael's solemn feast.
> The day will come, the term allowed will pass,
> And from us shall he hear nor word nor news.
> The king is fierce, his soul is hard, and thus
> Each hostage head beneath his sword shall fall.
> 'Twere better far that these should lose their heads
> Than we for aye lose glorious Spain the Fair,
> And suffer so great ills and doleful woes."
> Then say the Pagans:
> "This may be the truth."
> "Seigneurs Barons, ye shall go toward Carl Magne
> He to Cordres, the city, now lays siege.
> Bear in each hand a branch of olive-tree
> In token of humility and peace.
> If by your arts his favour you can gain,
> I give of gold and silver, lands and fiefs
> To each whatever he may ask of me."
> The Pagans answer all:
> "Well said our Lord!"

Deceived by Marcile's smooth tongue and the protestation of his desire to become a Christian, Charlemagne retired with the main body of his army towards France, leaving a rear guard of 20,000 men which the traitorous French knight Gavelon, the Judas of chivalry, contrives shall be commanded by Roland and the other twelve Paladins. When this force was entangled in the defiles of the Pyrenees at Roncesvalles the Saracens set on them with overwhelming armies and massacred them all. Not until the day was lost did Roland blow his magic horn, which, thirty leagues off, was heard by Charlemagne who hastened to the rescue but arrived too late. Roland and the twelve Peers of France of course performed prodigies of valour, but the most picturesque figure in the warlike drama is the doughty archbishop Turpin "who struck more than a thousand blows:"

> Archbishop Turpin rides across the field,
> No shaven priest sang ever mass so well
> As he, and showed such prowess in his deeds.
> . . . . Turpin pricks
> His horse with both his spurs of purest gold
> And 'gainst him rushes with tremendous force;
> The shield and hauberk split, and with a stroke
> Of his long lance, into his body drives.
> . . . Then Turpin "Strike! Franks.
> Yourselves forget not. This first blow, thank God
> Is ours! Montjoie!" he cries to hold the field.

The death of the fighting archbishop is pathetically told. Roland, perishing from many wounds, with his last remaining strength, collected the bodies of the Peers and laid them beside the dying priest, who sained them as they lay, and himself gave up the ghost:

> . . . One after one
> He bore each knight within his arms and placed
> Them gently, side by side, before the knees
> Of Turpin who cannot restrain his tears;
> With lifted hands he blesses them and says:
> "Most helpless knights! May God the Glorious
> Receive your souls, and in His Paradise
> 'Mid holy flowers place them! In this hour
> Of death, my deepest grief is that no more
> The mighty Emperor I shall behold."

Contrary to the account given in popular summaries of the poem, Roland was not accidentally slain by his friend Oliver. Oliver, second in command of the Franks, when blind and distracted with the pain of his wound did unwittingly deal his brother-in-arms a blow, but it did not prove fatal. The relation of the accident is touching.

> . . . Encountering there Rolland
> Upon his golden-studded helm he struck
> A dreadful blow, which to the nose-plate cleft,
> And split the crest in twain, but left the head
> Untouched. Rolland at this, upon him looks
> And softly, sweetly asks: "Sire, compagnon!
> Was that blow meant for me? I am Rolland
> By whom you are beloved so well; to me
> Could you by any chance defiance give?"
> Said Oliver: "I hear your speech, but see
> You now no more. May God behold you, friend!
> I struck the blow; beseech you, pardon me."
> Rolland responds: "I am not wounded—here
> And before God I pardon you." At this
> Each to the other bends in courtesy;
> With such great tenderness and love they part.
>
> Aoï.

Charlemagne speedily arrives and takes fearful vengeance.

The poem in an English dress is new to English readers, and should be of special interest to persons of the same nationality as Roland and Professor Rabillon. The difficulties in the text of the original are many, and translations into English by a Frenchman born says much both for the translator and for American scholarship that demands such works. The book is published in sixteen mo. by Henry Holt & Co., New York. In one respect, only, might the book be improved for ordinary readers, viz., by additional notes. Professor Rabillon is so well up in his subject that he unwittingly overlooks the fact that the general public are not as familiar as himself with the grand but vague creations of early romance.

H. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A SUGGESTIVE LETTER.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The speeches at the Jacques Cartier Brebœuf celebration only express what all of us who lived formerly in Lower Canada, or more recently in the Province of Quebec, know to be the feeling throughout that section of the Dominion.

After the Rebellion and the union of the two Provinces, when the French-Canadians were in a majority, and they were elated over the rectification of their grievances and the satisfaction of their demands, there was an approach to social intercourse between families of the opposing races, even in the city of Quebec. At that time Old France was under the rule of Louis Philippe, whose character and exploits were not calculated to excite the admiration and enthusiasm of Frenchmen, severed by nearly a century of isolation from the mother country. But with the advent of the Empire, and the initiation by Louis Napoleon of his theatrically brilliant policy, a perceptible quickening of French national feeling took place in Canada, which Napoleon was shrewd enough to foster. His cousin gave a present of a statue of Bellona, to crown the monument over the remains of the martyrs of St. Foy, which was unveiled amidst a burst of Anglo-antipathy, as ardent as that which we have heard recently. Napoleon could not send a minister plenipotentiary to Canada, as we have no foreign relations, but he appointed as Consuls-General men high in the diplomatic service, such as Baron Boileau, who were received by the French in New France as tokens, not only of the affectionate remembrance of Old France for her offspring, but as representatives of the unbroken unity of the race on the western shore of the Atlantic with the parent stock on the eastern. The officers of the French frigates gave entertainments to Quebec society, and every device was used to foster French sympathy. Napoleon probably had no definite plans, he only followed the bent of his mind, which led his faltering steps towards some indefinite goal, ever flitting before his vision as a desirable consummation, but which he had not the courage to stake all in winning. When he began coquetting with Canada he could not have foreseen the American war, or the invasion of Mexico. Yet when the war of secession burst forth, his Mexican move was made with the intention of being at hand to interfere when opportunity should present in the American quarrel; and he withdrew from Mexico when he saw such opportunity would never offer itself. The Mexican catastrophe must have been doubly disappointing, for it dispelled his dream of a revival of Latin influence on the North American Continent, and of two strong Latin powers hemming in the Anglo-Saxon to north and south. Young Canadians inspired by similar hallucinations joined his army of occupation, and men as eminent and cautious as Abbé Casgrain expressed equally wild hopes. Then followed the agitation which resulted in Confederation—the demand by Upper Canada for representation by population, looked upon as so unwarrantable by Lower Canadians who had submitted to equal representation, when the odds were so preponderatingly against them, and the inevitable educational—Separate School—question. Pending the settlement of these, it was no secret that the leaders of French-Canadian thought, clerical as well as lay, looked upon annexation and the autonomy of Lower Canada, then a separate State of the

