

THE WEEK.

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The Week,

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE kind and appreciative reception which has so far been accorded to THE WEEK by its contemporaries, seems to call for a word of grateful acknowledgment on our part. Setting out as we are upon a path in some respects entirely different from all those hitherto trodden by Canadian journalism—a path which, faithfully followed, is liable at any time to place us in an attitude of strenuous, though respectful, opposition to either of the two great parties by whose differing opinions and aims the community is divided—it is certainly pleasant to be welcomed with encouragement alike from Reformers and Liberal Conservatives. This shows confidence in the sincerity of our aim and approval of the aim itself, which is to furnish instruction and wholesome entertainment for our reading classes, and to have but one policy—that of stimulating our national sentiment, guarding our national morality, and strengthening our national growth. The columns of THE WEEK will always be hospitably open for the discussion of topics of general interest, from whatever standpoint, political or social, they may be surveyed; provided always that the discussion be carried on under obedience to those rules of courtesy and considerations of fitness by which all right-thinking men would wish to be bound.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER is now on his way from England to resume his place during the coming session as a member of Parliament, and a Minister of the Government. Had an object sufficient for his attendance before been wanting, it is now surely present in the promised return to the House of Commons of Sir Richard Cartwright, whose least word seems to act as an irritant to the temper of Sir Charles. Sir Charles will, besides appearing in the character of special antagonist to Sir Richard, present to the House of Commons the unique and hitherto unseen spectacle of minister of Government and servant of Government in one; nor will this abnormal guise vanish on reflecting that he draws salary for only one of his two

positions, since duty, not reward, is the vital condition of office. The supposition hardly needs restatement that Sir Charles' foreign domiciliation is the outcome of French hostility to him in the cabinet, and curiosity on that point is quiescent; but it is not stilled yet on the problem of his retention to ministerial functions, in the face of obviously logical protest. Some suggest that the man is not at hand to fill his place; the truth may turn out to be that he is much too near at hand.

THE matter of subsidizing the International Railroad is provoking some comment just now. In Ontario it seems inclined to become a party question. In western New Brunswick it is nothing of the sort. It might be a very different matter if the Intercolonial were not yet built. Now it is an established fact, and indispensable to the inhabitants of the counties bordering on the Gulf. The new line will take little more from the traffic of the Intercolonial than it will from the traffic of what was formerly the St. John and Maine line, and from the lines connecting Montreal and Portland. Intercourse between Ontario and western New Brunswick is mainly carried on by way of Montreal and Portland, as it is, and the Intercolonial has not so much to lose in this direction as might at first appear. There is no trade of ours to be diverted into American channels by the new road, as both western New Brunswick and the eastern townships have already all the facilities they could desire for trading with the Maine ports. The Canadian trade passing over the road will be almost exclusively through trade. From the opening up of that portion of the State of Maine, through which the road will run, New Brunswick and the eastern townships have as much to gain as the State has. And the very great convenience of direct communication with the West will be obtained by those parts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia which are already in possession of, and using, a way much less indirect than the Intercolonial.

IT now seems to be settled that the railroad, so long considered impracticable, between Winnipeg and Hudson Bay, is to be built, and the time to be occupied in construction is fixed at three years. The engineering difficulties are said to be trifling; there is little if any rock cutting and the grading will be singularly easy as the line will follow the valley of the Nelson for the greater part of the way. The company is hopeful of the local traffic to be developed along the proposed road, but this falls into insignificance compared with the greater object of shortening the distance between Europe and the grain fields of the North-West. How important that object will be is revealed when we consider that the distance from Winnipeg to Liverpool via Montreal is 4,140 miles, from Winnipeg to Liverpool via New York 4,652 miles, while the length of the route by way of Hudson Bay is only 3,539 miles, with a shorter sea voyage than by either of the other ways.

MOST Toronto readers of THE WEEK have no need to be reminded of the "tempest in a tea-pot" which was stirred up early in the summer by the appointment of Mr. James Bain, jr., to the Librarianship of the Toronto Public Library. Officious friends of a rival candidate told us that the Board had made a bad appointment, and that the Library project would ignominiously collapse. Though our own sympathies were with another candidate, whose claims for the position none could question, we had no misgivings as to the appointment that had been made. The return of Mr. Bain from his purchasing tour in England, with a haul of books in his net that would make the mouth water of every bibliophile in the country, will, we are confident, amply justify the selection of Mr. Bain for the responsible position of Librarian-in-chief. The appointee of the Board is not only, *par excellence*, a bookseller, but he has a wide acquaintance with literature and literary matters, and possesses an intimate knowledge of book-men and book-haunts. This has been of great service in the Librarian's mission to England. The range of Mr. Bain's purchases for the Library is extensive, and has been made with the view of meeting the varied practical wants of the community, so far as the money at his disposal would permit. The purchases, we learn, do not exceed \$15,000, and better value, we think, could hardly have been commanded for the money. From the result of our own observation, and from the testimony of an expert in book-craft, we feel free to say, that there are few outside the regular book-trade of London, who could more efficiently and with

better judgment, have made the collection of books which is soon to enrich the Toronto Public Library. It only remains now to get the building in order, to have the purchases properly housed and classified, and then, with adequate funds, to give every facility for the efficient working of the Library. Doubtless, other towns throughout the Province are waiting to see the result of the Toronto experiment, and satisfied as to that, will make haste to tax themselves, under the Provincial Act, for the organization of a local library.

BOSTON has been receiving from Mr. Matthew Arnold something of the nature of a wet blanket to apply to its enthusiasm for Emerson. In his lecture delivered in Chickering Hall, Mr. Arnold has spoken of Emerson, for the most part, with a temperance, accuracy, and disinterestedness which have rendered resentment impossible, and contradiction nearly so. It is difficult to question the justice of Mr. Arnold's verdict on Emerson's poetry. It is wonderful critical insight which has led Mr. Arnold to class Emerson with Marcus Aurelius; yet with many similarities there is one difference, which is important and fundamental, though possibly perceptible only to minds of a certain cast. We refer to a power in Emerson of impregnating, of rendering fruitful other minds; which power sets him on a higher level than that occupied by the Imperial moralist and sage. It is characteristic of Mr. Arnold's mode of thought to select Emerson's essays as the most important work done in English prose during the century, and it is especially characteristic of him to attach more value to these essays than to those of Carlyle. But his verdict that the two most distinctively and honourably American, most original, and most valuable of the New World writers are Franklin and Emerson, we can scarcely look upon as characteristic, and cannot but consider hasty. It is certainly provocative of discussion.

IF President Arthur is representative of his nation, then does it seem as if the military spirit were not entirely quiescent in the great Republic. In his message to Congress the President urged that a portion of the enormous surplus revenue should be applied towards rehabilitating the navy, and setting the coasts in a state of defence; and promised to revert to the matter again. It is perhaps natural, when sounds of war are in the air, that those at the head of the nation should look to the safeguards at home, though it would be a fertile brain that could imagine the quarter from which the coasts of our neighbour have aught to fear. Nevertheless, President Arthur's anxiety may not be entirely out of place. The naval force of the United States is now nothing more than a marine police, while the army has found itself sorely pressed to maintain its ground against a few tribes of savages.

WE hear that the election of Mr. Carlisle to the Speakership of the House of Representatives, by the Democratic majority, means that the Presidential battle is going to be fought on the square issue of Free Trade against Protection. This is everywhere announced with great confidence, and a tariff for revenue purposes only is expected to be the Democratic battle-cry. But we shall see. It looks as if New York were likely to be the State to decide the struggle. If the Democrats lose New York, that will mean for them defeat. The Democratic vote of New York is to a vast degree Irish. The Irish have been by thousands driven from Ireland because the Free Trade policy so favourable to England's manufacturing interests enabled these to dwarf and crush out Irish industries. Irish manufactures could not compete. They went to the wall. Thousands of Irishmen emigrated to New York, hating the Free Trade policy that had forced them from their home. They know that England craves the removal of American tariff-barriers. What is for England's good, they think can hardly be for theirs. They are Democrats, but when told that must mean free-traders, it would not be strange if they should cease to be Democrats, and that speedily. Out of several considerations which may make the Democrats hesitate, this is one not unimportant.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

THE great event of the week, so far as the Dominion is concerned, may be said to be the throwing open of the Southern Reserve in the North-West, announced for the first of January. It is natural that by the devotees of the Government this concession should be hailed with hallelujahs as the New Year's gift of a beneficent providence to a thrice fortunate people. But we cannot forget that it was the Government itself which laid the embargo on the bounty of nature. If a man hangs you up, and when you are at the point of death cuts you down, a debt of gratitude will, perhaps, be due from you to your preserver, yet it will not be unquali-

fied. It is difficult to see how the same policy can embrace at once the present measure and the encouragement of the colonization companies, which will hardly escape ruin. On the whole, when the account is closed and the balance struck between the achievements of Ottawa beneficence and the probable results of free settlement, it will, perhaps, appear once more that commercial interest is its own best regulator, especially when the government is a party government, and has above and before all things to maintain its own hold of power, satisfy its partisans, and provide for its friends. Of the Syndicate there is nothing but good to be said. It made, of course, the best bargain for itself that it could; but it has done its work with extraordinary energy; it is likely to complete its contract within little more than half the assigned time; it has been so far, at all events, true to its agreement and fair in its dealings. Still, a country with a single political railway drawn across it and spinning out the population on a narrow line cannot possibly be on a par with one in the enjoyment of a freely developed railway system and of the competition which permanently insures low freights. It has been among the merits of the Syndicate that hitherto nothing has appeared to convict it of political intrigue or clandestine dealings with the Press. The financial relations into which it has been drawn with the Government under the new and not easily intelligible arrangement respecting the guarantee of the stock are, if a necessity, a necessity to be deplored. The one great inducement by which the country was moved in assenting to the original agreement, which it did with a groan, was the hope that, by the severance of the Railway from the Government, we should be rescued from the slough of corruption into which we had been manifestly sinking. This guarantee arrangement renews the connection, though in a less intimate form, and will revive the apprehensions of the country. When the Government supports the company the company can hardly help supporting the Government.

If the most positive and reiterated assertions are to be believed, good coal in abundance has been found. This turns the wavering balance; and specimens of the coal, with satisfactory attestations, both as to its quality and quantity, will, if exhibited in the great centres, be better than all the puffs in the world. On the other hand a regulation of the company reducing the freight on "frozen wheat" discloses a fact which it might otherwise have been difficult to ascertain; for it is about as easy to get truth from the region the which revisers of the New Testament call Hades, as it is to get it from the North-West. The wheat crop has been injured by the early frosts, and this mishap seems likely to prove not accidental but normal, or, at least, of very frequent occurrence. It follows that the full use of the best machinery will always be necessary to save the harvest, and that only farmers who have such machinery at their command will be likely to attain a full measure of success. To plant the indigent Irish on farm lots will be mere cruelty, though, as labourers, there is no reason why they should not do well. It would not be wonderful if the tendency of agriculture in the North-West should prove to be toward large farms, scientifically cultivated with full machine power and such a staff as to insure the utmost rapidity in the operations. A paper in the last number of THE WEEK pointed out the necessity, even in the case of that miraculously fertile soil, of antidotes to exhaustion, which the small and needy farmer will never apply. Stock raising, also, it is evident, requires sheds and other winter provisions on a large scale. If these are the economical conditions of the country, the structure of society is sure, in some measure, to conform itself to them, and democracy in the North-West will some day be tempered by large farms. These, however, are questions over which the veil of destiny still hangs.

THE "Bystander," unblushingly heterodox, has always avowed his impious disbelief in the ultimate consolidation of British Columbia and the North-Western Territory with Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. If these distinct regions were situated in a continent by themselves the attractions of union might prevail over the barriers interposed in three cases by nature, and in a fourth by difference of nationality. But, situated as they are, not merely are they held apart by intervening obstacles—a triple range of mountains, a fresh-water sea, an intercolonial wilderness—but each of them is acted upon in a direction adverse to their union by social and economical forces of the most powerful kind, and drawn constantly towards a different combination. While commerce links New Brunswick to New England, the Canadians of the North-West join hands over a diplomatic line with the Canadians, almost equally numerous, of Dakota and Minnesota. The restiveness which finds expression in the manifesto put forth by the Provincial League of Manitoba, whatever may be the exact amount of force in the present movement, is the symptom of a natural tendency, not a brainless ebullition or a party trick. The interests of Old Canada and the North-West are not identical; much less can it be

good for the North-West to be made subservient to the interest of Old Canada. The legal right of the Parliament at Ottawa to deal with Manitoba as its own, in total disregard of the wishes of the Manitobans, to lay embargoes on settlement, to restrict the free development of railways, however vitally essential to the prosperity of the country, and to tax the agricultural implements the full command of which is not less indispensable, will be denied by no one; nor will any one who has studied the question deny the legal right of the Imperial Parliament before 1765 to tax the colonies and impose duties, at its pleasure, on their stamps and tea. On this point surely statesmen have had a sufficient lesson. Of the five demands embodied in the manifesto, freedom of local legislation, unrestricted railway development, abolition of the tax on agricultural implements, the recognition of Provincial interests in public lands, and the construction of a railway to Hudson's Bay, the first four are founded on just principles and will, in course of time, and in different measures, be conceded: the abolition of the almost comically iniquitous tax on agricultural implements will be conceded next session. But the last is founded on a principle of Government interference at variance with the first four. The Dominion will hardly be persuaded to incur the expense and all the other attendant evils of constructing a government railway to the ice-encumbered waters of Hudson's Bay.

