

# THE WEEK:

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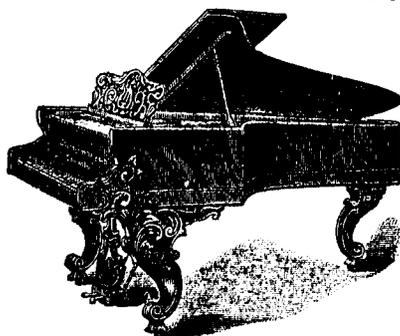
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE great battle in Montreal East has been lost and won. Unfortunately it can hardly be said that either the losing or the winning reflects much honour upon the party concerned, or much credit upon Montreal, not to say Dominion, politics. The issues involved in the contest were so many and complicated that the election of Mr. Lepine must be regarded as the resultant of a number of converging forces rather than as the triumph of any one principle or party. It can be counted a Government victory only on the ground that the successful candidate was endorsed, though not nominated, by the Conservative Managers, and that he was vehemently supported by the Quebec members of the Ministry, especially by the Secretary of State. On the other hand, the large reduction of the majority that might have been expected for a Conservative candidate in a constituency which has repeatedly returned unopposed a supporter of the Government cannot be fairly claimed as a proof of the growing strength of the Liberals, since the defeated candidate did not take his stand on the chief plank in the Liberal platform, by declaring in favour of unrestricted reciprocity. Moreover, Mr. Lepine, both before and after his election, claimed to be an Independent. It might be devoutly wished that the election of Mr. Lepine could be accepted, as Mr. Chapleau and some of the Conservative papers claim, as a distinct condemnation of the resuscitated "race and revenge" agitation, but, unhappily for this view, Mr. Lepine seems to have declared his adhesion to the Nationalist programme in terms scarcely less emphatic than those of his opponent, and so on throughout the list of public questions involved. As a matter of fact, the election can scarcely be said to have settled anything unless it be that the combined influence of the protectionist principle, the labour party, the prohibition Alliance, and the Secretary of State, is stronger in the constituency of Montreal East than the combined influence of the Opposition leader, the Quebec Premier, and the anti-veto agitation.

THE character and strength of the sinister influences which, there is too much reason to fear, were vigorously used by both parties in the Montreal East contest will probably be matter for inquiry in a court of justice. It would be hard to find terms too strong in which to condemn the appeal

which was so unblushingly and persistently made by the defeated candidate and his supporters, and even by Mr. Mercier himself, to the narrowest and most violent prejudices of the French race. That Mr. Laurier himself, whose speeches have generally been dignified and dispassionate, stooped to the low level of such a mode of argument, we are extremely loath to believe. If on the other hand it be true, as stated in the Opposition papers, that Hon. Mr. Chapleau engaged personally in a house to house canvass, it may well be queried whether, and to what extent, such a course comported with the official dignity to be expected in a Canadian Secretary of State. Viewed in the light of the previous well-known relations of the two parties, such unwonted zeal lent too much colour to the charge that the election was regarded by many more as a personal struggle between the Minister and the dismissed Parliamentary translator, than as a contest in which great political principles were at stake.

ONE incident in connection with the Montreal election was at the same time so reprehensible in itself and so characteristic of one of the most demoralizing and dangerous tendencies in Canadian politics that it would be wrong to leave it unnoticed in any dispassionate review of the event. We have it on the authority of the *Montreal Witness*, which, seeing that it supported Mr. Lepine's candidature, must be accepted as a competent witness in this case, that an open bribe of a post-office was held out by the chairman of a meeting in the east division in favour of the Government candidate. "This bribe," says the *Witness*, "was offered in the presence of Sir John Thompson, the Minister of Justice, and lately the recipient of the honour of knighthood, who had no word of protest to offer, who had, so far as can be judged, no feeling of personal shame at being made a party to a bribe." From other sources it appears that the offer was conveyed in a telegram from Sir Hector Langevin, the Minister of Public Works, stating that he had decided to establish a branch post-office on Mignonne Street, in the eastern part of the city. Now, a post-office may or may not be needed in that particular locality. But whether needed or not, such an announcement at the time and under the circumstances was an outrage on all political propriety. Had those present at the meeting been moved by the proper spirit of "free and independent electors," they would have resented the announcement as an insult. Amongst the many disquieting influences which now threaten the life of the Confederation, there is none more deserving of denunciation by every true Canadian, than the wholesale purchase of constituencies by the promise of expenditures of public funds which is unblushingly carried on. The representation of a Nova Scotia constituency was the other day declared vacant by the courts, in consequence of some petty bribes by agents. No one acquainted with the facts would, it is believed, deny that the promise of Government expenditures by, and on behalf of, the candidate thus unseated had more to do with securing his return than all the personal bribery that could be accomplished by a dozen agents. In most cases it is open to members of the Government to disclaim all responsibility for such promises made by eager candidates and their unscrupulous supporters. But in the case in question the use of the opportune telegram from one minister, and the tacit assent of another to its production, connect the Government so directly with the transaction that no such defence is possible. If there is such a thing as a genuine Canadian patriotism, here is surely a field for its operation. Let all its energies be summoned for a crusade against an evil which, if permitted to grow, as it certainly will if unchecked by public sentiment, will most surely sap the foundations of the union.