Union, as preferable to political subjugation to an English majority in Upper Canada. Confederation gave them what they wanted without the risks of annexation. No Canadian can view the virtual extinction of the French in the Mississippi Valley without a misgiving of what would take place, were the French of Quebec to be thrown into the racial melting pot of this country, which so mysteriously blends diverse nationalities into a homogeneous American alloy. M. Mercier evidently dreads a similar result, and therefore probably expresses the sentiment of Quebec as diametrically opposed to annexation. Annexation to the United States might be better than intimate union with Upper Canada, but annexation to a federation with over 60,000,000 of English speaking and English thinking people would be far more dangerous than alliance with the present confederation of only 4,000,000 of the obnoxious fanatics. A strong expression of French nationality is therefore no novelty. The Mercier-Amyot flurry only repeats what has occurred before, and emphasizes the two facts, which it would be well that the English of Canada accept as facts.

The first fact is, that the French-Canadians are still Frenchmen and not Englishmen; that no fusion of racial instincts and habits has taken place, and that the adoption of English representative institutions has no more changed the Gallic character in Canada than it has in France. The second fact is, that the Roman Catholic Church is on principle illiberal. It claims to be the sole repository of truth, and until it abandons such claim and ceases to be *the Church*, it must of necessity claim infallibility for its decrees, deny the possibility of its opponents being right, and as a consequence insist upon educating its children in the truth, and protecting them from the errors of secular training. Admit the premises, and the conclusion necessarily follows. The Church cannot be liberal in our acceptation of the term, and Roman Catholic people become so, only in proportion as the Church loses its influence over them. If the Church is absolutely right, it should not be liberal, and if its adherents are absolutely faithful, they should not question the Church's decrees.

Premier Mercier avows the implicit fidelity of his people to the Church, and we have no reason to doubt it. The French-Canadians are the only really faithful people left to the Church. That being the case we may rest assured they will obey in their Legislature as in their families the behests of the Church, and the Church will not encourage legislation favourable to secular education or the spread of Protestant influence. On the contrary, the Church and its adherents are sacredly bound to thwart and oppose both.

Now, inasmuch as the French outnumber the English many times throughout the Province of Quebec, and are everywhere, even in Montreal, numerically superior, the English must make up their minds either to submit to the will and acts of the majority, to leave the Province, or to resist by force. Constitutionally the French undoubtedly have the right to do many things obnoxious to the English, and one can see no reason why they should not use their right. We, if nine to one, would certainly offend their prejudices in as many other ways. To try and right their grievances by force, as threatened by some hot-headed, reckless Protestants, would be utterly unjustifiable.

Annexation is an alternative solution, but if it is ever to come, it must be with the consent of all members of the coalescing peoples; and therefore the opposition of a compact body like the French-Canadians of Quebec, large enough to compose an important State, would be a serious if not an insuperable bar. The ultimate resort is for Englishmen who object to the rule of the French Roman Catholic majority, and are not willing to wait and war with legitimate weapons till they can command a majority themselves, is to leave the Province, and to use the same constitutional rights that the French are using in Quebec to prevent the spread of French and Roman Catholic influence in other sections of the Dominion where they are in the majority. We cannot but speculate on the effect which the abject subjection of the people of Quebec to the dictates of the Church will have upon the material interests of the Province, and suspect that the evil will cure itself. Ecclesiastical domination has not been conducive to progress or popular contentment elsewhere, and is not likely in Canada to reverse its universal effects, and it were certainly much better that it should receive its death blow at the hands of its own subjects as it has in France, Italy, and in most of the Spanish Republics, than that its suppression should be effected after a bitter strife with its opponents. The struggle between Church and State, ecclesiasticism and democracy, is as inevitable here as in Canada. The Church here is obliged to act more insidiously than in Quebec; but its pretensions are the same, and it must try and exercise them.

New Mexico is the only section in which Roman Catholicism is the religion of the majority, and there in anticipation of a Convention to frame a State Constitution, a circular has been secretly circulated, from which M. Mercier might without any plagiarism have borrowed the following: "It is the pronounced intention of the enemies of our religion to send delegates to said Convention, who will so make the organic law for the purpose to compel you to deny your children all kinds of education except that of the world. The plan is to provide in that Constitution that you may be compelled to pay taxes for the support of public schools, notwithstanding that you cannot from conscientious scruples permit your children to be educated in such places. No faithful son of the Church, and no man of the Mexican people who is in accord with what is due to himself, and the traditions of his fathers, will submit to this. . . Do not allow personal ambition or preferences to bring discord between you; always keep in view the design to defend our religion, and our people from the usurpation of men who have the clear intention to domineer and subjugate us. What they call progress is the progress of perdition. Their bombastic energy is their groundwork to deprive us of our homes and our possessions. Through a united effort now, we can insure the adoption of a constitution recognizing our holy religion and the erection of safeguards against the usurpation of these adventurers."

