

# THE WEEK:

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# THE WEEK.

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### LA DEBACLE.

And shall Trelawney die?  
And shall Trelawney die?  
Then twenty thousand Cornishmen  
Shall know the reason why.

WHEN Louis XIV. revoked Henry IV.'s Edict of Nantes, withdrew toleration from the Reformed faith and commanded millions of the best part of the French people to accept the Roman Catholic doctrine, then occurred not merely the great exodus of French Protestants that gave a superior class of immigrants to Prussia, England, Ireland, and America, but another emigration from the plains of Languedoc to the mountain fastnesses of the Cevennes. There these religious refugees made frequent descents on the inhabitants who had taken possession of the farms and fields they once had tilled. Holding their faith, with their lives, by the arms their desperate courage wielded, they baffled for years the efforts which the Most Christian King made to subdue them, and at last, when an army of 60,000 had only partially succeeded in quelling them, a peace was made that let them practise their religion in secret, with the condition that their young men should serve in the King's armies. One of the regiments organized out of this body of born fighters was the regiment of Carignan-Salières, and the Regiment Roussillon was probably another. After a long service in the great War of the Succession which devastated Central Europe, these two regiments were sent to Canada, there to be disbanded and to form a military strength for the Colony, Roman Catholic wives being sent out to them from Paris and other parts of the kingdom. That these soldiers had in their long campaigns not wholly lost their hold on the Reformed faith may be inferred from the fact that Charlevoix says they were rebuked by their officers for singing Huguenot psalms on the voyage up the St. Lawrence.

The country in which they were settled was at the gateway of the Iroquois incursions into Canada—the valley of the River Richelieu, by which Lake Champlain empties itself into the St. Lawrence. To-day it is called the District of Richelieu, and although the descendants of the Huguenot soldiers lost their fathers' faith, they retained their inheritance of an indomitable love of freedom. The Six Counties furnished the most vigorous insurgents in the revolt of 1837-8, men who fought the trained troops of the British army with old fowling-pieces and wooden cannon, iron-hooped and serving only for one discharge! English-speaking colonists are seldom aware, or, if they know it, forget, that it was this French-Canadian revolt which obtained for the colonies of the Empire that system of responsible government which now gives to the colonial power of Britain so stable and so peaceful a tenure.

Up to 1791 the small French population of Canada was in a position to be converted into an English colony, with traces of French sentiment and language that would have slowly disappeared. But at that date William Pitt, the younger, brought into the House of Commons his Quebec Act, which constituted two Provinces: Lower Canada, with a full provision of French laws, language, and institutions; Upper Canada, with a reproduction of English laws and social system, including primogeniture and an Established Church. During the debate, Pitt declared on the floor of the House that his purpose was to create two colonies distinct from and jealous of each other,

so as to guard against a repetition of "the late unhappy rebellion," which had separated the Thirteen Colonies from the Empire. Thenceforth the existence of a French race as a self-governing people, holding their own institutions, was a certainty in the history of this continent. And to their credit, be it said, they have attained the result in a constitutional manner.

As early as 1807 a journal, *Le Canadien*, published in Quebec, discussed the question of constitutional rights in a large and thoughtful manner, and the tone of language even then foretold a political movement which in 1832 assumed the character of a parliamentary revolution. In 1832 the Assembly attached to the usual Supply Bill a resolution affirming the principle that the Ministers of the Crown should be responsible to the House of Assembly. Each session for five years was illustrated by a like vote with a like resolution, and each time the Governor refused assent to the Supply Bill so conditioned. No money was paid out for any purpose, and the members of the House of Assembly went without their indemnity: one member sawed wood for a living in the day and at night voted the irreconcilable resolution. At last, in 1837, at the advice of the Colonial Secretary, the Governor seized the public chest, in which five years' resources had accumulated. The revolt following this act must be judged by us at this day to have been a vindication of the Constitution, and the act of the Governor to have been an illegal and treasonable proceeding. When the revolt was suppressed by a large military force, and the question of a remedy was considered, Lord Durham's project commended itself to English statesmen. A union of the two Canadas, giving an equal number of parliamentary representatives to each Province, would secure an English majority—and therefore a responsible Ministry governing itself by English views, which would in future guard against the mischief to produce which Pitt had so securely legislated fifty years before.

As constitutional statesmen, however, the French-Canadian leaders were equal to this emergency in the growth of their national autonomy; and, after a few parliamentary contests, the United Province was governed by Ministries each half of which depended on its own Provincial majority and administered affairs for each Province in accord with the views of its supporters. Under this régime a law was passed which assured the growth of French power in Lower Canada. Pitt's scheme had contemplated the leaving in perpetual wilderness of a large tract of mountain and forest land south of the Seignories, and barring any intercourse with the United States.

In succeeding years, under the irresponsible Cabinets which preceded the rebellion, this territory was mapped out and given up to settlement by British immigrants. For years, even as late as 1855, the boundary line between the English and Yankees of the Eastern Townships and the French inhabitants of the flat lands of the Seignories was as distinct as that between two nations in Europe. In 1849, however, L. H. Lafontaine introduced a bill which produced a wonderful social change in these townships.

The Act constituted legal parishes in the Townships wherever a small fixed number of Roman Catholics were settled. These parishes were constituted in the same manner, with tithes and church-rates, as the old parishes of the Seignories. The construction and maintenance of the churches became an obligation on all property held by Catholic parishioners, and took precedence even of prior mortgages with all the absoluteness that a municipal tax has in this Province. The result was that the old Protestant townships were flooded with French-Canadian parishes, so protected that every foothold gained was permanent; and it is only a question of time when this race, strong already in its wonderfully prolific power, and strengthened still more by this inflexible church law, will occupy every rood of land in Lower Canada. Consolidated by language, faith, and institutions, they have, even when divided by family quarrels, been an important factor in all calculations of parliamentary strength: how much more so when united under one leader.

It cannot be denied that they are a valuable race to the industry of the Dominion; and it is equally certain that, as legislators, their chief men have few superiors. In one particular they differ widely from the other races which form our population: the social difference between rich and poor is far less marked, but the difference in education is more strongly defined than elsewhere. In the learned professions the native ability of the race is illustrated by great men; and in politics the average English are their inferiors. On the other hand, the masses, while courteous and well-bred, even among the poorest, yet as a rule are far less advanced in education

than the people of the other Provinces; they do not read so much, and are largely governed, through prejudice and national feeling, by the political orator. If, therefore, you know the leaders of politics, you can generally be certain of the political future—a condition very different in this and the other Provinces, where even the strongest politician's tenure of power is uncertain.

The race has spread over New England, and has made itself felt already as a solid vote: in many towns they have succeeded in obtaining for their religious and national schools the privileges of the public schools of the State; but their power is not likely to go further, in the absence of such a protection as is given by the parish system in their native Province.

With us, however, there is a greater danger: they may by their compact voting power secure the concession of some of the western Provinces in which to establish, with the same immunities and privileges to their race and faith, another Province of Quebec in all its exclusive character. There is no doubt that they felt a great disappointment at the result of events in Manitoba after the Province was first formed. They had hoped to get a large immigration from the French-Canadian colonies in the States, and to secure a controlling vote-power in that Province. The rapidity of settlement balked their aim; but when they try next time they will make more certain, and recent events seem to make the field ready for the contest.

Taking a period in English history, we may say that the sending of the bishops to the Tower by James II. was not likely to have struck the Cornishmen in the light of being either constitutional or unconstitutional. The only matter that affected them when they came out of their mines and marched on London was that one of the bishops was a Cornishman,—

And shall Trelawney die?  
And shall Trelawney die?  
Then twenty thousand Cornishmen  
Shall know the reason why.

There was as chief element the feeling of race-kinship: that was enough to rouse Cornwall. The feeling that spread like wildfire over Lower Canada is, to a great extent, of the same unreasoning character. Even the Rouge leaders must have been surprised at the sudden outburst among a people who had responded so slowly to the appeal for subscriptions to a defence fund that, in order to insure a fair trial, the prosecution was obliged to furnish means for producing evidence in favour of the accused. The people who were so apathetic in the crisis of Riel's fate became furious when all was over: the leaders of party for once found themselves obliged to follow popular clamour, and the only note of discord is the protest of the Rouges against the action of the Bleus in coming at the last hour to share in their victory. Chapleau, Langevin, and Caron not only stand alone, but are pilloried and pelted with vile epithets. A National Party is to be formed, and no more divisions will be allowed to exist. Will this last? Will the fury of the masses die out? Will the party leaders quarrel over the prizes of rank and position, or will they accept for the leader of a solid French-Canadian party some acknowledged superior such as Sir Antoine Aimé Dorion, if he consent to descend from the Bench? If this last should be the case, I would not be surprised if, for one or two years, this French phalanx should rule the destinies of the Dominion. Mr. Blake, or whoever would join hands with them, would be so dependent in the other Provinces on a certain number of French constituencies that he would be obliged to bow his neck to the French yoke to a far greater extent than Sir John Macdonald has been accused of doing.

During this tenure of power the party might be able to carry out the scheme of organizing another Province of Quebec in the North-West, and the danger of this is the most imminent of any overhanging the future of the Dominion. Any talk of Annexation would be futile, for Lower Canada will not surrender the laws which give immunity to the Roman Catholic Church; and, on the other hand, the constitution of the United States will never be amended to permit the entrance into the Union of a State in which the Church is a power having legal authority.

W. G. STETHEM.

### SOME QUALITIES OF A POET.

ADMITTING that it is worth while in this world to be great, what particular form of greatness is quite so alluring as that possessed by the poet? The prince has not always a princely soul; the politician, who sheds a strong light over one of the dark ages, might not present so vivid a contrast to his fellow mortals in this enlightened age; the painter's reputation, like his canvas, fades; the actor leaves nothing behind him but a tradition; the millionaire endows an institution of learning or charity, and is forgotten; the power of the orator is buried in his grave: all flesh is grass, and the grass withereth, but a poet, whose words, centuries old, are "felt in the blood and felt along the heart," is of all living creatures the most alive. In

the race for immortality he has the advantage of being born great, which gives him an immensely good start, though he is no more responsible for it than he is for his age or height or the amount of money he inherits. How supremely fortunate a fate is this! Every man, it is said, has been a child once, and he may some time be an angel, but between those extreme and most attractive periods of existence stretches a dry, prosaic length of days in which, if one cannot be a poet or a worshipper of poets, the outlook is dull indeed. No adequate provision has as yet been made for this very large class of suffering humanity, who, like those born blind, have never fully realized the extent of their deprivation.

The great poem, like the great poet, is born, not made. It is written not from choice, but necessity—the divine necessity that weighs inexorably upon those to whom "the Angel says write." A poet cannot be a manufacturer. The writer of verses may excel in acuteness of perception and sensibility; he may be gifted with fancy, even imagination, and he may select and combine with unerring taste the choicest materials for his dainty task; but he is a builder, not a creator. The product of his pen is as life-like as a French doll. Its form is unexceptionable, its features unusually delicate and regular, it is exquisitely tinted and sumptuously adorned, but it does not breathe, it cannot bleed. Compare with it the production of a genuine poet who can scarcely spell or write: it may be ugly and unkempt as the child of a savage, but it is free, natural, alive.

It is difficult to give a perfect definition of a poet, but the world is quick to recognize him, and gives him joyful greetings when he comes. Let us enumerate some of his qualities, not, perhaps, in the order of their merit, since two critics can scarcely be found who will agree upon that.

Then, first, the true poet must give us the luxury of reading what we ourselves could never have written. That is not asking very much. We are accustomed to breathe an air and tread upon an earth and look into a sky that we could never have created, and when in the midst of these everyday marvels we open a volume of poems that, by means of a good education and ill-regulated emotions, we ourselves might have written, the result is dispiriting. Not only must the poet look into his heart and write, but he must find in his heart something that is abundantly worthy of being written.

Secondly, he must have individuality. Keats may be unripe Tennyson, and Swinburne overripe Tennyson; but it is no pleasure to make the discovery. A parrot may appear very brilliant, but it is not a singer; and a poet must be a creator of sweet sounds, not an imitator of them. The impressions he produces were not received from others, they are not second-hand.

Thirdly, his effects are pure, thrilling, magical, and produced generally by means of the simplest words, and apparently with the greatest ease.

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky!

No double-jointed epithets or compound adjectives here, no straining after effect. Commonplace words; but, upon reading them, how the heaviest heart leaps up!