PAUPERISM, when shipped by Europe to the United States, is peremptorily shipped back to the land from which it came. Canada as a dependency has no such means of self-protection, at least against the Imperial country. The consequence is that in spite of all the protests and warnings of the combined city charities, Toronto has received, at a season when there is no farm work to be had, a consignment of Irish of the most destitute and most helpless class. The pity which we all feel for the sufferings of these hapless people will not prevent us from seeing what is their character and condition. They are thus described by a journal which cannot be unkind to Catholics and has never been unkind to the Irish.

NOT SERVANTS, BUT LADIES.—The condition of the pauper Irish immigrants on Conway street has awakened the sympathies of the kind-hearted people all over the city for them. They have received food, furniture, and fuel, and they have been cared for to a much greater extent than some who are far more deserving. To say they are lazy is hardly expressing in strong enough language their love of idleness. They know they will not be allowed to die of starvation, and dozens of able-bodied women and men are living there from day to day with a firm determination to put in the winter on charity. A day or two ago a lady living in the country heard of the destitute condition of these people and wrote to a lady friend in the city asking her to try and engage a domestic for her from amongst them. Accordingly this lady visited Conway street and spent several hours in a vain endeavour to find a servant for her friend. She offered good wages, board, clothing, a comfortable home, and a year's engagement, but she was met with the astounding information that they had not come here to allow their girls to be servants but wanted them to be ladies.

People of this description are absolutely shameless mendicants. They regard mendicancy as a perfectly natural and most agreeable mode of getting their bread; being somewhat confirmed, perhaps, in this persuasion by the Church which holds up to admiration the example of the begging friar. Therein lies the special danger of this inroad. What we have had hitherto has not been pauperism in the worst sense of the term, but merely destitution, sometimes culpable, more often casual and such as inevitably attends the vicissitudes of trade, or is produced by the accidents of life in a great and growing city. So far from being shameless beggars, many of those most in need have concealed their state as long as possible even from the eye of charity. But now comes pauperism indeed; and dire experience shows that if it is not eradicated, it will grow like a social fungus, and not only grow but become hereditary, as English pauperism has been found to a large extent to be. Toronto has reason to complain of the Government and its emigration agents; nor can she feel very grateful to her representatives in Parliament, who have failed to exert themselves for her protection against a danger to which of all the cities in the Dominion she is the most exposed. As soon as the season opens, strenuous efforts ought to be made to get the miserable colony of Conway street out into the country, and it is to be hoped that the next session of Parliament will not be allowed to pass without bringing the Government to book on the general subject of immigration. Our mechanics have a special grievance of their own; they reasonably protest against the importation of competitors at the cost of those the market for whose labour is to be invaded. Another practical moral to which Conway street points is the necessity of appointing without further delay a regular officer for the relief of casual distress and for the prevention, at the same time, of that waste of charity on the clamorous but undeserving, which the *Mail* most justly deploras. To say that the substitution of such an officer for the half organized visiting, the blind benevolence, and the ridiculous employment of the chief magistrate of the city as a superintendent of tramps, which constitute our present system, would undermine the independence of our people, is surely absurd. Nor would their self-respect be in any way impaired by the abolition of the practice, deeply disgraceful to a Christian city, of sending persons guilty of

no offence to herd with criminals in the city gaol as the only mode of rescuing them from starvation. The cost of these reforms would not be great; it would be covered by the saving of misdirected charity; and surely if we can afford the free circulation of novels, to which people have no more claim than to free theatre tickets, we can afford to meet a pressing exigency, and to perform a plain duty of humanity.

WE are in the midst of the annual wrangle about the exodus, each party, as usual, trying to show that Canadians fly from the devoted land when the other party is in power. It would be just as reasonable to debate the exodus from Yorkshire to London, or that from Normandy to Paris. The political division and the customs line remain; but economically and socially Canada and the United States are now one country, and over the whole alike the set of population is towards the points of commercial attraction. Industries of all kinds; those of the preacher, the journalist and the engineer as well as that of the common labourer, go, regardless of political allegiance, to the best market. It is not unlikely that the stream of emigration to the States has been somewhat swelled of late by Canadian workmen deprived of employment through the collapse of over-production; if so, the Finance Minister has reason to congratulate himself that the discontent finds that outlet, instead of being pent up at home. But there is an exodus of another kind, the significance of which is wholly different though no distinction is drawn by the statistics. The French are multiplying in Canada just as the Irish multiply in the Celtic Provinces of Ireland; the ægis of Imperial rule with its scrupulous liberality having in both cases protected them against the stronger race to the ascendancy of which their nationality would, in all probability, have otherwise succumbed. Not only is the English element being thrust out by the French from Quebec City, where the English population is now reduced to seven out of thirty thousand, and from the Province of Quebec generally, but the French element is overflowing the adjacent districts of Ontario and in still greater volume the adjacent parts of the United States. At the same time the connection with Old France is being studiously revived, the mother being evidently not less anxious than the daughter for its renewal. A France in America is apparently a thing of the near future, almost of the present. It would be strange if this should be the net upshot of Chatham's conquest, when, without that conquest, New France, under the pestilential shadow of the Bourbon despotism, would most likely have dwindled away and died.

THE friends of Toronto University who are so ardently advocating an increase in its endowment by the Province may as well spare themselves further pains. The veto of Victoria and Queen's, though it is not legitimate, is decisive. Legitimate it is not, because colleges, which, however liberally administered, are still denominational can have no right to be heard against the improvement of a national or provincial institution. Decisive it is, because neither the politician at the head of the Provincial Government, nor the politician who is the Chancellor of the University will dare to push the matter in opposition to the Methodist and Presbyterian vote. The cause which in public is supported has been abandoned behind the scenes. It is afflicting to see the religious antipathy to a common university again showing its force. Who that trusts in truth will adhere to a religion which flies from the centres of intelligence to pusillanimous and impotent seclusion? Is Christianity afraid of the best literary and scientific teaching? If it is, the cause is lost. Why cannot the faith and the morals of the Methodist or Presbyterian student be kept safe in the guardianship of a denominational college while he enjoys the benefit of the staff and the apparatus which only a great university can produce? It is hardly from Dr. Nelles or Dr. Grant that we should expect the avowal that ~~the~~ ^{and} counsels are Christian wisdom. Principal Caven is of a different mind.

THE nation which has no history is the happiest. The next happiest may be the nation whose history for the time being consists, as does that of the United States, in the election of a Speaker. If Mr. Carlisle's success denotes anything in relation to great questions, it denotes the growth of feeling in favour of Free Trade. Feeling in favour of Free Trade is growing beyond question, though, in the slow, fitful, and almost furtive way natural to an opinion which has to make head not only against rooted prejudices, but against vested interests of immense power. To suppose that Free Trade would ever prevail as a principle against the forces of Protection would have been to suppose that an unorganized and half-hearted crowd would overcome a disciplined and embattled army of men fighting for their lives. The Cobden Club with all its pamphlets, able though they were, did mere harm to its cause, because they seemed to identify Free Trade with the interest of the foreigner. But the strength of Protection lay in the popular conviction that the taxes were necessary to pay the inter-

est on the debt, and that native industry was being fostered at the same time. The imposition of taxes for which there is no fiscal necessity simply for the purpose of swelling the gains of manufacturers, is more than simplicity can approve or sufferance bear. The rapid reduction of the debt accordingly is seen by the protectionist with dismay, and to arrest its course by wasting the public money in Pension Arrears Bills, Rivers and Harbours Bills, grants of money for local education and in every conceivable way, is now their desperate game. To a disgraceful extent this policy has been successful, and President Arthur now, unhappily, a candidate for re-election, favours it in his Presidential message. It will probably receive support from those Southern States in which, since the substitution of free for slave labour, manufacturers have been beginning to rise. Yet unless the nation has fallen into its dotage, the end must come. If it comes in the United States it will come in Canada also, and Sir Leonard Tilley's system will fall like a house of cards.

In the President's message the point of most practical importance is that relating to the circulation. By the reduction of the debt the national securities on which the circulation of the banks is based are being rapidly withdrawn. What will be the effect? Obviously undue contraction attended by grave commercial embarrassments. What is the remedy? Two, says the President, are proposed. One is entirely worthy of the demagogic masters of finance, being to issue a quantity of fresh bonds, so that the nation shall remain in debt to furnish a basis for the bills of the banks. The other is a partial measure of bank emancipation. The true remedy, as every man of sense who has given his mind to the subject knows, is emancipation immediate and complete. Compel the banks to have a certain gold basis, as a security to those who in the course of trade are practically obliged to take the bills; ascertain the existence of this basis and enforce such other provisions as may be necessary by means of inspection: otherwise leave the money trade to itself: it will regulate itself like other trades, and the volume of paper in circulation will be expanded and contracted according to the requirements of commerce. There is no more reason for forcing a dealer in money to hold a quantity of Government bonds, and thus to give them a fictitious value at his own expense and that of his customers, than there is for practising the same extortion on a dealer in dry-goods. The metal currency must bear the stamp of the State; but this is not a ground for interfering, otherwise than in the manner already mentioned, with the emission of bank bills any more than with the emission of bills of exchange and of promissory notes, or for harassing and plundering the money trade in any way whatever. That the integrity of politicians is superior to that of bankers and that the paper circulation of the country would be safer in their hands than in those of private dealers are notions which find their decisive confutation in the Legal Tender Act, that masterpiece of demagogic finance, the injustice and mischief wrought by which swallow up all those wrought by bank failures for the last fifty years. But the dearest prerogative of the demagogue is the power of bedevilling the banks. This prerogative he will not resign, and his exercise of it in the approaching crisis is likely to lead to serious embarrassment, perhaps to widespread ruin. Then he and the fiat-money men will say that the calamity is entirely caused by the wickedness of the bankers.

THE appearance of a woman as an advocate in an Italian law court has been celebrated with enthusiasm by the friends of the social revolution in that country. Their plaudits are echoed here, and Canada is upbraided with her backwardness in the revolutionary race. Is the vocation of a matron and a mother, then so poor, so useless, so devoid of beauty and dignity, that there should be boundless rejoicing over a woman who is rescued from it and promoted to the part of an advocate, vying with male pleaders in hardness and sharp practice, browbeating witnesses with front of brass and wrangling against hackneyed pettifoggers over points of law? Have conjugal duty and maternity so lost their value that it should be deemed wise in us to glorify her who spurns them and teaches her sex to spurn them, dishonouring, as we must, thereby the gentle virtues which make the happiness of our homes? Is matrimony obsolete, and have we come to the millennium of Mr. Mill, the prophet of Anti-familism, of whom Tom Moore wrote:

"There are two Mr. Mills, too, whom those that love reading
Through all that's unreadable call very clever;
And whereas Mill senior makes war on good breeding,
Mill junior makes war on all breeding whatever?"

Man's work, however coarse in itself, is redeemed from coarseness by the thought that it is done not for the man's behoof alone, but for that of the wife and children who are supported by his labours. In the coarse work of the unsexed and brazen spinster no such redeeming thought will be present. Yet the coarseness in the case of female advocates will not be

the greatest evil. Women may be morally unsexed, but sex cannot be eliminated, though social revolutionists seem to fancy that it can. A female advocate taking advantage, as female advocates will, of the influence of sex in pleading to a jury will be a spectacle more revolting than that of a woman on the stump. It is needless to say what effect will be produced on the integrity of public justice.

A BYSTANDER.

THE C. P. R., BY THE KICKING HORSE PASS AND THE SELKIRKS.

I. INTRODUCTORY.

Is our North-West a reality or is it not? was the question that eleven or twelve years ago often engaged my thoughts. The Maritime and Inland Provinces had been Confederated. The Hudson Bay Company had sold out, and British Columbia had united itself to the Dominion. But could this half-continent of ours be bound into the material unity that is indispensable to the formation of national life? The difficulties in the way were enough to frighten dreamers, not to speak of sober politicians. The Inter-Colonial Railway was not constructed, and commercial authorities asserted that when it was there would not be traffic enough to buy grease for the wheels. On every map of the trackless wilderness that extended from the Ottawa to the Red River of the North were written the words "impracticable for Railways." The testimonies about the North-West itself were so contradictory that no one knew what to believe. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* had proved that it was out of the question to raise cereals, except, perhaps, at a few favoured points, on such a soil, and in such a climate. The testimony of an Archbishop who lived long in the country was to the same effect. A popular statesman called it a frozen wilderness of God knows what, extending God knows where. And Captain Palliser, after exploring the passes between the Boundary Line and Boat Encampment at the Big Bend of the Columbia River, had declared that a railway could not be built across the Canadian Rocky Mountains to connect the plains with the Pacific. The cession to the United States of Oregon and Washington Territory had put an end to that. "The time had forever gone by for effecting such an object" as a Canadian Trans-Continental Railway. If all or half of those things were so, then what was the use of our struggling to be a nation? Difficulties may be overcome but to fight against impossibilities is folly. Longing to be satisfied, I embraced an opportunity that was offered, and after travelling across the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, I came to the conclusion that the problem was one of difficulty, not of impossibility.

Since that time many things have happened. The Intercolonial Railway has been built and pays for its grease. No one now dreams of travelling from Central Canada to the Maritime Provinces by any other route. Two or three years ago, a railway from Lake Superior to Red River was almost within sight of completion, and very much to the astonishment of old authorities—with works of construction remarkably light on the whole, and gradients remarkably easy. "The maximum easterly ascending gradients between Manitoba and Lake Superior are within the limit of twenty-six feet to the mile, a maximum not half so great as that which obtains on the majority of the railways of the continent." Farther, a route was located between the Red River and the Pacific Coast, running through the acknowledged "fertile belt" to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and thence through passes so favourable that the heaviest grade was fifty-two feet to the mile, and that only in one place and for a short distance. The most difficult section was the end nearest the Pacific, and that had been put under contract when Port Moody was adopted as the terminus. No other trans-continental railway built or projected could show anything like such a profile as the Canada Pacific.