Far and wide throughout the United States there is not altogether groundless fear that the Church is undermining the common-school system, and therefore a national organization has been formed to agitate for an amendment to the Federal Constitution, forbidding any government to extend financial assistance direct or indirect to any Church whatever. If the agitation becomes general, the same forces will be arrayed against each other as in Canada, but the tactics and manœuvres of the opposing armies will be different. A common danger therefore should link together the Protestants of the continent, for a common purpose inspired and directed by the most perfect and religious organization the world has ever known will surely enlist in the new crusade all the faithful of both countries. Were the struggle to be confined to Canada, it might issue in violence. There is no risk of that here, for the habit of depending on constitutional methods which grows stronger every year, while it will arrest all resort to force, makes the will of the majority in this country all the more irresistible—and of what religious temper the majority is, there can be no manner of doubt. J. Douglas.

New York, July, 1889.

ART NOTES.

THE wonderful improvements that have taken place of late in the reproduction of works of art by process-printing, of one kind and another, are a great boon to those who cannot find an opportunity to see the great exhibitions of the world. Of the illustrations of the great shows of the art world, the most perfect are the Royal Academy Supplements to the *Magazine of Art*, which in their present form were commenced, we believe, last year. To dwellers in Canada, who are interested in the Royal Academy, they are a boon, as they give a thoroughly satisfactory idea of the pictures in everything but colour.

Looking through the Supplement for 1889, we can criticize the pictures as to drawing, composition, light and shade, and form some idea of the manner of treatment and brush work, recognizing, without difficulty, the artists with whose merits and foibles we are of old acquainted. In Part I of 1889, we open at once on a characteristic Alma Tadema, and can imagine the picture itself is before us, with the familiar marble walls and floor, the graceful figures, the smoothness and the finish that we have seen so often. Next comes a G. D. Leslie, a successful rendering of two female figures against the light, in which the subject is subordinate to the study. A work of merit and careful study, is "Fame," by E. Blair Leighton, in which a harper of old times is narrating some warlike exploit to a listening crowd on the terrace outside the castle door; then a picture by the veteran, T. Sydney Cooper, shows how the influence of Paul Potter is still extant although his wonderful power of drawing animals has departed. Stacey Marks is as good and as finished as ever in his "News in the Village," care and thought are in every line, as usual. Leader's "Cambria's Coast" is, perhaps, too small in its forms, and has, apparently, both the faults and the merits of this painter. A little too much of the model and the lay-figure is visible in John Gilbert's "Ego et Rex Meus, King Henry VIII. and the Cardinal," the latter a good head, almost redeeming this too crowded canvas; but we must get on. "Spirit Voices," by Sant, wants the sweetness of his colour to give interest to this rather gaunt figure. Farther on we find "Over the Nuts and Wine," by Dendy Sadler, which, though simple in subject, in fact commonplace, is so thoroughly well drawn and composed, and is at the same time so easy and expressive, so characteristic of a bygone time and people, our beardless forefathers, with frilled shirt-fronts and velvet collars, that we are inclined to rank it very high in this collection. It would not be an R. A. Exhibition without its quota of such pictures as "Baby's Opera," by Yeames; "In his Father's Footsteps," by S. E. Waller, and "The New Frock," by Frith, which never fail to please the British public, and are as familiar in their way as the "Girl at a Spring" and "Meeting Papa," without which no English Exhibition could be held; however, it is, as we said, a great thing to have the Royal Academy brought in this manner to our doors, and all of us who look through these Supplements can say we have seen the Exhibition of 1889.

Toronto is rather given to rejoicing over its progress as a city; it is a comfort to art lovers and artists to feel assured that in the matter of art appreciation, as evinced by the increase in the number of art stores, it is by no means behindhand; true, some of these do not deal in very high class art, and some not at all in original art; but it is not to be expected that every purchaser of pictures is to be a connoisseur, perhaps the majority of pictures are bought as furniture. It is not so very long ago since one store on King Street carried on nine-tenths of the art business in Toronto, now they are multiplying on all the principal streets of the city where buyers congregate, and a large number of etchings must be sold to judge by the windows, which is a good sign that the Toronto public are learning something about art, as there are no better instructors than good etchings, in which there is no glamour of colour to hide defects of drawing and composition, but the eye is educated to appreciate true art qualities for their own sake.

A new and nicely lighted gallery, devoted to the sale of works by Canadian artists, has been opened on Yonge Street, a few doors south of Edward Street, by Mr. Pike, in which some good specimens of our best-known local artists are to be seen. Messrs. Matthews and Bell-Smith have some characteristic water-colour work here, and Mower Martin and Arthur Cox exhibit some large oil paintings. Sherwood's "Boys at Cricket," is also here, and a nice little sketch by D. Fowler. Templar.

