

THE WEEK:

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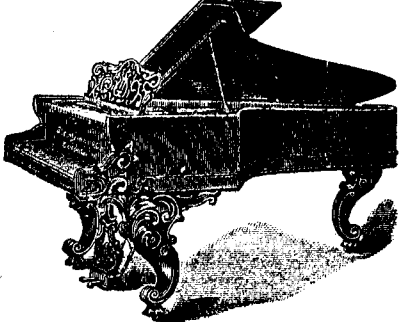
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

It may be hoped that it is not with the sanction of the Canadian Government that certain journals and correspondents supporting it, are beginning to hint at the possibility of measures being taken to silence the annexationists who have of late been speaking their minds so freely. It can hardly be supposed by the Government or any one else that the numbers and influence of those Canadians who would favour union with the United States are such as to give cause for alarm. Nor can it be that that there is reason to fear that the Canadian people are in danger of being carried away by the overwhelming weight of their arguments. Yet those who utter threats or advocate suppression of free speech must surely fear the one or the other. In any case, no greater service could be rendered the cause of the agitators than an attempt to put any legal obstacles in the way of the open expression of their opinions. To invoke old laws, Imperial or Canadian, for the purpose of putting them down, would be to arouse the sympathy and indignation of all lovers of New World freedom. Thousands of Canadians who neither desire nor fear annexation cherish free speech as an inestimable birthright, hold firmly the right of Canadians to discuss and determine, with perfect freedom, the future of their own country, and understand Canadian patriotism and Canadian loyalty to mean love of Canada and a determination to make her interests their first and highest national consideration.

THE proposal to do away with the exemption from taxation hitherto enjoyed by churches and other religious institutions seems likely to come to the front at an early day for serious discussion. On the initiative of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church in this city, the question was brought before the Baptist Convention in Guelph last month, and by it remitted to the local Associations for consideration. The resolution of the City Council of Ottawa to petition the Ontario Government to abolish this class of exemptions will probably lead to discussions in other municipalities similar to that which is now going on in that city. Whatever position the Baptists,

who claim to be the foremost representatives of the principle of absolute voluntarism in religious matters, may take, there is little probability that many of the other churches will readily approve a change which would be to them a source of so much loss, real or apparent. At the same time it is not easy to see how the system of exemptions can be logically defended on principles consistent with the absolute divorce of Church and State which was long since decreed by the Protestant Provinces of Canada. The argument drawn from the undoubted service which the churches render to society and the State by their educational, benevolent and religious work has the radical defect of proving too much. If the State or municipality is justified in contributing indirectly from public funds in return for these services, it must be equally justifiable for it to contribute directly for the same purpose. It is impossible to show any real difference in principle, and it would not be difficult to show that the direct contribution would be a much more equitable and effective mode of distributing the aid. It must be at once admitted that the exemptions of Government institutions and employees by statute is equally indefensible. It can be but a question of time when the people will come to see these matters in their true light, and all classes of citizens, without exception, will learn to bear cheerfully their fair share of the cost of services in the benefits of which they fully partake.

OUR present Governor-General is adopting a somewhat unusual and courageous course in his replies to the addresses of the various National Societies which he is continually receiving. The very existence of these societies in such numbers and with so much influence is an indication of a weak point in the Canadian Confederation. It is both natural and praiseworthy for the representatives of various countries and races to unite in recalling old scenes and associations, and in paying the tribute of affectionate remembrance to their mother lands. But when the members of these societies enter as such into Canadian politics, instead of regarding all questions that may arise from the point of view of Canadian citizens, pure and simple, they do a wrong to the land of their adoption, and import elements of discord and danger into Canadian affairs. Lord Stanley does well to rebuke this sectional spirit, whether displayed by the Sons of England or the Sons of France. Nothing is more baneful in hindering the growth of a true Canadian sentiment. His Excellency might, however, do well to consider whether another disintegrating force, equally mischievous, is not at work, in the centralizing tendencies of the Dominion Government. In the attempt to hold together a number of provinces so widely separated in space and in local interests and usages, it is tolerably clear that very careful regard must be had to provincial rights and susceptibilities. Of the local units in their relation to the central authority it may be said, as of the colony itself in its relation to the British Government, that the strength of the bond of union will be in proportion to its elasticity. The yoke must rest lightly upon the shoulders long accustomed to local independence. Hitherto the history of confederation has been to a considerable extent the history of the struggles between the Provincial and Dominion Governments over questions of jurisdiction and prerogative. Lord Stanley might possibly render a service to confederation by dropping an occasional hint to his constitutional advisers in regard to the danger of pushing the Premier's well-known predilection for the centralization of authority to an unnecessary and undesirable extreme.

DISCUSSION is still rife in the Australian Colonies in respect to the right of a colony to be consulted regarding the choice of a Governor. While Victoria believes that the less the colonies insist upon a voice in the nomination the better for themselves, New Zealand and New South Wales are said to approve of the stand taken by Queensland. The London Spectator takes extreme ground in urging the Government not to revoke the appointment of Governor Blake to Queensland. In this as in most affairs of the kind the middle course seems safest and best. To recognize the right of the colonies to share in such appointments, would be to attenuate the already slender colonial tie to the last degree by doing away with the only periodical and perpetual reminder that the colonies are still a part of the Empire. It would be unfair and absurd to expect the Mother Country to remain responsible for the conduct and defence of a colony in which she was no longer represented by a chief magistrate of her own

appointment, and responsible to her alone. But, on the other hand, there can surely be no good end to be served by imposing upon a reluctant colony a Governor who may be for any reason obnoxious to a large section of the population. To do so would be to court trouble and possible disaster. There must always be available for such posts an ample supply of competent and unobjectionable men; and it could be neither very troublesome nor in any way derogatory to Imperial dignity for the Home Government to ascertain informally before appointment, whether any serious objection would be likely to be made. Perhaps we might safely go further and say that it would not be difficult for the Home Government to make such nominations that no question of the kind could possibly arise.

SELDOM has so vigorous an assault been made in the columns of a great magazine upon any abuse, real or supposed, as that in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* upon the examination as it exists in the English educational system. Prominent men of all ranks, creeds, and professions, and of all shades of politics, have signed the protest. The names of several distinguished women also appear as representative of their sex. The names alone occupy thirteen pages of the magazine. For Canadian readers there is nothing new or original, however great the amount of truth, in most of the counts in the formidable indictment brought against the competitive examinations which have of late years gained so complete a control in school, college, and university. The process of cramming for examinations strengthens "the rote-faculties to the neglect of the rational faculties." It promotes "a quick superficiality and power of cleverly skimming a subject." Worse still, far worse, if true, it induces "a disinclination to undertake work which is not of a directly remunerative character, after the excitement and strain of the race." Mr. Frederic Harrison, who is one of three professors whose names are attached to the memorial, thinks that the memory cultivated by the examination system is "a ten-day memory, very sharp, clear, methodical, like the memory cultivated by a busy lawyer;" a kind of memory, by the way, as an exchange points out, that may not be so bad a thing in these days of breathless haste.

THE Competitive Examination thus mightily assailed has in England two distinct spheres, viz., that of the Civil Service Department, and that of the schools and universities. In regard to the latter, few educationists could now be found to approve the system as it has been in vogue for the last twenty or thirty years. The Competitive Examination, whose fruits are of the kind indicated in the foregoing quotations, is already condemned. It has been tried and found to be not only wanting in some most important respects, but positively injurious in others. But what less objectionable substitute can be found to take its place? Some test of proficiency and of mental development is indispensable to proper classification in any methodical course of instruction. What better test can be devised than that afforded by the carefully written answers of students to carefully prepared questions? It is high time that the matter was thoroughly discussed, and the defects of present modes of working pitilessly exposed. But the result can hardly be in doubt. The examination cannot be dispensed with, but it can be radically reformed. The faults and evil tendencies complained of are mainly the outcome of the competition, not the examination. When large numbers of answers have to be compared with each other and a distinct value assigned to each, it is almost inevitable that the questions will be so framed that the values of the answers may be readily computed on an arithmetical basis. The character of the questions set at University and Departmental examinations in Ontario has been greatly improved during the last few years, but the root of the evil will remain so long as examiners are required to assign a numerical value to each answer for competitive purposes. Were this feature, which is by no means an essential one, eliminated from the examination system, there would no longer be anything to hinder competent examiners from submitting questions designed and adapted to discredit cramming by rendering it useless, and to promote thoughtful and intelligent work by students in all subjects and at all stages. Not least among the benefits that might be hoped for from such a change would be the gradual substitution of higher motives, such as love of knowledge for its own sake, in place of the thirst for pecuniary advantages, or academic honours, which is stimulated to an unwholesome degree under the present system.

WHAT is the best mode of making appointments and promotions in the Civil Service, is one of the most serious problems presented under a system of self-government. Canadians need not go so far afield as even to cross the border in order to learn the evils of party patronage, and the corrupting

power of desire for office. In England the examining system has wrought a great and tangible reform, and it is not probable that the people would listen for a moment to a proposal for returning to the old methods. However great may sometimes appear the absurdity of determining by a mathematical or linguistic test the relative fitness of a number of applicants for posts in which the duties may be largely routine or mechanical, and for which the chief qualifications are special aptitude or training and moral trustworthiness, there can be no doubt that the results of the examination system in England have been on the whole excellent. The system may be sadly in need of overhauling and improving, but it cannot be set aside. The people will insist that no change shall be made of such a kind as to endanger what Sir George Trevelyan has described as "the acknowledged birth-right" of Britons, to wit: "the privilege of doing their country's work, and eating their country's bread, if only, in a fair and open trial, they can win for themselves the right to be placed on the roll of their country's servants." While a recent debate in the British Parliament shews that there still linger abuses such as those so roundly denounced by Lord Randolph Churchill, it could be wished that Canada were progressing as fast as the Mother Country in the right direction. Though we hear of "Civil Service Examinations" going on from time to time at Ottawa, they do not appear to have wrought much change as yet in the *personnel* of the service, or to have materially reduced the proportion of relatives of Cabinet ministers and their favourites in Dominion offices. Nor does the state of affairs seem to be much better in the Provinces if we may judge from the Quebec Premier's recent threat of wholesale dismissal of officials for non-payment of debts, or the admission of journals friendly to the Government in Ontario that its Premier dare not appoint a registrar in a given locality while an election was pending.

It is not wonderful that the close of every Presidential election in the United States should be the signal for numerous proposals looking to a reform of methods. From a theoretical point of view the workings of the electoral system must be anything but satisfactory. There is in the first place, the almost perennial state of excitement and business disturbance resulting from the shortness of the Presidential term. There is also the fact, which seems on its face incompatible with sound principles of self-government, that often, as in the present instance, the President elect does not receive the suffrages of a majority of the voting citizens. There is, still further, the very serious evil—which however, could scarcely be remedied by any constitutional reform short of compulsory voting—that in every election there are hundreds of thousands of citizens, many of them the best citizens, who do not vote. And then there is the immense expenditure of money, the vast amount of fraud and personation, the quadrennial sweep in the Civil Service departments with all the waste, disorganization, and favouritism it involves, and the danger of a dead-lock, such as that which has now been happily removed, between the two Houses of Congress, which renders important legislation almost impossible.

THE wonder seems at first thought to be that so practical and energetic a people does not profit by experience and proceed at once to revise and improve its methods. Further consideration shows, however, that this would not be so easy a matter. The Presidential term might be increased to seven or eight years, but the effect of that would be to clothe an irresponsible executive with well-nigh absolute power for far too long a period. This defect might be remedied by the adoption of the British system of a responsible ministry, but, possibly for good reasons, the Americans seem to prefer their own less flexible arrangement. The permanency of the Executive probably acts as a balance wheel to steady the movements of the popular machinery. The abolition of the Electoral College and election of the President by direct vote of the people has often been advocated, but that, notwithstanding its logical suitability to a Republican system, would involve more serious changes than the people are ready to risk. The present method unquestionably results in giving some States an undue share of power in the Federal Government. But what a revolution would be involved in the change proposed may be inferred from a couple of specimen facts. In the recent election Georgia, with a population of nearly 2,000,000, cast but about 123,000 votes, while New York State, with a population of about 5,500,000 cast last year a vote of 1,033,047. Direct election by the people would tend to bring out the full vote. Such figures are eloquently suggestive, though far from logically conclusive. It is indeed wonderful that our neighbours do not adopt some system akin to our own mode of balloting, instead of that now used, under which each party prints its own tickets at enormous expense. An influence which makes against all change still more strongly than the singular reverence of the

average American for the Constitution is, no doubt, the disposition on the part of the victors, who alone could carry reforms, to rest and be thankful. They praise the bridge which has carried them over. They see no reason for changing a plan which has wrought so well for them, and, they being judges, for the nation.