Difficulties that few of us have any conception of had been overcome. But the people generally did not think of what had been accomplished. They thought only of the delays which they did not understand, of the great expenditure that had been incurred, of the indefinitely greater expenditure that was threatened, and of the charges of jobbery, corruption and incapacity that filled the air and poisoned their minds. They were becoming impatient of the burden. And who can wonder? Never before had three or four millions of comparatively poor people undertaken so gigantic a public work. Cries were heard to which politicians could not be deaf. The railway must be built by a company. We want to know how much this railway is going to cost. Better accede to any terms than go it blind any longer. Far better, it was even muttered, to give a company all the land in the North-West on condition of its building the railway, than remain longer in suspense, and in peril, for aught we know, of national bankruptcy. That this was the prevailing sentiment the representatives of the people well

knew; and therefore no voice was raised, in the only place from which a voice can be heard over the whole land, in favour of the Government continuing to prosecute the work. That being the case, whenever a company with sufficient financial strength had contracted with the Government to build the road, criticism of the details of the bargain was little better than shooting arrows in the air. But let us clearly understand, a more emphatic condemnation of our party system cannot be conceived than this universal confession that no Government could be trusted with the prosecution of the one public work essential to national development, a work so vast, relatively to the country as a whole, that any one who gave an hour's thought to the subject must have seen that the company to which it was handed over would of necessity be a power stronger than any Government. Ordinarily, the relation between contractors and a Government is perfectly well understood. Both parties know which is the stronger. But when the work is of such a magnitude that the failure of the company would paralyze the whole country, the Government dare not let the company fail. It must put it beyond the possibility of failing. It must give it good terms to begin with, and must back it up to the end. Anything else would be huckstering, not statesmanship. So far as any measure essential to its success is concerned, the company is the Government, no matter under what constitutional fictions the relationship may be disguised.

Little wonder that it was the will of the people that the reins should be taken from Governments and put into the hands of a private company. Under our precious system, honest and capable government is rapidly becoming impossible. Instead of selecting our wisest men, we begin by limiting the selection to the representatives of half the people. Then, the representatives of that half are not allowed to govern. They have to spend their strength holding on to their seats, watching every constituency and pulling ten thousand wires, answering charges more or less wide of the truth, and covering up their tracks when they make mistakes. They do well when they give one-fourth of their time and strength to the real work that has to be done. Sometimes they cannot give one-fortieth. And thus it follows that we are governed by from one-eighth to one-eightieth of our actually available wisdom. The condition of things is different when a company undertakes to do work. It gives to the matter all its wisdom and strength. It gets the best men as its servants, paying salaries for capacity that no Government would dare to offer. When it makes mistakes that would ship-wreck a Government it says nothing about them, and nobody is a whit the wiser. And when workmen are maimed or killed no one offers a word of criticism, for no one supposes that they were killed on purpose. Once we had a Premier who, on the recommendation of the Chief Engineer, bought a lot of steel rails. It may have been or it may not have been a mistake. But over this transaction all Canada rang from end to end with charges and counter-charges. Little was talked of for months but steel rails. The whole of our political strength was taken up with the all-important question of whether those steel rails should have been bought at that particular moment or not, and every man in the country felt that—enlightened duly by a partisan newspaper—he was better able to decide such a question than the Premier and the engineer together. Another little incident will show that things may be managed differently and perhaps better. Last winter, owing to a number of unexpected difficulties and catastrophes, locomotive after locomotive on the C.P.R. west of Winnipeg, was disabled. At one time there were, it is said, seventy or eighty "dead" engines in one yard. The loss must have been infinitely greater than the loss on the steel rails business. It is needless to say what such a disaster would have cost the Government had it been responsible for the railway management. But in this case no one criticised. Every one felt that the best had been done, and the company was permitted to give its strength to putting things right and arranging to avoid similar losses in future. The Northern Pacific Railway has had an able head in Mr. Villard. But those acquainted with the history of the construction of the road claim that mistakes costing millions have been made. Any one of these would have forced a Government to tell lies or half-truths by the bushel, but none of them was ever made a stumbling-block in Mr. Villard's path. In truth, no one is expected to be infallible but politicians and partisan editors.

The line recommended by Mr. Fleming for the C.P.R. ran north-westerly from the Red River through the "Fertile Belt," as Captain Palliser called it, that borders the North Saskatchewan. This was the arch or rainbow of good land round the semi-desert region that was said to project itself into Canada from the Great American Desert to the south; "a continuous belt, rich in water, woods and pasturage," that almost all previous explorers had united in praising. Such a route, of course, avoided the supposed semi-desert that a line running due west would have to cross. It had other advantages. The terminus on the Pacific coast could not be decided at once, and it was necessary to adopt a pass through the Rocky

Mountains, which would be equally convenient for any of the harbours proposed. The Yellow Head was such a good common point, besides being a much better pass than those to the south, and being also so far north that the Selkirk range—across which no pass, up to that time, had been found—was completely flanked and avoided altogether. Other things being equal, it was well, too, that a national line should run through the heart of the North-West, all the more so when the boundless Peace River prairies—a new North-West in themselves—were taken into account. Branches could be built to the main trunk from the north or the south, and thus in the end a regular herring-bone system of railways be established instead of the chaotic no-system that results from lack of plan or foresight. However, at the time when the company or Syndicate took the great work out of the hands of the Government, the former aspect of things had changed to a considerable extent. Port Moody had been selected as the Pacific terminus, and, therefore, a line as directly west from Winnipeg as possible would be decidedly the shortest. Not only so, but Mr. John Macoun, now Dominion Botanist, had been sent out, at Mr. Fleming's urgent and repeated request, to explore the country west and south from Winnipeg to the Mountains, and he had reported that the land was infinitely better than had been supposed. Evidently Captain Palliser must have visited it after two or three exceptionally dry seasons. Mr. Macoun declared the whole valley of the Qu'Appelle better for farming purposes than Manitoba, and found nothing but good soil on the immense treeless expanse of the Souris plain north-westward to Moose Jaw, which the old explorers had pronounced semi-desert. The experience of settlers who have gone to both districts during the last two or three years has proved that Mr. Macoun was right, though at the time he was derided as a mere enthusiast. Even west of the Coteau of the Missouri he found nutritious grasses and excellent pastures everywhere, with a very small percentage of bad land. In a word, it seems that the Syndicate considered that they had sufficient reasons to change the north-westerly to a westerly route that would make their line the shortest of all Trans-Continental Railways. Of course, I assume that when they came to such a decision, their engineers had asserted that there would be no insuperable difficulties in crossing the three ranges of mountains that interposed between the plains and their objective point. For, now-a-days, engineers laugh at difficulties. Double engines can be stationed at the heavy grades, tunnels cut by the dozen and any obstacle overcome, if only there is money enough.

There is no need to refer to the energy displayed by the Syndicate from the day when the work was committed to their hands. The most sanguine railway man would have smiled significantly, had he been told that in the summer of 1883 the line would be at Calgary, and the run of 840 miles from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains made in thirty-six hours. The combination of qualities that effected this phenomenal result, the forethought on the part of the heads and the discipline of the whole force are simply beyond praise. But, notwithstanding their uninterrupted and brilliant success, I heard mutterings when in Winnipeg last July to the effect that a great mistake had been made in changing the route. Of course the boom in Manitoba had collapsed, and the loudest talkers of two years ago were meek, not to say depressed with regard to everything under the sun. But people who seemed to know were heard alleging that the good land ceased at Regina or Moose Jaw; that the Kicking Horse Pass was impracticable; and that no pass had yet been discovered across the Selkirks. If any one of these assertions should turn out to be a fact, it would be decidedly unfortunate. Anxious to know the truth on the subject I determined to see the country for myself, as far as the end of the track at any rate; and when Mr. Fleming wrote me in August that he intended to go not only to the end of the track, but to attempt to push on thence over the whole of the proposed route to the Pacific, and invited me to accompany him, I accepted the offer as readily as I had accepted his offer eleven years previously to travel with him across Canada from ocean to ocean.

Of the journey to Winnipeg nothing need be said, except to express wonder that any one would go by rail in summer when he can go by the lakes from Sarnia, Collingwood, Owen Sound, or—next year—Algonoma Mills. Our party met in Winnipeg on the 18th of August, and after getting an outfit for the journey at the H. B. store, we started on the 20th.

(To be continued.)

MR. RUSKIN'S tartness is always coming up in unexpected places. In a note at the end of a critical study of him by one of his admirers he has written: "I would like to add that while I admit that there is such a thing as mercantile economy, distinguished from social, I have always said also that neither Mill, Fawcett, nor Bastiat knew the contemptible science they professed to teach."—*Ex.*

AN IDYL OF THE SEASON.

I.

Saw we not Spring with flower-gifts laden,
Wake the sleepers to life again?
Saw we not Summer, a love-flushed maiden,
Round Love's temple her roses train?
The violet eyes did we not behold,
And the hair that was bright with the asphodel's gold;
Did our hearts throb quick, were our souls dismayed in
All her pleasure and all her pain?

II.

Now out of woodland copse and cover,
Dies the Summer, as died the Spring,
And days of delight for lover and lover,
And buds that blossom and birds that sing;
And southwards over our inland sea
Have vanished the humming-bird and the bee;
Fleet on the blast the dead leaves hover,
Loud in the forest the axe-strokes ring.

III.

Yet is the wraith of departed Summer,
Faint on the far horizon seen,
To welcome Winter, the gaunt new-comer,
The forest flames with a fiery sheen,
And the maple's red dyes manifold
Are overlaid by the larches' gold,
And nakeder with each day and dumber,
Dryad, and Naiad, and Nymph have been.

IV.

Matron Autumn, with face brown-flushing,
Shakes the last ripe fruit to our feet;
Wines from apple and grape are gushing,
Winter's solace from Summer's sweet;
And the rain-swollen river is unto her
Of December's feast-day the harbinger,
When down the rapids the logs are rushing,
When the lumberers' camps in the forest meet.

V.

But winter comes out of desolate places,
And the days decline and the nights endure,
And the rich men grind the poor men's faces,
Fuel grows dearer and food less sure;
And the luxury of the proud and great
Lets Lazarus starve at Lord Dives' gate;
And the cry of the poor of Christ disgraces
Our Christianity's caricature.

VI.

Oh, for the days of the Spring's returning,
Birds of Summer and buds of May!
Freedom's Spring for which earth is yearning,
Rights of labour and reason's sway!
For love of man in men's hearts like fire,
Of man then highest when none is higher,
Sway or spoil of his fellow spurning,
Through taxless lands an unarmed array.

Toronto, October, 1883.

—CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

TRIOLETS.

I.

You went in cream,
And I in blue;
Again I dream
You went in cream.
The soft lights gleam,
I dance! Do you?
You went in cream,
And I in blue!

II.

BECAUSE it is your birthday, dear,
A ring of rhyme I send you,
And with it weep a happy tear
Because it is your birthday, dear.
As other ring may not appear
(Alas! it might offend you)
Because it is your birthday, dear,
A ring of rhyme I send you.

Ottawa.

—SERANUS.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

A NOVEL.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case,"
"An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Outside, in the Fifth Avenue, the February twilight had just begun to deepen. The air was mild though damp; a sudden spell of clemency had enthralled the weather; and the snow, banked in crisp pallor along the edge of either sidewalk, would soon shrink and turn sodden. At the far terminus of every western street burned a haze of dreamy gold light where the sun had just dropped from view, but overhead the sky had that treacherous tint of vernal amethyst which is so often a delusive snare to the imprudent truster of our mutable winters. Against this vapoury mildness of colour the house-tops loomed sharp and dark; a humid wind blew straight from the south; big and small sleighs were darting along, with the high, sweet carillons of their bells now loud and now low; through the pavements that Courtlandt and Pauline were treading, great black spots of dampness had slipped their cold ooze, to tell of the thaw that lay beneath. Yesterday the sky had been a livid and frosty azure, and the sweep of the arctic blast had had the cut of a blade in it; to-day the city was steeped in a languor of so abrupt a coming that you felt its peril while you owned its charm. Courtlandt broke the silence that had followed their exit. He spoke as if the words forced themselves between his shut teeth.

"I can't believe that you really mean to do it," he said, watching Pauline's face as she moved onward, looking neither to right nor left. "It would be horrible of you! He is over sixty if he's a day, besides having been mixed up in more than one scandal with women over there in Paris. I think it must be all a joke on your part. If it is, I wish for God's sake that you'd tell me so, Pauline!"

"It isn't," she said. She turned her face to his then, letting him see how pale and sad it was. "I must do it, Court," she went on. "It's like a sort of fate, forcing and dragging me. I had no business to mention mamma in the matter, I suppose. She couldn't *make* me consent, of course, although if I did not, her lamentations would take a most distracting form for the next year or two. No; it's not she; it's myself. I don't live in a world where people hold very high views of matrimony. And I hate the life I'm living now. The other would be independence, even if bought at a dear price. And how many girls would envy me my chance? What am I at present but a mere pensioner on my wealthy relatives? I can't stay in; I've started with the whirl, and I can't stop. Everybody whom I know is dancing along at the same pace. If I declined invitations, if I didn't do as all the other girls are doing, if I said 'No, I'm poor and can't afford it,' then mamma would begin tuning her harp and sending up her wail. And I should be bored to death besides." Here Pauline gave a hollow laugh, and slightly threw back her head. "Good Heavens!" she continued, "there's nothing strange in it. I've been brought up to expect it; I knew it would probably come, and I was taught, prepared, warned, to regard it when it did come only in one way. If he hadn't been old he might have been shocking. What a piercing pertinence there is to my case in that little proverb, 'Beggars mustn't be choosers'! I'm a beggar, you know: ask Aunt Cynthia Poughkeepsie if she doesn't think I am. And *he's* quite the reverse of shocking, truly. His hair may be rather white, but his teeth are extremely so, and I think they're indigenious, aboriginal; I hope if they're not he will never tell me, anyway."