An esteemed correspondent, Mr. D. Fowler, of Amhurst Island, says: In the "Art Notes" of "Templar," in your issue of 19th July, I find what follows:—"We understand there is a duty of thirty per cent. on all paintings entering the U. S. from Canada." This is correct. Further, "It is not to be thought that the artists of the U. S. are so much afraid of competition from the north as to insist upon raising a tariff wall against Canadians." Also quite correct. This has been my own experience. Formerly, some pictures of mine, belonging to a gentleman in New York, were contributed to the annual exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours of that city. For several years afterward, I received invitations to send pictures to these exhibitions in the shape of the usual circular with entry-paper to be filled up. I should have been glad to respond in kind, but found the difficulties placed in the way by the U. S. Custom House greater than suited my inclination or convenience. Personal application to the U. S. Consul at Kingston failed to obtain greater facility. On my giving this explanation, with regrets and apologies, the invitations ceased. A very bad state of things indeed.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mr. Clarence Eddy furnishes an elaborate description of a new organ to be built for the Chicago Auditorium or Concert Hall by Mr. Frank Roosevelt, of New York, of which the following abbreviated account will be interesting to many of our readers. Many novel features of remarkable interest and usefulness will be found in the scheme, and although a few organs, perhaps three or four, in the world are a trifle larger in the mere number of speaking stops, yet the advanced methods upon which this instrument will be built, including its many mechanical attributes, will certainly place it at the head of the list in resources and practical completeness. The key-box will be placed in the orchestra on the side nearest the organ, about seventeen feet below the floor of the organ-chamber, in such a manner that the player can observe the conductor in choral or other *ensemble* performances, and can yet be seen by the entire audience. This position will also enable him to judge accurately of all the various effects produced. The echo organ will be located in the attic over the hall, more than 100 feet away from the player. The pipes being enclosed in a swell-box, most marvellous effects of distance and echo can be produced. Another great novelty will be found in the Stage organ, which will be placed on the stage, or against the stage wall, sufficiently high to allow head room beneath. The design of this adjunct is to assist the chorus in operatic and choral performances, and at times it will be of inestimable value. The pipes will be enclosed in a swell-box, with a special view to protecting them from dust. This organ, like the Echo organ, will be played from one of the keyboards in the orchestra, by means of electric action. Perhaps the most strikingly novel feature of the entire organ will be the cathedral chimes, suspended in an elevated position above the stage, or on one of the "fly galleries." They will consist of twenty five pieces of heavy, seamless, drawn-brass tubing of proper length and size. Their tone is mellow and resonant, exceedingly rich in harmonies, and, if anything, superior to that of real bells. The tubes will be struck by hammers actuated by pneumatics, which in turn will be controlled by electric action from the solo organ key-board. The compass of the cathedral chimes will be two complete octaves, from tenor F up, in chromatic scale, which will enable the player to make innumerable changes. A set of carillons, composed of forty-four steel bars, furnishes still another feature of special interest, which in orchestral transcriptions and other brilliant concert pieces will prove particularly pleasing to the ear. The pitch of the instrument is to be what is known as the French Normal Diapason, which is the standard of all the leading orchestras of Europe and America, and which has long been adopted by Mr. Roosevelt. The cost of the Auditorium organ will not be far from $45,000, and its completion is stipulated for December 1, 1889.

It will be interesting to watch the outcome of the effort making by the New York Musical Protection Association to prevent the landing of Herr Nikisch, on the ground that his coming hither to assume the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a violation of the contract labour law. Underneath this action is an inferred regard for the welfare of American musicians and American music; but as the members of the association named are for the most part Germans, who came here exactly as Herr Nikisch proposes to come here, it would seem as if there were something ungracious in the move to place obstacles in the way of a fellow countryman to deny him the same

privilege that was enjoyed by them. As far as the welfare of American art is concerned, the proceeding may be characterized as "bosh," pure and simple. It is merely an attempt of certain residents of foreign birth to hold what they have obtained and to prevent others from sharing it with them. More than this, it is an interference with the progress of musical art here, in preventing valuable additions to our limited list of orchestral conductors of the first rank. It is claimed that capable and fully experienced conductors can be obtained in this country; but, if we except Theodore Thomas, it is not easy to discover where they are to be found on this side the Atlantic. This interest in things American manifested by the German musicians of New York would be very praiseworthy if there were any element of sincerity in it; but as it is, there is a highly justifiable suspicion that the patriotism in the business is no more than an efforts on the part of the "ins" to keep the "outs" from coming in. Only this, and nothing more. Singers, pianists, violinists, and other artists, are accorded full permission to come hither in order to display their talents, and why a conductor, whose talent lies in his skill in presiding over an orchestra, should be denied an equal opportunity to exercise his gifts, does not appear. A pianist comes from abroad and performs without hindrance. A conductor, whose instrument is the orchestra, should surely have the same right as the pianist to perform on the instrument over whose technical difficulties he has triumphed. He does not bring the instrument with him, but, in common with the pianist, finds it ready for him here. He is an artist in his specialty, the same as is the pianist. He is a performer who interprets great orchestral works upon the instrument called an orchestra. To say that he shall not be allowed to exhibit his skill because there are others here who can direct an orchestra, is equivalent to urging that Von Bülow shall not be permitted to play here because Joseffy is already here. It is hard to perceive where the contract labour law touches Herr Nikisch as a performer, with the orchestra for an instrument, any more than it touches Von Bülow with the piano. It is merely a matter of hearing a master artist in the particular art for which he has gained distinction. If Von Bülow can come here under contract for so many concerts, to afford the musical public an opportunity to listen to a great artist on the piano, why cannot Herr Nikisch come here under contract to afford the same public a like opportunity to listen to a great artist interpreting masterworks with an orchestra—the instrument he professes? Then, too, the New York musicians are troubling themselves about a thing that does not concern them; for it is not that city, but Boston, that is immediately interested in the matter. Moreover, there is no possible construction of the contract labour law that can prevent Herr Nikisch, or any other conductor, from visiting this country, and, after he has arrived here, signing any number of contracts to conduct any number of orchestras. The only discussion that could arise is about the signing of a contract before he came here.—*Boston Gazette.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Poems. By Dora Greenwell. "The Canterbury Poets." London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

The name of Dora Greenwell was for many years beloved by that generation of English people which recognized the truth and beauty of Adelaide Procter's verse. Dora Greenwell resembles her illustrious predecessor in many ways. While not of such distinct literary value, these poems bear the impress of a true spirituality—that attribute which, more than any other, we look for in volumes of feminine verse, and they also testify to the depth and genuineness of the writer's culture. It is pleasant to think that this little volume has at length found its way to Canadian readers. Miss Greenwell died in 1882, at Bristol, Eng., aged sixty-one years, and her memory will be long cherished by those who value good and enduring verse.

Picked Up in the Streets. A Romance from the German of H. Schobert. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. Montreal: J. Theo. Robinson.

The above is the title of a very readable romance in the style of Ouida, but destitute of that author's peculiar charm. The Parisian background is highly tinctured with Russian sentiment and colour, and the story is sufficiently "light" to find acceptance at the hands of the travelling public.