WHATEVER weaknesses or defects may exist in the Canadian political system, it certainly secures to its citizens privileges and indulgences which are in some respects unique. Foremost among these may be placed freedom of speech and of the press. Though it is yet one of Great Britain's most important colonies those residents who please feel at perfect liberty to advocate independence, or even amalgamation with a foreign power, or any other conceivable change. Members of Parliament and ex-members may freely advocate annexation to the United States. Leading political newspapers throw open their columns to the advocates of various forms of revolution, inviting those who desire change to express themselves as fearlessly in favour of independence or annexation as may the loyalists in

favour of continued British connection, either as at present or under some scheme of Imperial Federation. We are far from deprecating this state of things. To live in a country in which the liberty of the subject has reached this ideal perfection is something to be proud of. But in what other country under the sun is such liberty enjoyed? How long would even the great Republic tolerate an analogous state of affairs? Canadians, it is clear, do not need to transfer their allegiance in order to seek shelter beneath the brooding wing of any bird of freedom.

SENATOR SHERMAN is reported as saying in his much-discussed speech, that the whole history of the two countries (United States and Canada) had been a continuous warning that they could not remain at peace with each other except through political as well as commercial relations. This is a startling opinion, and one the reverse of complimentary to our common Christian civilization. Is there any good reason for believing it well founded? The old quarrels of past generations may surely be left out of the account. Times have changed, and both peoples have changed with them. The enmities engendered by the Revolutionary War are dead. Nine Englishmen out of ten, and ninety-nine Canadians out of a hundred, will now admit that the colonies were in the main right, and the mother country in the main wrong, in that quarrel. So, too, such old grudges and jealousies, and such arbitrary, high-handed measures as those which brought about the subsequent wars, are for the most part things of the past. The citizens of the United States and Canada have traded and visited, intermingled and intermarried, until now the prevailing feeling of all, except certain comparatively small classes in each country, is one of cordial good-will, while many are related by even stronger sentiments. Canadians in tens of thousands are to be found scattered all over the Union, and in very many cases are by no means among the least respected and influential citizens. On the other hand, the different Provinces of the confederation have each a goodly sprinkling of energetic and enterprising citizens of the United States. It is clear that there are no deadly animosities, either personal or racial, to create danger of war between the two countries.

Is there, then, anything in the national institutions or the business relations of the two peoples to justify Senator Sherman's dictum? Both are free and democratic. The difference in their modes of government is rather in form than in substance. The will of the people is in each the supreme law. In education and general intelligence they are about on a level. In their social customs and religious forms and beliefs they are hardly distinguishable from each other. In commercial and legal transactions neither finds any great difficulty in observing the laws and regulations of the other, so far as may be necessary to further the ends of justice and good neighbourhood. The international codes are susceptible of some improvement in the matter of mutual surrender of fugitives from justice, but a mode of adjustment satisfactory to both sides will not probably be very hard to arrange. In the last analysis the Fishery question remains as the only source of serious irritation and possible danger. But the fisheries directly affect but a small number of the population in either country. Moreover, the dispute is capable of easy settlement the moment both parties may choose to set about it in earnest. The worst difficulties are those created by the politicians and diplomatists. If the matter were in the hands of a committee representing the sound common sense of the solid business and industrial classes of both countries, how long would such men be in finding a basis of settlement? Failing personal agreement, they would resort to the sensible and manly course of referring all disputed points for final determination to a tribunal of competent and impartial arbitrators. In a word, the idea that there is anything in the geographical or commercial relations of the two countries, or in the dispositions and characters of their respective inhabitants, to prevent them existing side by side in mutual independence, peace, and hearty good-will, for an indefinite period, is one which every good citizen of both would repudiate and scout if presented for serious consideration.

CANADA has certainly no reason to feel chagrined at the turn the Retaliation affair has taken. Conscious of the strength of her main position, and understanding well what her neighbours would call the "true inwardness" of the Presidential Message and the Congressional fireworks it set off, she was able to pursue calmly the even tenor of her way and await the issue with composure. There may be, it is true, some reason to regret that her Government did not hasten to put her in the right on the matter of the Canal rebate, and that they have put her in the wrong in regard to the peach-basket tax, but these are minor, and in the opinion of some, doubtful matters, which may be adjusted at another possibly more

suitable opportunity. The gratifying result now is that, if current statements may be relied on, the United States' Senate has not only dropped the tone of menace, but is adopting that of persuasion. This is a good omen, and can scarcely fail to lead to a better understanding in the future. Should even a doubtful rumour prove true and the change of tactics be followed up by an invitation to cast in her lot with the Great Republic, we see no reason why Canada should wax indignant and resent as an insult overtures intended to be in the highest degree friendly and complimentary. While declining with dignity and good temper the proffered honour, it should not be difficult to make it an occasion for hopefully renewing negotiations for the permanent settlement of the fisheries question and all other matters in dispute.