And next, condensation. Diffuseness is another name for weakness. The addition of water increases the quantity but ruins the quality. What can be more complete and concentrated than the line,

An open sky, a world of heather.

More could scarcely be expressed in smaller space.

That he must appeal to the emotions rather than the intellect goes without saying; but, so long as Swinburne and his followers are alive, he must bear in mind that, in the emotional as in the material world, it is disgraceful to be drunk and disorderly. He may be allowed to rhyme sweet with

The paces and the pauses of her feet;

but the gloying richness of

Oh, sweet, and sweet again, and seven times sweet,  
The paces and the pauses of her feet,

palls upon the taste. If only this word, sweet, might become obsolete for a score of years, or until we had time to forget that butchers ever applied it to meat ("nice sweet pork") and essayists to reasonableness, and poets to nearly everything else!

But, on the other hand, he must not preach. Every field of philanthropic effort needs to be cultivated; but Pegasus does not excel as a plough horse. When any doubt exists as to whether a piece of metrical composition is a sermon or a song, it may be safely asserted that at any rate it is not a song. Birds and poets have no other mission beyond filling this dull world with their own irrepressible and overflowing gladness.

Another quality of the poet is that elusive one which makes him

unmanageable, untameable, a person who cannot be pigeon-holed. He will learn from no master, he will have his own methods and his own way. He belongs to no section, to no sect. The earth is his cradle, and the deep, illimitable sky the very inmost garment of his soul. To his lovers he will have many a secret to tell, but he can never tell where his secrets come from. In his ear alone forever sounds

The melody born of melody,  
That melts the world into a sea.

A. E. WETHERALD.

### FAIRIES' SONG.

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Up, fays! draw nigh,  
Come let us fly

Pitter patter with our wings, as the gnats in spiral rings;  
Come! from sward and flowers and leaves,  
In balmyest this of all the eves.  
A hall! a hall! a Fairies' dance  
Upon the floor of elf romance,  
All in this soft sweet summer clime,  
All in this dulcet loving time,  
When nights are light as diamond rime,—  
Though indeed the time for loving is the all and only time.

Moonlighters we  
Who gladsome be,  
And our lightly-tripping heels, skilled in rapid rounds and reels,  
Pit-a-pat will whirl and bound  
In many a graceful merry-go-round;  
While stars shall wink their lanterns' light  
Aloft, and all the livelong night  
The fairy bells shall ring the chime  
That pulsates all life's loving time,  
The throbbing life of nature's prime,—  
For indeed the time for loving is the all and only time.

Call in those fays  
Who cause delays  
Splishing splashing 'mong the lilies—joy betide the thoughtless sillies!  
They to-night must foot the sands  
In gay toe-tinkling sarabands,  
Till a flush from out the sea  
Shall enrosy gradually  
The fresh sweet face of morning-prime,  
In sunbreak time, in loving time,  
For mete of time is but love's rhyme,  
And indeed the time for loving is the all and only time.

HUNTER DUVAR.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.  
Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

#### ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—I am very glad that you have brought this subject forward in your columns, and I hope to see it fairly ventilated therein. With the sentiment underlying the article I can heartily agree, but I think there is a misconception regarding the term itself which may mislead some readers; and I ask a small space in which to express shortly what appears to me to be the Scriptural view of the subject.

I. The term itself, "eternal punishment," without entering into the question of the primary meaning of the original word in Matt. xxv. 46, is decidedly a Scriptural one; the meaning usually attached thereto, "everlasting torment," is most decidedly an unscriptural one; and cannot be held or defended the moment the true nature of man is understood, according to the Word of God, viz.: That he is not possessed of an immortal or deathless life by nature, having forfeited his right to the Tree of Life by his fall (Gen. iii. 22-24). To this agree the variously repeated statements of the Saviour in John's Gospel, that He "came to give life," even "eternal life." No truth is more clearly set forth by Christ than that; consequently, as man possessed life of one kind, it was a life of another kind, even "the life of God," from which Paul avers that we are naturally estranged by sin (Eph. iv. 18); and without which no mortal, it is evident, can live on everlastingly. Let this fundamental truth taught in the history of man's fall, and in the Gospels of man's redemption, be seen, and in due time all other truths which are connected therewith will fall into their proper place and be understood.

II. I said the term "eternal punishment" does not mean "everlasting torment"; that is self-evident, if my former position be held: let me, however, define what it does mean according to the tenor of Scripture, which is so contrary often to theological systems.

In the first place "eternal" does not mean "everlasting." The two words are from different sources; the former being derived from the Latin, the latter from the Anglo-Saxon language. The one denotes an age-abiding period, the other perpetuity. The revisers of the New Testament have evidently disentangled the words from their long accustomed usage as synonyms, as any one may see by comparing the changes made by them in their use of the words. The reader that cares to prove this can easily do so with a concordance.

In the second place, it is very evident, therefore, that the punishment, of whatever character it may be, is an age-abiding one. I may here say, in passing, that men are not being punished whilst they are dead, seeing the Scripture so continually maintains that "the dead know not anything," that there is no knowledge in Hades whither all go at death, after the manner of our Saviour. Upon this subject I need not further dwell; but I mention it as somewhat needful in order to understand my closing Biblical illustration of "eternal punishment." Jude gives it in his Epistle, verse 7 (R.V.), "Sodom and Gomorrah . . . are set forth as an example suffering the punishment of eternal fire," or, as the margin reads, "as an example of eternal fire, etc." And yet Sodom and Gomorrah have to be restored, have yet to be judged, put on trial; and will see then the true nature of their sin, and hear the glad tidings of a ransom paid by the blood of Christ of which they knew nothing in their life. Compare Ezek. xvi. 48-55, with 1 Tim. ii. 4-6. The consequences of such a restoration to life and knowledge can only result, I most heartily hope, in good to them and glory to God in Christ Jesus. Yours faithfully,  
Toronto, November 23, 1885. W. BROOKMAN.

#### DISUNIONISTS IN THE QUEEN'S GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—The *Globe*, which is now angling for support in every quarter, including that of Irish Disunionism, has the following paragraph:—

Mr. Parnell will occupy a more powerful position in the new House of Commons than any other individual member. Yet no one seems to suppose that he will be offered a seat in the Cabinet. No one can give any reason but one why he should not be called to the honour and responsibility of administering Irish affairs—he represents Ireland. Yet there are people who pretend to believe that the English treat the Irish as they do the Scotch—like brothers and equals.

It is no doubt very flagrant injustice, and a great proof of British determination to treat the Irish with iniquity, that a man who avows the deadliest hatred to Great Britain, whose aim is the Dismemberment of the Empire, and whose followers lose no opportunity of insulting the Queen's name, should not be included in the Queen's Government.

A Nationalist meeting at St. Catharines is reported by the same journal to have been formally closed with three cheers for Mr. Parnell, Mr. Anglin, and the Queen. The combination is curious, because, as I have said already, any mark of honour to the Queen's name is strictly forbidden by Mr. Parnell's Association.

It is well to remember when we read the *Globe* and the *Mail* on this question that both are in the hands of Roman Catholics, and one of them, at least, in that of a Roman Catholic Irishman.

Yours, UNIONIST.

#### NEW RELIGIONS.

NOT quite a century ago, an attempt was made to set up a new religion. When Chaumette's "Goddess of Reason" and Robespierre's "Supreme Being," had disappeared from the altars of France, La Reveillere-Lépaux essayed to introduce a Natural Religion under the name of Theophilanthropy, to satisfy the spiritual needs of the country over which he ruled as a member of the Directory, Chemin Dryantès, Dryont de Nemours, and Bernardin de St. Pierre constituting with himself the four evangelists of the new cult. The first mentioned of these must, indeed, be regarded as its inventor, and his "Manuel des Theophilanthrophes" supplies the fullest exposition of it. But it was La Reveillere-Lépaux whose influence gave form and actuality to the speculations of Chemin, and whose credit obtained for the new sect the use of some dozen of the principal churches of Paris, and of the choir and organ of Notre Dame. The formal *début* of the new religion may, perhaps, be dated from the 1st of May, 1797, when La Reveillere read to the Institute a memoir in which he justified its introduction upon grounds very similar to those urged in our own day against "the theological view of the universe." Moreover, he insisted that Catholicism was opposed to sound morality, that its worship was anti-social, and that its clergy—whom he contemptuously denominated *la pretraille*, and whom he did his best to exterminate—were the enemies of the human race. In its leading features the new Church resembled very closely the system which we have just been considering, offered to the world by the author of "Ecce Homo." It identified the Deity with Nature; religion, considered subjectively, with sentiment and, objectively, with civilization; and it regarded atheists and the adherents of all forms of faith—with the sole exception of Catholics—as eligible for its communion. Its dogmas, if one may so speak, were a hotchpotch of fine phrases about beauty, truth, right, and the like, culled from writers of all creeds and of no creed. Its chief public function consisted in the singing of a hymn to "the Father of the Universe," to a tune composed by one Gossec, a musician much in vogue at that time, and in lectures chosen from Confucius, Vyasa, Zoroaster, Theognis, Cleanthes, Aristotle, Plato, La Bruyère, Fenelon, Voltaire, Rousseau, Young, and Franklin, the sacred Scriptures of Christianity being carefully excluded on account, as may be supposed

of their alleged opposition to sound morality." The priests of the Natural Religion were vested in sky-blue tunics, extending from the neck to the feet, and fastened at the waist by a red girdle, over which was a white robe open before. Such was the costume in which La Reveillere-Lépaux exhibited himself to his astonished countrymen, and having the misfortune to be—as we are told—"petit, bassu, et puant, the exhibition obtained no great success. It must be owned, however, that this Natural Church did its best to fill the void caused by the disappearance of the Christian religion. It even went so far as to provide substitutes for the sacraments of Catholicism. At the rite which took the place of baptism, the father himself officiated, and, in lieu of the questions prescribed in the Roman ritual, asked the godfather: "Do you promise before God and man to teach N. or M. from the dawn of his reason to adore God, to cherish (*cherir*) his fellows, and to make himself useful to his country?" And the godfather, holding the child toward heaven, replied, "I promise." Then followed the inevitable "discourse," and a hymn of which the concluding lines were:

Puisse un jour cet enfant honorer sa Patrie,  
Et s'applaudir d'avoir reçu?

So much must suffice as to the Natural Church during the time that it existed among men as a fact, or, in the words of the author of "Ecce Homo," as "an attempt to treat the subject of religion in a practical manner." But, backed as it was by the influence of a despotic government, and *felix opportunitate* as it must be deemed to have been in the period of its establishment, very few were added to it. Whereupon, as the author of "Ecce Homo" relates, not without a touch of gentle irony, La Reveillere confided to Talleyrand his disappointment at his ill-success. "His propaganda made no way," he said. "What was he to do?" he asked. The ex-bishop politely consoled with him, feared indeed it was a difficult task to found a new religion, more difficult than could be imagined, so difficult that he hardly knew what to advise. Still, he went on, after a moment's reflection, "There is one plan which you might at least try. I should recommend you to be crucified, and to rise again the third day."

Is the author of "Ecce Homo" laughing in his sleeve at us? Surely his keen perception must have suggested to him as he wrote this passage, "*mutato nomine de me.*" It may be confidently predicted that, unless he is prepared to carry out Talleyrand's suggestion, the Natural Religion which he exhibits, "to meet the wants of a sceptical age," will prove even a more melancholy failure than it proved when originally introduced a century ago by La Reveillere-Lépaux.—"*Ancient Religion and Modern Thought,*" by William Samuel Lilly.

#### MENTAL EVOLUTION IN ANIMALS.

I POSSESS an English mastiff, by name Kepler, a son of the celebrated Turk out of Venus. I brought the dog, when six weeks old, from the stable in which he was born. The first time I took him out he started back in alarm at the first butcher's shop he had ever seen. I soon found he had a violent antipathy to butchers and butchers' shops. When six months old a servant took him with her on an errand. At a short distance before coming to the house she had to pass a butcher's shop; the dog threw himself down (being led with a string), neither coaxing nor threats would make him pass the shop. The dog was too heavy to be carried, and as a crowd collected, the servant had to return with the dog more than a mile, and then go without him. This occurred about two years ago. The antipathy still continues, but the dog will pass nearer to a shop than he formerly would. About two months ago, in a little book on dogs, published by Dean, I discovered that the same strange antipathy is shown by the father, Turk. I then wrote to Mr. Nicholls, the former owner of Turk, to ask him for any information he might have on the point. He replied, "I can say that the same antipathy exists in King, the sire of Turk, in Turk, in Punch (son of Turk out of Mag), and in Paris (son of Turk out of Juno). Paris has the greatest antipathy, as he would hardly go into a street where a butcher's shop is, and would run away after passing it. When a cart with a butcher's man came into the place where the dogs were kept, although they could not see him, they all were ready to break their chains. A master-butcher, dressed privately, called one evening on Paris's master to see the dog. He had hardly entered the house before the dog (though shut in) was so much excited that he had to be put into a shed, and the butcher was forced to leave without seeing the dog. The same dog at Hastings made a spring at a gentleman who came into the hotel. The owner caught the dog and apologized, and said he never knew him to do so before, except when a butcher came to his house. The gentleman at once said that was his business.