She gave another laugh, as mirthless as if the spectre of herself had framed it. She had turned her face away from him again, and slightly quickened her walk.

"You mean, then, that your mind is really made up!" said Courtlandt, with an ire, a fierceness that she had never seen in him before. "You mean that for a little riches, a little power, you'll turn marriage, that should be a holy usage, into this wicked mockery?"

Pauline bit her lip. Such a speech as this from her equanimous cousin was literally without precedent. She felt stung and guilty as she said, with cool defiance:

"Who holds marriage as a holy usage? I've never seen anyone who did."

"I do!" he asseverated, with clouding face. "You do, too, Pauline, in your heart."

"I haven't any heart. They're not worn nowadays. They're out of fashion. We carry purses instead—when we can."

"I think I will tell Mr. Varick you said that," he answered, measuring each word grimly.

"Oh, do!" Pauline exclaimed. A weary and mournful bravado filled her tones. "How he would laugh! Do you fancy he thinks I care a button for him? Why, nearly the first sentence he spoke to mamma on this weighty subject concerned the number of yearly thousands he was willing to settle upon me."

"So, it is all arranged?"

"It only awaits your approval."

"It can only get my contempt!"

"That is too bad. I thought you would anticipate some of the charming little dinners I intend to give. He has dreadful attacks of the gout, I have learned, and sometimes I'll ask you to preside with me in his vacant chair. That is, if you—"

But he would hear no more. He turned on his heel and left her. He bitterly told himself that her heart was ice, and not worth wasting a thought upon. But he wasted a good many that night and days afterward.

Whether ice or not, it was a very heavy heart as Pauline went homeward. Just in proportion as the excuses for her conduct were ready on her lips, so they were futile to appease her conscience.

And yet she exulted in one justifying circumstance, as she herself named it. "If I loved anybody—Court or anybody else," she reflected, "I never *could* do it! But I don't. It's going to make a great personage of me. I want to find out how it feels to be a great personage. I want to try the new sensation of not wearing charity gloves." . . . She had almost a paroxysm of nervous tears, alone in her own room, a little later. That evening Mr. Varick once more presented himself. . . .

At about eleven o'clock he jumped into a cab which he had kept waiting an interminable time, and lighted a very fragrant cigar as he was being driven off.

"*Elle est belle à faire peur*," he muttered aloud. And the next moment a thought passed through his mind which would resemble this, if put into English, though he always thought in French:—

"I will write to Madeleine to-morrow, and send her ten thousand francs. That will end everything—and if the gout spares me five years longer I shan't see Paris while it does."

He had not by any means come home to die. He had said so because it had a neat sound, throwing a perfume of sentiment about his return. And he was always fond of the perfume of sentiment. In reality he had come home to look after his affairs, which had grown burdensomely prosperous, and then sail back with all the decorous haste allowable.

Perhaps he had come home with a few other trifling motives. But of every conceivable motive he had *not* come with one. That one was—to marry. And yet he had to-night arranged his alliance (satisfactorily on both sides, it was to be hoped) with Miss Pauline Van Corlear.

He leaned back in the dimness of the speeding cab, and reflected upon it. His reflections made him laugh, and as he laughed his lip curled up below his white mustache and showed his white teeth, with the good dark cigar between them—the teeth of which Pauline had said that if they were false she did not wish to know it.

CHAPTER II.

THE marriage was a quiet one, and took place in the early following spring. Pauline made a very lovely bride, but as this comment is delivered upon a very ample percentage of all the brides in Christendom, it is scarcely worth being recorded. The whole important constituency of her kindred were graciously pleased at the match, with a single exception. This was Courtlandt Beckman, who managed to be absent in Washington at the time of the wedding. Pauline's presents were superb; the Poughkeepsies, Amsterdams, and all the rest, came forth in expensive sanction of the nuptials. After a brief Southern tour the wedded pair took up their abode in the newly-appointed Bond Street mansion. Mrs. Van Corlear, already ensconced there, welcomed them with as beaming a smile as her invalid state would permit. Pauline, as she kissed her, wondered if those same bloodless lips would ever have any further excuse for querulous complaint. It was pathetic to note the old lady's gratified quiver while her thin hand was gallantly imprinted, as well, by the kiss of her new son-in-law. She had surely reached the goal of all her earthly hopes. She had a silken chair to rock in, and a maid as her special attendant, and a doctor to be as devoted and exorbitant as he chose. Her neuralgia, her asthma, her rheumatism, her thousand and one ailments, were henceforth to wreak their dolorous inflictions among the most comfortable and sumptuous surroundings. And yet, as if in mockery of her new facilities for being the truly aristocratic invalid, this poor lady, after a few weeks of the most encouraging opportunity, forsook all its commodious temptations and quietly died in her bed of a sudden heart-seizure.

On the occasion of her death Pauline's husband, who had thus far been scrupulously polite, made a remark which struck his wife as brutal, and roused her resentment. He was a good deal more brutal, in a glacial, exasperating way, as Pauline's anger manifested itself. But shortly after the funeral he was prostrated by a sharp attack of his gout, during which Pauline nursed him with forgiving assiduity.

The young wife was now in deep mourning. Her husband's attack had been almost fatal. His recovery was slow, and a voyage to Europe was urgently recommended by his physicians. They sailed in latter June. Courtlandt was among those who saw Pauline off in the steamer. He looked, while taking her hand in farewell, as if he felt very sorry for her. Pauline seemed in excellent spirits; her black dress became her; she was so blonde that you saw the gold hair before you marked the funeral garb; and then she had her smile very ready, which had always won nearly everybody. Perhaps only Courtlandt, in his wise, grave taciturnity, saw just how factitious the smile was.

Mr. Varick quite recovered from this attack. Pauline's letters said so. They had soon left London, near which the Cunarder had brought them, and gone to Paris; Mr. Varick was feeling so much better from the voyage, and had always felt so at home in Paris. For several months afterward Pauline's letters were sent oversea in the most desultory and irregular fashion. And what they contained by no means pleased their recipients. She appeared to tell nothing about herself; she was always writing of the city. As if one couldn't read of the Tuileries and Notre Dame in a thousand books! As if one hadn't been there one's self! Why did she not write *how they were getting on together*? That was the one imperative stimulus for curiosity among all Pauline's friends and kindred—how they were getting on together. All, we should add, except Courtlandt, who seemed to manifest no curiosity of whatever sort. Of course one could not write and ask her, point blank! What was one to do? Did rambling essays upon the pleasures of a trip to Versailles, or the recreation of a glimpse of Fontainebleau mean that Mr. Varick had or had not broken loose in a mettlesome manner from his latter-day matrimonial traces?

"We are prepared for anything, you know," Mrs. Poughkeepsie, Pauline's aunt and former patron, had once rather effusively said to Courtlandt. "Now that Hamilton Varick is well, he might be larking over there, to any dreadful extent. And Pauline, from sheer pride, mightn't be willing to tell us."

"Very cruel of her, certainly," Courtlandt had responded, laconic and not a little sarcastic as well.

But as months went by Pauline's correspondents forgot, in the absorption engendered by more national incentives for gossip, the unsatisfactory tone of her letters. Once, however, Pauline wrote that she wished very much to return, but that her husband preferred remaining in Paris.

"He won't come back!" immediately rose the cry on this side of the water. "He's keeping her over there against her will. How perfectly horrible! Well, she deserves it for marrying a *vieux galant* like that. Poor Pauline! With her looks she might have married somebody of respectable age. But she wouldn't wait. She was so crazy to make her market, poor girl! It's to be hoped that he doesn't beat her, or anything of that frightful sort!"

One auditor of these friendly allusions would smile at them with fur-tive but pardonable scorn. This auditor was Courtlandt; and he remembered how the same compassionate declaimers had been the first to applaud Pauline's astounding betrothal.

After two years of absence on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Varick, certain rumours drifted to America. This or that person had seen them in Paris. Pauline was still pretty as ever, but living quite retired. It was said she had taken to books and general mental improvement. No one ever saw her with her husband. She never alluded to him in any way. There were queer stories about his goings-on. It was hard to verify them; Paris was so big, and so many men were always doing such funny things there.

The conclave on these shores heard and sympathetically shuddered. The "new set" had now healed all its old feuds. New York society was in a condition of amicably cemented factions. The Briggs girls and the Snowe girls had married more or less loftily, and had proved to the Amsterdams and others that they were worthy of peaceable affiliation. "Poor Pauline Varick" began to be a phrase, though a somewhat rare one, for without anybody actually awakening to the fact, she had been living abroad four whole years. And then, without the least warning, came the news that she was a widow.

She was universally expected home then, after the tidings that her husband was positively dead had been confirmed beyond the slightest doubt. But perhaps for this very reason Pauline chose to remain abroad another year. When she did return her widowhood was an established

fact. Her New York *clientèle* had grown used to it. Mr. Varick had left her all his fortune; she was a very wealthy young widow. Aggressive queries respecting his death, or his deportment during the foreign sojourn that preceded his death, were now quite out of order. She had buried him, as she had married him, decently and legally. He slept in Père la Chaise, by his own *anté-mortem* request, no matter what sort of a life he had led her; it was nobody's business. She returned home, two years later, to take a high place and hold a high head. Those merciful intervening years shielded her from a multitude of stealthy interrogatories. She did not care to be questioned much regarding her European past as the wife of Mr. Varick, and she soon contrived to make it plain that she did not. There was no dissentient voice in the verdict that she had greatly changed. And in a physical sense no one could deny that she had changed for the better.

Her figure, which had before been quite too thin despite its pliant grace, was now rounded into soft and charming curves. Her gray eyes sparkled less often, but they glowed with a steadier light for perhaps this reason; they looked as if more of life's earnest actualities had been reflected in them. Her face, with its chiselled features all blending to produce so high-bred and refined an expression, rarely broke into a smile now, but some unexplained fascination lay in its acquired seriousness, that made the smile of brighter quality and deeper import when it really came. She wore her copious and shining hair in a heavy knot behind, and let it ripple naturally toward either pure temple, instead of having it bush low down over her forehead in a misty turmoil, as previously. Her movements, her walk, her gestures, all retained the volatile briskness and freedom they had possessed of old; there was not even the first matronly hint about her air, and yet it was more self-poised, more emphatic, more womanly.

(To be continued.)

THE TRACK.

Who cannot hear in his ears the recurrent complaint for a shy valley robbed of its seclusion; for a beechen knoll cloven down by a cutting; for a remote lake, with its reed beds haunted by bittern and crane, stripped bare of its veil of wierdness; for a sleepy, willow-grown hamlet vulgarly invaded by newsboys and peanut vendors, black smoke and inevitable grime, and so stirred by the screech of steam from its old-time quiet to a feeble emulation of urban bustle, to a general restless ineptitude, that no hope may at all be entertained of its ever slipping back into peace? Hearing this, one cannot deny that the plaintiff has a strong case; nevertheless, let us listen to a word on behalf of the defendant. The case coming on before the tribunal of Nature and the spirit of Beauty, which is in fact, to speak directly, before Apollo and the nine frequenters of Thessalian springs, to dream of getting up a verdict for my client would be the very wildest of dreams. I would merely bring forward certain statements which may procure a mitigation of his sentence.

For me, a strange and strong fascination has ever been exerted by this double line of steel, piercing the distance unswervingly and compelling out one's thought to stray and traverse continents. It is true one grievous hurt was done me by the track, a hurt which can never be quite forgotten; but forgiven it has been, long since, in consideration of many kindly offices. There are brook-inhabited glens in plenty, other than that one much-loved which the track all but annihilated. Turn off to either hand and the track is left behind. Search well and you are sure to find a nook as rare and secret as that for whose uncovering you have been disconsolate. So you are not really on this score poorer; while the track, rightly solicited, will give liberally into your hands. The treasured retirement I lost was hard to replace; and that the loss was forgiven should weigh heavily in the track's favour. It was a little cool ravine whereinto tumbled a rivulet through young cedars on the face of the cliff. At the foot of the fall a deep, amber pool, where the trout lay, idly displaying and withdrawing the red and white borders of their fins; while here would skate a water-spider, darting out to the edge of the current then swiftly back, unwilling to encounter the quick swirls dappled with froth. A large rock, gently aslant, clear of the spray, and covered deep with moss and tufted grass, was perhaps the undine's noon couch in days before my coming. The sward around was sloping toward the water, thick and fine, not swampy yet freshly humid, admitting only a few wild flowers of the rarer and more wary species. Delicate ferns, not found elsewhere for miles about, lurked close at the cliff's foot; and under the pair of water-ashes, growing in companionship, abode a colony of lustrous yellow orchids. Of trees, besides the water-ash, grew a few citron-green balsamic poplars; while further off, at the mouth of the glen, where it began to

open out into the valley beneath, stood a thicket of Indian-willow, whose red stems shed a flush up into the lucent gloom. The alder, of course, was represented in my glen, but being systematically discountenanced it was kept in due subordination. When the railroad was run through this part of the country, no other way would do for the surveyors save straight across the ravine, which was thereupon nigh filled up with a huge embankment, and the stream browbeaten into slinking through a square, black culvert. The water yet tumbles whitely down the cliff, among the green cedars; but the pool is choked with sand and fragments of stone, my mossy rock is all but overwhelmed with debris, and the patrician colony of orchids is buried forever. It was some time after the occurrence of this disaster before my eyes became sufficiently impartial to value such compensation as the track could offer.