Political Orations from Wentworth to Macaulay. Edited with an introduction by William Clarke. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

This volume—one of the "Camelot Series"—is confined entirely to political oratory, and covers, in its quotations, a period of over three hundred years. Specimens of the English spoken by Burke, Erskine, William Pitt, Grattan, Lord Chatham, Cromwell, Macaulay, Fox and O'Connell are contained in it, but probably as interesting a speech as can be found between its covers is that made by Peter Wentworth, spoken February 8, 1576. Wentworth, a courageous Puritan, who boldly attacked the Crown for encroachment on the privileges of the House of Commons, was, after a long examination, committed to the Tower, where he was confined for a month. The book will be found useful for purposes of reference as well as interesting in perusal.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The condition of the veteran author and dramatist, Wilkie Collins, contrary to expectation, continues to improve.

The Royal Colonial Institute will shortly issue a volume of about four hundred pages, with eighteen maps, entitled "The Dominion of Canada," by the Rev. W. Parr Greswell, M.A. (Oxon.), F.R.C.S.

Prof. H. H. Boyesen delivered at Chautauqua recently an interesting lecture on the French novel. Balzac was described as the father of the modern realistic school, and Daudet as the child who most honours him.

Mr. Lighthall's anthology, "Songs of the Great Dominion," is meeting with success on both sides of the water. It is pleasant to record that, in this instance, patriotism and energy are not alone their own reward.

Canadian writers are represented in the August issues of periodicals by an article on "Ottawa" in the *Cosmopolitan*, by W. Blackburn Harte, of this city, and a review of Dr. Fréchette's verse in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Professor Paul Lafleur of McGill University.

James Russell Lowell has written a sympathetic introduction to a new and beautiful edition of the "Complete Angler," to be published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston. There will be 500 numbered copies on Indian paper at $10, and 150 Japan paper at $15.

A work on "Slang and Its Analogies, Past and Present," by Mr. John S. Farmer, is announced for private circulation by Messrs. T. Poulter and Sons. Mr. Farmer is the author of a somewhat similar work on "Americanisms," which has received adverse criticism from the American press.

One of the most successful novels of the time, according to English journals, is Sir Julius Vogel's "A.D. 2000." A retail dealer in New Zealand exhausted 500 copies in a few days, and was obliged to cable for 600 more. The book is, apparently, after the pattern of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

The *Dominion Illustrated* for July 27th, contains some very fine illustrations, notably a group containing the lights of the Geological Survey. The periodical is a flourishing and entertaining one, and enters upon its third volume with an increased number of subscribers, and every appearance of solidity.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, *littérateur*, is again in Canada, and will probably visit Toronto and the West very shortly. He intends making the tour of the great lakes, ending at Chicago, whence he will proceed to Scotland, *via* New York, having many engagements in Glasgow and other Scottish towns during the autumn.

The portrait of Lord Tennyson, in the opening pages of the *Century*, shows a face much older and more worn than recent photographs have given. A kind of *sombrero* is pushed far back on the head, and the venerable aspect altogether is what can hardly, in the course of nature, be considered as inseparable from the age of eighty years.

Dr. Mahaffy, one of the most brilliant scholars and professors of his time, and author of several very important works on Greek Literature, is passing through Canada, on his way to Chautauqua School, the meetings of which he attends by special invitation. He is Examiner and Lecturer in Trinity College, Dublin, in classics, philosophy, music and modern languages.

A recent reception given by Lady Tupper, at 97 Cromwell Road, London, was numerously and fashionably attended. The guests were upwards of five hundred in number, and included Canadians visiting London, as well as such notabilities as Mme. Albani and Mr. Gye, the Marquis of Lorne, the Marquis of Dufferin, Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson, the Baroness and Mr. Burdett-Coutts.

Garden parties in England are apt to be attended with curious results. At Mrs. Singleton's the other day—"Violet Fane" of literature, drawn by Mallock in his "New Republic"—rugs and matting had to be thrown over the damp grass at Prince's Gate before the guests could properly be entertained. Another garden party—one of the season—was that given by Mrs. Holman Hunt at Fulham. The house of the artist is a beautiful and elaborate one, stored with all manner of artistic objects. A "May Morning on Magdalen Towers" is the title of the unfinished picture at present on view in the Fulham studio.

Lady Dufferin is intending to publish, through Mr. Murray, a selection from a diary kept by her during her residence in India, which will be entitled, "Our Viceregal Life in India." If the genial and charming writer only achieves half the success her talented husband did by the publication of his "Letters from High Latitudes," she will accomplish much more than the ordinary mortal dares to expect. It is, perhaps, too much to hope that Lord Dufferin should give us in book form reminiscences of his term in India. Failing health and the dignities of high office together preclude him, but, no doubt, some of his wife's experience has also been his, and in Canada at least, the work will be anxiously awaited.

The following letter appears in the current number of the *Spectator* under the heading of "John Wesley on the Colonies": Sir,—I have just come upon a passage in Southey's "Life of Wesley" which seems to show that the doctrine that our Colonies should be encouraged to look forward to the time when they will be independent of the Mother Country, is not, as I had imagined, a modern invention of what is commonly known as the Manchester school of politicians, but was held by one of the most thoroughgoing Tories that ever lived. It will be found at page 286 of the third edition, published in 1848, and runs thus: "Colonies are naturally republican, and when they are far distant and upon a large scale they tend necessarily as well as naturally to separation. Colonies will be formed with a view to this when colonial policy shall be better understood. It will be acknowledged that when a people can maintain and defend themselves they are past their pupilage." Having regard to the recent utterances ascribed to the Governor of the Cape Colony, the quotation may be interesting to those of your readers who are as ignorant as myself, if any such there be.—I am, sir, etc., J. W. B.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES OF THE BILQULA.