Some years ago, while living in Western Mysore, I occupied a house surrounded by several acres of fine pasture land. The superior grass in this preserve was a great temptation to the village cattle, and whenever the gates were open trespass was common. My servants did their best to drive off intruders, but one day they came to me rather troubled, stating that a Brahmin bull which they had beaten had fallen down dead. It may be remarked that those bulls are sacred and privileged animals, being allowed to roam at large and eat whatever they may fancy in the open shops of the bazaar-men. On hearing that the trespasser was dead, I immediately went to view the body, and there sure enough it was lying exactly as if life were extinct. Being rather vexed about the occurrence in case of getting into trouble with the natives, I did not stay to make any minute examination, but at once returned to the house with the view of reporting the affair to the district authorities. I had only just gone for a short time when a man, with joy in his face, came running to tell me that the bull was on his legs again and quietly grazing. Suffice it to say that the brute had acquired the trick of feigning death, which practically

rendered its expulsion impossible, when it found itself in a desirable situation which it did not wish to quit. The ruse was practised frequently with the object of enjoying my excellent grass, and although for a time amusing, it at length became troublesome, and resolving to get rid of it the sooner, I one day, when he had fallen down, sent to the kitchen for a supply of hot cinders, which we placed on his rump. At first he did not seem to mind this much, but as the application waxed hot, he gradually raised his head, took a steady look at the site of the cinders, and finally getting on his legs, went off at a racing pace and cleared the fence like a deer. This was the last occasion on which we were favoured with a visit from our friend.—*Romanes.*

#### TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

THE following letter has been addressed by Professor Goldwin Smith to the Toronto Temperance Union:

"The members of the Liberal Temperance Union, of which I am President, do not wish to let the coming session of Parliament pass without promoting temperance legislation on the principles of their Association. But they would do this at a great disadvantage if so important an event as the submission of the Scott Act to the citizens of Toronto were impending. The Scott Act petition has been sent round for signature, and the subject has been fully discussed. The question ought surely to be brought to an issue before the people without further delay. While the suspense continues, the value of large amounts of property in the city, as well as that of important securities in the hands of the banks, remains uncertain, and great numbers of our people are kept in doubt whether they are or are not to be deprived of their livelihood. To ruin a trade by suspense when the question of principle had not been decided against it would manifestly be an unrighteous policy, and one which could not be embraced by any one pretending to the name of a moral reformer. Prolonged agitation is in itself an evil to a community, and money is being expended on both sides which, now that the season of distress is approaching, would be better devoted to the relief of those in need. I think, therefore, that your Association may fairly be asked to make an official announcement as to its intentions with regard to the submission of the Act in Toronto."

#### LIFE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

LET us, then, try to realize for a moment what life in St. Petersburg is, not to the easy traveller, whose home is far away and who may leave Russia at any moment, but to the native resident, whose family ties and general interests—to say nothing of patriotism—bind him to the country even more firmly than he may chance to be attached to it by the arbitrariness of the police. The lodging-house, under circumstances like these, wears an aspect strikingly suggestive of the gaol. Exigencies of state turn the communal dwelling-place and its picturesque survivals into an aggregation of cells, watched over by a house-porter in the pay of the police. This functionary is a very Heimdal in sharpness of senses: he hears the faintest sounds, and sees without any light whatever; while his omniscience when not wanted is far more complete than any magic carpet of Arabian tale could make it. This personage it is who mounts guard at the *porte-cochère* to watch entries and exits; it is he who sees that all new lodgers are promptly numbered and pigeon-holed at police headquarters; he who keeps a record of the personal habits, companions, and resorts of every man, woman, and child under his charge; he, too, who reports regularly to the authorities any "suspicious circumstance" which may come under his notice. If a christening, a wedding, or a funeral is to bring together a few friends, it is the house-porter who facilitates the intrusion of police spies, ready to snatch at any scrap of colloquial "sedition" capable of conversion into roubles or advancement. If a student's "literary evening" or social gathering is to be swelled into an assembly of conspirators seeking to undermine the foundations of law and order, it is again the house-porter who, figuratively speaking, supplies the gendarmes with their magnifying glasses. And if some unfortunate youth is to pay the penalty of his liberalism by being dragged from his bed at midnight to the fortress of Peter and Paul, nobody is more eager to lead the way to the sleeping suspect than this treacherous janitor of many households, nightly consummating in the garb of the watch-dog his unholy compact with the wolves.

To go in constant fear of the paid denunciator; never to "talk politics" save with relatives, or intimates incapable of treachery; to have your local newspaper turned by the censor into a mere record of foreign events, and your foreign journal sub-edited for you by a policeman, who carefully clips from it or erases everything of "dangerous" tendency; not to know the moment when an enemy may thrust some seditious publication into your letter-box, and so time his disclosure to the police as to have you surprised with the forbidden matter in your possession; to be kept by a silenced press in a state of complete ignorance as to serious events occurring around you; and to feel in regard to your own personal safety, and that of your family and friends, an uncertainty truly Oriental—all this is no more than a mere suggestion of what life is, to thousands of persons born to Russian citizenship in St. Petersburg. And when to the elements of the general discontent, to the bitter emptiness of existence, to the longing for a life of nobler activities, you add the pangs of poverty and the sense of personal wrong, it cannot seem strange that in many of these lodging-houses sensitive humanity should find its last and only safeguard against voluntary extinction in the hopes, the idealism, and the self-sacrifice of a political religion.—*Edmund Noble, in December Atlantic.*

## JOHN BUNYAN IN GAOL.

THE county gaol in which Bunyan spent the twelve years of his life, from 1660 to 1672, was taken down in 1801. It stood on what is now the vacant piece of land at the corner of the High Street and Silver Street, used as a market-place. Silver Street, so named because it was the quarter where the Jews in early times trafficked in the precious metals, was afterwards known as Gaol Lane, but, since the disappearance of the gaol, has become Silver Street again. The only trace of the gaol itself still left on the spot is the rough stone wall on the north side of the market-place, which was the wall of the small courtyard used by the prisoners. From the interior of the prison a massive door, made of three transverse layers of oak, fastened through with iron bolts, and having bars across an open centre, is preserved in the vestry of Bunyan Meeting-house, Bedford, as a relic of Bunyan's imprisonment, but no sketch of the building itself of any kind has come down to us. There were iron-grated windows on the Gaol Lane, or Silver Street side, and the older people of the last generation used to tell how the prisoners hung purses out of these windows on Sunday morning, asking the pitiful help of such passers-by as were on their way to church or chapel. John Howard, in his quiet matter-of-fact manner, describes the gaol as consisting mainly of a ground floor and first floor. The ground floor was appropriated to felons, and had two day-rooms besides sleeping-rooms. There were also two dungeons underground, one in total darkness, and reached by a descent of eleven steps. The first floor, which was for debtors, consisted of four sleeping-rooms and one common day-room, which was also used for a chapel, all the rooms being eight and a half feet high. There was also a small court-yard which was common to all the prisoners.

Such, so far as we can reproduce it now, was the place which was to be John Bunyan's home during the next twelve years of his life. He took in with him two familiar friends. "There also," says his visitor, "I surveyed his library, the least and yet the best that ever I saw, consisting only of two books—a Bible and the "Book of Martyrs." A copy of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs"—the black-letter edition of 1641, in three volumes folio, with the name, John Bunyan, written in large capitals at the foot of each of the three title-pages—is now in the library of the Literary and Scientific Institute of Bedford.

The hardships of Bunyan's prison-life during these twelve years have been variously described, being now exaggerated and now minimized, according to the writer's point of view. William Parry, then of Little Baddow, and afterwards of Wymondley College, wrote, in 1790, a pamphlet on "Religious Tests," showing, from Bunyan's case, as he might fairly do, that, as a rule, disabilities thus created act most prejudicially against the worthiest men. But in describing Bunyan's sufferings he gave somewhat too free rein to his imagination. He pictured the damp and dreary cell, the narrow chinks through which came scanty rays of light, making visible the abode of woe, the prisoner, pale and emaciated, seated on the humid earth, the blind child in pensive sadness near. Summers' suns come round, but bring to him no reviving rays; seasons return, but not for him is the cheering light of day or smiling bloom of spring or sound of human joy. The writer asks, Who is this unfortunate captive? What is his guilt? What his crimes? Is he a traitor, or a parricide, or some vile incendiary? No, he is a Christian sufferer. It is honest John Bunyan, who has been twelve years here for teaching plain country people the knowledge of the Scripture and the practice of virtue. Such was Parry's way of putting the case, perhaps a little sensationally; but it was merely adapted as illustrative to an argument, not as descriptive of the facts, and when some deduction is made on this account from the style, the argument is sound, the appeal is fair, and it is a righteous protest against unrighteous tyranny.

The gaol at Bedford was probably not one of the worst in those times. It certainly was not so hideous as some of those—the one at Launceston, for example—in which George Foxe sometimes found himself. But very few prisons in England in the seventeenth century were even decent, and there is no reason to suppose that the one at Bedford was an exception to the general rule. Even in John Howard's time the day-rooms were without fire-places, and the prisoners slept on straw, £5 a year being allowed to the gaoler for the purpose. In his day, too, gaol fever broke out, carrying off several of the prisoners, William Daniel, the surgeon, and many of the townspeople outside.

A century earlier the state of things was probably still worse. There is contemporary evidence that it was not better. John Bubb, who was in Bedford gaol in 1666, and therefore at the same time as Bunyan, sent up a pitiful petition to the king, stating that he had been in this prison for a twelvemonth; in which time, he says, "He hath suffered as much misery as so dismal a place could be capable to inflict," "and so is likely to perish without His Majestie's further compassion and mercy towards him." Bubb sent also a petition to Sir William Mortor, one of the judges of assize at Bedford, praying to be released from prison, "where he hath long remained in a calamitous condition."—*John Brown's Life of Bunyan.*

THERE were twenty-nine failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against twenty in the preceding week, and thirty-four, thirty-three, and twenty-three in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883, and 1882, respectively. In the United States there were two hundred and forty-seven failures reported to Bradstreet's during the week, and as compared with two hundred and twenty-five in the preceding week, and with two hundred and ninety-six, two hundred and forty-six, and two hundred and forty-seven, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883, and 1882. About seventy-six per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

## MUSIC.

ORGAN recitals given at Hamilton with practically free admission by Mr. Aldous, of the Central Presbyterian Church, and Mr. Newman, of St. Thomas' Church, assisted by good foreign talent, have been so poorly patronized that the promoters have been discouraged. It was therefore an agreeable surprise to see about seven hundred people in attendance at an organ recital in Centenary Church, on Tuesday evening, November 24th. The organist was Mr. J. S. Parker, of Peterboro'. He played a Bach fugue very well indeed, bringing out the subject clearly, and fingering in a quick, clear style. His strong point, however, is his pedalling, in which he excels in rapidity and smoothness. The novelty of his programme was a Barcarolle, by Sterndale Bennett; and the selection which pleased most people was an arrangement of the overture to Auber's *Masaniello*. The lady vocalist was Miss Anna Howden, of Toronto, who sang "Listening Angels," by T. Beney, and an "Ave Maria," by Gounod, the latter with 'cello accompaniment by L. H. Parker, who is organist of the church. Miss Howden has a voice of excellent quality, and was encored for her singing of the "Ave Maria." Mr. F. W. Wodell, who is the solo baritone of the church, sang "It is Enough," from "Elijah," with 'cello accompaniment by L. H. Parker, and received much praise from local critics. Mr. Wodell's fault is that he makes singing too solemn an occupation, and fails sometimes to create sympathy between his hearers and himself, though his fine voice and good method are much admired. Mr. J. S. Parker played the accompaniments. Altogether it was a very enjoyable programme.