THE London *Times*, of September 10, reprinted the text of the Charter which has been granted to the Imperial British East Africa Company, together with a long account of the character, purposes, and prospects of the enterprise. Amongst the petitioners to whom the Charter has been issued are Mr. William MacKinnon, Lord Brassey, Sir Donald Stewart, Sir John Kirk, and others of high reputation. The territory to be administered has been obtained by formal cession from the Sultan of Zanzibar on the coast, and a large number of independent, or semi-independent chiefs in the interior. It lies wholly within the region recognized by agreement between Great Britain and Germany as reserved for the exclusive exercise of British influence. It embraces a strip of coast line about 150 miles long and 10 miles broad, containing the important harbour of Mombasa, or Mombassa, and stretches inward in the shape of an irregular wedge to the eastern shore of the Victoria Nyanza. The estimated area is about 50,000 square miles, and the estimated population about two millions. It includes some of the most fertile and healthy regions of Eastern Africa, though the paradisaic qualities ascribed by enthusiastic travellers to these regions are predicated only of the elevated plateau of the interior. The coast and the country for some distance inland have a reputation for unhealthiness which it is hoped may be found to be exaggerated. The task of opening up this district to civilization and commerce is unquestionably a Herculean one. The Company will find itself confronted with very formidable difficulties, not the least of which will be the deadly opposition of the slave-trading interest, whose unholy traffic it is bound by its charter to discourage, and, so far as may be practicable, to abolish. It is scarcely to be expected, either, that so populous a country can be taken possession of and opened up without serious conflict with the Arab tribes who inhabit it. But there seems every reason to hope that the result, in the not distant future, may be the addition to the world's resources of a section of a continent second to no other in its capacity for civilization and progress. The characters of the originators and present leaders of the enterprise afford, no doubt, ample guarantee that the very large powers entrusted to them will not be presently abused. It might be wished, in the interests of justice and humanity, that some security could be taken that these powers and possessions might never descend into less worthy hands.

THE Tibetan campaign in which victory has once more attended British arms, is not the only little war which the Government of India has just now on its hands. An expedition 8,000 strong, and composed of infantry, cavalry, and artillery is being fitted out, or has already been sent, to inflict exemplary chastisement upon the Akozais, a tribe of mountaineers on the borders of the Hazara district, in the extreme north-eastern portion of the Peshawur division of the Punjab. This tribe of marauding mountaineers has long been a thorn in the side to the peaceful and industrious inhabitants of the Hazara district, which is a part of the empire, and a force has had to be maintained for the protection of the inhabitants against the raids to which they are exposed. The audacity of the marauders culminated a few months ago in an attack upon a small detachment of the protecting force of Goorkhas in British territory. Two British officers were killed in the skirmish. After considerable hesitation the Indian Government has decided that punishment must be inflicted, at whatever cost. Hence the present expedition. As the crafty and warlike Akozais are likely to take refuge in the mountain fortresses, thence to sally forth at unexpected points and moments, the undertaking is not without both difficulty and danger, and the result will be waited with some anxiety.

THE presence and operations of the British in Egypt have during the last few years attracted less attention than in the more turbulent times that preceded them. The last yearly report of Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff on the public works which are being carried on in that country under British auspices and through the agency of British officials affords gratifying evidence that the work of civilization and emancipation is steadily pro-

greasing. Public works, like everything else in that historic land, connect themselves immediately and inseparably with the Nile. In the utilization of the waters of this famous river for purposes of irrigation are included the chief means for the moral as well as the material improvement of the degraded native population. On this point some of the figures which we find quoted from the Report are very significant. For instance, the sum of £293,561 appears as having been paid during 1887 in order to exempt 115,530 men, for one hundred days from *corvée* labour, by substituting paid labour. This old system of *corvée* labour as described, implies a degradation so far below the level even of ordinary slave labour, that it is humiliating to think of it as still lingering in a country under British influence. The wretched Fellaheen, or peasants, who have been from time immemorial in a state of abject and spiritless bondage, were, and it would seem still are to some extent driven by herds into the canals, and set to do the work of keeping the channels free, without tools, by simply scooping up the mud with their hands. They are described as utterly listless, submitting to their taskmasters with all the docility of domestic animals. To give to a race so degraded by centuries of bondage sudden freedom would be mockery. Such entries as the above would seem to show that they are being prepared in the most effective way for freedom, by being taught to regard their labour as their own, and themselves as men, not simply working animals. From the mere material point of view, it is estimated that a saving equal to half a million of pounds sterling has been effected for Egypt by the reform introduced in respect to *corvée* labour. The great works that are being carried on cannot but redound to the well-being of the country in every respect.

LATE English exchanges show that the insurrection which has been for some months in progress in Zululand is at an end. The insurgent leader Dinizulu, who is, by the way, a son of Cetewayo, has surrendered, not however to the British but to the Transvaal authorities. The stipulation made with the latter that he should not be delivered up to the British will no doubt be gladly acquiesced in, as saving the British Government the trouble of settling the perplexing question, "What shall be done with him?" The Transvaal Government, whose position has been one of friendly neutrality throughout the disturbance, may probably be relied on to see that Dinizulu does no further mischief, either by making their neutral territory a base of operations, or by rejoining his countrymen in Zululand. From the history of operations given by a *Times* correspondent, and from a statement made by General Smyth, who conducted the campaign as the representative of the military authorities, there seems to have been a serious lack of concert between the two branches of the service. From the meagre details given, it may be inferred that the Governor, Sir Arthur Havelock, was desirous of treating the affair as a mere internal disturbance, to be put down by police measures, while the military instincts and training of General Smyth led him to prefer more vigorous measures. Be that as it may, it is thought that the need of a radical change of system in the Government of the Zulus has been demonstrated. The *Times* characterizes the proclamation announcing the annexation of Zululand to the British Empire, more than a year ago, as "a fanfaronade followed by a ridiculously inadequate show of power." It maintains "that a few magistrates and a few hundred police, scattered through the bush and fastnesses of Zululand, are utterly insufficient to maintain order among warlike savages smarting from recent humiliations and fevered by inter-tribal wars." The correspondent says it is rumoured that the question of the future government of the country is to be submitted to a special commission, "completely severed from all connection with the late administration." Sir Arthur Havelock and his advisers are, however, yet to be heard from.