WHATEVER opinions may be held as to the earlier political career of Lord Randolph Churchill, it cannot be denied that many of his later utterances, in Parliament and out, have the ring of true statesmanship. His references to the relations between Great Britain and the United States, in his speech at Paddington the other day, will commend themselves to the good judgment and feeling of the broadest minds in both countries. There is special force in his hint that sufficient allowance has not been made for the action of the United States Government in the Sackville matter, in view of the time at which it occurred. It is undoubtedly true that to have postponed action would have been to render it useless so far as counteracting the effects of Lord Sackville's "inexcusable blunder" was concerned. It is hard to imagine a parallel case in English politics, but if such a thing were conceivable it is not impossible that a British Government might display equal energy. No words that oratory can use can exaggerate the horror and atrocity of a war between England and America, or the blameworthiness of those speakers and writers in both nations who wantonly stir up bad blood by "menaces, sneers and sulks." Nor can there be any doubt that whatever tends to make the English and American nations firm allies, and to produce a "desirable friendship between the English-speaking races," tends so far to guarantee to humanity "the blessings of liberty and peace."

FROM whatever standpoint it may be viewed, the presentation to Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington of an Anti-Home-Rule address signed by 864 of the 990 non-episcopal ministers in Ireland, is an event of great significance in its bearing upon the Irish Question. It is quite possible that these Protestant clergymen may view the question in its ecclesiastical rather than its political aspects. They may be, unconsciously, more affected by their dread of danger to Nonconformity than by their sense of justice to Ireland. But, none the less, the fact of their opposition is a very real and tangible fact, and one that will have to be reckoned with by the promoters of the Irish movement. In the absence of any formulated scheme showing what Home Rule is to be, what rights it will concede to minorities, and what guarantees it can give for the protection of those rights, it is impossible to know just how far the clergymen in question may be warranted in assuming that no safeguards can be devised adequate for the protection of those rights against the encroachment of a majority clothed with executive authority. Be that as it may, the incident shows the existence of an intelligent and influential body of opponents to the Parnellite and Gladstonian programme, of whom hitherto little account has been taken. Another element of complication is thus revealed in a problem whose difficulties were already sufficiently numerous and formidable to have driven any statesman less sanguine than Gladstone to the verge of despair.

CONSIDERABLE interest is being aroused in England by the statement that Westminster Abbey, the great National Mausoleum, has space for but two or three more statues and busts, and that not more than fifteen or twenty more burials can possibly take place within its walls. Seeing that there is no break, and no prospect of one, in the procession of illustrious men who are daily nearing the tomb, the question is becoming a pressing one to a people who have no disposition to depart from their traditional methods in the disposal of their honoured dead. Amongst other proposers of schemes Mr. Shaw Lefevre advocates in the *Nineteenth Century* the erection of a Monumental Chapel adjacent to the Abbey. Others favour the addition of a cloister to the Abbey itself. To the lovers of the old architecture the latter proposal seems little short of sacrilege, while the former would give a modern building which would be neither in fact nor in form a part of the venerable structure, or entitled to share in its hallowed associations. And yet, unless the deep-rooted and time-honoured customs of the nation are to be given up, something must shortly be done. There are at the present moment almost enough figures of heroic mould treading on the very verge of the shadowy realms, to fill the vacant places, for which the shuffling off this mortal coil will make them eligible, in the sacred pile.

A RECENT number of the *London Times* contains a translation of Bismarck's famous Insurance Laws, and of the first Report of the German Imperial Insurance Bureau. Great interest attaches to the operation of

these laws, constituting, as they no doubt do, the most serious attempt that has yet been made by the Government of any nation to meet and forestall Socialism on its own ground. The scheme is as yet imperfectly developed, the most difficult by far of all the problems presented—that of making provision against the old age of the labourer—being still untouched. Moreover, the two Acts that have been passed, relating respectively to sickness and accident, have not yet been long enough in operation to warrant any sweeping conclusions. In the case of sickness the individual workman is responsible for his own insurance, every workman being compelled to take a step analogous to joining a club or friendly society. With regard to accident the compulsion falls upon the employers, who are obliged to insure. They do this, however, not singly but in associations resembling those that have come into existence spontaneously in English manufacturing centres. In Germany, these associations are, as above intimated, called into existence by law, and act under an Imperial Insurance Department, which contains members appointed by the Emperor, as well as members elected by the employers. Trouble is already arising in consequence of the unwillingness of employers to give the necessary leave to the workmen delegates who have to attend the meetings of the courts of arbitration and of the Imperial Insurance Bureau. The difficulties are neither few nor small, apart from the State control and compulsion to which men trained under English institutions would scarcely submit. These difficulties will be immensely increased when the problem of insuring against old age is attacked. It is evident that the compulsory payments will press most hardly on those whose earnings give them the smallest margins, and who consequently have most need of insurance. One excellent feature of the German system is the absolute security of the Government insurance as contrasted with the financial unsoundness of many of the benefit societies and other agencies to which the funds are entrusted under the voluntary system.

RUSSIAN military movements are once more creating much uneasiness in Germany, while Austria is kept in a state of chronic unrest and distrust by the operation of the same cause. The reasons assigned by the Russian Government for the re-distribution of the army are very far from satisfactory to the watchful military authorities of both the great border nations. Russia's appeal for a new loan adds materially to the prevailing uneasiness, though the fact that one-third of the whole proceeds of the loan is to be used for purposes of conversion tends somewhat to allay the excitement. The *Post's* warnings to Germans against investing in the Russian bonds, on the ground that the purpose of the loan is to strengthen Russia's credit, and enable her presently to raise a larger loan for war purposes, seems far-fetched, or would do so in the case of a nation whose every movement was not regarded with suspicion. It is probable that Emperor William's speech at the opening of the Reichstag will be framed with a view to allaying popular apprehensions.

IN common with many others we reckoned without our host in assuming that Boulanger's career as a political agitator was ended by Premier Floquet's sword-thrust. The redoubtable General is again to the fore, and this time with better prospects of success than on any previous occasion. The mercurial Frenchmen seem to be in a state of mind favourable for the success of almost any man and movement appealing strongly to the popular imagination. The proposals now made for the revision of the Constitution bid fair to afford every opportunity for the display of successful strategy by a demagogue, and the veil of reticence and mystery under which Boulanger manages so well to conceal his ideas, or the want of them, is no doubt leading multitudes to look towards him as the coming man. Even the Imperialists seem disposed to aid him for their own purposes. The report of the Committee on Revision of the Constitution in favour of abolishing both Senate and Presidency shows that Radicalism has made astounding strides. With a people more self-poised and qualified by long and successful experience in democratic methods, the simplicity and directness of rule by a single assembly of representatives, without complicated checks or safeguards, might commend it as an innovation worth trying. In fickle France the experiment is almost certainly foredoomed to failure. It may be pretty safely prophesied that, if made, it will prove but a short step to a dictatorship, a monarchy, or anarchy, with the chances in favour of the last.

ALL who love liberty and mercy will be glad that England, Germany, and other European Powers, are at last uniting to check, if they cannot exterminate, the East African slave trade. That trade has hitherto flourished in spite of what England could do, almost single-handed as she has been, to prevent. The co-operation of other nations, aided by the right of

search which has been granted by France and other maritime powers, will, it may be hoped, soon put a different face on the business. It may be true that the new-born zeal of Bismarck and Germany in the task imposed "alike by the sacred principles of religion and humanity," has been wonderfully quickened by the misfortunes which have overtaken the German East African Company. It may also be true, as Lord Salisbury has intimated, that the uprising of the native tribes which has caused these misfortunes, is not due wholly to the hostility of the Arab slave dealers. It is, indeed, highly probable that that hostility would have been impotent for lack of material to operate on, but for the alarm and indignation aroused in the breasts of the native tribes by the high-handedness of the officials of the German Company, and their failure to have sufficient regard to the customs and religious susceptibilities of the natives. Be that as it may, the event has brought about a concert of action which would probably have been otherwise unattainable, and which can scarcely fail to curtail very sensibly the horrors of the nefarious traffic in human flesh. It is now announced that Portugal is to take part in the work. If her influence with her colonists on the coast can but avail to secure a relaxation of their strictness in prohibiting the taking of field guns and other munitions of war into the interior, and if Cardinal Lavigerie succeeds in his plans for taking a force of European volunteers into the country, and establishing centres of defence amongst the wretched natives, the end of the horrible and sickening business of slave-catching cannot be far off.

KINGSFORD'S HISTORY OF CANADA.*

WE receive this second volume of Mr. Kingsford's history with much pleasure on several grounds. In the first place, it appears at a reasonable interval after the publication of the first. It is a great mistake for historians to protract their labours, after the manner of Macaulay, in the vain hope of making their work perfect. The only result is a magnificent fragment which may survive as a specimen of literature, but which ceases to be regarded as a history. We sincerely trust that Mr. Kingsford may produce his subsequent volumes with the same promptitude, and that he may be spared to bring it to a completion.

There are no indications of haste, however, in the volume before us. We can honestly repeat the commendation bestowed upon the first in regard to the author's thorough acquaintance with the sources from which such a history must be drawn. There is every evidence of painstaking and thoroughly impartial labour. Whether the author is giving us the final history of this period or not, he is providing us with invaluable materials, and his own book can never be forgotten or ignored. When to these general commendations we add our testimony to the greatly improved style of the composition, it will be seen that we consider the present volume as one of great value. Whether the writer has warmed to his work, or whether a candid study of his first instalment made him aware of the possibility of improving its form—however it may be accounted for, the present volume is certainly much easier and pleasanter reading than its predecessor.

We think it would have been well to give headings to the various chapters, in addition to the very full analysis which is furnished at the beginning of the volume, and which might have been reproduced at the head of each chapter, if not in the margin. Book iv. treats of the period from the closing years of De Frontenac's first administration to his return to Canada (1679-1689). The recall of De Frontenac to France was occasioned by misunderstandings between him and the Intendant, Duchesneau; and in this incident we have one illustration out of many of the gross mismanagement of these American colonies by the home Governments, whether English or French. How little either country appreciated the importance or the future greatness of these possessions may be inferred that Duchesneau, in his memoir to the French Government, recommends the purchase of Manhattan and Orange (New York and Albany) from the Duke of York, with the country belonging to him, stating that the English possess the most fertile country in America. And then, as Mr. Kingsford remarks, comes the significant paragraph: "Should the King adopt the resolution to arrange with the Duke of York for his possessions in this quarter, in which case Boston could not resist, the only thing to fear is that this country might go to ruin, the French being naturally inconstant and fond of novelty." Perhaps we may find in such statements some explanation of the often-noted fact, in our own time, that many Canadians (who have not all the proverbial French fickleness) are crossing the border.

When Duchesneau was recalled he was succeeded in Canada by M. de la Barre; and "there are few characters in Canadian history on whom censure is so unsparingly heaped." And apparently, from the French point of view, with perfect justice, since he made peace, without good reason, with the hostile Indian tribes on terms disgraceful to France, being an "abandonment of every advantage possessed by the French." He was recalled, and in retiring behaved with a characteristic want of dignity. It is in a later portion of the volume that we get some further insight into his incapacity.

There and then, amidst the incompetency and want of principle that come out in the conduct of the leading men of both nations, we come

across bright examples of loyalty, good sense, and courage. Among the men of this sort Dougan, the Governor of New England, an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, should be remembered. He was naturally well inclined to the French Government by nationality, by religion, and by favours previously received from the French King. When the new Canadian Governor, Denonville, announced his arrival to him, Dougan answered with courtesy, referring to the fact that he had eaten the bread of the King of France, and speaking of his desire for a good understanding. When, however, the French Governor tried to take advantage of these relations to the endangering of English interests, he found that Dougan was in no way inclined to sacrifice his master's rights. When Denonville taunted him "with furnishing rum to the Indians, Dougan retorted that it did as little hurt as Denonville's brandy, and, in the opinion of Christians, was much more wholesome."

On another occasion, we find him watchful against French aggression, regarding an attack of the French on the Seneca tribe as a blow directed against his Government, and when the French Governor refused to comply with his terms he plainly indicated that, unless the home Government restrained him, he would take the settlement of the question into his own hands. "If they," he said, "will suffer us to do ourselves justice on you for the injuries and spoils you have committed on us. . . . I will be as soon at Quebec as you shall be at Albany." Here is a man who does not deserve to be forgotten.