The feature of the concert given in the Baptist Church, Thursday, December 3rd, was the reappearance on the concert platform of Mrs. George Hamilton, a vocalist who has very many admirers. She sang "I Will Extol Thee," from "Eli," and a selection from "Naaman," and certainly deserved the encore she obtained for the first number. Misses Bolton, soprano; Buntin and Walker, contraltos; Messrs. Clark, tenor, and Wodell, bass, sang solos; and the Mozart Quartette (mixed voices), and those great favourites, the Arion Club (male voices), also assisted. It is safe to say that the Arion Club are the most popular musical organization in the city, judging by the applause with which their efforts are received. They sing well, but lack the perfect blending of tone and unanimity of attack which long practice will give.

Miss E. Ryckman has been engaged as soprano of the Gore Street Methodist Church.

The Hamilton Musical Union announce "The Sorcerer" for January 12th, in the Grand Opera House. It is said that Mr. F. Warrington was to have been secured to play the part of the Sorcerer, his work as the Pirate King in the "Pirates of Penzance" when performed by this Union having given much satisfaction, but that the authorities of the Toronto Methodist Church, of which he is musical director, have objected to Mr. Warrington singing in comic opera. Rev. John Potts, who dealt so summarily with the choir of the Metropolitan Church (of which he was at the time pastor) for singing in "Pinafore," is now the pastor of the church where Mr. Warrington labours on Sundays, and no doubt still holds strong views on the subject. Meanwhile, Mr. Steele is unable to complete his cast satisfactorily.—*C. Major.*

AT London, Ont., on Tuesday evening, December 1st, Mr. Frederick Archer gave an organ recital at the new St. Peter's R. C. Cathedral. The audience was large and evidently appreciative, although applause was not permitted. The programme was as follows:—Sonata (No. 4), *Gaillmunt*; Clock Movement, *Hayden*; Prelude and Fugue in E Minor, *Mendelssohn*; Gavotte, *Archer*; Funeral March of a Marionette, *Gounod*; Overture, "Tannhauser," *Wagner*; Storm Fantasia, *Lemmens*; Andante (Symphony in C Minor), *Beethoven*; Scherzo Symphonique, *Gaillmunt*; Pastorale, *Grieg*; Pastorale, *Tours*; Schiller March, *Meyerbeer*. Mr. Archer's wonderful manipulation and orchestration on the "king of instruments" is now too widely known to need comment. Perhaps the most marvellous effect was produced in Lemmens' Storm Fantasia, while the exquisite delicacy of Nos. 8 and 9 were in the most refined taste. Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue was grandly played, but suffered through want of a finer instrument. The organ is only lately put up, and is, I believe, not yet completed. This, perhaps, accounts for deficiencies which are at present very apparent. An unpleasant reediness pervaded the whole tone; also the instrument is terribly out of tune.

On Wednesday, 25th November, the Schubert Quartette gave one of their delightful concerts. Of the varied programme given, I think the favourites were "Remember Now Thy Creator" (Rhodes), "The Village Blacksmith" (Hatton), and Schubert's "Serenade." An especially good encore was "Peter Piper." Mrs. Lena Goetz sang several songs very charmingly. Miss Lay, the pianiste, accompanied with neatness, but her technique is unsuited for public solo playing. The solos given by the Club were well received, but it is in their part-singing that these gentlemen excel. This concert was the first of a winter series inaugurated by Mr. Birks—always energetic in his endeavours to promote good music.—*Marcia.*

THE celebrated Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston perform in the Pavilion Music Hall, on Thursday, the 17th. Among the numbers they will play Beethoven's celebrated "Quintette," in "C," Op. 29; Edwards' Spanish Serenade, "Duo Concertanto," for two violins. Mr. Louis Blumenberg, the celebrated 'cello player, will give "Dunkler's Caprice Hongrois," etc. The club will be supported by Miss Edith Edwards—a new American soprano whose fame is fast spreading. She sings Mozart's Aria, "Dove Sono," and some ballads.

## The Week,

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THE derangement that seems suddenly to have come over French Canada is but the effervescence of a feeling that has been rising among a certain class there for some years past; it is to be hoped that having now exploded it will carry with it the ill-humour that has lately threatened the amicable relations of the two races. There is no substantial reason for antagonism between the British and French of Canada. We may regard the growth of a separate people, of Latin race and habits, on this northern half of the Continent with misgiving; but it is a natural growth, which no power on earth can stop. It no doubt has a purpose—a purpose which it were folly to attempt to thwart. At any rate we could not do it if we wished. The French-Canadians have every reason to be satisfied with a condition of things that fosters their growth; and so we believe they in general are. The British are from time to time provoked—and justly provoked—by an apparently increasing aggressiveness on the part of their confederates; but, in fact, this aggressiveness is not the attitude of the great body of the French-Canadian people. No doubt they all have a strong and growing sentiment of nationality; but this would not pass out of the sentimental stage were it not for the mischief-breeding idleness and ambition of a few individuals among them. It may be said that two pests are, or have been lately, afflicting the Province of Quebec. The dire effects of the one have been seen in a lamentable waste of human life; some effects of the other are seen in the present display of political fireworks. The epidemic of small-pox is happily diminishing in virulence; but the epidemic of political quacks shows no sign of abatement. These gentlemen—briefless advocates and country notaries for the most part—it is whose voice is mistaken in Ontario for the voice of Quebec. Turned out from the seminaries of that Province by the thousand every year, equipped with a little learning, a good deal of logic, and a boundless distaste for homely business, they have no resource other than to turn journalists and politicians. They usually, however, contrive to attach themselves in one way or another to the Quebec Legislature, and having little private business of their own, they busy themselves attending to the concerns of other people, often acquiring both professional and political reputation by posing before the *habitants* as the champions of their race, their laws, and their religion. Hence *le Parti National*.

THE French National Party is like the play of "Hamlet" with the part of the "fair and fat" hero left out. There is no nation in it. The refusal of their very foremost man to have anything to do with the new party deprived it of all respectability—or rather prevented it from becoming respectable—and left it like a collapsed balloon on the hands of the managers; and this wreck has been blown into air by the guns of the *Mail*. No doubt, among certain classes of the people, there is a desire to punish Sir John for the execution of Riel; and on this desire the politicians have attempted to erect a National Party. It would manifestly be a glorious and not unremunerative office to lead a nation of *habitants*. But this would involve a sort of semi-rebellion against their English-speaking partners in Confederation—a thing very different from what was meant. And accordingly the edifice of National Party collapses. In fact it was erected on the wrong lot. The party, moreover, that includes such irreconcilable elements as Bleu Girouard, the now member for Jacques Cartier, and Rouge Lafamme, his rival, whom he supplanted in the county by the aid of English Montrealers resident there,—such a party is manifestly supported on feet of clay. There may be one vote recorded by the revolted Conservatives by way of protest against Sir John, but there will be no lasting rebellion against him. Much less will there be against the British. And if Ontario bayonets be sent to Quebec it will be for another purpose than to quell a rebellion. They may perhaps be tipped with vaccine points—to retire before which no French-Canadian need deem himself disgraced.

ONCE more the Scott Act has been rejected. On its submission to a vote in Prescott and Russell three-fourths of the electors have declared either that they did not believe the Act to be the best means of promoting temperance, or that they would not submit to the tyranny of a sumptuary

law. A majority of eighteen hundred was cast against the adoption of the Act. If of these some six hundred had supinely neglected to record their votes, or had been persuaded by the arguments of Scott Act advocates to vote for it, we should again have the spectacle of a fractional proportion of a community attempting to enforce Prohibition on a large body whose moral judgment rejects it. Again we have to remind Prohibitionists that the liquor trade exists to supply what many think a legitimate want; it does not exist, as seems to be assumed, for the express purpose of inciting to violence or wrong. Only as so designed can it be considered criminal; and by ignoring this important distinction Prohibitionists deservedly fail to secure the support of the moral judgment of thinking men. Such men may consistently take the warmest interest in the promotion of true temperance, yet reject the Scott Act as an instrument unfit to bring it about. Legislative interference may be usefully employed to regulate the character, and by consequence the number, of houses of entertainment; but legislative interference with the individual is worse than useless. If enquiry be made into the attitude of mind of the opponent of the Scott Act in any place where it is in force, it will be found that the sentiment is universally one of protest; and, there being no moral crime in it, determined evasion of the law. The Act is, in short, impracticable. A reference to the returns from Prescott and Russell will show that in eight polling-places out of thirteen the vote was as four to one against the Act. Is it likely that if a majority elsewhere had brought the Act into force it would have been observed in these objecting districts?

ON the whole we prefer the results attained by the Temperance movement in the Salvation Army to the achievements of the Scott Act. At a "Saved Drunkard's Demonstration" the other night "a quiet, wholesome-looking, and rosy-cheeked young woman" stood up and sang her pathetic story of "what God and the Army had done for Ned and me." Not a word of the Scott Act; although if there can be found one shred of justification for its arbitrariness it must be in that it is supposed to remove temptation out of the way of such poor fellows as Ned. Possibly he does not live in a Scott Act district; but has it ever been known to help such as he? Evidently Ned is not a Scott Act man; for he was not produced at the Demonstration, as any well-regulated reformed drunkard would assuredly be on a Scott Act platform, as a terrible example. But other reformed drunkards came forward and told their stories: they were all full of gratitude to the Power that had saved them—to the Army—even to the big drum; but again not a word of acknowledgment to the Scott Act.

THE publication this week of the October accounts of the C. P. R. again attracts attention to the economic value of that enterprise. Of its political value in binding together the several Provinces of the Confederation there cannot be a question, if once the practicability of a permanent union be conceded; but it has yet to be shown that the railway will pay any commercial return on the immense cost of its construction. When the North-West is filled up with settlers, and as it fills up, a return will come from that part of the road; but in the meantime the operation of the greatest extent of road with the least volume of traffic will entail a constant drain on the resources of the Company. The traffic from British Columbia will, we fear, be very small: by refusing the aid of Chinese labour, the British Columbians have repelled the sole means that offers for developing their resources. The traffic of the railway will be little helped by the occasional transit through Canada of a few car-loads of Eastern produce—the competition for the Eastern trade by English and French steamship lines and by the American railways to the south of us is too keen; and any trade that crosses this continent is sure by and by to be diverted—to save transshipment—through the Panama Canal. A few invalid Anglo-Indians or China merchants may very likely choose the cooler passage home through Canada, in preference to the sweltering heat of the Red Sea; but in the nature of things these will not be many: and the view of their yellow faces peering out of the car-windows as they are borne to the Atlantic coast, accompanied by an occasional car-load of tea going the same road, will not profit Canada much. The statement before us gives us no information of the financial result of operating the portion of the line we refer to. It shows an annual business of eight or nine millions over the whole C. P. R. system, and it states the net profits (for the ten months, January-October) to have increased from three-quarters of a million last year to near two and three-quarter millions this; but until we know what proportion of this is due to the Eastern branches of the C. P. R. system, the information we have is valueless for any estimation of the prospects of the new road. These Eastern branches were earning money before the C. P. R. proper was built; the consolidation of them all into one system may have helped all; but after reading the account of an interview had with Senator



McInnes by a representative of the *Globe*, as reported in that paper on Saturday last, we have a difficulty in believing that the new portions of the C. P. R. are already operated at a profit.