THE announcement that overtures have been made by the Canadian Post Office Department, looking to the opening of negotiations with the Japanese Government for the establishment of a Money Order Convention between the two countries is one of considerable importance. It may be regarded as in some measure prophetic of the great results yet to follow from the opening up of the new world-route afforded by the Canadian trans-continental railway, and trans-Pacific steamship lines. There can be no doubt that the development of commerce with a distant country is greatly helped, or hindered, according as facilities for the transmission and interchange of money are furnished, or withheld. It is to be hoped that the official anticipations in regard to the readiness of the Japanese authorities to enter into the arrangement may be realized.

THE series of unspeakably revolting murders which have been committed, and which may be said to be now going on, in Whitechapel, London, are sending thrills of horror throughout Christendom. Hitherto

public sentiment, both in England and elsewhere, has been mainly divided between the sickening sensations produced by the shocking barbarity of the crimes, and a species of wondering indignation at the failure of the police authorities to detect the perpetrator. In a very forcible letter to the *London Times*, a writer, over the familiar initials "S. G. O.," calls attention to another aspect of the case, which is still more deserving of public attention. His position is, in a word, that these crimes are related to the social conditions amidst which they are taking place, as effect to cause. They are the perfectly natural and legitimate results of a state of things which exists and is tolerated under the eyes of all London. In his own expressive words, "The tilled garden is fast producing the crop sown; in its ripening, it affords ample evidence of the nature of the seed; its fruit is just that which such seed, under such tillage, was certain to produce." The nature of soil, seed and tillage are indicated in the statement that "within a walk of palaces and mansions," with all their appurtenances of luxury and refinement, there exist "tens of thousands of our fellow creatures, begotten and reared in an atmosphere of godless brutality, a species of human sewage, the very drainage of the vilest production of ordinary vice; such sewage ever on the increase, and in its increase for ever developing fresh depths of degradation." As "S. G. O." whom the *Times* describes as "a social student of life-long experience," goes on to indicate, the powers of an imagination, untaught by observation or experience, are utterly unable to picture the surroundings of child life under these conditions. What can be expected of human beings begotten and brought up in an atmosphere devoid of the commonest decency, accustomed to a conversation in which every word reeks with obscenity and blasphemy, familiarized from the very first with things inexpressibly corrupt and bestial? Such deeds were, as another *Times* correspondent says, "bound to come." The important question, a question infinitely more important than that of the detection and punishment of the foul fiend who is doing these butcheries, is, will the conscience of Christian London awake at last to a sense of the public guilt and responsibility in this terrible business? And will other cities in both hemispheres, which have their dark corners in which vice in its most hideous forms holds nightly orgies, and where no decent citizen would dare to set foot, unless under police protection, take warning before they, too, "reap the whirlwind?"

THERE is something unpleasantly suggestive in the evident anxiety of the German Emperor and his advisers to punish those who are responsible for having given the extracts from the late Emperor's diary to the public. So far as the contents of those extracts have been indicated by cable, it is not easy to see what harm either national or international can be feared from their publication. They may have the effect, it is true, of still further exalting the already high conception the nation and the world have formed of the sagacity and magnanimity of the deceased monarch. They may even, and in this, perhaps, is to be found one source of their objectionableness, increase his reputation for far-seeing statesmanship at the expense of that of Prince Bismarck. But these are small grounds on which to base a Government prosecution, not to say persecution, of contributors and newspapers. Should the expected punishment follow it will become very clear to the world that Germany is yet under a pretty rigid despotism, but it can hardly be supposed that its people are so devoid of the instincts of freedom that such an event will not instead of repressing greatly stimulate the demand for a larger measure of self-rule. Frederick, though dead, is yet speaking to the nation, and speaking, possibly, to greater effect than he could have done had he lived to undertake the great constitutional reforms he had in mind. The Government may, indeed, succeed in suppressing for the present further instalments of the diary, and this is no doubt the design, but on the principle that everything unknown is conceived of as magnificent, especially if shrouded in a little mystery, the popular imagination will readily supply, and more than supply, what may be lacking. It may well be doubted whether anything short of a great war can much longer arrest the march of liberal ideas in the German Empire. It is humiliating to remember that such a war is in the power of the Emperor and Prince Bismarck, that is to say, two individuals, to bring about at almost any moment.