Now, however, of such like fairy nooks and dells withdrawn, I should say these ought you to love, yet not to leave this other sort unloved. When one would slip his sordid cares, his burdens, and his hot vexations, or allay the fretting smart of a thousand little annoyances, it is not best, I think, to fly to covert. These stinging ills are winged. They will fly thither with you and buzz in between the branches. Rather the place to seek is some solitary spot, clear open to the wind and to the sky, where all the small pests look insignificant and are quickly blown away. Such a spot as this the track found for me, uninhabitable to the tribe of petty torments.

It was where the track for miles and miles ran over level lands, a high plateau, spread with low shrubbery, and sedge, and shallow pools. The road-bed was raised some feet above the level; and because the ground was high, and all habitations hid from view in the great river-basin deep sunken off to the right, there was nothing to stint the range of vision from standing-place to horizon, save a far-off scattering of pines that fringed the verge. Coming out here from the town in the early evening, just after set of sun, turning one's face to the west and pursuing this airy path, taking in one's teeth the streaming wind from salt reaches of distant water, no more excellent medicine could be had for the fagged and dusty brain. Here it was impossible to remain absorbed and troubled, impossible to vex one's own breast with profitless introspection; for these two narrow lines of shining steel, bearing almost due west, and straight as a spear shaft, would tap the close, hot confines of work-day thought and let out the panting spirit. Such wholesome result it was hard to avoid, if one would. Let your eyes wander to right and left, marking the white cotton-tufts on the heads of the waving sedge, or the black intrusion of a log on the flat yellow surface of a pool whose bordering reeds and bushes cast no shadow, being dominated by the skyey reflections; attend to the ceaseless, life-like, multitudinous chorus of the million waking frogs, and strive to detect, as one may, some individual voice and differing note; listen hard for the occasional splash which tells of a recalcitrant vocalist, or of one who sets his supper before his song; inhale with parted lips the living wind, deeply again and again, to the very extreme capacity of your thirsty lungs. Nevertheless, if the burden of your cares is great and tenacious, think not that you are yet rid of it. Once more it is making felt its weight; and your eyes withdraw gradually from the wide, strange-coloured landscape, your ears begin to take less note of the babel of shrill voices about you, your gaze drops, in a preoccupied manner, to the ground before your feet. But between these gleaming rails are the "sleepers." You look upon the sleeper just before you and the one next to it at the same time. From that, irresistibly, your eye is persuaded to the next, and yet the next. Your glance is lifted forward, involuntarily, and goes on and on between the rails, which seem to define a bright pathway, "narrowing till it ends in distant sky." And all at once your sense, and then your thought, has glided out past the sharp rim of the plain, into those lucid western baths of flushed saffron and faint sea-green; all the limitless distances are free to you, and your tormentors are utterly left behind.

Here then it is plain that most beneficent aid has been rendered by the much-maligned track. It was, indeed, in this case, the track that fairly put you in communication with all the solacing influences which nature was waiting to exert for you. By way of the track you made good your escape to nature, getting quit at the same time of that ill company which would largely have nullified her efforts. For my own part, I found that this bare, free spot, much more than my watered ravine, could physic my ailing spirit. It was here I got the day's soilure quite cleared off my brain, here got my slackened nerves restrung.

Again, suppose one plodding through comfortless months, held in bondage to some distasteful labour, far off from homes and friends and most that gives life relish. Does it not help such a one from his unsympathetic environment, to wander out here to the track? Here, with his feet on the rails, the slender threads that quiver so sensitively, can he not think he is

actually and practically nearer to the little city many leagues away, where indeed he would be so promptly had he but wings? Is he not irresistibly moved to lay his ear to the rail, whereupon he almost dreams that he catches a vibration from home? For him is possible now no such utter isolation as that which would have chilled him had the track not come his way.

But not to further consider special circumstances, it seems to me that many a lovely scene has had its loveliness heightened by the effect of a scar across some portion of it. The scar which the track must make is limited in its extent, and cannot disfigure a landscape whose beauty has much breadth, or is made up at all of large and grand constituents. To the pretty it too surely may prove fatal; but the sublime it has no power to injure. It will rather add, in many cases, a grandeur and a weirdness of its own, taking little away and giving much. Who has not listened to a train at night, thundering in among the hills? The steadfast persistence of the hollow, increasing roar, the wild echoes, and the trembling of the ground, these add something to the night to describe which words seem impotent. The shriek of the whistle and the thousand instant reverberations mocking it, over the forests, the dark length sweeping on with that intense glare in its front, the diminishing roar, and then the silence;—there is a sublimity here which cannot be called in question!

But withdrawing to the one fact, which stands alone not to be gainsaid, that the track does and will make a *scar*, a furrow in earth's face, even for this may be found much consolation. It is good to break through the sweet and fair exterior here and there, to come face to face with what underlies it all, and is the cause and support of it; to know the raw and naked soil, our original in crude form; to make intimate and wholesome acquaintance with our physical brother, the clod, and to find this pleasant and refreshing to our sense so that we gladly acknowledge the kinship. It is good also and comfortable to feel that, no more to our universal mother than to ourselves her children, is it granted to be always wholly beautiful. The wrinkles come and the scars are graven on the earth's bosom as on ours, and as we see this the more clearly the more richly does her sympathy fill us, the more sweetly are we satisfied with nature. "We are what woods, and winds, and waters make us;" but still more truly are we what the soil we spring from makes us. Should we not count ourselves enriched by that which has given us communion, more closely or in any new manner, with the earth out of which we are? Let me not be denied the hope, therefore, that this appeal of mine, though fragmentary and anything but exhaustive, may avail to soften in some, though slight, degree, the aspersions which are heaped upon "the track."

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

A PRUSSIAN AUTOCRAT'S NOTIONS OF JUSTICE.

FREDERIC WILLIAM, father of Frederic the Great, laid great stress on the pure administration of justice, as well as on the necessity for an honest, efficient, and impartial civil service. In respect to the latter he took little account of birth, rank or social standing. He insisted only on capacity and character, and more than once rebuked the pretensions of the nobility to special consideration in the choice of members of the public service. It was the same with regard to justice. The king often did acts of the grossest injustice, but it was rather from impulse and passion than moral callousness; at heart he was a just man, and fully appreciated the importance of an equal administration of the lands. "Bad justice," shouted he once, in an outburst of rhapsodical common place, "is an offence which cries to heaven." Hence, he seldom interfered with the course of private or civil suits; and though he watched more sharply the progress of criminal cases, his chief solicitude was lest too much leniency should be shown, or useless delays weaken the effect even of severe punishment. The power of pardon was sparingly used. The king believed in capital punishment for capital crimes; and the term "capital crimes" included many acts for which now a short time of imprisonment, or a light fine, would be considered an adequate penalty. The gallows was not a mere empty threat, a mere phrase, by which the king bullied and frightened his subjects into obedience, but an active punishment provoked by the most trifling misdemeanours. Often, such as only crossed the king's humour, without being in any sense offences against public morality or public policy.

It has already been shown how the death penalty was made to serve the mercantile system. Deserters lost their heads as a matter of course; but so did citizens who harboured deserters, who, knowingly, neglected to reveal their hiding place, or who failed to join actively in the search for them. Advocates who caused their petitions to be handed to His Majesty

through tall grenadiers—a common device for securing a favourable hearing—were declared liable to the gallows, and to share the gallows with a dog. Theft by domestic servants was made punishable by hanging the offender, whether man or woman, before the house where the crime was committed; and the sentence was actually enforced in a number of cases. These edicts, though savage and cruel, were at least published before they were put in force, and every man is supposed to know the law. But the king, now and then, ordered men to the scaffold for acts which were not forbidden by law, or arbitrarily raised the penalty decreed by the courts. A hasty scrawl on the margin of a judge's decision, or of an officer's complaint, might cost a poor wretch his head. Thus a poacher was commanded by the court to the ordeal by oath or torture: the king ordered him to hang. A Jew, suspected of theft, protested his innocence even on the rack: the king said he would take the responsibility for the wretch, and sent him to the gallows. A poor quartermaster in the army was convicted of defalcation, and although his bond covered the deficit, which he offered to make good, His Majesty wrote:—"I forgive the debt, but let him be hanged." From such judgments there was no appeal. Even delay was dangerous, and, as the king's handwriting was nearly illegible, the most unfortunate mistakes occurred. A tax receiver was once hanged for some apparent irregularity in his accounts, but a second revision of his books, after his death, showed that the first suspicion had been unjust. General Glasenapp, the commandant of Berlin, reported to the king at Potsdam, that a party of masons had made riotous demonstrations on being compelled to work on a holiday, and His Majesty scribbled a reply, which the general read as an order, "to hang Raedel at once without waiting for me." The commandant was in great perplexity. The order was peremptory, but none of the rioters was known as Raedel; and the only person of the name was a lieutenant of the garrison. The innocent officer was, however, arrested, the order read to him, and a clergyman summoned to prepare him for the scaffold. Fortunately, before the sentence was carried out, the order was submitted to an official more familiar with Frederic William's hieroglyphics, and he deciphered them in a different way. The order was to hang the ringleader. Even this was difficult; but the general finally selected a bricklayer who had red hair, red being notoriously a seditious colour. A mild judgment, the king abhorred rather more fiercely than a corrupt or unjust one. But an unjust judgment was sometimes rebuked, and on one occasion, when the sentence failed to meet his ideas of propriety, His Majesty summoned the whole bench of judges to his room, and assaulted them furiously with his cane, knocking teeth out of one, and sending them all flying down the stairway.

It was with Frederic William a rule of conscience never to pardon or commute the death penalty for murder. As murderers, he wisely reckoned men who killed their antagonists in duel, and he issued stringent edicts against "affairs of honour," even between officers; while in their cases the modern military jurisprudence of Prussia looks on duelling with indifference, or even to a certain extent positively encourages it. Suicides were denied Christian burial. Theft and fraud of every kind were peculiarly obnoxious to the king's sense of integrity, and were cruelly punished. Poachers on the royal preserves were summarily hanged; bankruptcy was a crime, whether fraudulent or not; and the crown officials were to proceed against an insolvent debtor without any complaint from the creditors, and even if the creditors interceded in his behalf. The laws against witchcraft still disgraced the statute-book. That the rack had not been abolished is shown by incidents already related; and the most that Frederic William attempted was to restrain the brutality of the officials who were charged with its application.—*From Tuttle's History of Prussia.*

ART, MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE days of melodrama are drawing to a close on the American stage, but the "Romany Rye" is one of the most tolerable of its exaggerated and objectionable class. This is because it is founded on a novel of real life by the eccentric Bohemian (he lived before the days when that phrase was introduced by poor Henri Murger), George Bonow. That vagabond genius thoroughly knew the gypsy nature, although it is impossible to believe that some of the refinement and delicacy of feeling ascribed to the heroine of the novel, on which the play is based, are not exaggerated. Refinement and ladylike manners are not to be found in conjunction with a life of trapesing about in gypsy waggons. Still the book has a genuine flavour of the Romany camp-fires, and furnishes material for a melodrama which has the one element wanting to most melodramas, verisimilitude. The "Romany Rye" was fairly put on the stage, and though the clerk of the weather was unpropitious, was witnessed by large and appreciative audiences. The scenery was fairly good, especially in the ship scenes.

Marion P. Clifton gave a good presentation of the part of *Mother Shipton*, in the final repentance scene in the prison, and Mr. Hardie was a success in *Jack Hearn*. The company as a whole was well organized.

ART-LOVERS can ill afford to omit a visit to the rooms of Messrs. Mason & Risch, where the portrait of Liszt, by Baron Joukousky, is on exhibition. It is doubtful if such another art-treasure as this painting is to be found in Toronto. The artist has combined marvellous technical skill and realistic accuracy in rendering of skin-texture and tone with fine ideality in the portraiture. The face of the Master Musician gleams from the canvas with startlingly vivid force, so infused is it through every feature, but above all through the piercing eyes, with the keen fire of the spirit within. Criticism becomes eulogy when it is set the task of dealing with a masterpiece, as this is. The artist, in rendering with minute fidelity the outward form of his subject, has subtly captured and shown to us, at the same time, the genius.

It was trying, rather, to hear her say:—After writing all that pretty music, it's a real shame for Mr. Sullivan to go about with prize-fighters and get his name in the papers for doing such terrible things.

"Do you think Irving is a great artist?" asked one clubman of another, just after Mr. Irving's arrival in New York. "I know he is a great curiosity," was the reply; "but I don't suppose he would come here merely as a curiosity."

WHEN Mr. Burnand undertook to burlesque "The Tempest," the irreverence and folly of the act called forth less censure than it deserved. However, the death of the undesirable creation seems now pretty well assured. The irrefutable charge of shamelessness could not kill it; but it is voted dull, and must go. Perhaps, though, the author may bring it to America, and procure a reversal of the verdict.

It would be much to the credit of the management of the Grand Opera House if steps were taken to secure the respectable part of the audience from the nuisance of the "bar-room brigade," who make a practice of leaving the theatre between the acts, and stamping along the lobbies during the performance of the next scene. This might easily be done by instructing the door-keeper to refuse admittance after the curtain has risen on a new scene. This might inconvenience a few, but it would much conduce to the comfort of the audience and the respectability of the theatre.