THE main result of the English elections at present discernible is the increased power of Parnell. If he should cast in his lot with the Liberals this would give them a good working majority, which they will not have otherwise: with his aid the Conservatives may hold on to office; but without it they will be in a hopeless minority. If party ties are to hold, he is the arbitrator of the destinies of the Empire. If they hold: but is not this a crisis when a wise and patriotic statesmanship would loose them? The two great parties will, it is likely, be so equally matched in the new House that neither alone can deal with the Irish question, independently of the Parnellites and with a single eye to the interests of the United Kingdom. Mr. Parnell has threatened that no English legislation shall be effected till the Irish question be settled; and if a Conservative Government should deal with it, they must to carry their measures rely on his aid. Similarly with the Liberals. Independent action is, indeed, impossible to either party; for whichever deals with the matter must, in bargaining with the Irish, put their opponents in an attitude of opposition. It is time the question were lifted out of the range of party. It has been played with by both parties too long already: the players in the excitement of the game have well-nigh lost sight of their proper business; and the Irish Giant has been allowed almost to wreck their House. If Government is to continue, this gambling for office must cease. If the business of the country is to go on at all, if the interests of England and Scotland as well as Ireland are to be attended to by the Legislature, if the administration of Imperial affairs is no longer to give place on all occasions to the parish politics of this impracticable people—then a solution of the difficulty must be found, and this, it appears, outside the range of party politics. This would be in the true interest of both parties; and it would especially relieve the coming Government—be it Conservative or Liberal—of a grave embarrassment. The crisis is one that calls for an extraordinary remedy; and a remedy is, as we believe, amply provided for such cases by the Constitution. The efficiency of the sovereign power, Parliament, being diminished by a section of its constituent members, let the responsible advisers of the Crown summon all the representative men of the Privy Council—including of course the leaders of the Opposition—and let this Committee of the Council decide in what way, and to what extent, the constitution of the United Kingdoms shall be changed. Their decree, sanctioned by Parliament, will be the decision of the sovereign power; their voice the voice of the Empire; factious opposition and obstruction in Parliament will cease by the co-operation of both parties; the decision of England and Scotland will be known as it cannot be under present conditions; and the issue of allegiance or rebellion will be set fairly and firmly before Ireland.

THE effect of the elections in England on the fortunes of the two great parties is still in doubt. In the boroughs the Conservatives have gained largely on the Liberals; but in the counties, as far as these have been determined, this condition has been reversed, and the probability is that, the Liberal losses in the boroughs being nearly compensated by their gains in the counties, the two parties—accounting the Parnellites on the Conservative side—will come out not very unequal in strength. If so, though the Parliament may be short-lived, no present change of Government may take place: the Conservatives will probably hold to office on the chance of increasing their strength by any stray Whig votes that may be propelled from the Liberal ranks through the socialistic propensities of the Radical leader; and if defeated on any serious issue, they are likely enough again to appeal to the country. The Liberals in their place could do no better: with parties so evenly balanced, the effective administration of affairs were impossible to any Government—especially with such an unstable quantity as the Irish vote; the swing of such a pendulum must sooner or later upset it. If the Irish question could be disposed of by agreement between the two parties, English politics would be freed from that trammel, and a fresh election would elicit the true opinion of the country on the merits respectively of the present Government and the last. Such an early appeal to the country is not so improbable as may at first sight appear. It is difficult to see how either party can in their present circumstances carry on the Government efficiently. The intelligence of the country, which must be conceded to lie mainly, if anywhere, with the urban population, has been seemingly pronounced against the Liberals, while their numbers in the House have been brought up to a parity with the Conservatives and Parnellites combined by a new and largely unintelligent vote. We know this

result in the boroughs to have been much aided by the Irish vote; but yet the Conservatives may claim they represent the intelligent opinion of the nation, while the Liberals, rejected by that, represent nothing but mere uninstructed numbers. This is not a satisfactory position for the Liberal Party to be in; but the Conservatives have seemingly only the alternative course of at once handing over the reins of power to the Liberals, or sooner or later dissolving the new Parliament. The position is not without hope.

No doubt the inclination of the Conservatives to a Fair Trade policy contributed much to their success in the boroughs. One of the causes of the depression of trade in England is the closure of foreign markets against her manufactures; and any party or measure that promises to re-open them is likely to receive the support of the mercantile interest. Mr. Gladstone dubs the Fair Trade movement a miserable fraud; but for all that it is not opposed to Free Trade, in whose defence Mr. Gladstone presumably speaks; on the contrary, it is an aid to it. If England practises Free Trade and Continental Europe Protection—these, in order to relieve their congested home-markets, sending their surplus of commodities to England as a sacrifice market,—this Free Trade is one-sided, and Fair Trade is an instrument England is quite justified, without any sacrifice of Free Trade principles, in using. Through it she proposes to make Free Trade more general. No sound economist would in these days propose to tax wheat and flour imported into England; and, with this element extruded, we cannot but approve of the Fair Trade movement.

THE trouble is there is not enough Free Trade. In England certain branches of business made enormous profits ten or a dozen years ago. These profits were reinvested in increasing their business; new capital was attracted in; and the produce was extended to such excess that prices went down and profits vanished. Still, there was no over production of commodities. There cannot be under any circumstances. But, under an incorrect fiscal system—where foreign markets are closed by cost of production at home or import duties abroad—there may be a local glut both of commodities and labour. Such a local congestion of both commodities and labour is what Protection has produced in the States. As a consequence, we see their merchants looking eagerly for sacrifice markets abroad; and, at home, labour riots. From the great industrial centres and the Pacific Coast come again, this week, accounts of trade strikes—quarrels of labour with capital and competition. This is a daily tale in the American papers. But there is this difference between the case of England and that of the United States: in the former country the distress of labour is partial—confined to certain businesses and localities; in the States the trade disturbances are general and perpetual. Such outrages as are common to-day in the States ceased in England with the end of the Protective system forty years ago.

THE speedy end of the third Burmese War is creditable alike to the Home Government, to Lord Dufferin, and to the Indian army. But few weeks have elapsed since King Thebaw was defying the whole British Empire, and to-day he is on his way, a captive, to Calcutta. This achievement makes a striking contrast to the result of the French enterprise in Tonquin. Certainly, the French had no Irawaddy River to lead them to the heart of their enemy, and they had no Lord Dufferin to direct the road. The difference in results is a pretty fair measure of the difference between French methods and British. In general, annexation of foreign territory is not a ground for congratulation. It savours too much of land hunger—a greed of which, however, Britain, though often reproached with it, is less guilty than most other great nations. She is laudably guilty, however, of trade hunger. In the present case, the new territory is, or will be, annexed to India, and through this extension of the Indian Empire it is expected a road may be found into China. To open a new trade route into that hive of industry is, indeed, the chief justification for the present conquest. The country of Burmah itself is extremely rich and fertile, covered with valuable timber, and may become, by the immigration of the surplus industrial population of Bengal, a busy place; but it is as a new route for English trade with China that it is chiefly valuable. The nineteen treaty ports of China now open to foreigners are situated mostly along the Eastern seaboard; but the possession of Burmah lays bare to British trade an inland frontier of five hundred miles in extent. From the want of interior roads the country contiguous to this frontier has hitherto been as inaccessible to British trade from the sea-coast ports as is the North Pole; but now that a shaft has been driven from another direction than the sea, a new channel is made for Western trade, which it is reasonable to expect may be the beginning of relief to its present depression.

THERE is a temporary lull in the storm in Eastern Europe. Servia and Bulgaria have ceased fighting: Austria and Russia are not yet ready to begin. But steadily and surely the inevitable conflict approaches: it may be deferred for a month, a year, or even ten, but come it must, as sure as time rolls on. Austria, thrust out of the German Confederacy by Sadowa, and transformed against her will into a semi-Oriental State, is impelled by fate along the same track with Russia: Russia approaches from a different direction; and the time will come when they must collide. The track leads to Constantinople, and there is but one line of rail. Austria, and not Turkey, is now Russia's competitor for Balkan supremacy: the unexpected independence of Bulgaria has already thwarted the Slav Czarism, and it feels that unless the long-threatened spring for Constantinople be made at once, still another Power may be firmly rooted in its way. The great war, therefore, will not be long delayed. If Greece were geographically situated where Bulgaria is, the Eastern problem would have been solved many years ago. Place a Greek in a room with ten Slavs or Czechs, and in half an hour he will be their leader in thought and deed: form a confederation of these Balkan States, including Greece, and in ten years Greece will occupy a similar position relative to them that Prussia does in the German Empire. Greece is the natural head of these nationalities; but, unfortunately, she is geographically badly placed. Austria aspires to the leadership of the Southern Slavs; but the Southern Slavs have no better title to Constantinople than have the Northern, whose head is Russia. Till Bulgaria show she is worthy of the chieftainship, or till Greece be ready to take it, Turkey appears to be the Power most able to repress the volcano.

### THE SCRAP BOOK.

#### THE DRAMA.

It is singular that in the occasional arguments against the stage the most unique system of logic seems to prevail. It was once asserted, at a public gathering, that the theatre is a temptation that should be suppressed, and the statement illustrated by the remark that children frequently steal the melon, or apple crop, although the felonious efforts of enterprising boys to appropriate the same to their own use is notorious. Moreover, the disposition of apples to disagree with the human race is well-known and of ancient origin, yet that fruit has flourished unchallenged to the present hour. We should be more consistent. It would be as easy to abolish the drama as it would be to abolish the tears and laughter it so frequently calls forth.

On the other hand, efforts to confound the theatre with the pulpit, or the rostrum, or to regard it as a sort of gilt-edged seminary, seem equally ineffective and undesirable. Any difficulty in defining its position may, perhaps, originate in a misunderstanding of its limitations as well as of its possibilities. The thrush, when first created, does not seem to have any definite purpose concerning himself, but under the caressing hand of nature he steadily develops and the culmination fills the air with melody. But if the music of the thrush is pleasant, that is no reason why the chicken should be expected to manifest operatic tendencies. The rooster has tried it, but he is not a success, and thoughtful people, observing that example of misapplied genius, do not put the thrush in a fricassee, nor insist upon the chicken as a vocalist. Accept the theatre for what it is—the court of the graces, whose worthy and sufficient object is to amuse. Poetry and music, eloquence and grace, have contributed their utmost, and if some philosophers can admit happiness as the object of philosophy—the aim of life—surely the drama may accept amusement as its *raison d'être*.

That little, old fellow in the gallery, in his worn and shabby coat, has never, probably, passed beyond the line of his own narrow groove. Limited in resources, a bachelor, perhaps sewing on his own buttons by means of a darning needle and a piece of linen thread, he is a fair illustration of a victim of the commonplace. But to-night he has wandered through the streets of Verona, feasted with the Capulets, and joined in the dissipations of romantic high life, without malice and without remorse. His scope of thought is widened and monotony is conquered for awhile. The soft music, the changing lights, the beauty of the pageant, haunt his memory for many days and are food of a delicate and satisfying nature to his poorly-fed mind.—*Lilian Olcott, in the Brooklyn Magazine.*

#### CAUGHT IN A SIERRA STORM.

ABOUT two p.m., as we were looking out for a camping ground, a thunder-storm again burst upon us. We hurried on, searching among the huge boulders (probably glacial boulders) to find a place of shelter for our provisions and ourselves. At last we found a huge boulder, which overhung on one side, leaning against a large tree. The roaring of the coming storm grows louder and louder, the pattering of rain already begins. "Quick! quick!" In a few seconds the pack was unsaddled, and provisions thrown under shelter; then rolls of blankets quickly thrown after them; then the horses unsaddled and tied; then, at last, we ourselves, though already wet, crowded under. It was an interesting and somewhat amusing sight—all our provisions and blanket rolls,

and eleven men packed away, actually piled one upon another, under a rock which did not project more than two and a half feet. I wish I could draw a picture of the scene: the huge rock with its dark recess; the living, squirming mass, piled confusedly beneath; the magnificent forest of grand trees; the black clouds; the constant gleams of lightning, revealing the scarcely visible faces; the peals of thunder, and the floods of rain pouring from the rocks on the projecting feet and knees of those whose legs were inconveniently long, or even on the heads and backs of some who were less favoured in position.

In about an hour the storm passed, the men again came out, and we selected camp. Beneath a huge prostrate tree we soon started a fire, and piled log upon log until the flame, leaping upwards, seemed determined to overtop the huge pines around. Ah! what a joy is a huge camp-fire! not only its delicious warmth to one wet with rain in this high, cool region, but its cheerful light, its joyous crackling and cracking, its frantic dancing and leaping. How the heart warms and dances and brightens, and leaps in concert with the camp-fire!—*Joseph Le Conte, in December Overland.*

#### SMOKE.

LET me consider what I did to-day.

Was I the first to speak it, or was she?  
Or did our eyes, with strange temerity,  
Disdain the help of tongues? I cannot say.  
But this I know: speaking as lovers may,  
I put a ring upon her finger—"See,  
A ring is emblem of eternity"—  
And, vowing endless love, I turned away—  
Just then it seemed to me quite hard to go.

And now I am alone and silent, while  
The hours fly by and leave me sitting here.  
Night pales to dawning; still I sit, and blow  
Pale rings of smoke, and, looking on them, smile  
To see them float, and fade, and disappear.