No thoughtful observer can doubt that the "particularist" tendencies of French Canadians are the most serious obstacle now in the way of Canadian consolidation. The tenacity with which the *habitant* clings to the language, institutions, laws and traditions of his forefathers has created in Quebec an *imperium in imperio*, which threatens to render any good degree of Canadian national unity impossible. Not only so, but by dint of plodding industry, close-fisted frugality, and racial cohesiveness, our French fellow-citizens are lengthening the cords as well as strengthening the stakes of their encampment, to a degree which forbodes serious encroach-

ment upon the domain of their English and Protestant neighbours. The situation is in the highest degree embarrassing. It is the perplexity, almost the despair, of Canadian statesmanship. But, admitting all this, it is not easy to see what good can result, or how anything but evil can result, from perpetual denunciation of the French Canadians and their policy in the columns of English journals. It is impossible to deny to our fellow-citizens of French descent the right to hold together and work together for the perpetuation of their cherished language and customs. It is impossible, without gross breach of faith, to take from them the special privileges guaranteed by treaty at the time of their conquest, recognised by all subsequent legislation, and distinctly secured to them by the British North American Act. Argument cannot now be needed to convince English-speaking Canadians that the perpetuation of a second language, an anti-democratic and un-American State Church, and antiquated and un-English laws and customs, is incompatible with the complete national solidarity to which they aspire. The statesman who can point out a straightforward and honourable way out of the difficulty will send his name down to posterity as the best benefactor of United Canada. But to go on continually harping on the "particularist" and aggressive tendencies of the Quebec French, as if they had not a natural and moral right to cherish their own peculiarities of race and religion, is but to increase the difficulty by intensifying the mutual distrust which already exists, and possibly engendering a mutual enmity which happily does not yet exist. And after what has been said and written on the subject during the last few years, can any one put his finger on a single feasible and statesmanlike proposal that has yet been made, looking to a peaceful and honourable solution of the difficulty? If any such solution is possible, is it not much more likely to be found along the lines of quiet argument and educational influence?

#### THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE: SOCIALISM, II.

COMING to the consideration of "Socialism Proper," we find it necessary to begin with some attempt to define the term, and this is not quite easy; but we may, for practical purposes, follow the guidance of the Lambeth Committee, who give us some valuable contributions towards the understanding of the word and the thing.

What is Socialism? Proudhon said: "Every aspiration towards the improvement of society." Laveleye says, "Proudhon's definition is too wide: it omits two characteristics. In the first place, every socialistic doctrine aims at introducing greater equality into social conditions; and secondly, it tries to realize those reforms by the action of the law or the State." Mr. Kirkup, in the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, declares that "the central aim of socialism is to terminate the divorce of the workers from the natural sources of subsistence and of culture;" and he adds, "the essence of the theory consists in this—associated production, with a collective capital, with the view to an equitable distribution." In short, Socialism aims at the destruction of private property, and the equalizing of all sorts and conditions of men.

The Report of the Lambeth Committee points out that, in the general definition of Socialism, there is no contradiction of Christianity. For the Gospel teaches the brotherhood of man; and although this is widely different from the equality, it does affirm common interests, common claims, and common duties. And this involves "the improvement of the material and moral condition of the poor," as an end which the community is bound to promote. But Christianity does not teach equality, nor does it regard mankind as having the power to elevate itself by its own inherent power.

The real question which the Christian and the philanthropist have to consider is this—whether the proposed methods of Socialism would probably tend to the elevation of society as a whole, whether they are likely to make men better and happier. If they have this tendency, they cannot be really opposed to the Gospel, and they must be based upon a principle which is in harmony with the teaching of Christ.

We have examined some of the theories of the Socialists of the present day. We have done so as simply desiring to find out what is true, and what is likely to conduce to the well-being of society. But we have not yet dealt with the thing which would annihilate private property, which would make the State the only proprietor, while the individual would become the child and the workman of the State.

Such a theory is not without plausibility. We will go farther and say that, if such a theory could be worked successfully, we might accept it as the true idea of government. It was tried at Jerusalem, in the early days of the Church, but it did not seem to be perfectly successful. "The poor saints at Jerusalem" were soon in need of extraneous help. Doubtless, it is the ideal of human social life, and it will probably be realised in the perfected society of humanity. All this may be true, and yet it may not

be a workable theory of social life under present conditions, and it may be well that we should consider its probable effects before we commit ourselves to it.

Let us, then, see what the Lambeth Committee say on the subject, and inquire whether we can accept their conclusions, or give ourselves up to the Socialism which declares that property is theft (*la propriété c'est le vol*). Here are the words of the Report: "If all men had to work under State or Communal inspection or compulsion, it would be difficult for them to retain freedom, the sense of parental responsibility, and those numerous traits of individuality which give richness to the human character." We find no fault with this utterance, except that it is hardly strong enough. We should prefer to say "impossible" instead of "difficult." Moreover, the grounds of the declaration are not brought out, and we must try to supply this omission.

Liberty, we are accustomed to think, is the condition of all true human progress and development, and Socialism destroys liberty. The former of these propositions is generally conceded, and we will here assume it. On the latter we must say something more. But first of the other points. The Report speaks of the difficulty of retaining "those numerous traits of individuality which give richness to the human character." It may, perhaps, be questioned whether individuality is to be desired, and indeed there are many who regard it as a lingering symptom of the inequality which they regard as the greatest blot upon our social system. If this opinion is accepted, there is an end to the argument. But can it be accepted?

We think it is M. Taine who asserts that Frenchmen care little for liberty, but only for equality; but that Englishmen love liberty and care nothing for equality. There is a good deal of truth in the saying. This being so, we might expect Socialism to flourish more in France than among English-speaking men, and the French have had more Socialistic theorists than the English, although even among them the system has never really taken root. However this may be, and whatever may be our own preferences, it is clear enough that Individualism cannot flourish under Socialism.