MR. JOHN LAFARGE, one of the most eminent of American artists and decorators, has been compelled, by delay in collections of money due him, to make an assignment of his property. His liabilities amount to between \$50,000 and \$60,000. Mr. Lafarge was supposed to be worth as much as \$150,000, but he has been occasionally careless in business matters, and has suffered loss thereby. Recently he decorated the house of Cornelius Vanderbilt, at a charge of nearly \$100,000. Mr. Lafarge is, perhaps, after Mr. Elihu Vedder, the most original, impressive, and strongly individual artist that America has yet produced.

AFTER an absence of nineteen months, Edwin Booth re-appeared on the New York stage, on Monday, the 10th. After a summer of rest at Newport, he has been playing in Boston since November 5th. His present engagement is at the Star Theatre, and will last four weeks. During the first week he appears in "Richelieu" and "King Lear"; during the second in "Hamlet" and "The Fool's Revenge." We suppose it may go without question that Mr. Booth is at the head of the American stage. His acting at Boston has been enthusiastically received, and has warmed into cordiality the most fastidious Boston critics. He is strongly supported, and is fortunate in having Mr. N. H. Daly for stage-manager.

THE Philadelphia *Progress* says:—"Timothy Cole, the most widely known of American wood engravers, has gone to Europe in the interest of the Century Company to engrave for publication in the *Century* the masterpieces of Europe. He expects to work in the galleries of Holland, Belgium, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and perhaps Russia (St. Petersburg), and will remain abroad about three years. This is a new departure on the part of the magazine, for although it has become by no means uncommon to send American artists and writers abroad, and even to fit out expeditions to distant places, Mr. Cole is the first engraver who has been sent across the Atlantic for the express purpose of engraving the masterpieces of art."

BOOK NOTICES.

SONGS OF FAIR WEATHER. By Maurice Thompson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

The brief notice here given of this new volume of verse, though quite inadequate, must suffice for this occasion. Mr. Thompson's fresh and strongly individual song will receive attention more in accordance with its worth in another department of THE WEEK, and in an early issue. For the present we content ourselves with welcoming it as one of the most genuine additions to our song that have been made in several seasons. Virile, simple, wholesome, glad, this song comes to us in a day which should see it welcomed eagerly. Its range is limited, its note is not greatly varied. Some three or four common metrical forms suffice for Mr. Thompson's needs; but he finds room in these for rhythmic change and play. His verse is full of the love of wild life, of the scents and sounds and colours of free nature. He sings of his archery, of the merry woods; and when he turns for a moment to home-feeling he is equally sincere and satisfying. He has sounded a few notes, too, on Hellenic subjects. Here also his touch is true—we have the air and mien of the "glad Greek," and there is absolutely nothing like straining after effect. Sometimes, however, Mr. Thompson astonishes us by admitting a line which is completely and hopelessly bad, incapable of being read as verse; and here and there is a rhyme that sets one's teeth on edge. But these defects become unimportant in view of the great excellence of the work as a whole. We quote from "A Prelude":

"Spirit that moves the sap in Spring,
When lusty male birds fight and sing,
Inform my words, and make my lines
As sweet as flowers, as strong as vines.

"Let mine be the freshening power
Of rain on grass, of dew on flower;
The fertilizing song be mine,
Nut-flavoured, racy, keen as wine.

"Let some procreant truth exhale
From me, before my forces fail;
Or ere the ecstatic impulse go,
Let all my buds to blossoms blow.

* * * * *

"Let bloom-dust of my life be blown
To quicken hearts that flower alone;
Around my knees let scions rise
With heaven-ward pointing destinies.

"And when I fall, like some old tree,
And subtle change makes mould of me,
Then let earth show a fertile line
Whence perfect wild-flowers leap and shine."

The following is a perfect lyric, beside which any attempted comment would look clumsy and poor. It is given in full:

ATALANTA.

"When Spring grows old, and sleepy winds
Set from the south with odours sweet,
I see my love in green, cool groves,
Speed down dusk aisles on shining feet.

"She throws a kiss and bids me run,
In whispers sweet as rose's breath:
I know I cannot win the race,
And at the end, I know, is death.

"But joyfully I bare my limbs,
Anoint me with the tropic breeze,
And feel through every sinew thrill
The vigour of Hippomenes.

"O race of love! we all have run
Thy happy course through groves of spring,
And cared not, when at last we lost,
For life or death, or anything."

Of exquisite flavour are these two extracts from "In Haunts of Bass and Bream":—

VI.

"Bubble, bubble, flows the stream
Like a song heard in a dream.

"A white-faced hornet hurtles by,
Lags a turquoise butterfly.

"One intent on prey and treasure,
One afloat on tides of pleasure.

"Sunshine arrows, swift and keen,
Pierce the burr-oaks helmet green.

IX.

"The belted halcyon laughs, the wren
Comes twittering from its bushy den.

* * * * *

"Liquidamber's keen perfume,
Sweet-punk, calamus, tulip bloom;

"Dancing wasp and dragon-fly,
Wood-thrush whistling tenderly ;

"Damp, cool breath of moss and mould,
Noon-tide's influence manifold.

"Glimpses of a cloudless sky,—
Soothe me as I resting lie.

"Bubble, bubble, flows the stream,
Like low music through a dream."

As a specimen of what Mr. Thompson can do when he tries to write *badly*, we offer the following couplet :—

"O Lake, thy beauty inexpressible is
Except by some song-wrought anatholysis."

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Anthony Trollope. New York: John W. Lovell Co.

As might be expected one of the most interesting of modern biographies is this of the late deceased novelist, written with the author's characteristic vigour of colour. The book is no less a story of the struggle of literature than an account of the man's own life, and it teaches the lesson to those equipped to give a message to their kind that there is a crown for all those that persevere. If only the faltering step and the vacant brain went together, then of great value to mankind would be this autobiography of Trollope, with its record of repeated disappointments, and of mercenary publishers who were better judges of pork than of manuscript ; for it would then keep out of the field those swarms of sensation-mongers who fill the land with their blood and thunder, and defraud public taste. By-and-by when the biography of Bertha M. Clay is written—for the palate that relishes the work of this writer will not refuse the biography—it will not be found that she had any difficulty in getting publishers to take her work, like Trollope had, or to induce the people to buy them. However, this is little to the purpose ; for the author of "Peck's Bad Boy" is the logical and inevitable product of the impure literary atmosphere of his time. Trollope was quite another sort of development. He had in common with so many of the guild to struggle, when a boy, with poverty ; was hated by the schoolmaster and frowned upon by his snobbish desk-mates. He came from Winchester College knowing nothing, so that it required political favouritism to obtain for him an unimportant clerkship in the London post-office service. It seems that when a boy his, then, not over-handsome face and shabby clothes were against him, but in after years he tells us : "I was a very clever person and beautiful young women were fond of me, and I strove to be kind of heart, and open of hand, and noble in thought." For his first three works Mr. Trollope appears received little or nothing till his reputation had been firmly rooted. The first novel was "The Macdermots of Ballycoran," and it fell upon the world without noise ; the second was "The Kellys and the O'Kellys," and this work the *Times* described as resembling a leg of mutton, "substantial, but a little coarse." The *Times* has not always been the best judge of literature in England, but "substantial and a little coarse" most happily phrased the robust, though sometimes crude, and often ungrammatical work of the irrepressible young novelist. He brought his third novel, "The Three Clerks," to the Longmans, and they met his demand for price by pointing out the value of their name upon the title-page. "I did," Mr. Trollope writes, "think much of Mr. Longman's name, but I like it best at the bottom of a cheque." The Longmans did not take this novel, so it went to the successors of Colburn. A foreman of this house treated with the author. He was just such another person as some of the publishers with whom any one concerned in literature must some time become acquainted. He tossed the package of manuscript ; then blew his face out into importance, and said : "I hope it's not historical, Mr. Trollope. Whatever you do, don't be historical ; your historical novel is not worth a damn." After this Mr. Trollope's success was assured ; each book found a larger audience than its predecessor, till at the close the total receipts for his work had amounted to fully \$350,000. Perhaps nothing written by Mr. Trollope is better worth reading than this autobiography.

ANCIENT EGYPT IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN DISCOVERIES. By H. S. Osborn, LL.D. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

As Mr. Osborn says in his preface, nearly all authoritative works on Ancient Egypt are beyond the reach of general readers on account of their costliness ; and to some extent beyond their grasp because of their fulness. So true is the earlier statement, that one finds himself looking with suspicion on a volume so small as this which claims to handle so vast a subject. But there appears no ground for suspicion. The work is what it claims to be, an *epitome* ; and it does what it aims to do, by enabling the reader to follow, by the light of modern discoveries, the researches of eminent

Egyptologists, whose results are here presented in concise and clear order. Mr. Osborn is an earnest student of Egyptian history and archæology ; he has carried on original and careful investigations ; and his judgments seem as admirably free from the arrogant self-assertion of the scholar who thinks himself the only one entitled to speak *ex cathedra*, as they are from the wearisome elevating of molehills into mountains which is the tendency of the hobby-riding pedant. The following quotation will be interesting from its bearing on Biblical history :

From the inscription on the temple of Karnak, translated by M. de Rouge, although excepted to by Renouf and Brugsch, but fully adopted by Lenormant, we find a curious, and, at that time, a fearful array of the Libyans and Mashuash who formed the majority, with the Pelasgian Tyrrhenians from Italy, ancestors of the Etruscans, the Sardinians, Sicilians, Achæans of the Peloponnesus, and Laconians. To these were added another tribe of northern Africa, called Kehak. Merenptah "beloved of Phtah" had moved his royal seat to Memphis. From this place he retired to Shebes, evidently from the invaders, whom he feared so much that he declined to go to battle at the head of his army. But the invaders were defeated, and more than 16,000 left dead upon the field, and nearly 10,000 taken prisoners, many of whom had to be allowed to settle in the Delta, because there was no other method of disposing of them, for some had come to the war with their wives and children and their goods, evidently intending to stay. Various coincidences show that it was soon after this great battle that the exodus of the Israelites took place, when 600,000 men, slaves, belonging to the Hebrew race, left Egypt at one time. There is no record of this humiliating event, as there never was of any humiliation, except when there was a recovery from the effects of national misfortune. So we cannot expect a record of this ; but some very curious items appear in the history of Moses as recorded in the Book of Exodus, which prove that the author of that book was certainly acquainted with the events transpiring in Egypt as well as with the customs and habits of the people and their surroundings. For, in the first place, Moses, at the age of 40, having killed an Egyptian, and being threatened by Pharaoh, flies to the Sinaitic region. He remains there 40 years, when he is told that the king, who had sought his life, was dead, and he is now ordered to report himself at the court of the new Pharaoh, on an embassy which conveys the order for an entire release of the Hebrew slaves from their servitude in Egypt. Now, if the general opinion is correct, that Ramses II. was the Pharaoh of this history, he should have reigned more than 40 years, should have associated his name, Ramses, with Tanis, and, thirdly, the court of the Pharaoh, before whom Moses appeared, may have been at a city outside of the district of Goshen, in which region the Israelites were working. These three conditions are singularly appropriate to the reigns of Ramses II. and of his son.

The work is effectively illustrated with drawings from original material and actual photographs, and is accompanied by a valuable map of Egypt and Ethiopia.

THE PERIODICALS.

St. Nicholas for December is quite up to its own standard : and it is hard to think of a more emphatic way of praising it than to say just this. *St. Nicholas* is easily at the head of the magazines published for young folks. In the present number begins the last work of Captain Mayne Reid, a serial story entitled "The Land of Fire," which is like all this author's work, wholesome, exciting, and full of information. There is also a brilliantly fanciful story by Julian Hawthorne, and part of a Christmas story by Miss Louisa Alcott. The inimitable humourist, Frank R. Stockton, contributes a fairy tale, which is as piquantly amusing for older readers as it is for the children. Charles Dudley Warner writes a fresh and racy paper called "Fare in a Street Car." Whittier gives an Indian legend in verse ; Professor Boyesen the first of his "Tales of Two Continents." An admirably illustrated poem is E. Vinton Blake's "How Sir Athol Came to His Kingdom." Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney furnishes a paper of that delightful sort which has come to be a characteristic of this periodical. It is called "Edouard Frere and His Child Pictures." We quote a selection from a most amusing story by Tudor Jenks, and shall make no apology for its length unless one be demanded by the young folks :

A DUEL IN A DESERT.

A lazy magician, tired of work, left Damascus and went into a sandy desert, seeking quiet and solitude. Finding a lonely place, he filled his pipe, and, after smoking it out, fell fast asleep.

An indolent wizard, looking for rest, came riding across the desert upon a magic camel, which he had made out of an old rug that morning, and, not seeing the sleeping magician, ran over him.

Now, magical creations cannot touch magicians without vanishing. So the wizard's camel vanished, the wizard fell plump down on top of the magician, and the baggage which the camel carried was scattered on the sand.

The wizard was the first to collect his senses, and asked, in a fierce voice : "Where is my camel ?"

The magician replied, with some anger : "Don't you think you'd better ask some one who was awake while your camel was getting away ?"

"You are the only man I have met."

"Perhaps," resumed the magician, "your camel may have climbed one of the trees with which you see the desert is covered ; if you think I've got him you can search me."

"I made that camel only this morning," said the wizard, complainingly.

"You are then a magician ?" asked the other.

"No ; I'm only a wizard," replied the first.

"Well, I'm a magician, and I should think you would know better than to drive your camel up against me."

"It was careless, I admit," replied the wizard. "But let that go. I hope I didn't hurt you ?"