One of the most interesting episodes in the present volume is the story of De La Salle, and his attempt to ascend the Mississippi from the Gulf of Mexico. The first volume of Mr. Kingsford's work ended with an account of the wonderful exploration of the great river down to its mouths, an expedition which was the beginning of the French colonies in the Southern States. The author truly remarks on the difficulty of giving an account of De La Salle's designs, when, after his return to France, he returned with the intention of effecting a settlement at the mouth of the Mississippi; but in spite of this, the story which he tells is one of the most interesting parts of his book, and one which remains the most clearly and distinctly in the memory. It is quite true that De La Salle was deficient in the qualities of a statesman, and his plans seem to have been formed in the vaguest possible manner, but he was a man of great and noble qualities, and there is reason to think that his expedition need not have ended in failure and in his own death, if only he had been seconded and supported. The story is too long to give even an outline here; but we are assured that many readers who will not care for the somewhat weary and sickening details of conflicts between New England and French Canada, with episodes of Indian massacres, will read with interest the story of De La Salle's last expedition which is told in the last two chapters of the fourth book.

By the way, we may mention, with entire approval, the method here employed of telling a continuous story, although it necessitates going back to a period previous to the point at which the general narrative has arrived. A history ought not, indeed, to consist of a series of more or less connected essays; but neither, on the other hand, should it be a mere series of annals, a catalogue of events: there should be a marshalling of facts around a policy or a current of progress—a threading of the beads upon some string that will introduce something like continuity or unity into the story. This method, which is taken with the expedition of De La Salle, is also followed in telling the story of Acadia; and, in spite of all the indifference of the Home Governments and the blundering of those in power on this side, the story makes a very interesting one.

Incidentally, in various places, we obtain some strange glimpses into the life and manners of the colonists at the end of the seventeenth century. One of the most remarkable is the view given of "that extraordinary infatuation known in history as the 'Salem Witches.' The mania commenced in February, 1692, when a daughter and a niece of Paris, the minister at Salem, complained of suffering torture. These young girls gave circumstantial accounts of the pains they suffered from the presence of persons known to be in other places. The influence was set down to the powers obtained from the Evil One by men and women who had sold themselves to him, soul and body, bound by the compact to torture their fellows. . . . When the question of this influence was first agitated in New England, so strong a belief in its possibility was expressed by the mass of men that none dared deny it without the risk of being included among the guilty. The question of its existence was submitted to a company of ministers, and they hesitated to affirm that a curse so ridiculous was impossible." [Is not Mr. Kingsford going a little too far here? How in the world could the ministers declare the thing to be impossible? Can the writer prove its impossibility? How should the ministers declare it to be absurd, when they read of witches in the Bible? The actual dealing with the accused is quite another thing, and deserves the comments passed upon it.]

"A terrorism arose to crush all opposition. Accusations were made in all directions. Parents incriminated their children, children their parents; a wife was found to charge her husband with witchcraft, a husband the wife. By the month of May more than a hundred women of Salem, Bernley, and other places, many of them of reputable character and of good family and circumstances, had been placed in jail. On the 1st of June a woman was tried, and in ten days was executed. On the 30th of June five women were brought to trial; one was found not guilty. The court expressed so much dissatisfaction with the verdict that the jury returned to amend it, and to find the poor creature guilty. . . . They were executed. . . . Nineteen persons, all protesting their innocence, were ignominiously hanged."

We find several passages marked for extract or notice; but we must pass briefly over them. Here are some lines worth quoting at the end of

*"The History of Canada." By William Kingsford. Vol. ii. 1679-1722. Toronto: Rowsell and Hutchison. 1888.

the last chapter but one: "What does French Canada owe to the long career of Louis XIV? Nearly half the period of her political being. He failed to develop her commerce; he embroiled the country in war; he was the cause of limiting the population by his bigotry; he prevented the extension of settlement; his colony was always on the verge of bankruptcy; he allowed the people no part in the government; the law was the mere arbitrary opinion of his officers; he permitted neither personal liberty, freedom of commerce, nor freedom of conscience." The indictment is not ended; but we have had enough to enable us to arrive at a judgment. Who that meditates charges like these, can wonder at the French Revolution, at the convulsion itself, or the nature of the convulsion?

IN NOVEMBER

THE sun shines softly, and the sky is blue,
A breath of spring floats through the autumn air—
November though it be—the day is fair,
And blithely hop the birds, without a care,
From tree to tree, the leafless branches through;
Let us be happy, too!

December storms will come for them and us,—
Cold, biting blasts and dark and stormy skies.
What though they must? Let us in time be wise,
Enjoy each sunny hour as fast it flies:
The darker hours will come—to them and us—
Less darkly—thus!

FIDELIS.

HYPOCRISY.

It is not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.

Addison.

It may be a startling revelation to hear that we are all hypocrites and none the less startling to have the novel question as to whether "hypocrisy is ever justifiable" propounded. The word hypocrisy is derived from the Greek, and literally signifies "to play upon the stage," and "hypocrite" is an actor; from this, we have hypocrisy defined to be "the feigning to be what one is not," and "a concealment of true character." Shakespeare in less prosaic terms renders its meaning clear when he says:

"To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eyes, your hand, your tongue;
Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it."

It is nigh impossible to determine the innumerable forms hypocrisy assumes, and what niceties of distinction are made to evade classification under this abhorrent title, and yet, with all the artificial construction human ingenuity can contrive, how short do they fall!

There is hypocrisy *active* and hypocrisy *negative*, if I may be allowed the distinction, the wilful misrepresentation and the concealment. The one is as reprehensible as the other. All departures from the truth, equivocations and prevarications, whatsoever be their degree, must be comprised under one of these two divisions, and can be properly classed as acts of hypocrisy. Yet how vigorously would many protest against the application of this term to them whose offences are limited to the excuses of society, the fashionable white lie, the "not at home" species. Præd, under this title, humorously yet clearly portrays this falsehood in his essay commencing, "'Not at home," said her ladyship's footman with the usual air of nonchalance which says, "You know I am lying, but *n'importe*;" and he continues in a sarcastic vein to treat of its usefulness(?)

The greatest evil doer is not necessarily the one who commits the gravest crime, so although the least assuming, the society hypocrite can be ranked among the worst of the species. No palliation or excuse can be offered for his lying, backbiting or evil gossip. He is suffered because he panders to the reverse side of our nature. His appreciation and reward are, however, but short-lived, for they are tempered by the fear that his hearer of to-day may furnish cause for his object of attack of to-morrow. With equal aversion can be classed the individual who seizes every opportunity to decry, or what is equally bad, to publish broadcast his sympathy with an unfortunate neighbour who has encountered some reverse, and has afforded him an occasion too delicious to allow to pass unnoticed, yet in the ordinary acceptance of the term he is not a hypocrite, for he neither misrepresents nor conceals what he means.

What is hypocrisy after all but the attempt to pose for what we are not, but what we would like others to consider we are, and what consequently must be worth feigning or as Rochefoucauld in his 227th Maxim puts it, "Hypocrisy is a sort of homage that vice pays to virtue."

Of all hypocrites the *religious* stands prominent, and constitutes the butt and centre of contempt and detestation. Nearly all the writers upon the banes of hypocrisy lay bare his case. Fuller tersely says: "Trust not him that seems a saint." Yet did we ever stop to consider that hypocrisy is as oft perhaps forced upon a man, as it is wilfully practised by him.

Sterne, in railing upon the hypocrite, implies that none but the merciful and compassionate have a title to wear the garb of religion, yet how long would human charity and generosity permit any, even possessing these qualities, to go unmolested and free from suspicions of hypocrisy.

Be the individual at heart and soul as true, honest and conscientious as

he may, there are so many outside considerations, I speak not of mercenary inatters, but of kindred love and affection, that he is frequently rendered unable to practise or perhaps even to avow his principles, and thus unwittingly and unwillingly brings himself within the pale of hypocrisy. It is a difficult task, and one for which I would not be prepared to formulate a code of procedure.

Among the most advanced, fearless and independent it is but a question of debate to-day, if it be proper to avow and impress one's principles upon others, despite the painful disenchantment which might follow in the dispersion of long and greatly cherished tenets, and the grief occasioned by the divergency of views. Bacon says: "No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth," but "the truth at any cost" is a more difficult problem to solve. The search for truth, whether in the arts, sciences, philosophy or religion, is being daily pressed with much vigour, and it appears absurd to suggest anything to obstruct its road.

Yet there must be something wrong in a system which carries pain and distress in its progress, and which justifies us in stopping to consider, and when we do so will we not find that the whole difficulty arises from the rate of speed adopted, and the too rapid advances of thought? Any law which is beyond the average intellect and understanding will never be properly obeyed, and no matter what be the strength of the executive, will never be enforced.

The great thinkers are comparatively few, the masses are slower to reason and comprehend, and cannot keep up with them, to enforce advanced views would give rise to friction, a state of affairs which history has frequently shown us to have developed into strife and bloodshed. This is equally applicable to all branches and spheres of human thought and action, but in religion it is specially prominent.

Let us assume the case, not of a nation but of an individual. Man and woman brought up in the same religion marry. After a lapse of some years the wife continues to practise and maintain the religious tenets to which she has always been accustomed. The husband in the exercise of his reasoning powers, conscientiously believes no longer in his former religious views, or perhaps in any religion at all. Their children are budding into boy and girlhood, the period of the greatest anxiety to parents. The wife and relatives near and dear on both sides are sorely grieved and pained at the husband's altered views. What should be his course? To avoid a semblance of hypocrisy he should openly avow and rejoice in his convictions, and attempt to convert his wife and relatives, and educate his children up to the same; but wife and relatives cannot and will not depart from their cherished faith and equally conscientious belief. These differences lead to all manner of unpleasantness, which may perchance be the means of further estrangement, and marital difficulties. Should he for the sake of peace, happiness, and contentment refrain from interfering with their, or even practising his own convictions? And if he so did, could he be held amenable to the consequences of the vice of hypocrisy?

He thinks "the truth at any price" principle must be tempered with the words tolerance and forbearance. I cite the words of Tupper, whose proverbial philosophy abounds with lessons of this nature:

"I say not compromise the right,
I would not have thee countenance the wrong,
But hear with charitable heart the reasons of an honest judgment,
For thou also hast erred, and knowest not when thou art most right,
Nor whether to-morrow's wisdom may not prove the simple to-day,
Perchance thou art chiding in another what once thou wast thyself,
Perchance thou sharply reprovest
What thou wilt be hereafter."

All progress to be beneficial and lasting must be gradual. A man may find himself in advance of his day, is he not fulfilling his duty by contributing to that progress in such measure as not to inflict pain upon others? For this tolerance is too oft lost sight of by those from whom it should be most forthcoming, and it should be remembered, as Tupper further says:

"There is no similitude in nature that owneth not also to a difference,
Yea no two berries are alike, though twins upon one stem,
No drop in the ocean, no pebble on the beach, no leaf in the forest hath its counterpart.
No mind in its dwelling of mortality, no spirit in the world unseen,
And therefore since capacity and essence differ alike, with accident,
None but a bigot partisan, will hope for impossible unity."

The old adage says: "The truth is mighty and will prevail." *Pre-vail* implies time, and were this couple to display a mutual forbearance, would either of them be guilty of hypocrisy, and if they were, would such hypocrisy not be justifiable?

Montreal.

NEM.

THE "Statistical Abstract of India," which has just been issued, contains an estimate of the present population of India. According to the census of 1881, the population of British territory was 198,790,853, and of the native States 55,191,742, giving a total of 253,982,595. The estimated population of Cashmere (which was not included in the census) in 1873 was 1,500,000; of Upper Burmah in 1886, 3,000,000; and of the Burmese Shan States, 2,000,000. The yearly increment of the population is at least ½ per cent. With these additions, and with allowances for annual increments since the census of February, 1881, the population of India in March, 1887, would be—British territory, 207,754,578; the native States, 60,382,466; giving a total population for all India of 268,137,044. Both in British territory and the native States the number of males is much larger than that of females. In 1881 in British territory there were 181.2 males to 97.4 females; and in the native States 28.7 males to 26.4 females; and in all India there were in that year just 6,013,419 more males than females.

RONDEAU: I WILL FORGET.

I WILL forget those days of mingled bliss
 And dear delicious pain,—will cast from me
 All dreams of what I know can never be,
 Even the remembrance of that parting kiss—
 I knew that some day it would come to this
 In spite of all our sworn fidelity,
 That I must banish even memory,
 And, sorrowing, learn to say, nor say amiss
 I will forget.

I register this vow, and am content
 That it be so. Ah me! yet,—if the door
 Shut on our heaven might be asunder rent
 Even now, and I could see the way we went,
 I might retract my vow, and say no more
 I will forget.

SOPHIE M. ALMON.

LONDON LETTER.

NOTES ON AN AUTUMN HOLIDAY.