—*St. James's Gazette.*

#### GEORGE ELIOT.

ONE of the most interesting publications of the week is the first volume of the revised edition of George Eliot's Life. The recollections, given as an appendix, by Mrs. John Cash, of Coventry, enlighten the reader as to George Eliot's ideas on not a few matters of vital importance. The author of "Scenes in Clerical Life" attributes the first unsettlement of her orthodox views to Walter Scott. Evidently her friends were afraid of her and of her theology. It is recorded that a Baptist minister, after an interview, said of Miss Evans that "that young lady must have had the devil at her elbow to suggest her doubts, for there was not a book that I recommended to her in support of Christian evidences that she had not read."

Of Shakespeare she said that she would be content were she allowed no other book; and in educating a child his works would be the first book she would place in its hands. Her dislike to crowds was always proverbial. She said, "I should never press through one, unless it were to see a second Jesus." Even years before "Daniel Deronda" was a latent idea her sympathy for the Jewish race was marked. She would say: "Don't talk to me of the Jews! To think that they were deluded into expectations of a temporal deliverer, and then punished because they couldn't understand that it was a spiritual deliverer that was intended!"

Apparently in these early days, 1841-50, George Eliot read widely both German and Italian literature, and also current English and American books. Schiller, Jean Paul Richter, Metastasio, Kingsley, and Emerson were some of her favourite writers at this period. The three items in the appendix that are likely to be kept longest in remembrance are George Eliot's rules and lessons for life: the first is an injunction to be accurate, enforced with the warning that the tendency is to grow less and less so as we get older. The second is that the great lesson of life is tolerance. The third relates to her power of not forgetting. Mr. G. H. Lewes said of her, "She forgets nothing that has ever come within the curl of her eyelash; above all, she forgets no one who has ever spoken to her one kind word."—*St. James's Gazette.*

#### THE EXECUTION OF RIEL.

THE execution of Louis Riel is a wholesome reminder to the domestic enemies of the Empire that treason is still a crime. Sir John Macdonald has had the wisdom to see that such a lesson was needed and the firmness to administer it, undeterred by the resentment which the infliction of just and merited punishment for political offences invariably provokes amongst large numbers of well-meaning but foolish people. Riel was guilty of as dangerous an offence as it is in the power of man to commit. He had twice plunged his own country into the horrors of civil war, aggravated and intensified by race-hatreds and the employment of savage allies. Arson, rape, and murder were the natural consequences of his acts, and it is no palliation to urge that these atrocities were committed against the rebel chief's desire. He deliberately took a course which made such deeds inevitable; and it would have been a mockery and perversion of justice to have executed the lesser offenders and suffered the author of their crimes to escape. Riel's death will teach the discontented at home and abroad that the assumption of patriotic motives, and even the existence of real grievances, do not excuse rebellion.—*St. James's Gazette.*

## L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

THE idea that German humour is an unknown quantity must assuredly be erroneous; for few things could be funnier than the account which the American correspondent of the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* has written of his visit to the headquarters of the Anarchist Most in New York. The ground-floor of No. 167 William-street, where the *Freiheit* is concocted, is occupied by a saloon. Over the door leading to the apartments where the "universal patriot" works for freedom is a red flag, and on the door itself a French inscription says "Vive la Commune!" The entrance of strangers is the signal for the men engaged in the office to become very diligent in the cause of liberty. One takes from his pocket "what appears to be gun-cotton, another produces some dynamite, and all fall to discussing in picturesque and suggestive language the respective qualities of the aids to civilization. The editorial rooms are full of old muskets purchased by Most at a low price from the American Government. He sells them to his disciples at six dollars apiece, which is surely cheap enough. Then there are revolvers of all calibres, daggers, swords, and in one corner a complete collection of poisons. The walls are hung with portraits of such kindred spirits as Shakespeare and Karl Marx, Saint-Simon and Hans Sachs, Wagner and Louise Michel. For ten cents the kindly Herr Most sells an ambrosial little pamphlet called 'The Science of Revolutionary Warfare: a Manual of the employment of nitro-glycerine, dynamite, gun-cotton, bombs, poisons, etc.' The manual contains many useful recipes for the poisoning of daggers and revolver-bullets. Upon the correspondent purchasing a copy, Most asked if he proposed to join 'us,' or only to 'do a little assassination on his own account.'

## THE COMING REPUBLIC.

IF the possibilities of legislation on the lines indicated by Mr. Chamberlain are not too serious to joke about, the elegant little squib, entitled "The Next Ninety-Three" [by W. A. Watlock], ought to be widely read during the next ten days. It presupposes a Radical triumph at the end of this month, and many more Radical triumphs for eight years to come. Mr. Watlock's diary begins on the 10th of September, 1893, on which day "The Equable Distribution of Property Act" comes into force." Every one lives in a commune and has a piece of communal land allotted to him, which he is bound to cultivate. The narrator himself is fortunate in the possession of "an acre and a half of what chances to be a very fair corn-field . . . several hens, and a share of a cow" and part of a cottage, for which he owes the commune four hours labour daily by way of rent. His less-favoured friend, being "not popular with the mayor of this commune," has an allotment which is "partly a pond and partly a bit of what was formerly the branch line to Malmestone, now no longer in use." Nobody may do anything without an authorization from the mayor; and the mayor of this particular commune, who has allotted "the hall" to himself as an official residence, spends a good deal of his time shut up in the cellar, in order "to prove, from the purest motives, that it was possible for a person to muddle himself with '86 Perrier Jouet without attracting public indignation." The news of the day is that Citizens Chamberlain and Collings have been arrested on their way to America with bags of gold tied round their waists, and that King Michael—one of the thirty-eight absolute kings of the United Kingdom of Ireland—has been made a prisoner by his royal brother, King Timothy.—*St. James's Gazette*.

## THE SLAVONIAN NATIONAL DANCE.

EGALI has promised that I shall see the Slavonian national dance some-time to-day, and a village is now visible in the distance. At the Danube-side village of Hamenitz an hour's halt is decided upon to give me the promised opportunity of witnessing the dance in its native land. It is a novel and interesting sight. A round hundred young gallants and maidens were rigged out in finery such as no other people save the Croatian and Slavonian peasants ever wear—the young men braided and embroidered, and the damsels having their hair entwined with a profusion of natural flowers in addition to their costumes of all possible hues. Forming themselves into a large ring, distributed so that the sexes alternate, the young men extend and join their hands in front of the maidens, and the latter join hands behind their partners; the steel-strung tamboricas strike up a lively twanging air to which the circle of dancers endeavour to shuffle time with their feet, whilst at the same time moving around in a circle. Live-lier and faster twang the tamboricas, and more and more animated becomes the scene as the dancing, shuffling ring endeavors to keep pace with it. As the fun progresses into the fast and furious stages the youths' hats have a knack of getting into a jaunty position on the side of their heads, and the wearers' faces assume a reckless, flushed appearance, like men half intoxicated, whilst the maidens' bright eyes and beaming faces betoken unutterable happiness; finally the music and the shuffling of feet terminate with a rapid flourish, everybody kisses everybody—save, of course, mere luckless onlookers like myself and Egali—and the Slavonian national dance is ended.—*Thomas Stevens, in Outing for December*.

## A DANCE IN THE OREGON COMMUNITY OF RUSSIAN JEWS.

ALAS! the society has no instrumental music; not even the poorest squeak of a fiddle. In this strait the toughest throats amongst the brothers are devoted as a band. Kind-hearted fellows—A and B and C and D—are arranged against the wall to chant for hours the strains of la, la, la, with all the changes of time and air necessary to guide the steps in the waltz, the polka and the quadrille. The particular favourite of the people seemed to be the American country quadrille. This was danced again and again,

with, it seemed to me, every possible variety of blunder; the bridegroom acting as leader of the dance, calling the figures, tearing his hair like a Frenchman at the mistakes of his friends, and shouting out his despairing instructions with a rolling Russian R, for all the world like an Irishman with a little whiskey in him. Altogether the ball was a very rude affair, with hardly a graceful scene in it, except a few steps in a waltz by two young girls, sisters of the bride. It was relieved, however, by one round in the ring dance, in which the little children and the bride took part, all singing a joyful children's song in Russian. However, by rude I do not mean rough, or that there was any breach of good manners, for the social courtesy of these people under all circumstances is remarkable, but simply that there was an entire want of grace. Under similar circumstances of poverty and no music, I have seen the people of a French community hold a ball and display all the charms of measured movement. But on the other hand, the social bond with the French was evidently artificial, or rather no bond at all, but the pretense of a bond; whilst with the Russians all was genuine and sincere, and though there was no harmony in their dance, there was harmony in their minds.—*Overland for December*.

## NATIONAL LEGISLATION AND THE FORESTS.

OBSERVE the inconsistency of our national legislation upon this vital question. By the present tariff we pay a bounty for the cutting down and manufacturing into lumber of almost every variety of tree. And by the Timber-culture Act we pay bounties in millions of acres of the public domain every year for the sham planting of counterfeit forests—forests which no more resemble in value, in beauty, and in sanitary influences the primeval pines and oaks which we tariff to their destruction than a five-cent nickel resembles a twenty-dollar gold piece. And if such repealing legislation be not enacted—if the present duties on lumber be continued—how long will it be before the treelessness of the whole country shall so environ all the people that every American shall be stimulated by surrounding conditions, by those climatic changes, those constantly recurring swelling floods of the great rivers—such as Cincinnati has so recently experienced in the Ohio—by long-continued droughts and by cyclones careening over the shorn earth, each year with more and more frequency, and more and more destructive force—how long, I say, before every citizen shall curse the giant system of legalized spoliation which the existing tariff has vitalized and energized against the woodlands of this fair and fertile country? While we on the prairies make miniature forests, you in the older States, by your daily consumption of forest products, make mighty and magnificent wastes and sustain tariff taxes in Congressional enactments which render impossible any amelioration by the importation of foreign lumber, and hasten inevitably and resistlessly the calamitous end of wood lands.—*J. Sterling Morton, in Outing for December*.

## THE VANITY OF GENIUS.

I RECALL a story of a Scottish driver of pigs who was led on by a waggish Englishman to talk of himself. At last it was boldly stated by this wicked fellow that the driver was in fact a greater man than the Duke of Wellington. The stupid lout scratched his thick head, and, with a satisfied expression, replied: "Aweel; Wellington was a great maun, and verra smart in his own way, but I doot if he could ha' driven seven hundred pigs fra' Edinboro' to London, and not lose one, as I ha' done."

Whittier once sent a volume of Plato to a neighbouring farmer, and when the book was returned said, "Well, friend, how did you like Plato?" "First-rate," said the farmer; "I—I see he's got some of my ideas."

"Wordsworth," said Charles Lamb, "one day told me that he considered Shakespeare greatly overrated. 'There is,' said he, 'an immensity of trick in all Shakespeare wrote, and people are taken by it. Now, if I had a mind, I could write exactly like Shakespeare.' So you see," proceeded Charles Lamb, quietly, "it was only the mind that was wanting."

Northcote being once asked by Sir William Knighton what he thought of the Prince Regent, he replied, "I am not acquainted with him." "Why, His Royal Highness says that he knows you." "Knows me? Pooh! That's all brag."

It was, I think, Sir Godfrey Kneller who, on being asked by an inquiring friend if he could not have greatly improved upon the works of the Creator had his advice been asked in time, promptly replied, "Mein Gott! I think so."

Erskine was a decided egotist, so much so that Cobbett said of one of his speeches he should publish it as soon as he could get a new fount of type with a sufficient number of capital E's, and it was proposed that he should take the title of Baron Ego of Eye in the County of Suffolk. Lord Clackmannan was another title offered him [by Cobbett] after an animated speech which lasted (so they affirmed) thirteen hours, eighteen minutes, and a second.—*From "The Vanity and Insanity of Genius," by Kate Sanborn. New York: George J. Coombes.*

## PUBLIC SPEAKING.

THE *Daily News* thinks that in these days of distracted search for a calling for the rising generation, a father might do worse than apprentice a promising son to the trade of public speech-making. Why is it that so many who rise to speak, at a dinner party, say, become pitiable objects before they resume their seats? Your neighbour at a public banquet, who

is perhaps a model of good-humour during the soup, and of playful wit at the roast, may often be observed to develop a certain gloomy abstractedness of manner as the feast draws near its close. His animation deserts him, his lively sallies are no more, and the face which was flushed with enjoyment, if with nothing else, takes a sickly hue. The explanation is to be found in a glance at the programme—he is down for "The Reserve Forces"—and his hour is nigh. He rises, and all the brilliancy of his natural gifts is gone as he gasps out the very commonplaces of his theme with a tongue that seems to have been suddenly dried by a breath of the simoom. He looks helplessly across the table for a missing epigram, and fumbles in his waistcoat-pocket for a peroration which he has left in his great-coat. It is all stage fright—the worst of the waking terrors of life.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR'S lectures in America on Dante and Robert Browning are awakening some interest. Of Dante Archdeacon Farrar says:—"The three greatest poets are Æschylus, Dante, and Milton, and the greatest of these is Dante. You may wonder at my apparent forgetfulness of Shakespeare; but I venture to say that the world will have another Shakespeare before it has another Dante. He combined all that was great in the poets that had gone before him, and he excelled all that followed him."