"The sense of parental responsibility" would be equally endangered. It needs no prophet to confirm this statement. Who can tell how much the existence and power of the family sentiment owes to the sense of mutual dependence and responsibility? The abiding consciousness on the part of the bread-earner that the lives of those who belong to him have to be sustained by his exertions must keep alive in him the sense of duty, the sense, too, of authority and supremacy; and this is met, on the other side, by the sense of dependence, of obligation, giving rise to gratitude, affection, submission. The advocates of Socialism are generally very indifferent as to the maintenance of family life, considering that its disadvantages are greater than those which would be experienced when the family was merged in the community. It would be absurd to sneer at a theory which commended itself to the great Plato. But we imagine that we have listened to a teacher still greater than Plato; and at any rate, there are few of the peoples of modern civilization—we doubt if there are any—who will be persuaded to believe that mankind will be benefited by the loosing of the ties of the family.

A point of no less interest is the relationship of Socialism to liberty. At first sight, the socialistic movement would seem to be one of the numerous phases which the association of liberty assumes. Certainly the frightful inequality of classes in the past has been closely connected with the servitude of the many to the few. Of this there can be no question at all and therefore it might appear that the association and procuring of a community of goods would be, on the one hand, a consequence of liberty, and, on the other, a means of extending and strengthening its influence. We have no doubt, therefore, that the ordinary Socialist would be very much surprised, and perhaps even indignant, if he were told that he was planning to provide the weaker classes with food at the cost of their individual liberty. And yet we believe that the Committee have understated the truth in declaring that it would be "difficult for them to retain liberty." We hold that, under any thorough system of Socialism, it would be not merely difficult, but impossible. Let us make this clear.

It is of Socialism, pure and simple, that we are now thinking—not of schemes for regulating contracts, the investment of capital, the employment of labour, etc. Such schemes may be good or bad, and they may approximate more or less to Socialism; but it is impossible to offer any general criticism of them, as this might be inapplicable to any particular scheme that might be brought forward. With regard to Socialism, full-blown and consistent, there is no such difficulty.

According to Socialism private property is theft. Everything belongs to the community, and each individual is entitled to his own share of the whole, and no more. There are great differences as to the manner in which

the shares should be allotted, some holding that all should share alike, irrespectively of industry or ability, quite apart from any consideration of what they contributed to the common fund; others teaching that a difference should be made. All, however, are agreed that society is the owner of everything, and that the officers of society should dispense to all according to their needs and claims, in whatever manner these claims may be estimated.

The provision may be made in different ways. Either there might be large institutions, holding many families, with a common table and a common clothes store, or the different families might have separate houses, being able to procure whatever they needed from the bakers, butchers, tailors of the community, etc. But in whatever way the provision is made, it is made by the community and at the cost of the community.

It is quite evident that this provision cannot be made unconditionally. If a man will not work, neither shall he eat, must be the law of Socialism, as well as of ordinary communities, for unless somebody works there will be nothing for any one to eat. Now under the present conditions of society a man may do as he pleases. He may abstain from working if he likes, but if he does, he will starve, or beg, or find his way to prison. Still he does not feel that his liberty is interfered with. He may go where he likes, and he may do what he likes, provided that he does not transgress the laws of the society in which he lives.

It is different with Socialism. There, every one is assumed to have a natural right of maintenance, and that being so, if he will not work, it is no question of his starving or of his having insufficient food. His food is provided and therefore his labour is demanded.

It may be said that, as regards the exercise of liberty, there is no real difference between the two conditions, but the difference is quite clear in theory and it would be immense in practice. According to our present method of government the action of the public law upon the will of the individual is indirect. It does not say, you must work. It takes no cognizance of the adult individual at all, unless he becomes a law-breaker. He may be rich or poor, he may work or not; but so long as he is neither a criminal nor a nuisance, the law knows him not.

On the other hand, in the Socialistic system the action of the law is direct. Men are fed by the State, therefore they must work for the State; and they must do whatever work they are appointed to, such work as the State needs. It is quite possible that some beneficial results might flow from such a method; but it is at least clear that it would involve the destruction of personal liberty.

Such a system indeed involves a return of family life, in which all men are treated as children. When the son grows up and leaves his father's house, he can choose his path in life. So long as he remains at home, and eats and drinks and wears apparel at the expense of his father, he is bound to obey the parental commands.

In an ideal condition these states can be reconciled, but our condition is not ideal, the reality in truth is very far from that.

So much for the condemnation of Secular Socialism. We hope to devote our concluding article on the subject to the positive suggestions of the Conference.

#### ANACREONTIC.

I may have told you once, "Her eyes are gray,  
And round her lips the smiles like sunbeams play"  
—But if you asked me now, I could not say.

I may have told you once in some mad freak,  
"My love is false and fickle, she will seek  
Ere long another love as false and weak."

But if you asked me now what faults I see,  
What virtues, I should tell you laughingly  
—"Why friend, she is my love, she loveth me!"

LOUIS LLOYD.

#### PARIS LETTER.

Not only shall we see and move about "Paris a hundred years ago" in next year's great Exhibition, but a mediæval Breton town and village, filled with Breton relics from many great *chateaux*, will lie under the shadow of the Tour Eiffel. Uncouth peasants from the furthest Province of Brittany will be sent for to give a local colour to the scene, and Saint Malo, Quimper and Pluguenec have been ransacked to find models for the church, houses and public buildings of which the town is being composed.