Mr. Ph. Jacobsen, in a letter to his well-known brother, Capt. A. Jacobsen, gives the following description of the marriage ceremonies of the Bilqula of British Columbia: An Indian who intends to marry, calls upon his intended wife's parents, and arranges with them how much he is to pay for permission to marry the girl. Among people of high descent this is done by messengers, sometimes as many as twenty being sent to call on the girl's father. They are sent by the man's parents before the young man is of age. In many instances both man and girl are not more than eight or nine years old. The messengers go in their boats to the girl's house, and carry on their negotiations without going ashore, where the relatives of the girl are standing. The messengers of the young man's parents praise his excellence and noble descent; the great exploits of his father, grandfather, and ancestors; their wars, victories, and hunting expeditions; their liberality at festivals, etc. Then the girl's relatives praise the girl and her ancestors, and thus the negotiations are carried on. Finally a number of blankets are thrown ashore by the messengers; and the girl's relatives protest, and maintain that the number is not sufficient to pay for the permission to marry the girl. In order to obtain their consent, new blankets are thrown ashore one by one, the messengers continually maintaining that the price paid is too great. Generally from twenty to fifty blankets, each of the value of about half a dollar, are paid.

After this the boy and girl are considered engaged. When they come to be grown up, the young man has to serve a year to his father-in-law. He must fell trees, fetch water, fish, and hunt for the latter. During this time he is called Kos, which means "one who wooes." After a year has elapsed, the marriage is celebrated. At this time great festivals are celebrated. Seven or eight men perform a dance. They wear dancing aprons and leggings, trimmed with puffin-beaks, hoofs of deer, copper plates, and bells. If the groom should be a wealthy man, who has presented to his wife many small copper plates, such as are used as presents to a bride, these are carried by the dancers. The singing-master, who beats the drum, starts a song in which the dancers join. The song used at the marriage festival is sung in unison, while in all other dances each dancer has his own tune and song. The first dancer wears a ring made of cedar-bark. His hair is strewn with eagle-down, which flies about when he moves, and forms a cloud around his head. The groom presents the first dancer with a piece of calico, which the latter tears to pieces, which he throws down in front of each house of the village, crying, "Hoip!" in order to drive away evil spirits. These pieces of calico which he throws down in front of the houses have a lucky meaning, and at the same time express the idea that the groom, when he comes to be a wealthy man, will not forget the inhabitants of any house when giving a festival. The dancers swing their bodies and arms, stamp their feet, and show the copper plates to the lookers-on. Then the bride's father brings a great number of blankets, generally double the number of those he had received from the groom, and gives them to his daughter. The bride orders a few blankets to be spread before the groom. She sits down, and he puts his hand upon her head. Then the groom is given for each of the parts of his body one or more blankets. Finally he is given a new blanket. After the bride's father has given a blanket to each dancer, and to the drummer, the villagers are invited to a great feast. At this time groom and bride eat for the first time together.

THE ART OF PROLONGING LIFE.

Longevity, indeed, has come to be regarded as one of the grand prizes of human existence, and reason has again and again suggested the inquiry whether care or skill can increase the chances of acquiring it, and can make old age, when granted, as comfortable and happy as any other stage of our existence. From very early times the act of prolonging life, and the subject of longevity, have engaged the attention of thinkers and essayists; and some may perhaps contend that these topics, admittedly full of interest, have been thoroughly exhausted. It is true that the art in question has long been recognized and practised, but the science upon which it really depends is of quite modern origin. The French naturalist, Buffon, believed that if accidental causes could be excluded, the normal duration of human life would be between ninety and one hundred years, and he suggested that it might be measured (in animals as well as in man) by the period of growth, to which it stood

in a certain proportion. He imagined that every animal might live for six or seven times as many years as were requisite for the completion of its growth. But this calculation is not in harmony with facts, so far, at least, as man is concerned. His period of growth can not be estimated at less than twenty years; and if we take the lower of the two multipliers, we get a number which, in the light of modern evidence, can not be accepted as attainable. If the period of growth be multiplied by five, the result will in all probability not be far from the truth. If we seek historical evidence, and from it attempt to discover the extreme limit of human life, we are puzzled at the difference in the ages said to have been attained. The longevity of the antediluvian patriarchs when contrasted with our modern experience seems incredible. When we look at an individual, say ninety years of age, taking even the most favourable specimen, a prolongation of life to ten times that number of years would appear too absurd even to dream about. There is certainly no physiological reason why the ages assigned to the patriarchs should not have been attained, and it is useless to discuss the subject, for we know very little of the conditions under which they lived. It is interesting to notice that after the Flood there was a gradual decrease in the duration of life. Abraham is recorded to have died at 175; Joshua, some five hundred years later, "waxed old and stricken in age" shortly before his death at 110 years; and his predecessor, Moses, to whom 120 years are assigned, is believed to have estimated the life of man at threescore years and ten—a measure nowadays pretty generally accepted. With regard to sex, Hufeland's opinion was that women were more likely than men to become old, but that instances of extreme longevity were more frequent among men. This opinion is to some extent borne out by Dr. Humphry's statistics; of his fifty-two centenarians thirty-six were women. Marriage would appear to be conducive to longevity. A well-known French *savant*, Dr. Bertillon, states that a bachelor of twenty-five is not a better life than a married man of forty-five, and he attributes the difference in favour of married people to the fact that they take more care of themselves, and lead more regular lives than those who have no such tie. In considering occupations as they are likely to affect longevity, those which obviously tend to shorten life need not be considered. With respect to the learned professions, it would appear that among the clergy the average of life is beyond that of any similar class. It is improbable that this average will be maintained for the future; the duties and anxieties imposed upon the clergy of the present generation place them in a very different position from that of their predecessors. Among lawyers there have been several eminent judges who attained a great age, and the rank and file of the profession are also characterized by a decided tendency to longevity. The medical profession supplies but a few instances of extreme old age, and the average duration of life among its members is decidedly low, a fact which can be easily accounted for. Broken rest, hard work, anxieties, exposure to weather and to the risks of infection can not fail to exert an injurious influence upon health. No definite conclusions can be arrived at with regard to the average longevity of literary and scientific men, but it might be supposed that those who are not harassed by anxieties and enjoy fair health would probably reach old age. As a general rule, the duration of life is not shortened by literary pursuits. A man may worry himself to death over his books, or, when tired of them, may seek recreation in pursuits destructive to health; but application to literary work tends to produce cheerfulness, and to prolong rather than shorten the life even of an infirm man. In order to prolong life, and at the same time to enjoy it, occupation of some kind is absolutely necessary; it is a great mistake to suppose that idleness is conducive to longevity. It is at all times better to wear out than to rust out, and the latter process is apt to be speedily accomplished. Every one must have met with individuals who, while fully occupied till sixty or even seventy years of age, remained hale and strong, but aged with marvellous rapidity after relinquishing work, a change in their mental condition becoming especially prominent. There is an obvious lesson to be learnt from such instances but certain qualifications are necessary in order to apply it properly. With regard to mental activity, there is abundant evidence that the more the intellectual faculties are exercised the greater the probability of their lasting. They often become stronger after the vital force has passed its culminating point; and this retention of mental power is the true compensation for the decline in bodily strength.—*Robson Roose, M. D., in the Fortnightly Review.*

FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS.

The *Catholic Times* records a little romantic incident in connection with Cardinal Manning. The other day a visitor called at the Cardinal's house and presented a bouquet of roses grown in the garden of the rectory which the Cardinal inhabited many years ago, when he was a minister of the Established Church. With his own hands the Cardinal arranged the roses in a vase, which he then placed on the altar of his private chapel. "Why should not," asks the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *à propos* to this incident, "the Archbishop of Canterbury invite Cardinal Manning to his next Lambeth party? The Bishop of Manchester (Dr. Moorhouse) has broken the ice by inviting his Roman Catholic friend and neighbour, Dr. Vaughan (Bishop of Salford), to a garden party a few days ago. Dr. Vaughan accepted the invitation, fraternised with his Protestant colleague, and nobody has so far raised the cry of 'The Church in Danger.' When Dr. Moorhouse was Bishop of Melbourne he was on equally excellent terms with Dr. Vaughan's brother, the late Archbishop of Sydney. Both broad-minded Liberal prelates, they sat and smoked together, enjoyed each other's society, and discussed the latest developments of religious thought in the old world. When Archbishop Vaughan died the noblest tribute to his memory was paid by Bishop Moorhouse in the course of an address to his Church of England assembly in Melbourne.

THE SEVENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

Fought 25th July, 1815.

Upon this hill where now we gently tread,
'Mid grass and stones—memorials of the dead,
Where greenest turf and sweetest flowerets smile,
And whispering leaves to sacred thoughts beguile—
Where gathering free, with none to break our peace,
From meaner thoughts we claim a short surcease.
We pause, and list to awful memories far
When from this height boomed forth the roar of war.
Soft contrast this to that fierce day and night,
When surge of battle hither rolled in might:
When shot and shell ploughed all the trampled ground,
And wounded, dead, and dying dropped around.
Pharsalia, not upon *thy* dreadful plain
Lay in more frequent heaps the gory slain!
But, O proud contrast! there Ambition fought,
And personal ends the conquering Cæsar sought;
But here, 'twas Patriotism fired the fight,
And Drummond struck to save our dearest right—
Drummond, whose name still lives in proud Quebec,
Shall saved Niagara's foot be on thy neck?
Can Lundy's Lane untrue to Drummond live,
Or grudge thy memory all she had to give?—
Thy right, O Canada, thy Drummond sought,
And from high justice all his valour caught.
He traversed not another's right To Be,
But sternly guarded thy sweet liberty.
What asks the patriot more? He knows but this—
His country and her welfare very his.
Her honour his, her greatness all his care;
Quick to defend, her woes his willing share;
Her name his pride, her future but his own;
Each word and deed, seed for her harvest sown.
What asks the patriot more? For her to live,
Or gladly for her life his own to give.
Such were thy sons, O Canada, that fought for thee,
Sprung from the boundless West, or utmost sea.
Such are thy sons to-day—the same their sires—
Or French or British quick with loyal fires.
Here on this holy hill their bodies lie
As thick as stars that stud the winter sky.
Here on this hill baptized indeed with fire,
As from an altar may their flames aspire.
O Canada! Thou of the seven-fold bond!
Let evermore such sons in thee be found;
Let evermore thy sons thy guardians be,
High-souled and pure, content if thou be free.

July 21, 1889. S. A. Curzon.

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent. of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the Territory with its main line from east to west; is the short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park, and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

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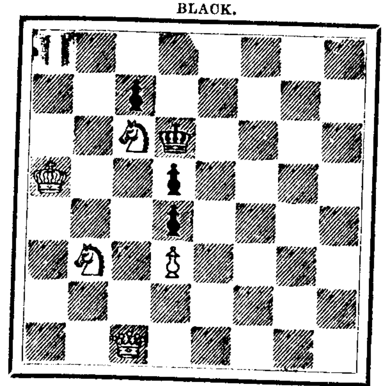
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 379.

By Conrad Bayer.

BLACK.



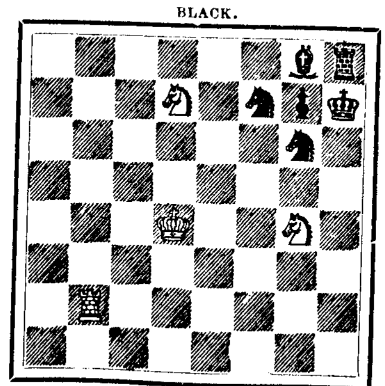
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 380.

By E. H. E. Eddis, Orillia.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 373.

White.	Black.
1. B—Q 4	1. P x B
2. Q—B 5 +	2. K—K 3
3. Kt—B 8 mate	
	If 1. Kt—B 6
2. B—B 5	2. K—B 5
3. Q—K Kt 8 mate	

With other variations.