"Oh ! not at all ; I was lying down there on purpose ; that is why I came to the desert, where there are so many passing," remarked the magician.

"I cannot regret an accident which brings me so agreeable a companion," replied the wizard, with a low bow ; and so entering into conversation, it was not unnatural that the wizard should propose a trial of skill, hoping thereby to gain some points from his more skillful acquaintance.

"I will, on one condition," assented the other.

"What is that?"
 "That he who shows the best magic shall take the wand and power of the other. Do you agree?"
 The wizard, although startled, boldly agreed.
 "Let us lose no time, then," said the magician, with a crafty smile. "Are you ready?"
 "Quite ready," said the wizard.
 "Find that, then," and, as he spoke, the magician threw his wand high into the air. An immense bird, that was flying overhead, clutched the wand and flew off with lightning speed.
 "A baby's trick!" said the wizard, laughing. "I learned that with the alphabet. The idea of playing magical hide-and-peek with me!" and breaking his wand into nine short pieces, he stuck them up in the sand, forming a circle around him. Out from each suddenly sprang a wire and stretched itself along above the sand, like a serpent, only a thousand times faster; and down from this wire fell poles and stuck up in the sand. In the middle of the ring of sticks sat the wizard, with a telegraph instrument, ticking away for dear life. In a moment he stopped and listened. An answering tick was soon heard; and the wizard, smiling, said: "We shall have a dispatch very soon! Wonderful thing, the telegraph—wonderful!"
 A speck was soon seen in the distance coming quickly toward them. It soon resolved itself into a small boy, running as fast as he could.
 "Well, my boy?" said the wizard, rubbing his hands, as the messenger arrived.
 "Please, sir, here's a package and a letter for you, sir," replied the boy, puffing a little from his run. "Please sign my receipt."
 "Certainly, certainly," said the wizard, scarcely hearing what was said; and handing the package to the magician, he opened his letter and read:

BORNEO, July 12th.

Your message received. Inclosed find wand as requested. Had to shoot bird. Sorry. Will have it stuffed. Yours, AHAB."

The magician opened the package, and there was the wand. Then he began thinking of his very best tricks. At last he said, solemnly: "This time I'll show you something worth seeing!"

Then he wiped his wand in the skirt of his robe, and pronounced a long incantation. As the incantation proceeded, a crystal ball formed itself out of the air and floated before them.

"What's that for?" asked the boy. "That's the biggest marble I ever saw."
 "That," said the magician, "is the magician-tester. Merlin invented it for the express purpose of putting down conceited magicians. Such is its peculiar construction that only the greatest and most powerful magician can get inside of it."

"Get into that marble!" said the boy. "I don't see what for."
 "Probably not," said the magician.
 "Now, see here, Johnny," said the wizard, impatiently, "don't you think you'd better run home?"

"I must have my receipt signed," said the boy, positively; "besides, it's fun to see this game."

"Never mind him," said the magician. "Now, what I propose is this: You and I stand about twenty paces from the tester; then let the boy count three (for, while you pay for his time, we may as well use him). Whoever first appears in the tester shall be the winner."

"Am I in this?" asked the boy.
 "Certainly," said the magician, smiling.
 "Are you ready?" said the boy.
 "Yes," they replied.
 "One—two—three!" shouted the boy. The wizard and magician did their best to get inside; but it was no use. Each turned away, thinking himself defeated. In turning from the tester, they met.

"Hallo!" cried the magician, "I thought you were inside the tester!"
 "And I thought you were!" said the wizard, equally surprised.
 "Well, what means this?" asked the magician.
 "I can't tell," replied the wizard; "I didn't make the tester; there's been some mistake."

"Oh, no; it's all right," said the magician; "we must try again. Where's the boy?"

"Here I am," said the boy's voice.
 "Where?" they asked, not being able to see him.
 "In the marble," said the boy. "I've won!"
 There was no mistake. They could both see him, coiled up in the tester and grinning with delight.

"This is too ridiculous!" said the magician. "Come out of that, you little monkey!"

"I shan't!" said the boy, clapping his hands with glee. "I've won and I'm to have the prize!"
 "You shan't have anything but a good thrashing!" said the wizard, and catching up his wand he rushed toward the tester.

But at that moment a crack was heard. The tester broke like a bubble, and forth from it came the majestic figure of the enchanter, Merlin.

"Merlin!" they cried.
 "Yes," replied the enchanter, gravely, "it is Merlin. When a wizard and magician spend their mighty powers in juggling tricks fit only to amuse fools, those powers must be taken from them. You have made the agreement and must abide by it. Drop your wands. Go home, and work."

They went home and worked, and neither of them married a princess or lived happily.

Merlin laughed softly to himself, and remarking, "there's a couple of dunces!" changed himself back into a messenger-boy, signed his receipt himself, and walked away over the desert. Soon he disappeared over the horizon, and all was still.

THE *Continent* for December 5th contains a valuable and interesting paper on "The True Mission of Art Schools," by Leslie W. Miller. The illustrations to this paper are rough and hardly worthy of the letterpress. There is one short story, readable, bright and rapid, but rather improbable. It is by Eliot McCormick, who bends accident to his design as triumphantly as ever did the author of "A Castle in Spain." Mr. Newell's serial of love and adventure in Borneo maintains its interest. In this instalment there is abundance of adventure, but the love-making is thinned down to the vanishing point. The following note on the famous Rajah Brooke, of Sarawak, will bear quotation:

The Rajah of Sarawak unquestionably possessed experience and abilities to become a military character of no mean order, had his moral genius involved the least ambition for such an attainment. What Macaulay, with true sedentary flavour, denominates "the vulgar courage of the common soldier," was his in a conspicuous degree; and on every occasion when war had no practicable alternative for him in Borneo he proved invincible as a commander. It was, then, no constitutionally effeminate shrinking from the fierce arbitrament of the sword that restrained him from investing the whole romance of his Oriental career with the heroic glitter of armed conquest. A more manly exemplar of his race; a braver, higher-minded, loftier-spirited Anglo-Saxon; never bore the banner of civilization to the walls of hostile barbarism.

Had he chosen to avail himself of the opportunity when Muda Hassim, vizier and chief provincial governor of the Sultan of Borneo proper, gladly resigned to him the supreme command against a rebellion that the whole sultanate was powerless to subdue, he might easily have established a militant dictatorship of the island, equivalent to that of the Dutch in Java. Later, the seditious jealousy of Makota offered him yet readier means of turning Borneo into a second Hindostan, with himself to preside over another merciless and rapacious East India Company.

But the first Englishman to sail up the pirate-haunted Sarawak, and that, too, with no more imposing pomp of outward circumstance than his own private yacht, contemned the thought of grasping as a conqueror the vast, dim region whose simple-hearted children had so early hailed and implicitly trusted him as their Great One, their Tuan Besar. The spirit he wished to emulate was that in which Sir Stamford Raffles sought to regenerate the down-trodden Javanese, thirty years before, during the temporary British occupation of Batavia. He could draw the sword to put down wasting and destroying civil war, and keep it unsheathed in the cause of common humanity while his native land lent him one corvette and a gunboat to chastise the pitiless pirates and slavers of a pestilent coast; but after that he wished to leave it wholly in the hands of his country.

From her he desired personal countenance and aid only so far as they would make him stronger, without military conquest, to awe an oligarchy of Malay oppressors into some respect for Christian justice, and raise thousands—ultimately millions—of the true owners of the soil, from slavery to freedom. To this end he advocated a British occupation of the little island of Labuan, off the coast not far north of the mouth of Borneo River, whence piracy and slaving could, alike, be held in check, and the legitimate commercial opportunities of the situation controlled.

With this motive he accepted an appointment as English Agent to the court of Bruni, to negotiate and maintain a treaty, securing English sailors from imprisonment and enslavement by treacherous Bornean wreckers. And, in the highest sentiment of unselfishness, he was even willing to relinquish his Rajahship itself to the Queen's government, and be himself a mere lieutenant, if thereby that government could be the more effectually persuaded to help, for once, in gathering a land to Gospel-light without an established ministry of cannon.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING has gone to Athens for a visit.

THE Christmas edition of *St. Nicholas* is 100,000 copies.

A VOLUME of letters written by Keats to his brother in America, will be published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

A LATE London letter to the *New York Times* speaks of Mrs. Oliphant's "Altiora Peto." Poor Lawrence!

IN the January number of *Good Words* Princess Beatrice will begin a series of papers descriptive of Aix-les-Bains.

MR. CRAWFORD'S new novel—that is ambiguous in Mr. Crawford's case, so we must say his *fourth*—is called "Our Favourite Sham."

MESSRS. HUNTER, ROSE & Co. will bring out a semi-centennial memorial volume of the city of Toronto during the coming celebration in this city.

AFTER the holidays Messrs. Henry Hill & Co. will publish a novel by Mr. Arlo Bates, of the *Boston Courier*. It bears the odd title of "The Pagans," and is in the modern realistic vein.

THE *New York Tribune* says:—"The lack of an international copyright law does not operate to the detriment of foreign authors only. The *Halifax Herald* is now publishing 'The Bread-winners.'"

THE current number of the *Boston Literary World* has nearly twenty-one pages of advertisements. This speaks volumes for the hold of this excellent journal upon the literary and book-buying classes.

MESSRS. HARPER BROS. have issued a new edition of Mr. Griffis's standard work on Japan, "The Mikado's Empire." There is added a supplementary chapter on "Japan in 1883," and an elaborate index.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS has taken to preaching socialism, and has been haranguing English workingmen in a dress of appropriate character. His shirt on these occasions is of coloured cotton, and innocent of a collar.

MR. J. T. HAWKE, the editor of the *Hamilton Tribune*, is entering the field of fiction. He has commenced in his own columns a story of the Franco-Prussian war, which promises to be bright, and full of movement.

CARLYLE'S house at Chelsea is advertised to be let or sold. It is beginning to look somewhat forlorn and dilapidated. It is said that a committee of Carlyle's admirers in Glasgow will buy the building and transfer it into a Carlyle club-house.

IN the thanksgiving number of the *Independent* is a timely article by Sir Samuel Baker, entitled "An Experience in the Soudan." A paper by

El Mahdi, on this subject, would be delightfully interesting just now, if only some periodical could develop sufficient enterprise to procure it.

MR. WILLIAM SHEPHARD has added to his interesting compilations "Pen Pictures of Living Writers," and "Authors and Authorship," another entitled "Pen Pictures of Earlier Victorian Authors." The new volume includes sketches of Bulwer, Macaulay, Disraeli, Irving, Charlotte Brontë, Poe, and Harriet Martineau.

DR. C. P. MULVANY is engaged in writing for Mr. C. Blackett Robinson a "History of Liberalism in Canada;" but the work will also practically be a history of Canada during the period it covers. If this book embrace the movement and brilliancy that are characteristics of Dr. Mulvany's style then it cannot fail to be valuable and interesting.

THE *Atlantic* for 1884 will monopolize all the work of Oliver Wendell Holmes. It will also contain a new serial entitled "In War Time," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, whose volume of verse, "The Hill of Stones and Other Poems," was so well received a year ago. It will continue to receive frequent contributions from Henry James, Charles Dudley Warner and W. D. Howells.

It is pretty generally acknowledged that the valuable work left unfinished by the late Mr. Rattray, "The Scot in British North America," was not, in its latter portion, quite up to its own standard. It is reported that the task of writing the final chapters has fallen into the hands of Mr. Philipps Thompson, in which case the rest of the work is likely to show no lack of pith and intellectual alertness.

MR. HENRY J. MORGAN, chief clerk of the Department of State, has in preparation "The Dominion Annual Register and Review for 1883." He is being assisted by former *collaborateurs* and by several new ones. This invaluable work has become an acknowledged institution, and has ceased to need the praise which it will probably never cease to deserve and receive so long as it remains under the present capable editorship.

MRS. J. F. HARRISON (Seranus), of Ottawa, has written a "Song of Welcome" in honour of Lord Lansdowne. As Mrs. Harrison is one of our most individual singers, this production contains several passages of genuine strength and beauty. As a whole it does not reach the high degree of lyric excellence which Mrs. Harrison has taught us to look for in her work. But this could hardly be otherwise: the defect is not in the singer, but in the occasion of the song.

PROPOS of Mr. Matthew Arnold's indistinct utterance on the occasion of his first lecture on this side of the water, the *New York Times* said: "Mr. Arnold has revenged himself on society. When it went to see him lecture last week it did not hear him. Then society complained. As if society did not get its full money's worth by gazing upon the philosopher while he read in dumb show his charming essay on 'Numbers.' By-the-bye, if Mr. Arnold would defend his imperfect utterance he might say, with Pope, 'I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.'"

VICTOR HUGO's knowledge of foreign literature appears to be somewhat elementary. In conversation with Tourguéneff he spoke very disparagingly of "Wallenstein's Camp," in illustration of Goethe's literary deficiency. When Tourguéneff gently suggested that Goethe was hardly accountable for any defects that work might possess, as it had been written by Schiller, the great Frenchman answered:—"That is all the same thing, Goethe and Schiller; they are fruits of the same tree, and believe me, that I know, even without having read either of them, what a Goethe could say and did say, and what a Schiller could write and did write."

THIS is a characteristic bit from "Some Reminiscences of Jane Welsh Carlyle," in a late number of *Temple Bar*:—"She described her charwoman sort of work to get all in perfect order for her husband's arrival; and when all was complete, his dinner ready, his arm-chair in its usual attitude, his pipe and tobacco prepared; all looking as comfortable as possible—Mrs. Carlyle sat down at last to rest, and to expect him, with a quiet mind. He arrived; and 'after he had just greeted me, what do you think he did? He walked to the window, and shook it, and asked, "Where's the wedge of the window?" And until we had found that blessed wedge nothing would content him. He said the window would rattle and spoil all. That's just Carlyle.'"