THERE is a tract of amethyst-coloured moorland, of rounded hill and stretching vale, and wild wastes scented with meadowsweet, through which you come before reaching the grey valley-village of Kirby Moorside, scene of Pope's famous lines—a tract so lonely and beautiful it were easy to fancy oneself in Scotland rather than in Yorkshire. For hours I hear no sound beyond the queer rustling of some small animal in the leafy ditch, or the trill of the brook by my side, or the quick twitter of an alarmed bird; I meet scarce one human being beyond a child, blackberry stained, and a hardfaced tramp brushing against the scarlet hips and haws, the stitchwort and briony in the hedges. As I to-day, so yesterday the good fathers from Rievaulx Abbey by Helmsley took to the same path, rested at the same points of view, listened to much the same sounds; they searched no doubt for the herbs and simples that still grow close to my hand, and as the lane turns from Gillamore down past the meadows to the beautiful Kirk by the side of the moor (from which the village takes its name), they too, I am sure, have leaned often enough against the stile as I do, idly listening to, only half hearing, the hum from the villages near by. In a moment I have to make way for two lads who eat raw turnip and care naught for the stranger, and by and by there comes an old grey man, like one of Hardy's clowns, who stays to point out where, somewhere near the sky to the right is that wonderful Kirkdale cave in which were discovered not long ago bones of all sorts of animals no longer to be found here (rhinoceros, bear, hyena, wolf, forming only a short part of his list), and who says he knew me to be a "foreigner," i.e. a native of another county, by my accent: this from him, whose meaning I can often only guess at, pronunciation and words alike being almost unintelligible at times! Then at last I pass the last meadow, and go by many an open door through which I catch glimpses of the family at their midday meal, till opposite the turning to the church I halt beside a low gabled dwelling-house where once was acted a death scene of the most painful description, startling enough even when stripped of the exaggerated details so freely bestowed by the poet. You have heard of "the worst inn's worst room" all your life, have you not? Now will you not come in with me and my guide, and see what the scenery of the dreadful little tragedy really was like?

In the first place this never was an inn at all—though next door was, and is, one—and here the great Duke of Buckingham was brought because the house belonged to one of his tenants, who implored his landlord, after the day's hunt, to rest here rather than go on to Helmsley with this ague fit upon him. So up the steep stairs he was carried to the best chamber with the beamed ceiling which fronts the street. Tourists still come to look at the little room for the sake of the rhymes written on the restless, miserable visitor imprisoned against his will, who, on an April day, with no one to cheer him or to talk in his own language but his old tutor, Dr. Barrow, went from these peaceful country sounds—went where, I wonder?

Do you remember a letter written by the Duke while lying in that alcove, on the "flock-bed repaired with straw, with tape-tied curtains never meant to draw"? "I have always looked upon you to be a person of some virtue," he cries to Barrow, "and know you to have a sound understanding; for however I may have acted in opposition to the principles of religion or the dictates of reason, I can honestly assure you I have always had the highest veneration for both. The world and I shake hands, for I dare affirm we are heartily sick of each other. Oh, what a prodigal have I been of that most valuable of all possessions—time! To what a situation am I reduced! Is this odious little hut a suitable lodging for a prince? Is this anxiety of mind becoming the character of a Christian? From my rank I might have expected affluence to wait upon my life; from religion and understanding, peace to smile upon my head; instead of which I am afflicted with poverty, and haunted with remorse; despised by my country, and, I fear, forsaken by my God. I am forsaken by all my acquaintances; utterly neglected by the friends of my bosom and dependents on my bounty; but no matter, I am not fit to converse with the former, and have no abilities to serve the latter. Let me not, however, be forsaken by the good. Favour me with a visit as soon as possible. I am of opinion this is the last visit I shall ever solicit from you; my distemper is powerful; come and pray for the departing spirit of poor unhappy Buckingham." These lines are full of pathos when listened to in the very place where they were written; these old walls heard the substance of them from the lips of the poor dying man who turned eagerly to the pastor and master of his boyhood; this narrow room echoed with the feverish talk of the powerful Duke (son of the murdered "Steenie," lying under a gorgeous canopied

monument in Westminster Abbey), whose lightest word once swayed kings, controlled courts, and who now looked for comfort to the humble parson at his side. The description of the George and Garter dangling from the bed (but did any one ever go a-hunting in their ribbons and stars?) is a fine poetic touch. What would Pope have made of the fact, had he known it, that Buckingham's seal was found not long ago, when the wainscot was being repaired?

The curtain falls on the pitiful fifth act, horrible ending to a play from which, when it began, the most brilliant results might have been expected. The mother who cradled this sinner, the wife who loved him, cruel, witty Lady Shrewsbury at the head of that gay Clivedon so far away from here.—these must have been among the phantoms who gazed at His Grace as he lay on his pillows with the ague-fever blurring his sight, confusing his speech. "If rats and maggots end us, then alarum! for we are betrayed," says Walt Whitman. Did rats and maggots indeed end this "lord of useless thousands" or, among those awful stars ("we don't know what there may be in one of them; perhaps the answer to all our difficulties or the cure of all our sufferings") did the troubled spirit of that great noble find a place? Hark, the bell tolls from the tower, and anon earth falls on the coffin lid of "George Vilans, lord dooke of bookingham" (according to the entry in the vestry-book), and later in the day, villagers gossiping on the alehouse bench note that the death-room windows are open wide, and His Grace's man is setting off on horseback with His Grace's few belongings, and then, to be sure, every incident connected with the illness is again and again discussed by these slow-witted, slow-tongued gentry. No doubt the news brought by packmen and pedlars of the troubles of this year (1688) may have given to the village politicians another subject upon which to talk, but the women folk can never have tired of hearing the story again and again from the Duke's hostess and nurse. To this day you can listen to many little incidents, which have not yet crept into the guide book, and which certainly contradict the statement of Sir Francis Doyle that "Zimri" Buckingham, as he is called in the Doyle memoirs, broke his neck out hunting—the existence of the well-known letter disproves that—and set Pope straight in the matter of the inn, though, as Doyle says, it is absurd to infer a man's degradation and ruin simply because, in consequence of an accident, he happens to die in a public-house. The sorrowful part of the scene is shadowed in his own words to Mr. Barrow, "I am haunted with remorse." I suppose when the news at last reached town, the lords and ladies were as little concerned as were the Queen and her courtiers on a somewhat similar occasion, about which we have read in Lord Hervey's admirable sketch: only Buckingham never returned to give the lie to rumour. In this quiet crowded churchyard he lies, and forgotten he would have been, I think, if it had not been for the smarting verse of the cross-grained little poet. As it is, people go out of their way to visit the gabled house by the side of the road, the quiet church, destitute of monuments or history; and on a fine summer's day the artist's white umbrella is met at many a turn in the twisting village street.

I shall forever connect Henry James' *Aspern Papers* with Kirby Moorside, as it was on the hill, while waiting for my train, that I read his wonderful account of poor Juliana in the Venetian villa, that Juliana, in whom it is easy to recognize Jane Claremont, Byron's "Clare." Can you not see the lonely, hard old woman in those miserable rooms? Can you not hear the dull tones of the hapless great-niece shut up in that living tomb with the poor lady who should have died by rights years and years ago? Clare—with the green shade over her beautiful eyes, sitting motionless in the window, her thoughts full of the intruding American, the "publishing scoundrel," as she calls him in her wrath—has no time or inclination to remember much of the days spent in Somers Town, in the back parlour (where hung the Opies) of the Skinner Street shop, of that unhappy girlhood among her curious family-party. Her mind seemed wholly bent on circumventing the Yankee interviewer, which I venture to say most women would have done in her place, and though it was with a sigh of regret I closed the book after I found the precious papers had indeed been burnt, still one can sympathize with a refusal to allow love letters to be printed, however much of interest to others they may contain. How much of this sketch is true, and how much false? Did Henry James bandy words in this unseemly fashion with his landlady (who proved too much for him, impertinent and intrusive as he undoubtedly was), and did he lead Miss Tita on to acknowledge her unrequited affection? And, finally, has he a miniature of Lord Byron hanging over his desk? I cannot imagine a more delightful "find" for a writer than an accommodating and talkative Miss Bordereau, who, over a dish of tea, would have told of adventures during the Swiss wanderings with the Shelleys, of the Venice days when Allegra was a tiny child and Byron, sweet tempered, floated with her in a gondola along the Grand Canal. But a Miss Bordereau who refused to speak of old times, who had naught to say but of the rent of the rooms, the flowers in the garden, must have been a bitter and intense disappointment, the remembrance of whom would poison one's meals, destroy one's rest. What had she done with her life from 1822, when one lost sight of her, till her death, about 1880, sixty years spent in poverty in a foreign land? If the mission to get the papers had been intrusted to a woman, a woman would have succeeded, I verily believe. Mr. James was not sympathetic, to say the least, and from the first he was suspicious in his manner. But I speak as if the story were exactly true, which it may not be, though the centre figure sat long enough for the portrait to be very like, I feel. It has remained for an American to give us this little sketch. Why did not one of our writers—Landor or Browning for instance—who knew Florence (where she lived), visit her; what "copy" could they not have got if they had gone tenderly and gently to work?

WALTER POWELL.

WALKS IN AUTUMN WOODS.

THE autumn woods do not attract us with the same irresistible magnetism which draws us to the woodland haunts of spring, so full of budding life and beauty. But though their beauty is rather of a pensive and saddening character to those who love intimate converse with Nature, it still well repays the explorer who is not repelled from seeking her company because she no longer basks in the warm sunshine and the abounding prosperity of summer. Naturally we do not so readily seek mossy nooks and woodland shades when cold north winds are blowing as when the warm breezes of May and June are filled with balm from opening buds and flowers. But there is many a soft, sweet day, even after the first frosts have come, when a quiet woodland stroll will well repay him who has eyes to see.

There is as great a variety of colour in the vernal woods as in those of autumn, but the later hues are much richer, deeper and more vivid, though lacking the exquisite delicacy characteristic of all opening life. The poplars are generally the first to give notice that the summer beauty is passing into autumn, for their tremulous leaves often turn brown and sere before the end of August. A stray branch of shad-bush or soft maple, too, may often be seen in September, forestalling the season of rich colouring, by its brilliant hues. The Virginia creeper is an early lover of change, and its gorgeous tints of flame-red crimson and purple glow in rich festoons about the grey rocks or twine round the long, column-like trunks of elm and pine.

When October comes in, however, a general yellowing of the forest verdure comes on gradually, day by day, as if some invisible artist were touching the landscape by night with a brush charged with golden tints. The birch is one of the most charming of trees at this season, shining, as it does, in airy golden lustre, its white limbs supporting a cloud of materialized sunshine. There can scarcely be a more striking contrast than that between the graceful golden brightness of the birches and the rich, dusky green of cedar and hemlock, as we know it on one picturesque high bank on the St. Lawrence. Next after the birches, in time, follow the maples in their many-coloured robes of pale yellow, amber, scarlet and crimson. The deep blood-red of some of the soft maples is one of the most striking features of our autumn woods. The sumach, too, is usually as early in appearing in its autumn costume of brilliant yellow, carmine and rich brown, which make it, with its graceful feathery foliage, as beautiful an ornamental shrub, at this season, as any garden can boast. This year, however, owing probably to the unusually abundant rain and damp atmosphere, the sumachs have remained green to an unusually late period, and faded away in dingy brown. Indeed the autumn foliage has generally shared this tendency to dinginess in the present autumn, owing, doubtless, to the same superabundance of moisture, showing that it is as much to our Canadian dryness of atmosphere as to sharp and sudden frosts that we owe the glory of our usual autumn foliage.

The tougher leaves of the oaks are longer in yielding a response to the silent touch of the invisible painter; but when they do they take lovely shades of amber and deep, dark red. Some of the younger oaks are studies of colour, in their deep, winey reds and glossy purples. Others, with morning or evening sunlight flashing on their gold and orange, look like the burning bush that appeared to Moses in the wilderness, and vividly recall the striking lines from "Aurora Leigh":—

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God,
But only he who sees takes off his shoes!"

The ash, beech, butternut and hickory wear a less brilliant livery—"harmonious" in soft, mellow ambers and yellows,—turning soon to the sober russet which serves as a quiet background to the more vivid hues. Some of the beeches take a very rich amber, dashed with warm brown. The iron-wood, or hornbeam, is like a paler echo of the beech, while the basswood's colouring is very slight and evanescent. As for the shad-bush, it shows almost as plainly in its light yellow, throughout the autumn woods, as its snow-wreathed boughs do amid the leafless trees of early spring, while many a low and straggling creeper spreads a mosaic of lovely ruby and gold along the ground so soon to be carpeted thickly with the dark and sodden leaves of dull November.