No. 374.

White.	Black.
1. Q—Q R 3	1. Kt x P
2. Q—K B 3 +	2. K x Q
3. B x P mate	
	If 2. K x P
3. Q x Q P mate	

With other variations.

GAME PLAYED IN THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE MATCH BETWEEN MR. E. B. FREELAND, OF TORONTO, AND MR. J. B. REDWINE, OF ATLANTA, GA.

Scotch Gambit.

Mr. Freeland. White.	Mr. Redwine. Black.	Mr. Freeland. White.	Mr. Redwine Black.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4	24. B—Q Kt 1	K R—Q 1
2. Kt—K B 3	Kt—Q B 3	25. R—Q 3 (*g*)	B—K B 4
3. P—Q 4	P x P	26. Q R—Q 1	B x Kt
4. Kt x P	B—B 4	27. B x B	R—Q Kt 3
5. B—K 3	Q—B 3	28. K—R 1	Q—K B 3
6. P—Q B 3	K Kt—K 2	29. B—Q 5	Kt—Q B 3
7. Q—Q 2	Castles (*a*)	30. Q R—K 1	P—Q Kt 3
8. Kt—Q Kt 5	B x B	31. B x Kt	Q x B
9. Q x B	P—Q 4	32. R—K 2	Q—K B 3
10. Kt x Q B P	R—Q Kt 1 (*b*)	33. K R—K 1	K—R 2
11. Kt x Q P	Kt x Kt	34. P—K R 3	R—Q 8
12. P x Kt	B—K B 4 (*c*)	35. Q—K 3	Q—R 8
13. B—K 2	K R—K 1	36. R x R	Q x R +
14. Q—Q 2	Q—Kt 3	37. K—R 2	Q—Q 3 +
15. Castles	B—K 5	38. P—K B 4	R—Q 2
16. P—K B 3	B x Q P (*d*)	39. Q—K 4 +	K—Kt 1
17. P—Q B 4	Kt—Q 5	40. Q—K 5 (*h*)	Q x Q
18. B—Q 3	Q—Q Kt 3	41. R x Q (*k*)	P—K B 3
19. Q—K B 2	B—K 3	42. R—Q 5	R x R (*m*)
20. Kt—Q B 3	Q R—Q 1	43. P x R	K—B 2
21. Q R—Q 1	P—K R 3 (*e*)		
22. P—Q Kt 3	Q—Q R 4		
23. Kt—K 4	R—Q 2		

And after a few more moves Black resigned.

NOTES.

(*a*) P—Q R 3 is better.

(*b*) If P—Q 5, 11 $\frac{\text{P x P}}{\text{Kt x P}}$ the position would be very interesting and would repay analysis.

(*c*) Bardeleben gives Kt—Kt 5 as a winning move for Black, thus, 13 $\frac{\text{P x Kt}}{\text{Q x Q Kt P}}$, 14 $\frac{\text{Q—Q Kt 3}}{\text{R—K 1 +}}$, 15 $\frac{\text{K—Q 1}}{\text{Q x K B P}}$, but we believe this attack to be unsound.

(*d*) This recapture is very pretty, and White could not prevent it.

(*e*) This move seems unnecessary.

(*g*) Clearly a waste of time.

(*h*) P—Q Kt 4 would be strong here, but we prefer the move in the text, as it practically forces the exchange of Queens; any move to avoid it leading Black into difficulties.

(*k*) Giving White, we believe, a winning position.

(*m*) A serious blunder made under the impression that the White King was on his K R square, but the game was lost in any case.

The following from the *Columbia Chess Chronicle* is very much to the point: "The score in the International Match—United States against Canada—now stands each side eleven games won. It is a pity that so much unpleasantness has occurred. Our opinion is that Messrs. Henderson and Narraway were bound to enforce their penalties, and that Gossip and Loyd were bound to accept it gracefully. Mr. Gossip did not know how to do this. Mr. Loyd's letter to Mr. Narraway is all right. Mr. Petersen evidently erred when he stated Loyd sent a mate in fifty moves, as that is not said in the letter which he received from Mr. Loyd on the subject. The *Newark Sunday Call* says it is impossible to believe both Loyd and Narraway. We cannot see where the impossibility comes in. The honourable Chess players of America have been shown no reason why the Chess society of Messrs. Henderson and Narraway should be tabooed. Perhaps the *Sunday Call* is assuming too much when it assumes to voice the opinion of American Chess players on these subjects."

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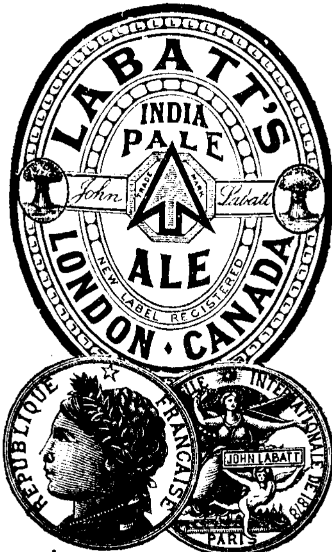

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla

saparilla. This medicine has cured her of Scrofula, and her eyes are now well and strong.—H. P. Bort, Hastings, N. Y.

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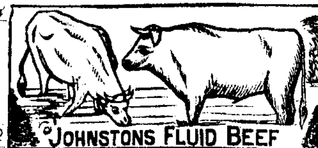

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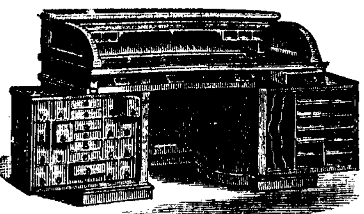

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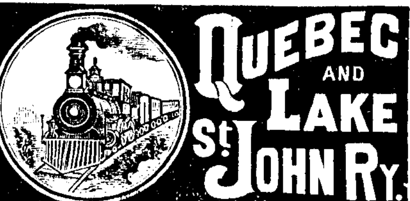

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