In the *Fortnightly Review* is an article in vindication of Bazaine, by Mr. Archibald Forbes. Mr. Forbes witnessed every action in which Bazaine took part, during the Franco-Prussian War, he was one of the first to enter Metz, and was present at the Marshall's trial. Mr. Forbes, therefore, speaks with some authority, as is needed to justify the energy of the following quotation:—"The truth is that of all the madneses of the half-heroic, half-base time that followed the *déchéance*, of all the false trails of vengeance along which the French nation hunted with yelpings and clamours purposely loud in their efforts at self-deception, of all the injustices which a people mad with shame, tortured by humiliated pride, infuriated by lust for a scapegoat, ever perpetrated, the persecution of Bazaine was the most lunatic, the falsest, the cruellest; the most utterly unworthy, malevolent and unredeemably base episode of a period which, if not infertile in patriotism, bore a far ranker crop of unworthiness, malevolence and baseness."

THE *Gossip* cannot consent to confine himself to matters purely literary. If he wander wide a-field now and again, let no one demand apologies, for the demand will be fruitless. The following note on Havre and Rouen will go to show that neither Montreal and Toronto nor St. John and Halifax have a monopoly of the spirit of mutual devotion and self-abnegation: "It would be as easy to establish the quadrature of the circle as to curry favour with the Rouennais without vexing the Havrais, or to get in with the latter without bringing the former down upon one's self in the character of bitter enemies. Havre wants to be the New York of the French side of the English Channel, or as they call it here, la Manche. Rouen wants to be to the Seine what London is to the Thames. But to be this it would be necessary for the State to execute colossal engineering works which would diminish the value of the river at its mouth for harbour purposes. The Havrais want their city to be made the seat of a Prefecture. The Rouennais want their town to remain the capital of lower Normandy. There are advantages to which they are not insensible in having a Prefect in Rouen and only a Prefect in the seaport town dedicated to our Lady of Mercy and founded by King Francis I."

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.—The North Ontario provincial election petition is to be tried during the Christmas vacation.—A new steamer built for the Dominion Government was lost on the night of the 3rd inst., at Point Prim, near Digby. Eight persons perished including a superintendent of lights. Particulars say that while the Government steamer *Newfield* was towing the vessel the latter broke the hawser and struck against a bluff rock. Captain Brown, of the *Newfield*, was on board the new ship with nine others, only two of whom were saved, Captain Brown and seven other men drowning. The men saved were James Dane and James Soi. Dane was second steward of the *Newfield*, and was sent on board the ship to look after Captain Brown, when the hawser parted. Brown saw Point Prim light, and knowing they must go ashore, tried to steer her for the light, which, if he had succeeded in doing, would have saved the crew and himself, even if the vessel would be lost; but with the wind and tide against them he failed. Brown was formerly a lieutenant in the Royal Navy.—The Merchants Bank has begun proceedings in Equity to compel the Canadian Steel Company to perform the conditions on which the loan of the bank to the company had been granted.—The election for Sunbury, N.B., on the 3rd inst., to fill the vacancy created in the representation of the above county for the House of Commons, by the death of Mr. Sterling, resulted in the election of Mr. Glasier, the Government candidate, by a large majority.—At the great cattle show in Birmingham, England, held on the 14th inst., Lord Lorne, in replying to an address, paid a high tribute to the Dominion of Canada. He said it was only necessary for Englishmen to know Canada to feel for her that love, sympathy, and friendship which, inherent in all true Britons, binds the Empire into one indivisible brotherhood.—Canada Pacific shares fluctuate much in the market. Of late they were far down in New York.—It was decided at a meeting of the Dominion Artillery Association held at Ottawa on Tuesday last, not to send a team to compete at Shoeburyness in 1884, but to try instead to establish a competition for garrison batteries at Quebec, and for field batteries at Toronto.—Workingmen's wages on the Canada Pacific Railway at Winnipeg is being reduced.—Dom Smulders, it is stated, has been appointed Apostolic Commissioner to Canada by the Holy See.—The City Council of Toronto are considering the question of lighting the city by electricity.—Sir Charles Tupper has failed to obtain any desirable concessions in the Cuban trade conditions.—It is reported that M. Senecal is promoting the organization of a

company to run a line of steamships between Rouen, France, and Montreal.—Captain Flett makes public the opinion that the summer frosts of the North-West will not be hurtful if the crops are put in early.—Before the Court of Claims at Buffalo, General J. C. Strong was present to argue the claim of a portion of the Cayuga nation of Indians living in Canada for a share of the \$2,300 annuity promised the Cayugas by the State in 1810. The amount claimed, with interest, makes quite a formidable sum. The Canada Cayugas hold that as the Chief of the nation, Ajageghti (Fish Carrier), lives with them, and they are a majority of the nation, a large part of the annuity should have been paid to them, and is now due from the State. The matter was held over for decision.—A well-known resident of Ottawa recently paid a visit to his friends in the old country, and returned to Canada as an assisted emigrant.—A shocking event occurred in Montreal on Thursday. Maise Morin, a butcher, was leading a large bull, and shortly after leaving the market the furious animal broke the rope which bound his head to the fore-leg and rushed madly through the streets, scattering the pedestrians in all directions. A medical student standing on the platform of a street-car was prostrated to the ground, but escaped with a few bruises. The bull next rushed at an old man named Jean Louis Duval, who was walking close by the wall of the Canadian Pacific station, and who could not hear the shouts of warning. Turning to face the bull, the latter caught him in the pit of the stomach, and hoisted him some fifty feet in the air, and when found on the other side of the wall life was extinct. After much difficulty the bull was captured and shot.—M. Senecal, it is said, has failed to float his emigration scheme in Paris.—Much prominence is now being given in Winnipeg to the Hudson Bay Railway scheme.—A meeting of farmers was held at Rapid City on Thursday, to protest against railway monopoly and the high tariff. Rev. Mr. Crawford speaking the sentiments of the meeting, said, "If we are to be trodden down by the other provinces I would advocate secession." A convention with the same note of protest will be held at Winnipeg on the 19th.—An inspector of fisheries for the great lakes and inland waters of Ontario is to be appointed.—A family, comprising five persons, were drowned on the north shore of Newfoundland by being capsized from a small boat by a sudden squall.—The Marquis of Lorne expresses the opinion that Toronto is destined for a great future.—On Friday last nominations for candidates for the Ontario Legislature were made in West Middlesex, West Simcoe, and Cardwell. Nominations on the same day were made for West Middlesex of candidates for the Dominion Parliament.—The Canada Pacific Railway will resume the construction operations of the North American Contracting Company, which has dissolved.—The Brantford factories are running on short time.

FOREIGN.—The Forty-Eighth Congress opened on Tuesday, the 4th inst.—Cardinal McCabe has issued a pastoral wherein he condemns secret societies.—It is said that Lord Ripon is not greatly beloved by Europeans in India.—Khaf Seyd, a Mussulman fanatic, who claims to have performed divers miracles at Merv, has entered Persia at the head of 2,000 men.—The Australian delegates have decided to annex the New Hebrides.—Twelve thousand men are to be shipped from Algerian ports to Tonquin.—American citizens henceforth are permitted to purchase foreign-built ships to engage in foreign trade under the American flag.—The President of the United States suggests that a portion of the surplus revenue should be applied towards rehabilitating the navy, and establishing coast defences.—Cetewayo is to be reinstated in power.—Lady Charlotte Rose, wife of Sir John Rose, is dead.—Hicks Pasha is recruiting his army with much energy.—Two men abducted the wife of a respectable tradesman recently in New York.—The Chinese admiral, Ping Yu Ling, on arriving in Canton, notified all foreigners that war was imminent.—As a means of getting rid of the Morman difficulty, it is proposed to abolish the territorial government of Utah and establish a commission.—The French commander in Madagascar will march inland early in January.—Another Apache rising has been reported from Arizona.—Butler has a longing still for the Presidency.—The Maryland cotton business has been overdone, and stagnation has set in.—The Prince of Wales is making land investments through an agent in Missouri.—Advocates of Woman's Suffrage are besieging Congress with petitions.—Cuba has another attack of political dissatisfaction.—Mobs have taken charge of Canton.—The people of Cairo seem favourable to an annexation of Egypt by England.—A Butler movement in Massachusetts is not unlikely.—Levy Bros., clothiers, New York, have failed; liabilities \$2,470,000.—The Porte has notified Great Britain that she will station men-of-war in the Red Sea.—It is said that Germany and Italy have accepted England's invitation to send men-of-war to Chinese waters for the protection of neutrals.

PROSPECTUS OF THE WEEK.

There appears to be in Canadian journalism a field still unoccupied, which can be filled only by a periodical enabled to furnish at the requisite outlay literary matter of the best quality. This field it is the aim of the proprietors of THE WEEK to fill. They will appeal particularly to the Canadian public; but they crave no indulgence on this score at the hands of Canadian readers. They are willing that THE WEEK shall be judged by comparison with other periodicals, English and American, of similar scope and price, hoping to gain the favour of a body of readers not limited by the bounds of Canada.

THE WEEK will appeal by a comprehensive table of contents to the different tastes which exist within the circle of a cultured home, and will endeavour faithfully to reflect and summarize the intellectual, social and political movements of the day. The man of business, whose hours for reading are limited, will, it is hoped, find in this periodical the means of easily keeping himself acquainted with the chief events and questions of the time.

Fiction, in the form both of serials and short stories, will occupy a prominent place, and will be regularly and liberally supplied. For this purpose the assistance of acknowledged talent has been secured. Verse will be welcomed as often as it is found possible to procure it of the right quality. Sketches of travel and papers descriptive of places interesting from their scenery or their associations will from time to time appear. Critical essays and short biographical papers will also form features of THE WEEK. Current events, both at home and abroad, will be closely watched, brought carefully into focus, and impartially discussed. It will be the Editor's constant aim to keep his readers well abreast of the intellectual progress of the age.

In politics, THE WEEK will be thoroughly independent. It will be untrammelled by party connections, free from party leanings, unbiassed by party considerations. The rule which it will adopt, of requiring every article to bear either the writer's name or some note of individual authorship and responsibility, will enable it to allow liberal scope for the expression of individual opinion, and to present, as far as possible, the best advocacy of the best cause. In Canadian politics its desire will be to further, to the utmost of its power, the free and healthy development of the Nation.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The following are among the attractions which will be offered the readers of THE WEEK in the earlier issues:

"A BYSTANDER"

will contribute, at intervals, reviews of current events, especially of events in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe.

MR. EDWARD FAWCETT,

the well-known author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "Tinkling Cymbals," "An Ambitious Woman" (just completed in the *New York Tribune*, and attracting wide attention), "A Hopeless Case," etc., is writing for THE WEEK a new novel, entitled "The Adventures of a Widow." This novel deals with New York Society, a field which Mr. Fawcett has made peculiarly his own. The columns of THE WEEK will also, from time to time, be enriched with some of Mr. Fawcett's exquisite verse.

PRINCIPAL GRANT,

in a series of papers, will describe a tour taken by him, in company with Mr. Sandford Fleming, during the past summer, over the route of the Canada Pacific Railway. Dr. Grant and his party traversed entirely new ground, by crossing the Selkirks, which have hitherto been considered impassable. These interesting papers will be entitled "Down the Kicking Horse and across the Selkirks." Dr. Grant will also contribute articles on various important subjects, such as Indian Affairs, Progress in British Columbia, etc.

Contributions in prose and verse may be looked for from J. E. Collins, Joaquin Miller, Louis Honoré Fréchette, Dr. C. P. Mulvany, George Stewart, jr., John Reade, Mrs. Kate Seymour McLean, Miss Machar (*Fidelis*), Dr. Daniel Wilson, John Charles Dent, Wm. Houston, F. Blake Crofton, G. Mercer Adam, J. Hunter-Duvar, R. W. Phipps, Wm. F. Clarke, Professor Murray, Sir Francis Hincks, R. W. Boodle, O. C. Auringer, Mrs. J. F. Harrison (*Seranus*), J. M. LeMoine, Frederick A. Dixon, J. G. Bourinot, W. D. LeSueur, and many other writers of note. Art, Music and the Drama will receive abundant and careful attention. There will also be a series of critical essays on "The Younger American Poets," by the Editor.

PERSONAL INVESTIGATION.

Many prominent medical men have personally investigated the INTERNATIONAL THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE and express themselves satisfied that the Physicians comprising the Staff are thoroughly qualified medical men; that patients receive the latest and most scientific treatment, and that the *Spirometer*, invented by Dr. M. SOUVIELLE, Ex-Aide Surgeon of the French Army, is really a valuable addition to Medical Science. Anyone suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Consumption in its first stages, or Laryngitis, should consult the physicians of the Institute personally and be examined; if not, write for list of questions and copy of "International News," published monthly. Physicians and sufferers can try the *Spirometer* free. Consultations free. Address *International Throat and Lung Institute*, 173 Church Street, Toronto, or 13 Phillips Square, Montreal, P. Q.

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From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.
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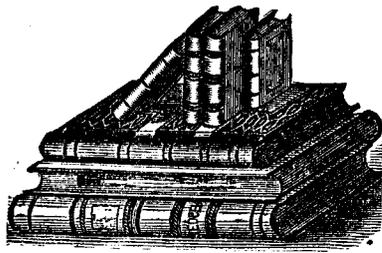
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