But one of the most attractive features of the autumn woods is the rich, velvety green of the mosses, brought out by the increasing humidity of the mornings and evenings, and emphasized by the preponderance of other colours in the surrounding foliage. Their deep, cool greens, encrusting grey rocks or gnarled old roots, and relieved here and there by silvern-cupped lichens, refresh the eye and are a tempting study of colour for an artist. The ferns, too, keep their vivid green far into the winter, and even in the spring their drooping heads are found—still green—beneath the melting snow. The light, graceful foliage of the little Robert geranium is found in great abundance in these autumn days; and here and there a tiny pink-petalled flower shows its graceful head after all the goldenrods and asters have disappeared.

Nor must the birds be forgotten in a sketch of the autumn woods. Some of the summer birds have gone almost before a leaf changed. The blackbirds, after much vociferous declamation, as they clustered thickly on some dead and leafless boughs, came to a final decision and flew away to sunnier climes. The humming birds had taken a quieter flight still earlier, and their glowing whirr of green and gold is no longer seen about the still surviving blossoms. The phoebe bird and golden oriole, too, are seen no more. But the catbird's sharp cry is still heard, the woodpecker's bright plumage is still seen glancing along the trunks of the tall old trees, the nuthatch also skims lightly up and down these on the same errand, the glea of a kinglet or can occasionally be seen, and two or three new birds, in winter costumes of slaty-grey, may be noticed, apparently strangers from still colder climes.

But, even as we write, the November winds are stripping the forest of its last russet tones, and leaving it a dull and colourless mass. Let us at least take comfort in the thought that the leaves do not leave behind them utterly bare and lifeless boughs, but that the careful observer may see on them, even now, the tiny beginning of the new buds that are to grow and swell through all the dark winter days, and carry, stored in their tiny sheaths, the germ and the promise of the fresh new foliage which is to gladden a fresh new spring. In which he that hath eyes to see may read a parable of life.

FIDELIS.

THE GREAT PLAY.

THERE is a playwright older than the years,
Who maketh all men actors in his play,
And, though they know not what they do or say,
The purpose of the plot in all appears.
Each in his turn, beset with inborn fears,
Enters, unseen, youth's comedy so gay,
Laughs through the hours that glide too soon away
Beneath the clouds of soul-consuming tears.
Then manhood's tragedy with perils fraught,
Pursues its fickle fortunes to the end,
When Fate the villain of the piece doth send,
By whom the last exciting scene is wrought.
A timely stab from Death's sure-falling knife
Brings down the curtain o'er the play of life.

SAREPTA.

OUR FASHIONABLE PASS-TIMES.

I AM inclined to think that a man's enjoyment of solitude could, in many cases, be taken as a fair test of his morality and of his intellectuality—and, for the matter of that, of his physicality too. For when is it that we take pleasure in loneliness? When we are (1) well, when (2) our minds are active, and when (3) our consciences are free—i.e., when we are physically, intellectually, and morally healthy, normal. Pleasure in companionship is no test, because companionship, gaiety, "society" is often used as an antidote, a remedy for some morbid process, some physical, intellectual or moral disease—it is a craving for a stimulant or a sedative. In fact I venture to think that almost all forms of social gaiety as at present practised, all "At Homes," "Afternoon Teas," Dances, "Quiet Evenings," operas even, and plays owe their existence, not to the healthy pleasure of communicating with other minds, or finding sympathies in other hearts; not to the love of Art, or the craving for Beauty, but to the simple but deplorable fact that we, each of us, men and women alike, suffer, and we would find something by which to forget our pain. It is a drug: a narcotic, an opiate—nothing more or less.

If this is a fact, it must also be a fact that social gaiety tends to no permanent benefit, is provocative of no real good; for all narcotics produce a reaction, a lowering of the system; which lowering cries aloud for more narcotics.

One significant sign showing that our fashionable pass-times are in reality drugs not nutriment, medicines for diseased hearts and minds, not food for healthy and vigorous ones, is that in all the unnumbered remarks that we make—in the dance, at the dinner-table, in the adjoining seat at the play—never in the whole history of our being "out" do we once venture to tread on the border-land, to approach the outermost confines of the great facts of nature or art, much less of the serious facts of life. The man who would open a conversation with his "partner" in the valse on the aim of life would be a bold one. The cleverness of the last novel (not its moral—if it has one; never that); the talent of the latest "star"; the recent concert and the oral contortions of the *cantatrices* therein; the peculiarities of the Rev. Mr. So-and-So; the "haw-hawness" of young Mr. Somebody-or-other of such-and-such a Bank; the outrageous conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Somebody-else—this is the all-in-all of the thoughts, the thoughts interchanged in beautifully furnished drawing-rooms by beautifully dressed men and women in full possession of sane minds. What he said and how she looked, is pretty much the sum-total of every-day "conversation." Were all genial hosts and hostesses, and all their pink-cheeked and broad-shouldered guests escaped inmates of some enormous asylum for idiots, persons of weak minds, there would be nothing to say. But unfortunately they are not.

"Unfortunately" I say, because the knowledge of the world, the civilization of the world, the progress of the world, is supposed to be carried on by these people, and it is these people who spend the majority of their winter afternoons and nights in thoughtless chatter, and the majority of their evenings in decking themselves out preparatory for thoughtless chatter. What they do in the mornings I confess I do not know. Probably some of them work for or order the food necessary to maintain strength for this arduous daily vespertine toil—some perhaps boil or bake this food. I doubt if many are in a fit condition to promote the civilization and progress of the world between the hours of six, a.m., and twelve, noon—this insignificant business is left to "navvies," and mechanics, and professional men—"day labourers" in short.

"Recreation," do I hear? Nonsense! Everybody knows that the essence of recreation is rest, not turmoil, crush, fatigue, heart-burnings. After the seven or eight hours at the office or spent in household duties, recreation is necessary. But who shall call this endless succession of "Mr. and Mrs. Asterisk at Home—Dancing"—each differing from the one before and the one after only by the greater and lesser quantity of

unsavoury matter talked about—who shall call this recreation? If this is healthful recreation for men in their senses, then is thumb-twiddling good exercise for athletes in training. Art abounds, literature abounds, but tittle-tattle doth much more abound!

One thing only can be said, as far as I can see, in favour of our present system of fashionable pass-time—it brings young men and young women together. Next to an antidote to *ennui* this, I suppose, is the *raison d'être* of all social gatherings. Fathers and mothers have daughters whose recognized vocation in life is to seek eligible *partis*, and the fathers and mothers "entertain," and are "entertained" (save the mark) in order that the seeking daughters and the sought *partis* may have an opportunity of meeting each other. "Society" is the University of Matrimony*; drawing-rooms (and stair-cases, and conservatories, and dim halls) are its lecture-rooms; hostesses and chaperones are its professors. In this "institution," under such teachers, the young woman does her best to appear. . . . as she would like to appear, and the young man does likewise. What *she* really is like the young man does not know. What *he* is like the all-too-astute young woman probably knew long before she registered as an undergraduate—came "out" *videlicet*.

However, banter apart, this coming together of young men and young women is the brightest side of this whole sad business. It is bright because it takes a very great deal to tarnish youth, beauty, health and strength. The coming-together of youth with youth is always poetical. How enchanting, how refiningly, ennoblingly enchanting is the presence of a young, good girl! George Stevenson was once asked by a lady who wished to draw him out on his favourite subject, steam, what was "the greatest power on earth!" "A woman's eyes," he gallantly answered, "for they will draw a man from one end of the world to another." Ah! I know a greater—a woman's *heart*, for it will draw a man from one world into another.

But how much of a woman's heart does our form of fashionable pass-time allow a man to see? A good deal of dress (considering the *tourmure*) it allows him to see; something also of neck and shoulders; but her heart—no. Little, too, of her tastes (her milliner's taste is always apparent). There is nothing to call her tastes forth—except dance music, and jellied turkey, and oyster soup. Nothing at all of her feelings, her emotions, her sympathies. For how could he narrate a harrowing tale of poverty and suffering as he bows to his *vis à-vis* in the quadrille—or how could he describe a waterfall as he hands an ice—or discuss the relative merits of Tourguenieff and Heine as he collides with an awkward couple? No, the Professoriate in the University of Matrimony cares for none of these things. The students, poor things, must learn what they can by themselves. Let us hope that when they themselves grow up to be professors they will inaugurate a new system of fashionable pass-time. T. A. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JUSTICE TO CANADIAN AUTHORS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—There is at present running through a number of Canadian country papers a story entitled "A Thread of Life, or Sunshine and Shade," without the name of the author or any acknowledgment of any kind. This story is simply a reprint of Mr. Grant Allen's story "This Mortal Coil," which has been published as a serial in the pages of *Chambers' Journal*. I understand that the front page of these newspapers—story included—is a Toronto publisher's. I suppose there could scarcely be two opinions as to whether it is just to an author—and that author a Canadian by birth—thus to appropriate his work without even giving him credit for the authorship! It is no wonder if "Canadian literature" is overlooked, when a prominent Canadian author can be thus ignored by the very people who are profiting by his labours! If there is no check on this absolute appropriation of British copyrights, I think there ought to be. I believe the author has it in his power to levy a certain tribute on each copy of his works imported into Canada, and, if the above practice should be continued, he may possibly do so. FIDELIS.

METHODS OF M'GILL.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In reference to my communication on "Methods of McGill," which appeared in a recent issue of THE WEEK, I desire to inform Mr. George Hague that it was in no sense intended as part of a "correspondence" with him. I may be an "unknown individual," but my utter insignificance is not devoid of a self-respect which should restrain me from associating even my *nom de plume* with the name of a man who could act as he has done, and who could perpetrate the letter he has published on this question.

I did not append *my* name to *my* communication because I believed that I spoke officially and responsibly, representing the interests of common justice and not my own; and because I believed that my statement required nothing beyond its inherent authenticity. And I decline to accept Mr. Hague's challenge to reveal my name now, for the same reasons, and also because I consider that neither my name nor his can alter the facts. I have not the honour of Mr. Hague's acquaintance, but I happen to know the circumstances of this case from beginning to end, perhaps more intimately than may be convenient for him to learn. I need not surmise what may have been his intention in his first, and now in, his

second letter, in speaking "unofficially," and only "on his own responsibility," but I believe that either he has spoken officially as a governor or that he has had no right to speak at all. In an important public question of this nature, George Hague as George Hague is simply on a level with his humble "unknown individual," but George Hague as a Governor of McGill University is responsible, in spite of himself, for his declarations, which are either official or they are nothing.

He has therefore undertaken officially to characterize my contributions to this question as (1) *misrepresentations*, (2) *slanderous innuendoes*, (3) *down-right falsehoods* and (4) *important suppressions*. It is no trifling matter, but a question which I believe has had no precedent in the history of the University, and is of vital importance not only to the University as a whole, but to the Principal and Governors individually as well as collectively, to the whole professoriate, not only in Arts, but in Law and Medicine, and to every graduate and under-graduate in Montreal and out of it. The only thing for me to do now is to call upon the Board on the one side and Dr. Clark Murray on the other to prove or disprove Mr. Hague's assertions by the publication of the correspondence which has passed between them. MEDICUS.

LONDON SIGHTS IN 1837.

LET us, friend Eighty-seven, take a walk down the Strand on this fine April afternoon of thirty-seven. First, however, you must alter your dress a little. Put on this swallow-tail coat, with the high velvet collar—it is more becoming than the sporting coat in green bulging out over the hips; change your light tie and masher collar for this beautiful satin stock and this double breastpin; put on a velvet waistcoat and an underwaistcoat of cloth; thin Cossack trousers with straps will complete your costume; turn your shirt cuffs back outside the coat sleeve, carry your gloves in your hand, and take your cane. You are now, dear Eighty-seven, transformed into the dandy of fifty years ago, and will not excite any attention as we walk along the street.

We will start from Charing Cross and will walk towards the city. You cannot remember, Eighty-seven, the King's Mews that stood here on the site of Trafalgar Square. When it is completed, with the National Gallery on the north side, the monument and statue of Nelson, the fountains and statues that they talk about, there will be a very fine square. And we have certainly got rid of a group of mean and squalid streets to make room for the square. It is lucky that they have left Northumberland House, the last of the great palaces that once lined the Strand.