ELECTRICITY has been applied by an American inventor, Mr. C. H. Pond, to the automatic winding of clocks. The apparatus has been introduced into England, and is now to be seen at the office of Mr. B. Watkin, of Leadenhall Buildings, London. A small battery, operating an electric motor, is the means employed to effect the winding, and it is capable of doing so for two years without renewal of the battery. The hour wheel at every hour switches the current through the motor, which rapidly revolves for six seconds, and by a gear wheel actuates a small spring, which thereby acquires sufficient tension to run the clock another hour. The battery is cut off and rests for the ensuing hour, when it is again called into play. It is thus only employed for six seconds in an hour, or fifteen hours in a year.—*Engineering.*

OF Browning Archdeacon Farrar says:—"He has given not a book but a literature, and to have studied and understood him, I say, deliberately, is a liberal education of itself. I do not know of any poet, except Shakespeare, in whom you will find so marvellous a portrait gallery. He brings jewels from the East and West, from nature and art. History is his plaything, psychology his electric spark. I know of no poet more learned, exact, or thorough. He builds his poems out of rough blocks of marble. He is obscure only in the sense that his thoughts are profound. I think many of Browning's nature paintings will take precedence of many of Tennyson's. Browning is didactic, as nature is didactic. He is essentially a poet of humanity. He does not destroy; he is a worker in fine metals, a moulder of the passions of men's minds. He thinks at full speed."

CAPTAIN H. F. PERLEY, in bringing to a conclusion his interesting notes on rifle shooting, which have been appearing in the *Canadian Militia Gazette*, says: "There is one thing which should be borne in mind by all shooting men—that the rifles they use are those placed in their hands for the purpose of drill and becoming proficient as soldiers in their use. Every man to whom a rifle is issued should pride himself on becoming efficient in its use on the range, and on being as well one of the best-drilled men in his company or battalion. Shooting men should remember that a systematical and intentional neglect of drill can only be construed as a slur on the corps to which they belong. The man who shoots because it pays, and is always ready to engage in scratch matches at a favourite range, or for sweepstakes, makes but a poor soldier. Such as he shoot for the sake of winning prizes, forgetting, it may be, that prizes should be viewed in their proper light, as rewards for good, true, and honest shooting. It is to be regretted that few of the officers take an interest in shooting, forgetting that it is part of their duty to teach their men how to shoot."

WE have recently seen a rifle vernier sight marker, from Mr. W. W. Greener, the well-known rifle maker of Birmingham. This little instrument is the invention of Private H. Greener, of the 1st V.B. South Staffordshire Regiment, and is designed to serve the double purpose of a bar elevator and line marker. For the former purpose the instrument is applied exactly in the manner of the ordinary "Murcott" vernier. To mark the bar, the vernier is turned over and applied to the sight tangent. A vernier scale on the face of the instrument, in addition to the usual scale marked on the edge, permits of an easy and accurate reading whilst applying the marker to the sight; the vernier is depressed to mark the bar. The arm furnished with a point makes a fine and clearly definable line, by removing the smoke or black from the bar, and the line is got just where it was intended to be—there is no possibility of slipping or a faulty line being marked on the bar, as is often the case when a separate marker is used in conjunction with a vernier, and smudging is avoided; the time occupied in putting on the line is also reduced to a minimum.—*Volunteer Service Gazette.*

AT what hour of the day is a man at his strongest, and so fitted to do hard work with the least weariness? The answer returned by Dr. Buch, from the results of his experiments made with the dynamometer, is that a man is at his best when he turns out of bed. The muscle force is greatly increased by breakfast, and it attains to its highest point after the midday meal. It then sinks for a few hours, rises again towards the evening, but steadily declines from night to morning. It is probable that there is some confusion here. No doubt a sudden and powerful effort, such as is registered by the dynamometer, is better made after the muscles have been for some time in use, and any products of their disintegration which may have accumulated during the night and sleep have been washed away by the

improved circulation that follows waking; but we can entertain little doubt that sustained effort, whether mental or bodily, could be best performed during the morning, and not after the midday meal. Dr. Buch is, however, right in maintaining that the two chief foes of muscular force are overwork and idleness. Sweating whilst working deteriorates muscle force. Many of the greatest workers in the world, though not all, have been early risers. But early rising, according to Dr. Buch, ought always to be supplemented by early breakfasting.—*Lancet.*

M. PAUL BERT read a paper at the last meeting of the French Academy of Sciences on the experiments lately set on foot by the Hereditary Prince of Monaco, who was himself present at the meeting, with the object of determining the course of the current of the Gulf Stream. The received belief is, that after passing the Azores it flows in a north-easterly direction, washing the shores of the northern countries of Europe; but this theory has never been scientifically verified. The Prince took several hundred floats to the Azores last summer, and sailing in a northerly direction, he dropped them one by one into the ocean, allowing an interval of a mile or two between them. In the interior of each is a paper giving the latitude and longitude of the spot where it was dropped; and mariners have been requested through the usual channels to note the time and place of their picking up any of them they may happen to fall in with. If a sufficient number of these observations can be collected, a much-needed light will, it is hoped, be thrown on the direction and velocity of the Gulf Stream. So far only three of the floats have been recovered from the ocean, under circumstances, it must be added, which seem to make against the received theory. Instead of being found at a point northward of that where they were deposited, they had floated considerably to south of it, and were cast ashore on the Eastern Azores.

"At the beginning of every month a packet-boat sails from Falmouth for North America, having a mail for Quebec on board. In the summer months she puts in at Halifax (on her way to New York), and there delivers the mails for Canada. From Halifax they are forwarded by post for Quebec. In the months of November, December, January, and February the packet-boats pass Halifax and deliver the mails for Canada to the agent for British packet-boats at New York, who forwards them through the United States by the nearest post route for Montreal. A mail for England is despatched from Quebec once every fortnight in summer and once a month in winter to be put on board the first packet-boat for Falmouth. A mail for Burlington in the United States is made up at Quebec every Thursday, and at Montreal every Saturday, by which conveyance letters may be sent for Europe, under cover to a friend at New York, on paying the Canadian postage at the office at which the letter is put in. Opportunities offer weekly at New York for England. The post for Montreal leaves Quebec every Monday and Thursday at four o'clock in the evening, and the post leaves Montreal for Quebec on the same days at the same hour. The post arrives at those places on the morning of Wednesdays and Saturdays. A monthly communication by post between this Province and Upper Canada has lately been opened, and will continue during the winter."

Probably before reaching this last sentence the reader will have come to the conclusion that the above is not from Copp, Clark, and Company's Almanac for 1886. It is from the Quebec Almanac for 1808, seventy-seven years ago—when a monthly mail was first established between Upper and Lower Canada.

D.

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

C. KLOCKNER is publishing a number of large etchings by Hamilton Hamilton.

THE biography of Louis Agassiz, written by his widow, has been published in England by Macmillan and Co.

"THE LEADING FACTS OF ENGLISH HISTORY," by D. H. Montgomery, will be published by Ginn and Co. about January 15.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT has written some sketches of autobiography, which will probably appear in *Blackwood's* during the coming year.

THE sixth volume of the variorum edition of Shakespeare, edited by Horace Howard Furness, is "Othello." It is now in the press of the J. B. Lippincott Co.

OUR readers will find in our advertising columns this week announcements of an unusually tempting display of literary and other wares.

THE *Grip* Company has issued a new Canadian Christmas Annual—Canada's Christmas—filled with lithographic illustrations of Canadian scenes and sports.

GEORGE H. BUCHANAN AND CO., of Philadelphia, have ready "The Ethics of George Eliot's Works," by the late George Crombie Brown, with an introduction by Charles G. Ames.

THE eighth edition, in English, of M. Taine's "Notes on England" (Chapman and Hall) appears for the first time with a portrait of the author, which is, by the way, a striking likeness.

TICKNOR AND COMPANY will publish the recently discovered Emerson-Carlyle correspondence in a supplementary volume for the benefit of those who already possess the first edition.

THE *Globe* made its appearance last week attired in a handsome new dress. It is now printed from a new Scotch metal-faced type, and is as clear and readable typographically as it is literary.

MR. EDWIN GLEDHILL, composer, of this city, has set a pleasant but rather unseasonable song, "Twas a Balmy Night in June," to very sweet music. It may be found at Nordheimer's.

MESSRS. L. PRANG AND COMPANY'S series of Christmas and New-Year cards for this season comprehends a great variety of subject, executed with most artistic taste. The flower and figure-pieces, book-mark designs and others form an art collection impossible to match in so small a compass. The sole Canadian agents are the Toronto News Company.

THE value of the *Book Buyer Christmas Annual*, as a reliable and interesting guide, is attested by an order which the publishers have just received by cable from a London bookselling firm for 500 copies.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND Co. have published "A Mortal Antipathy," which is to be the permanent title of Dr. Holmes's "New Portfolio"; and "Bonnyborough," a new story by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

WOLTMANN AND WOERMANN'S famous "History of Painting" will be completed by the publication of the second volume, which will be issued at once by Dodd, Mead and Co. It covers the period of the Renaissance.

FUNK AND WAGNALLS will publish early in the ensuing year, "Before an Audience; or, the Use of the Will in Public Speaking," a volume of "talks" to the students of Scottish Universities, by Nathan Sheppard.

PRINCESS LOUISE and the Marquis of Lorne will be joint contributors to an early number of *Good Words*. Their subject is "Our Railway to the Pacific," the Princess contributing the pictures, and Lord Lorne the letterpress.

THE bound volumes of the *Century* and *St. Nicholas*, just out, are good at any time, but are especially suitable for the holiday season. Both are art magazines of high class, and contain besides a wealth of mental food for old and young.

AN extraordinary attempt now in progress to make an artificial crossing between wheat and rye is fully described by Charles Barnard in the forthcoming January *Century*. The attempt is to make a new and standard cereal for breadstuffs.

THE "Pettibone Name," the initial volume of a new "Household Library," printed in large, readable type, is one of the best stories of New England rural life we have ever read. It is full of humour and pathos, and teaches a fine moral lesson.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for January will have a paper on English travel by Mary Anderson, and a series of George Eliot's criticisms on Dickens, Tennyson, Carlyle, and other English writers, selected from the pages of the *Westminster Review*.

THE second volume of Grant's *Memoirs* will appear in March, and will contain over six hundred pages, thirty maps, two steel plates, and a *fac-simile* of the original document of Lee's surrender. An exhaustive index to the complete work will accompany this volume.

THE *Brooklyn Magazine* can no longer be claimed by the city whose name it bears. Its literature caters to the country at large, and is of as much interest to the resident of San Francisco as of Brooklyn. Its Christmas number is unquestionably the most notable yet issued.

AN article from the pen of Dr. B. Nicholson, entitled "How our Elizabethan Dramatists have been Edited," together with an autograph letter from Horace Walpole (after he became Lord Orford) to Mr. J. C. Walker, will appear in *Walford's Antiquarian* for December.

DAUDET has finished a new book, "Tartarin sur les Alpes"—a work of three hundred and twenty pages, illustrated with water-colours beautifully printed, and sold in Paris at from two to sixty dollars a copy. W. R. Jenkins, of New York, announces an edition for sale in America.

THE "Schiller Calendar" for 1886 is a very tasteful production, containing for each day of the year a bright thought or two of Schiller's, in German and English, with a note of the names of eminent persons born on the day. It may be obtained from Messrs. Williamson and Company.

MR. BERNARD QUARITCH is preparing a royal folio volume of fifteenth-century Italian ornaments. The illustrations will be arranged in chronological order, and the series will form a complete grammar of brocade ornament in use in the fifteenth century, the finest period of Italian decorative art.