Many are now saying that '89 is perhaps fated to be more connected with a French discovery which will change the earth's surface, than as recalling the great Revolution. A French officer, Commandant Renard, is believed to have solved the problem which has been puzzling scientific men during the last hundred years, namely, regulating the height, speed and direction through the air of balloons. The question has been brought to the front by Mr. Keeley's (an American) alleged discovery of a new motive force in nature, which might be used to some practical purpose in ballooning. Commandant Renard claims a prior discovery of the same description; his balloon, which is being even now constructed at Calais, is shaped like a boat, that is to say that the car containing the aeronauts, instead of being below the balloon, will be above the motive force. The inventor is a striking looking man who greatly distinguished himself in the Franco-Prussian War, and is, by the by, a strong admirer and personal friend of

General Boulanger. His new air machine will be submitted to the military authorities in three months, and will, it is said, make in any case a serious difference to the future of fighting as a fine art.

The marriage of Princess Lætitia Bonaparte to the Duc d' Aosta has of course been the great event of the last fortnight. Boulanger has for the moment disappeared from the horizon, keeping himself in reserve for the opening of the Chambers; President Carnot leads a quiet *bourgeois* existence at Fontainebleau; the Orleanists have subsided into their silent though ever active existence, so the Bonapartist party have had it all their own way, and many really sympathetic wishes have been sent to the young Princess, who is said never to forget that she is a Frenchwoman. The ladies of France gave a beautiful silver *toilette*, i.e., dressing-table, to the bride. It is curious to think that till comparatively lately this indispensable ladies' luxury was an unknown thing. Mme. de Pompadour had her mirror propped up on a table before her when her hair was being powdered, and styled the arrangement a *toilette*, adding perfume boxes, brushes, combs, powder puffs *en suite*, as the fancy seized her. The new *meuble* became very popular, Mme. du Barry had one made entirely of solid gold, the etceteras being studded with gems. But perhaps the most costly and beautiful dressing-table ever made was that belonging to the mother of Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., the gentle Dauphiness Marie Josephe of Saxony. This *toilette* cost over twenty-four thousand pounds, and was designed by Thomas Gunnaire. In 1757 Louis XV. sent all the Royal plate to the mint, but the Dauphiness was allowed to keep her *toilette*, as being a *chef-d'œuvre* of French art. But during the French Revolution it totally disappeared, and no part of it has ever been discovered since; perhaps some fresh political cataclysm will throw it to the top, dug out of some provincial *chateau* or from some Versailles cellar, where it had been placed for safety in '89. Princess Lætitia also had a fan sent her from Paris, on which were inscribed some verses by François Coppée, the modern Lamartine:—

A la Princesse Lætitia,  
Au sein du Paris populeux,  
Le Palais Royal voudrait croire  
Que vous avez gardé mémoire  
De ses pauvres gazons frileux;  
Mais devant cette image, Altesse,  
Point de souvenirs de tristesse.  
Et puisque votre cœur est pris  
D'une sympathie obstinée  
Pour la France et le vieux Paris,  
Songez quelquefois "J'y suis née."

By the Duc de Brissac's death France loses one of the most distinctive figures of her old legitimate nobility. The de Brissacs all took an active part in the Franco-German War; the Duc, too old to serve, organized an ambulance; his wife, *née* de la Grange, constituted herself an active nurse in one of the great Paris military hospitals, and of their three sons who served, one died from the effect of his wounds shortly after the end of the war; so on the whole, even Republican France has had to own that the Royalist family deserved well of their country.

The new Emperor of Germany is quickly losing his prestige in France. His hurried visit to various foreign capitals is felt to have been a very undignified proceeding just after his father's death; also his revoking all the latter's orders in Alsace-Lorraine inspires very naturally dislike and a certain amount of contempt here, where the Emperor Frederick's government of mercy was more admired than the new *régime* of fear now obtaining in the conquered provinces, where country gentlemen are not even allowed to shoot over their own ground.

M. A. B.

#### LOUIS HENRI MURGER.

POET, NOVELIST AND BOHEMIAN.

"Bohemia" and "Bohemianism" are terms which, to most minds, conjure up a picture of idle and more or less disreputable men of various ages, from the worn-out and decayed adventurer in rusty black to the would-be aspirant of eighteen in checked tweed, all impressed with the gigantic intellect surging within them, so sweeping and uncontrollable that it defies suppression in conventional and, indeed, in almost any form, and to whom tobacco and swipes are necessities of existence. And to a certain extent the picture is true. In every centre of intellectual life there are little groups of men, meeting day after day, night after night, and spending hours together in the quiet room of some favourite haunt, where the intruder never ventures; full of great dreams never realized, discussing future artistic work never to be accomplished, going into raptures over the production of some one of their number as he reads or recites, and carefully picking it to pieces and be-littling it afterwards; spending long, empty hours over schemes which, from their very nature, can never possibly be carried out, and waiting vainly for the new era to be inaugurated by the editor who will accept contributions on their merits alone, and not because they are signed by a name which has chanced to draw a prize in the lottery of literary success; criticising with scathing contempt the *Accepted Addresses* of more favoured mortals, and disdainfully comparing them with the superior efforts of their coming poet or writer, who sits in modest but satisfied silence in the corner, gazing placidly at the group through the bottom of his emptied pewter. And such groups have ever existed; sitting cheek by jowl with the Immortals who gathered round the hearth of the Mermaid, the Rainbow, the Cock or other less famous resorts, they have reflected some of the brilliancy about them, and, as the public seldom discriminates, they have not only confounded the greater with the less, but have brought discredit on men whose aims were far above anything they had ever dreamed of.