The Strand looks very much as it will in your time, though the shop fronts are not by any means so fine. There is no Charing Cross Station, or Northumberland Avenue; most of the shops have bow windows, and there is no plate glass, but instead, small panes such as you will only see here and there in your time. The people, however have a surprisingly different appearance. The ladies, because the east wind is cold, still keep to their fur tippets, their thick shawls, and have their necks wrapped round with boas, the ends of which hang down to their skirts, a fashion revived by yourself; their bonnets are remarkable structures, like an ornamental coal-scuttle of the Thirty seven, not the Eighty-seven, period, and some of them are of surprising dimensions and decorated with an amazing profusion of ribbons and artificial flowers. Their sleeves are shaped like a leg of mutton; their shawls are like a dining-room carpet of the time—not like your dining-room carpet, Eighty-seven, but a carpet of flaunting colours, crimson and scarlet which would give you a headache. But the curls of the younger ladies are not without their charms, and their eyes are as bright as those of their grand-children, are they not?

Let us stand still awhile and watch the throng where the tide of life, as Johnson said, is the fullest.

Here comes, with a roll intended for a military swagger, the cheap dandy. I know not what he is by trade; he is too old for a medical student, not shabby enough for an attorney's clerk, and not respectable enough for a city clerk. Is it possible that he is a young gentleman of very small fortune which he is running through? He wears a tall hat broader at the top than at the bottom, he carries white thread gloves, sports a cane, has his trousers tightly strapped, wears a tremendously high stock, with a sham diamond pin, a coat with a velvet collar, and a double-breasted waistcoat. His right hand is stuck—it is an aggressive attitude—in his coat tail pocket. The little old gentleman who follows him, in black shorts and white silk stockings, will be gone before your time; so will yonder still more ancient gentleman in powdered hair and pigtail, who walks slowly along. Pig-tails in your time will be clean forgotten, as well as black silk shorts.

Do you see that thin spare gentleman in the cloak, riding slowly along the street followed by a mounted servant? The people all take off their hats respectfully to him, and country-folk gaze upon him curiously. That is the Duke. There is only one Duke to the ordinary Briton. It is the Duke with the hook nose—the Iron Duke—the Duke of Wellington.

The new-fashioned cabriolet, with a seat at the side for the driver and a high hood for the fares, is light and swift, but it is not beautiful nor is it popular. The wheels are too high and the machine is too narrow. It is always upsetting and bringing its passengers to grief.

Here is one of the new police, with blue swallow tail coat tightly buttoned, and white trousers. They are reported to be mightily unpopular with the light-fingered gentry, with whose pursuits they are always interfering in a manner unknown to the ancient Charley.

Here comes a gentleman darkly and mysteriously clad in a fur-lined cloak, fastened at his neck by a brass buckle and falling to his feet, such a cloak as in your time will only be used to enwrap the villains in a burlesque. But here no one takes any notice of it. There goes a man who

* How many take a post-graduate course?

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE TEACHER IN AND OUT OF SCHOOL.

It matters not how broad a man may be by nature, if he rivets his attention upon the minor matters of his profession he is sure to have his common sense submerged in a sea of trifling details. There is no cumulative force in centering on the lesser matters of the school room. Volumes could be written upon the unfulfilled anticipation of teachers who had the native qualities of true greatness, but have been content with the tantalizing substitutes for high aspirations. We are not unappreciative of the true glory of the pedagogical fraternity, but, large as is the teacher's field of usefulness, it is worth the teacher's while to consider those influences which are bracing to his whole system without intrenching upon professional effectiveness. Teachers give as a reason for not doing social, intellectual, religious work outside their immediate requirements that they become so much exhausted with their school duties that they cannot, and they base it upon the fact that teachers break down nervously much sooner than other professional people. One hour of hard work for school out of school hours ought to be sufficient with the ordinary man, and this is usually best given in the morning by a man who rises early. This leaves a man his evenings for culture and breadth. Broaden, broaden every time, broaden at every point.—*Journal of Education.*

INDIGESTION.

INDIGESTION is something more than simply an inconvenience. A body which is served with food by a dyspeptic stomach receives very poor material of which to rebuild its tissues. None of the food is perfectly digested, and hence the quality of all the tissues is deteriorated. The stomach sometimes holds up wonderfully under the heavy burdens laid upon it and digests a much larger amount of food than is necessary to supply the wants of the body. In such cases the excessive amount of nutriment received is either at once excreted or accumulates in the tissues, clogging the various organs and interfering with their proper activity. Accumulations of this sort are the chief cause of gout, rheumatism, biliousness, and numerous other disorders which are usually attributed to other causes. Eating when tired and engaging in active mental or physical exercise immediately after a hearty meal are two of the most common sins against dietetic rectitude in our modern civilization. An old medical writer tells us that a hundred years ago it was the custom among the merchants of Edinburgh to take two hours' "nooning" for dinner in the middle of the day, during which time the shops were closed and all business suspended. It is quite hopeless to attempt a resurrection of this good old-fashioned custom in these fast times; and the best thing we can suggest is that no hearty meal should be eaten during the active business hours of the day, unless at least an hour or two can be allowed after the meal has been taken to give the stomach opportunity to get the digestive process well under way. The plan which our personal experience leads us to prefer is to defer the hearty meal, as did the old Romans, until the latter part of the day, say four o'clock in the afternoon, taking, if necessary, an apple, a bunch of grapes, an orange or two, or some equally simple food at midday to appease the clamouring of the stomach until it has become accustomed to the lengthened interval between the first and second meals. Two meals a day are in every way preferable to a larger number. The ancient Greeks and Romans took but one meal per diem. During the republican era the Roman custom was to eat twice a day, breakfast being simply a light repast of fruit and bread. At the present time the two-meal-a-day plan prevails quite extensively in France and Spain, especially among the better classes. The inmates of the hospitals in Paris are supplied with but two meals a day. The same is true respecting the soldiers of the French army.—*Good Health.*

WHAT WE LOOK LIKE FROM THE MOON.

SEEN from the moon, which gravitates around us at the mean distance of 240,000 miles, the earth appears four times greater in diameter and thirteen miles wider in surface; and, consequently, more luminous than our satellite does to us. Immovable in the black depths of celestial space, she soars with majesty, seeming to reign over human destinies, and shows phases analogous to those exhibited in the moon, but in inverse order. When the sun covers with his rays the terrestrial hemisphere that faces the moon, the latter is new, and the full earth is shining in the sky, while at the moment of the full moon it is the non-illuminated part of our globe that is turned toward this neighbouring world; the earth is then new. To the first lunar quarter corresponds the last terrestrial quarter, and to the first quarter of the earth the last quarter of the moon. The lunar day, the period during which our satellite successively presents every portion of her surface to the solar rays, and, consequently, makes one revolution upon her axis, equals twenty-nine days, twelve hours and forty-four minutes. During this long diurnal period the earth offers its first quarter at sunset and its last at sunrise. So the "earthlight" contributes much more to the illumination of the lunar nights than the moonlight does to the illuminating of our nights, and the selenites have truly more reasons for believing that the earth exists for the sole purpose of dissipating the darkness of their nights than we have for considering the moon as created to be the torch of terrestrial nights. Our planet is afterward visible, amid the stars, and despite the sun's presence, under the form of a large crescent, which gradually diminishes in width until it entirely disappears at the moment of the new earth. The daily rotation of the earth upon its axis forms a very attractive spectacle. Varied spots mark our continents and

may have been an officer, an actor, a literary man, a gambler—anything; whatever he was, he is now broken down—his face is pale, his gait is shuffling, his elbows are gone, his boots are giving at the toes, and—see—the stout red-faced man with the striped waistcoat and the bundle of seals hanging at his fob, has tapped him on the shoulder. That is a sheriff's officer, and he will now be conducted, after certain formalities, to the King's Bench or the Fleet, and in this happy retreat he will probably pass the remainder of his days. Here comes a middle-aged gentleman who looks almost like a coachman in his coat with many capes and his purple cheeks. That is the famous coaching baronet, than whom no better whip has ever been seen upon the road. Here come a pair of young bloods who scorn coats and great-coats. How bravely do they tread in their light trousers, bright coloured waistcoats, and high satin stocks! with what a jaunty air do they tilt their low-crowned hats over their long and wavy locks—you can smell the bear's grease across the road! with what a flourish do they bear their canes! Here comes swaggering along the pavement a military gentleman in a coat much be-frogged. He has the appearance of one who knows Chalk Farm, which is situated among meadows where the morning air has been known to prove suddenly fatal to many gallant gentleman. How he swings his shoulders and squares his elbows! and how the peaceful passengers make room for him to pass! He is, no doubt, an old Peninsular; there are still many like unto him; he is the ruffling captain known to Queen Elizabeth's time; in the last century he took the wall and shoved everybody into the gutter. Presently he will turn into the cigar divan—he learned to smoke cigars in Spain—in the rooms of what was once the Repository of Arts; we breathe more freely when he is gone.

Here comes a great hulking sailor; his face beams with honesty, he rolls in his gait, he hitches up his wide trousers, he wears his shiny hat at the back of his head; his hair hangs in ringlets; he chews a quid; under his arm is a parcel tied in red bandanna. He looks as if he were in some perplexity. Sighting one who appears to be a gentleman recently from the country, he bears down upon him.

"Noble captain," he whispers hoarsely, "if you like here's a chance that doesn't come every day. For why? I've got to go to sea again, and though they are smuggled—smuggled them myself, your honour—and worth their weight in gold, you shall have the box for thirty shilling'. Say the word my captain, and come round the corner with me."

Honest tar! Shall we meet him to-morrow with another parcel tied in the same bandanna, his face screwed up with the same perplexity and anxiety to get rid of his valuable burden? You yourself, Eight-seven, will have your confidence trick, your ring dropper, your thimble-and-pea, your fat partridge seller, even though the bold smuggler be no more.

In the matter of street music, we of Thirty-seven are perhaps in advance of you of Eighty-seven. We have not, it is true, the pianoforte organ, but we have already the other two varieties—the Rumbling Droner and the Light Tinkler. We have not yet the street nigger, or the banjo, or the band of itinerant blacks, or Christy's minstrels. The negro minstrel does not exist in any form. But the ingenious Mr. Rice is at this very moment studying the plantation songs of South Carolina, and we can already witness his humorous personation of "Jump; Jim Crow," and his pathetic ballad of "Lucy Neal" (he made his first appearance at the Adelphi as Jim Crow in 1836). We have, like you, the Christian family in reduced circumstances, creeping slowly, hand in hand, along the streets, singing a hymn the while for the consolation it affords. They have not yet invented Moody and Sankey, and, therefore, they cannot sing "Hold the Fort," or "Dare to be a Daniel," but there are hymns in every collection which suit the Gridler. We have also the ballad-singer, who warbles at the door of the gin-palace. His favourite song just now is "All round my Hat." We have the lady (or gentleman) who takes her (or his) place upon the kerb with a guitar, adorned with red ribbon, and sings a sentimental song, such as "Speed on, my mules, for Leila waits for me," or "Gaily the Troubadour;" there is the street seller of ballads at a penny each, a taste of which he gives the delighted listener; there are the horns of stage-coach and of omnibus, blown with zeal: there is the bell of the crier, exercised as religiously as that of the railway-porter; the Pandean pipes and the drum-walk, not only with Punch, but also with the dancing bear. The performing dogs, the street acrobats, and the fantoccine; the noble Highlander not only stands outside the tobacconist's taking a pinch of snuff, but he also parades the streets, blowing a most patriotic tune upon his bagpipes; the butcher serenades his young mistress with the cleaver and the bones; the Italian boy delights all the ears of those who bear with his hurdy-gurdy.

Here comes the Paddington omnibus, the first omnibus of all, started seven years ago by Mr. Shillibeer, the father of all those which have driven the short stages of the road, and now ply in every street. You will not fail to observe that the knifeboard has not yet been invented. There are twelve passengers inside and none out. The conductor is already remarkable for his truthfulness, his honesty, and his readiness to take up any lady and to deposit her within ten yards of wherever she wishes to be. The fare is sixpence, and you must wait for ten years before you get a two-penny 'bus.—*Fifty Years Ago, by Walter Besant.*

A CONSIDERABLE quantity of German red clover is annually imported into New Zealand, where it flourishes, but has not hitherto ripened sufficiently to yield seed for reproduction. This has been explained by the absence of those fructifying insects which, it is well known, contribute so much in Europe to the propagation of many kinds of plants. In 1885 a parcel of 100 wild bees was imported from England and set free in the neighbourhood of Lyttelton. They multiplied greatly, spreading over a considerable district; and already the farmers near Lyttelton were able last season to gather and make use of clover seed from their own fields.

seas, over which move vast bands of clouds. Two white caps cover the poles. The oceans have a bluish green colour and appear darker than the land. The contour of the disk, more luminous than the inner part, is reddish under the influence of atmospheric refraction. Europe and Africa, Asia and the Indian Sea, the Pacific, the two Americas, and the Atlantic defile in turn every twenty-four hours. The earth thus forms a marvellous celestial clock that may be consulted by but a glance at the heavens, and to which the succession of the terrestrial phases adds another base for the measurement of time. Seen from the centre of the visible hemisphere of the moon, the earth hovers always in the zenith. In measure as an advance is made toward the edges of the disk, our globe appears to descend progressively, and, from the circumference of the lunar hemisphere, it is observed to oscillate at the horizon. In the course of the long lunar night of 354 hours, which forms half of the diurnal period and succeeds daylight, the earth soars majestically in the heavens, undergoing her phases from the first to the last quarter, and at midnight shines with intense light fourteen times stronger than that of the full moon. With so strong a light do we illuminate that part of our satellite which is dark at this epoch that it becomes visible from here, owing to the reflection of the terrestrial rays from its surface. The reflection of a reflection is styled ashen light. The earth, an enormous globe of ever varied aspect, suspended at a fixed point of space, therefore presents to the selenites a charming spectacle. The inhabitants of the visible hemisphere of the moon, where our globe is unknown, have to take a long voyage in order, from the lunar face turned toward us, to contemplate that magnificent star which we call the earth, and which up there must bear names that express all the admiration that she inspires.—*La Science Illustrée*.