MESSRS. FORDS, HOWARD AND HURLBERT have secured the portrait plate to illustrate their *edition de luxe* of General James Grant Wilson's book of reminiscences, "Bryant and his Friends." The volume is a very beautiful piece of book making, and contains no less than forty-nine portraits on steel.

MR. SWINBURNE has undertaken the article on "Webster" for "The Encyclopædia Britannica." This is Webster the English poet, of course—not the American of Unabridged renown. Mr. Swinburne has written for the *Nineteenth Century* a critique upon the dramatic works of Thomas Middleton.

MR. RUSKIN'S publisher hopes to have the new edition of "Stones of Venice" ready by February, and is already at work at the much-desired reprint of "Modern Painters," which he will reproduce with plates equal to those of the first edition, in five handsome volumes, at five guineas, during the course of next year.

A NEW volume of the Calendar of State Papers relating to Ireland, edited by Mr. Hans C. Hamilton, is nearly ready for issue. The period covered by it extends from August, 1588, to September, 1592. Many curious details of the disasters which befel the Spanish Armada off the Irish coast will be brought to light by the publication of these papers.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* offers a rich entertainment for the coming year. G. H. Hamerton, James Russell Lowell, and John Fiske are among its promised contributors. It will contain serial stories by Henry James and William H. Bishop; and all the living questions of the day will be treated in the masterly manner that has made the *Atlantic Monthly* the best of magazines.

MR. GOTTSBERGER, the American publisher of the novels by Georg Ebers, is about to issue a large folio volume entitled "The Ebers' Gallery," which will contain photographs of paintings by famous artists, illustrating scenes in the novelist's books, and many of his heroes and heroines. It is a superb work, limited in edition, and it is to be regretted that so few will be able to afford it—the price is from \$40 up.

FROM the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which prints a long interview with Lieutenant Greely, we learn that he has completed his new book on his adventures in the North, which he entitles "Three Years of Arctic Service." The book will be complete in two large volumes, and the English edition will be published simultaneously with the American, which will be published by the Scribners. It will be most elaborately illustrated.

MESSRS. HART AND COMPANY, of this city, have for sale a timely memorial of St. Andrew's Day in the form of a poem on Robert Burns, read by the author, Mr. Duncan McGregor Crerar—(a gentleman well known here, and at one time connected with the Stratford Beacon)—read before the Burns Society of New York, and published under their auspices. Its literary merit is high; it is printed on antique paper and artistically illustrated, and it would be a very suitable holiday gift.

IN *The University* (Chicago) for December 5th, Gilbert Coleridge, son of Lord Coleridge, the well-known English jurist, contributes a bright essay entitled "Some Traits of Charles Lamb." In a private letter to the editor Mr. Coleridge says: "It is of course impossible to throw any new light on the life of Lamb, but having had access to many of my ancestor's [the poet's] letters in my father's possession, and also many of Lamb's MSS., I have been able to get clear and trustworthy information about him."

LIEUT. A. W. GREELY'S long-looked-for book, describing his explorations in the Arctic, will be published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons early in the coming year. It will be entitled "Three Years of Arctic Service; an Account of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition of 1881-84, and the Attainment of the Farthest North." It will fill two large volumes, and will contain nearly one hundred wood engravings from photographs taken by the party, and drawings of scenes and incidents described and suggested by Lieut. Greely. A detailed announcement will be made hereafter.

THE present Balkan difficulties have called the attention of the world to Serbia and Bulgaria. It is only a few months ago that Thomas Stevens, an American traveller, pushed his way through these mountains on a bicycle. In his impressions of this picturesque country, which appear in *Outing* for December, he gives a description of a grim monument of Turkish prowess in the shape of a square stone structure, erected in 1840, near Nisch, the whole exterior being faced with grinning rows of Servian skulls partially embedded in mortar. The Servians have since removed the skulls of their dead comrades and buried them, but the rows of indentations in the thick mortared surface yet remain to tell the story.

THE ART INTERCHANGE offers two holiday numbers this year, dated respectively December 3rd and December 17th. The first of these will contain an exquisite study in colour of wild roses, leaves and buds, against a beautiful blue-green background. This is designed for painting on fan-mount or screen-panel. A charming study of a head, which shows a profile view of a beautiful woman against a background of leaves, is given as an extra supplement. A third supplement is a bold and original design of water-lilies for embroidered border (31 inches by 15 inches). These three supplements are very excellent. In addition, there are given a beautiful conventional design of buds, flowers and leaves, embroidered for wall hanging; a beautiful repeating border for chair back or scarf-end, and twelve exquisite motives for china painting. The principal attraction of the issue of December 17th will be a Christmas Carol, designed by Walter Satterlee, with music by Edward Mosenthal. The carol will be issued as an extra supplement on heavy paper. It consists of four panels, 7 inches by 3: the first shows the Virgin and Child, the second contains the score, and a band of cherubs with wreaths, the third panel gives the adoration of the shepherds, while the fourth is a representation of cherubs worshipping the Child.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WE have received the following books and publications:—

- THE MASTER OF THE MINE. By Robert Browning. New York: D. Appleton and Company.
- CHARLES DARWIN. By Grant Allen. ("English Worthies" Series. Edited by Andrew Lang.) New York: D. Appleton and Company.
- PHYSICAL EXPRESSION: ITS MODES AND PRINCIPLES. By Francis Warner, M.D. Lond. F.R.C.P. With fifty-one illustrations. (The International Scientific Series.) New York: D. Appleton and Company.
- AFTER-DINNER STORIES FROM BALZAC. Done into English by Myndart Verdst. With an introduction by Edgar Saltus. New York: George J. Coombes.
- THE VANITY AND INSANITY OF GENIUS. By Kate Sanborn. New York: George J. Coombes.
- ROBERT BURNS: AN Anniversary Poem. By Duncan Macgregor Crerar. London, Belfast, and New York: Marcus Ward and Company (Limited). Toronto: Hart and Company.
- WALTZ SONG: "Twas a Balmey Night in June." Words by Fleetwood C. Daniel; music by Edwin Gledhill. Toronto: A. and S. Nordheimer.
- THE SCHILLER CALENDAR, 1886; with Selections for Every Day in the Year. Troy, N. Y.: H. B. Hines and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.
- THE PETTIBONE NAME. By Margaret Sidney. The Household Library, Vol. I. Boston: D. Lathrop and Company.
- CENTURY. Vol. VIII. May-October, 1885. Toronto: Hart and Company.
- ST. NICHOLAS. Vol. XII. Two Parts. November, 1884-October, 1885. Toronto: Hart and Company.
- BROOKLYN MAGAZINE. December. Brooklyn, N. Y.
- FOILED. By a Lawyer. Chicago: Clark and Longley.
- BOOK BUYER. New York: Charles Scribner and Sons.
- ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY, 1885. New York.
- THE PUNISHMENT AND PREVENTION OF CRIME. By Col. Sir Edmund F. du Cane. (The "English Citizen" Series.) London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Rowell and Hutchison.
- LECTURES INTRODUCTORY TO THE STUDY OF THE LAW OF THE CONSTITUTION. By A. V. Dicey, B.C.L. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Rowell and Hutchison.
- A NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES; Founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by James A. H. Murray, LL.D. Part I, A-ANT. Part II, ANT-BATTEN. Oxford: Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Rowell and Hutchison.
- OUTING. December. Boston.
- SANITARIAN. December.
- OVERLAND MONTHLY. December.
- ART INTERCHANGE. Double Christmas Number. New York.
- ANDOVER REVIEW. December. Boston.
- REPRESENTATIVE ESSAYS. From "Prose Masters Pieces." New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson and Company.
- THE STORY OF GREECE. By Prof. James G. Harrison. ("The Story of the Nations" Series.) New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson and Company.
- THE IDEA OF GOD AS AFFECTED BY MODERN KNOWLEDGE. By John Fiske. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

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## WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the *Mail* (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a mucous-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are—Morbidity of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of ureberle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxemia, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the sustentaculum tubae, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers.

Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada, and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh

What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh.

Oakland, Ont., Canada, March 17, '83.

Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son:

DEAR SIRS,—Yours of the 13th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease, and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for Catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that it is hard for me to realize that I am really better.

I consider that mine was a very bad case; it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but I feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you.

You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers.

Yours, with many thanks,  
REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

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## Magazine of American History.

The current December number completes the Fourteenth volume of this admirable illustrated Monthly.

The growing interest among the reading people of the United States in the former politics, affairs, and events which have contributed towards making this young nation one of the foremost in the world, is a matter of pride and congratulation to this periodical which was the first in the land to make American history popular. During the past few months the circulation of the MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY has multiplied with such marvellous rapidity that it has required second and third editions to fill the increased orders. The broad field of American political and war history, which belongs strictly to this magazine, has been entered by the other great monthlies, accelerating their progress and material prosperity also, in unparalleled ratio. This condition of the public mind shows that there is no lack of appreciative intelligence and good taste in America, and promises well for the future culture of rising generations.

During the coming year, as in the past, the publishers will continue to advance, extend and improve this periodical, dealing with every problem in American history from the most remote period to the present hour, and with the continued promise of contributions and subscriptions from the most eminent historians and cultivated readers in all parts of the world. While aiming to make its pages readable and interesting for the general reader, whose desire for information is hardly less than that of the specialist and antiquarian, fancy will never be indulged at the expense of historical exactness and symmetry; and no efforts will be wanting to render this unique magazine authoritative and of permanent and priceless value. On all matters where differences of opinion exist, both sides will be presented without prejudice or partiality.

### The Civil War from all Points of View.

This magazine will continue its special studies in the history of the civil war, through the year 1886—which began with the July number, 1885—from the pens of the ablest Generals and distinguished participants on both sides in the contest, Federal and Confederate. Fresh and hitherto unpublished material will throw floods of light upon many movements and events hitherto unexplained. This magazine holds the key to a mass of comparatively buried material, bearing upon the truth of modern history. The prominent men of the civil war period will also constitute a series of brilliantly written, instructive and intensely interesting papers, to be published from time to time during the months to come. The prominent men of the revolutionary period will comprise another series, to be accompanied with rare historical portraits, that will form a choice gallery of pictures when the volumes are subsequently bound. Historic Homes is the title to a series of papers which has been in process of publication for the past three years, handsomely illustrated; it will be one of the magazine's future attractive features; also, the Manor-Houses and Manors of America, of which two—the Manor of Gardiner's Island, and the Van Rensselaer Manor—have already appeared. Much of the material thus presented to the American reader is not accessible in any other form or publication.

The circulation of the MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY has not only become national, but international, reaching all classes and interesting all readers of intelligence, whether old or young. It is illustrated and printed with such care that it is a pleasure to turn its beautiful pages. That it should have achieved unparalleled success is no matter of wonder.

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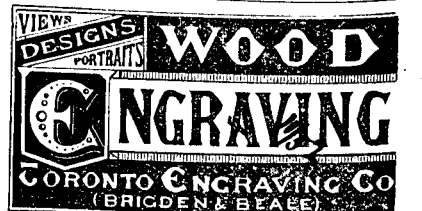
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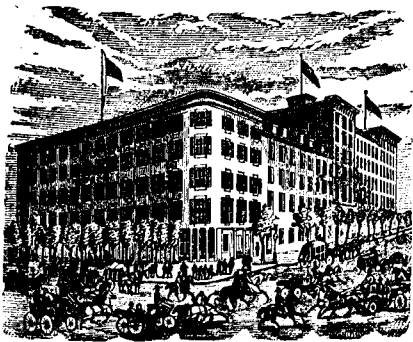
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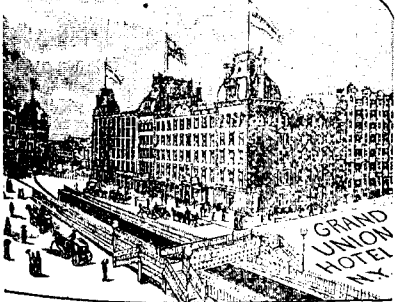
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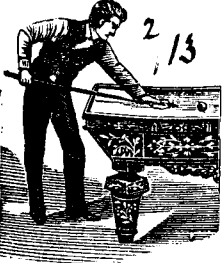
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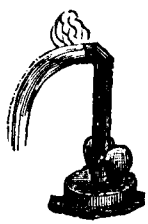
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