MUSIC.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

The battle-cry of "St. George for Merrie England" drew a fairly large audience to the Pavilion on Thanksgiving evening. The usual enthusiasm which accompanies comparatively small numbers was exhibited, as nearly every number was encored. Mr. Torrington's orchestra made its first appearance of the season, and rendered a most satisfactory account of itself. The intonation of the orchestra has improved, and while minor faults are not absent, the ensemble seems to promise steady improvement. The establishment of this body is one that reflects the greatest credit on Mr. Torrington's energy and ability as a conductor. It fills a much needed niche in the row of our musical institutions, and will become a powerful agent in musical matters if the public will give it the support it deserves. Its contributions to the programme were Lavalley's "Bridal Rose" overture; Bailey's waltz, "Till We Meet Again;" Meyerbeer's "Coronation" march, and the "Winter Frolics" galop. Its efforts were received with hearty and prolonged applause.

The instrumental solos by Messrs. Clarke, Arlidge, Spacey, and Smith were well rendered and received the inevitable encore. Miss Robinson sang "The Song for Me" and "Good Bye," receiving a recall for the former. She was in good voice and sang her songs very well, the only fault being a tendency to injure the true pitch. Mr. Warrington was at his best and gave a splendid rendering of Mr. Torrington's "Canada the Gem in the Crown" and the "Three Jolly Brothers." Mr. Sims Richards also sang well, but the effect of this gentleman's singing would be much better if he would keep himself a little more quiet on the platform. The agony of unrest was on him.

MRS ALICE J. SHAW.

This lady, whose fame as a whistler preceded her advent to Toronto, gave a concert at the Pavilion on Monday evening, and was received by a large and apparently kindly disposed audience. Mrs. Shaw has a great ability in this unique branch of the musical art. She whistles in a rather thin tone, approaching that of the piccolo. Fluency and shrillness are its most noticeable qualities. Next is a tendency to go off the pitch, an attribute specially in evidence when she whistles rapid passages. Her performance is interesting as a curiosity but utterly devoid of any real musical value. The company that came with her was headed by Signor Tagliapietra, who carried off the honours as far as applause went. He sang "Il Balen," and "The Heart Bowed Down," and was encored in each instance.

Of the other members of the party, Miss Edith Pond was the favourite. This lady recited several pieces to a piano accompaniment very effectively, the best of these being the "Minnet." Miss Jessie Foster, a light soprano, and Mr. Gustave Thalberg, a light tenor, were the other vocalists of the company, and sang their pieces in a very amateurish manner. Miss Ollie Torbett played several violin solos with a pleasing tone, but rather erratic execution. Altogether there was a general feeling of disappointment at the poor standard of the concert in view of the high prices. B. NATURAL.

WHILE the question of the origin of the Aryans is under discussion, Mr. G. Bertin suggests that we may learn something of it by looking further than we have yet done into the roots of their languages. Even in the oldest specimens they bear evidence of being hybrids—in inconsistencies of syntax; in the promiscuous use of prepositions and postpositions; in having many words and roots to express the same objects, and in the use of three genders. Hence the original tongue may have been a fusion of two languages—say of Accadian or some closely-related speech and some Semitic language. The supposition is supported by the fact that a great many resemblances have been observed between Accadian and Sanscrit.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

AMERICAN COMMONWEALTHS: INDIANA. A Redemption from Slavery. By J. P. Dunn, Junior. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

To the Canadian reader the most interesting part of this volume, as in the case of the other issues in this series of American Commonwealths that form part of the Border and Western States, is that which deals with the pre-settlement era, when the French explorer or *coureur de bois* was first threading his way over what was then a wilderness, and subsequently, in the case of Indiana, became a fighting-ground between the French and Indians. The author, who is secretary of the Indiana Historical Society, and evidently well up in the annals of his State, has given us a minute but graphic narrative of this outlying region during the French period, locating the trading-posts, from those of La Salle downwards, and reciting the history of the long border contests between the French and English nations. In the preparation of the chapters devoted to this early period, Mr. Dunn, we notice, makes acknowledgment of having drawn material from Canadian sources. In this portion of the narrative the author seems to us to have omitted no fact of importance. What he has related, moreover, he has related well. The bulk of the remaining chapters deals with the contest over Slavery, and the long controversy on the subject of the Ordinance of 1787, which prohibited the "peculiar institution," curiously enough with the consent of the slave-holding States, in the North-West Territory. The history of the emancipation of Indiana from slavery is here for the first time told with fulness and evident knowledge. Mr. Dunn does not deal with the modern annals of his State.

FIFTY YEARS AGO. By Walter Besant. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

It is no surprise that the author of the novel "The World Went Very Well Then," and the many other charming stories from the pen of Mr. Walter Besant, of Besant and Rice fame, should give us a sprightly, graphic and entertaining volume full of delightful as well as instructive pictures of London Society as it was when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. Not only from a literary, but from a patriotic point of view—being by birth, culture, training, and temperament, a typical Englishman—was Mr. Besant admirably fitted for the work he has undertaken. Of the many products of the Jubilee year this, in a certain sense, is by far the best. It is the best, we mean, as a picture of the social and intellectual life of the era in England, which, though it saw our still reigning Queen succeed to her royal inheritance, had not yet escaped from the national characteristics and social environment of the eighteenth century. In point of time, it is the London of but "Fifty Years Ago"; but in point of manners and customs it is the London of the previous century that we are called upon to look at. In dress and fashion, in pursuits and amusements, in class distinctions, in the mode of travel, and in most of the features of its civilization, it was still the age of the Georges. It was the age of satin stocks, knee-breeches, swallow-tail coats, and high-arched velvet collars. It was a drinking, clubbing, gaming, and play-going age—the age of Almack's, Crockford's, and Vauxhall. It was the age before reforms swept away penal laws that were the shame of the nation, that brought relief to the wretched child-life that laboured in the factories, and in mines, and abolished flogging and the legislative making of paupers and criminals. It was the age when the stage-coach was in its glory, and when the Londoner was then, practically, as far from the Scottish moors as he would be to-day in the heart of *A. A.* Yet all roads then, as now, lead to the British metropolis, and there gathered every noted man of the period, whatever was his walk in life. Into the many and varied circles, professional and social, that flourished at the period of the Accession, are we introduced by Mr. Besant, and most charmingly does he descant on their characteristics, and confide to us the privileged gossip on which they fed. Among all classes do we mix, at the play, in the Assembly, in Parliament, in the courts, with statesmen and politicians, with *littérateurs* and schoolmen, wits and *beaux*, gamblers and play-goers, costermongers and high-born ladies of fashion, and all the varied cliques that made up the London world of the time. All this, of course, is not history, but it is the rough material of which history is made; and to the historian in search of material, nowhere, we should say, could he find a better or more genial chronicle of the period than in the work before us. We have found it not only most instructive but most delightful reading.

PROBLEMS OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION; their Practical Solution the pressing Christian duty of to-day. By Bishop Coxe, President McCosh, and others. New York: Baker, Taylor Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

This earnest and timely little volume had its origin in the discussions of the General Christian Conference, held at Washington last year, under the auspices of the American Evangelical Alliance. It consists of a series of eleven papers read before the Conference on many of the more prominent social questions which now confront the Churches. The Misuse of Wealth, the Estrangement of the Masses from the Church, Relation of the Church to the Capital and Labour Question, The City as a Peril, The Saloon and the Social Evil, Immigration, and Ultramontanism, are some of the subjects treated of. All are strong, practical utterances on their several topics, illustrated by not a few startling facts, with much sensible counsel as to the mode of dealing with the problems by the Churches, in a broad, evangelical spirit. Many of them have their lessons for our own communities, secular and religious, particularly the paper of the Bishop of Western New York, on Ultramontanism, dealing with the perilous encroachments of the Jesuit Order on the American continent.

CHILDREN'S STORIES OF THE GREAT SCIENTISTS. By Henrietta C. Wright. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

Of the many entertaining books for boys, designed as presents for the coming holiday season, this volume of Miss Wright's is one of the most entertaining. It has one chief merit, of being simply and attractively written, with no parade of learning, and as little as possible of scientific jargon. The subjects treated of are to a youth of intelligence and scientific or mechanical taste the most absorbing that an author could well deal with. They embrace astronomers, electricians, botanists, geologists, biologists, chemists, and other workers in the varied field of nature. The author seems to have followed a chronological order in her biographies, beginning with Galileo, Kepler, and Newton, and coming down to Faraday, Lyell, Agassiz, Tyndall, Darwin and Huxley, of our own day. The volume well-nigh covers the whole range of scientific investigation, and the presentation of its varied subjects is clear, lucid and graphic. Its entertaining and instructive character may be gathered from the caption of a few of its chapters: Newton and the Finding of the World Secret; Linnæus and the Story of the Flowers; Herschel and the Story of the Stars; Cuvier and the Animals of the Past; Faraday and the Production of Elec-

tricity by Magnetism; Tyndall and the Radiant Heat; Davy and Nature's Magicians; and Charles Lyell and the Story of the Rocks. Six or eight portraits add to the attractions of the book.

THE WRITINGS OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, Vols. I. and II., Narrative and Legendary Poems; Poems of Nature, Poems Subjective and Reminiscent, and Religious Poems; Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

These tasteful duodecimo volumes are an instalment of a new and definitive edition—definitive, we think they must be, as their author is now in his eighty-first year—of the poetical works of the good Quaker poet who has long charmed us by that exquisite union of qualities so rare in writers of moral and didactic verse. Whittier has many of the characteristics of Wordsworth—the same earnest and fervent spirit breathes through his writings, with much of that lyrical grace and power of simple narration which distinguished the earlier English poet. Both men looked out upon the mysteries of life and immortality with the eyes of the soul, and with a strong tranquil faith in the purpose and future of things. The present edition of Whittier's works is to consist of seven uniform volumes, and it will have the advantage of its author's own revision and mode of grouping. In the instalment before us we have some of the poet's best work. Maud Muller, the Pennsylvania Pilgrim, Snowbound, and other charming idyllic verse, with selections from the subjective and reminiscent pieces—My Psalm, The Barefoot Boy, In School Days, My Birthday, etc. In an interesting introduction, prefaced to the issue, the writer has this word of explanation in regard to a class of poems, those on the anti-slavery movement, which first brought Whittier into fame. "Of their (the poems) defects from an artistic point of view, it is not necessary to speak. They were the earnest and often vehement expression of the writer's thought and feeling at critical periods in the great conflict between Freedom and Slavery. They were written with no expectation that they would survive the occasions that called them forth: they were protests, alarm signals, trumpet calls to action, words wrung from the writer's heart, forged at white heat, and of course lacking the finish and careful word selection which reflection and patient brooding over them might have given. Such as they are, they belong to the history of the anti-slavery movement and may serve as way-marks of its progress. If their language at times seems severe and harsh, the monstrous wrong of slavery which provoked it must be its excuse, if any is needed. In attacking it we did not measure our words. 'It is,' said Garrison, 'a waste of politeness to be courteous to the devil.'"

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE sixtieth thousand of Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is in the market. ARTHUR HELP'S "Casimir Maremma" has been unpretentiously reissued by Roberts Bros.

TICKNOR & Co., Boston, have issued a volume of short stories by the author of "Margaret Kent," entitled "Better Times."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON pronounces George Meredith's "Rhoda Fleming" the strongest thing in English since Shakespeare died.

MR. W. H. H. MURRAY'S book of Canadian travel, called "Daylight Land," is to be published by Cupples & Hurd, with 140 illustrations in various colours.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, in closing his sermon on "Robert Elsmere," asks: "Will you take for your faith the tower of Babel, built up by man from earth, or the New Jerusalem let down by God from heaven?"

"THE Immortal Memory of Dr. Johnson" will be drunk in silence by the English Johnson Club on Dec. 13th next, the anniversary of his death; and then Dr. Birkbeck Hill will read a paper about him.

The list of subjects in the second series of Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism," which Macmillan & Co. will have ready this month, includes The Study of Poetry, Milton, Gray, Keats, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley and Tolstoi.

WITH the Christmas number *Scribner's Magazine* will complete the second year of its phenomenally successful existence. One of its special features will be an anonymous poem strikingly illustrated by that artist of the weird, Elihu Vedder.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE'S "Frederick the Noble" is selling in London as fast as it can be turned off the press. Two booksellers are said to have sold 400 copies each within an hour. Sir Morell has prepared a rejoinder to his critics, which will go to press this week.

THE volume in Cassell's National Library for Nov. 10 contains Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," with an interesting introduction by Prof. Morley. This Library of the best of the literature of the past, much of which has been long out of print, is a well deserved success.

WHEN Mr. Gosse, in enumerating the great poets of England, excludes Tennyson from the list, it is not worth while quarrelling with him as to whether America has produced a poet worthy to stand with the baker's dozen he has enrolled upon the scroll of the real immortals.

A COLLECTION of letters from David Hume, the historian, to William Strahan, the friend of Franklin, has been edited by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, and will be published by the Clarendon Press. The originals of the letters, were purchased, after the British Museum and the Bodleian had declined them, by Lord Rosebery.

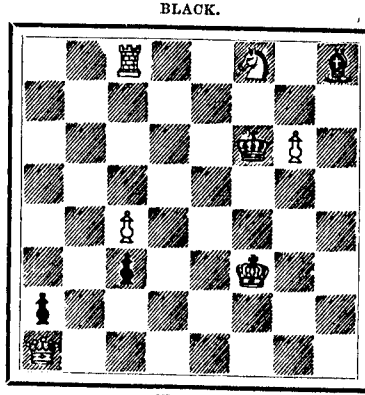
GEORGE HITCHCOCK (the artist, whose picture "The Tulip Garden," in the Paris salon of 1887, made his reputation) has written and illustrated for the Christmas *Scribner's* a short paper on "Sandro Botticelli," as "the man who, above all others, gave an impulse in the right direction to the new art of the Christian world."

MRS. EDNA D. CHENEY has prepared a simple and brief account for children of the life of Miss Alcott, which has been published under the title of "Louisa May Alcott, the Children's Friend," by L. Prang & Co. The story is very charmingly told, and brings out the unaffected goodness of Miss Alcott's character, and shows how much of her own childhood life entered into her stories.

THE Haliburton Society, of King's College, Windsor, N. S., will publish in a few weeks its first annual volume of readings, and will contain "Haliburton, the Man and the Writer," by F. Blake Crofton, B.A., Provincial Librarian of Nova Scotia. The work has occupied Mr. Crofton's attention for several years, and is one of great importance and interest. The Haliburton Society centres at King's, and includes most of the Professors and students, having members at Halifax, St. John, and elsewhere. Its object, based on the study of Haliburton, who belonged to King's College, is the advancement of Canadian Literature.

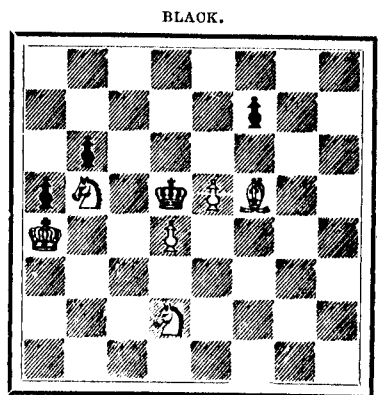
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 307.
By E. H. E. EDDIS, late Toronto Chess Club.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 308.
By J. R. NEUMANN.
From *Vanity Fair*.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- | | | | | | |
|---------------|----------|-----------|--------|----------|--------|
| White. | No. 301. | Black. | White. | No. 302. | Black. |
| 1. R-Q 2 | | 1. K-Kt 8 | | P-Q Kt 3 | |
| 2. B-K B 6 | | 2. K-B 8 | | | |
| 3. R-Q 1 mate | | | | | |

GAME PLAYED NOVEMBER 15TH, 1888, AT THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB IN THE MATCH BETWEEN HAMILTON AND TORONTO, BETWEEN MR. H. KITTSO, OF HAMILTON, AND MR. A. T. DAVISON, OF TORONTO.

RUY LOPEZ.

- | | | | |
|----------------|--------------|----------------|--------------------|
| MR. KITTSO. | MR. DAVISON. | MR. KITTSO. | MR. DAVISON. |
| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 4 | 29. P-Q Kt 4 | P-K B 5 |
| 2. Kt-K B 3 | Kt-Q B 3 | 30. Kt-K B 5 | B-K 6 |
| 3. R-Kt 5 | P-Q R 3 | 31. R-K 1 | K-R 2 |
| 4. B-R 4 | P-Q Kt 4 | 32. K-K R 1 | R-K 4 (f) |
| 5. B-Kt 3 | Kt-B 3 (a) | 33. Kt x B | P x Kt |
| 6. P-Q 3 (b) | P-R 3 | 34. K-Kt 2 | P-K B 4 |
| 7. Castles | B-B 4 | 35. K-Kt 3 | P-K 7 |
| 8. B-Q 5 | Q-K 2 | 36. K-B 4 | K-K 3 |
| 9. P-Q B 3 | R-Q Kt 1 | 37. Kt x P | B-Q B 5 |
| 10. P-Q 4 | P x P | 38. Kt-Q 4 | R-Q 3 |
| 11. P x P | B-Kt 3 | 39. K-K 3 | K-Kt 3 |
| 12. B x Kt (c) | P x B | 40. P-K B 4 | K-B 3 |
| 13. Kt-Q B 3 | Castles | 41. K-K 4 | R-Q 2 (g) |
| 14. P-Q R 3 | R-Q 1 | 42. K-K 3 | R-K 2 + |
| 15. B-K B 4 | B-K Kt 5 | 43. K-Q 2 | R-K 5 |
| 16. P-K 5 | R x Q P (d) | 44. Kt x P (h) | B x Kt |
| 17. P x Kt | Q x P | 45. R x B | R x P |
| 18. B-K 5 (e) | R x Q | 46. R-K 3 | R-B 7 + |
| 19. B x Q | R x R + | 47. R-K 2 | R x R |
| 20. K x R | P x B | 48. K x R | K-K 4 |
| 21. Kt-K R 4 | R-K 1 | 49. K-B 3 | P-Q B 4 |
| 22. P-K B 3 | B-K 3 | 50. P x P | P-Q R 4 |
| 23. P-K Kt 4 | B-K 6 | 51. K-K 3 | K-Q 4 |
| 24. Kt-K 4 | B-Q 5 | 52. K-B 4 | K x P |
| 25. R-Q Kt 1 | B x Kt P | 53. K-B 5 | P-Kt 5 |
| 26. K-Kt 2 | B-K 3 | 54. P x P + | P x P |
| 27. R-Q B 1 | P-K B 4 | 55. K-Kt 6 | P-Kt 6 |
| 28. Kt-K Kt 3 | B-Q 4 | | and White resigns. |

NOTES.

- (a) P-K R 3 best.
- (b) Kt-Kt 5 better.
- (c) Kt-Q B 3 better.
- (d) The first move in a fine combination. Black wins two Pawns.
- (e) An interesting position.
- (f) Threatening R x Kt, and if Kt retakes them B x B mate.
- (g) Should Kt x B P, then B-Q 4 winning the Kt.
- (h) Forced, for Black threatens R x B P, followed by R-K B 8 winning.

ON the 15th inst. seven players from the Hamilton Chess Club visited Toronto and played a match over the Board with seven players of the Toronto Club. The Toronto players were victorious. The following is the score:—

HAMILTON.		Won.	TORONTO.		Won.
H. Kittson	0	A. T. Davison	2
I. Ryall	0	Wm. Boulton	2
J. E. Lister	2	J. McGregor	0
F. Maw	2	— Carswell	0
R. C. Fearman	1	E. J. Muntz	1
H. Judd	1	Wm. Braithwaith	1 1/2
P. H. Punshon	1	W. H. Cross	1 1/2
Total	6	Total	8

THIS is what Oscar Wilde says of George Meredith: His style is chaos illumined by brilliant flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything, except language; as a novelist he can do everything, except to tell a story; as an artist he is everything, except articulate. Too strange to be popular, too individual to have imitators, the author of "Richard Feverel" stands absolutely alone. It is easy to disarm criticism, but he has disarmed the disciple. He gives us his philosophy through the medium of wit, and is never so pathetic as when he is humorous. To turn truth into a paradox is not difficult, but George Meredith makes all his paradoxes truths, and no Theseus can thread his labyrinth, no Oedipus solve his secret.

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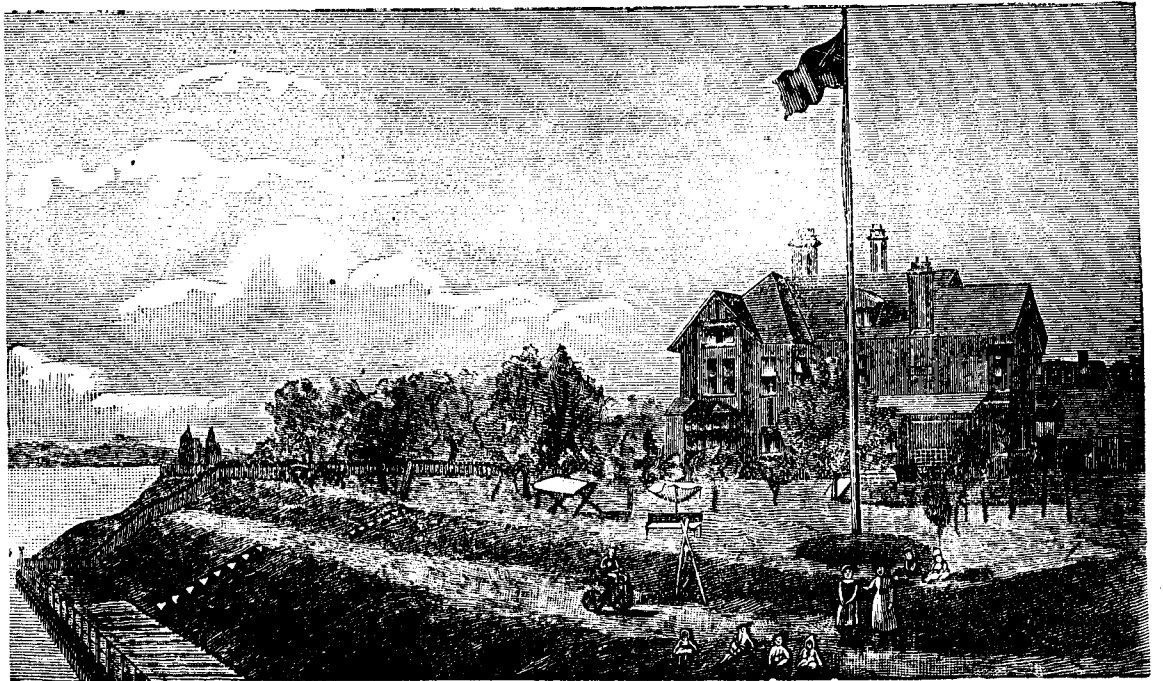
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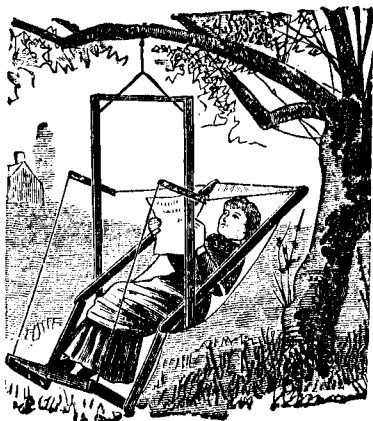
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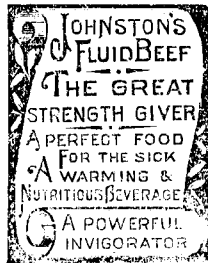
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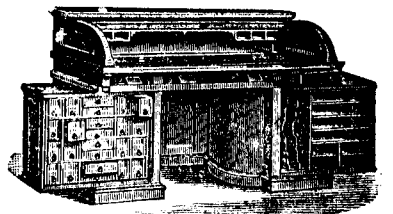
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