There is, however, another side to the picture, which is best set forth in the Introduction to Henry Murger's *Vie de Bohème*, where the distinction between the false and true Bohemian is drawn with a clearness and truthfulness that can leave no doubt behind. Here and in the lives of himself and his companions we find no chimerical dreamings made an excuse for licence and idleness; dreams they had in plenty, but they were dreams of high ideals of work to be accomplished, not always, it is true, in the form demanded by the public caterer, but in that form in which the worker believed he could most honestly and forcibly convey his thought. Hack-work did not exist for them; the most trivial and commonplace demand was as conscientiously and laboriously toiled over as any labour of love. Their aim was an earnest effort at "art for art's sake." Nothing was trivial or insignificant, and no privation could not be braved in the struggle. Hunger, cold and disease were faced again and again, and the exit from the hospital was the entry anew on the same difficult path. None of them were educated, but even this apparently overwhelming obstacle was conquered. Murger spent many and many a wearisome night over the most uninteresting routine, laboriously overcoming his defects in style and grammar; Schaune, the Schaunard of *La Vie de Bohème*, worked at his toy-making until he hoarded enough to buy a piano, his Erard of 1782, and then, without the slightest knowledge of music, groped his way until he composed the famous "Symphony, on the Influence of Blue in Art"; Noël won his days of liberty by hard labour at lithography, and then as laboriously struggled at his tragedies and dramas which were never destined to meet the glare of the footlights; and so on through the circle.

If their effort has been styled a rebellion against conventionality it was only so in one sense,—against that conventionality of literary and social taste which they styled "bourgeois," a term which finds its best equivalent to English ears in Heine's "Philistinism."

The personal school died with the men themselves, and but few among them won individual fame, but their effort had its effect, and stamped the terms "Bohemia" and "Bohemianism" with a higher, purer value than had ever before been attached to them.

Murger's convictions were too honest and too deep-rooted not to direct his whole life, and no fair estimate of his work can be arrived at without the constant remembrance of his struggles against those surroundings which would have ground all endeavour out of a weaker or more selfish man, and which left their impress on all he produced.

His father, Claude Gabriel Murger, was a Savoyard and a soldier, who left the army after the disasters of 1815, and settled in Paris, where he married Henriette Tribou. Of the mother we know but little, except that she was extravagantly fond of her chubby, blue-eyed boy, who was born on March 27, 1822, and was christened Louis Henri Murger, on the day following in the church of Notre Dame de Lorette. We also know that, with the loving second-sight many mothers possess, she looked far beyond the poverty and meanness of their immediate surroundings, and saw a great and marvellous future for her darling. He was not destined to be a mere *concièrge* and tailor after the paternal model, but *un vrai monsieur*, well-dressed and handsome, winning other women's hearts like her own. He wandered far, far on a road that led away from those surroundings, but not towards the success of which his mother dreamed.

Even as a child he caught a glimpse of a brighter, fairer world, for in the great house in the *Rue des Trois Frères*, of which his father was *concièrge*, lived the families Garcia and Lablache, and the graceful Pauline Garcia, afterwards known to the world of song as the famous Malibran, gave the lad his first impulse towards something above his surroundings. His mother's love, the intimacy and his childish passion for that "Cousine Angèle," who appears as "Hélène" in *Les BuvEURS d'Eau*, made the brightness and sunlight of his early youth, and long afterwards, turning from the miseries about him, his love revived with the New Year as he wrote:

We each of us have left behind us in the past  
A time when both our lives sped gloriously and well;  
I see it all again, but do you ever cast  
A backward glance on youth, *O ma cousine Angèle*.

Those days have long since fled, and oftentimes we feel  
The sweep of winged years that touch us with their spell,  
But all our golden youth, with laughter's merry peal,  
Has fled forever now, *O ma cousine Angèle*.

How eagerly we sped from opened school room door  
To dance with flying feet and sing the *ritournelle*  
"We'll seek no more the wood, the laurels bloom no more,"  
We'll seek no more the wood; *O ma cousine Angèle*,

With kinder fate than mine your feet have never strayed  
Afar from hearth and home; a mother's accents tell  
The tale of sacred love, till you have learned by heart  
What I have lost for aye, *O ma cousine Angèle*.

All day the household work like some companion seems,  
All night an angel fair guards carefully and well  
Your slumbers from all harm, and only blessed dreams  
Float down from heaven to you, *O ma cousine Angèle*.

In other years, as dawned each happy New Year's Day,  
Had I but two brass *sous* wherewith to ring a knell,  
With joyous heart my gift before you I would lay,  
My gift of little cost: *O ma cousine Angèle*.

But since those joyous days, the Devil, as they say,  
Is lodged within my purse, and, though with curses fell  
I call on Plutus blind, he must be deaf to-day  
For he will ne'er respond, *O ma cousine Angèle*.

And so to-day you'll have no present, dear, from me  
No startling souvenir, nor costly bagatelle,  
No gem with carvings quaint from some new Cellini  
Not e'en a box of sweets, *O ma cousine Angèle*.

No gift at all! Save what a clinging grasp may leave,  
Or else a cousin's kiss which you will ne'er repel,  
And then these feeble rhymes which you'll forget this eve,  
If not, to-morrow morn, *O ma cousine Angèle*.

His entrance to the larger world was made as is usual with most boys by his first day at school; a school of the most ordinary description, where, as his friend Noël says, he became master of a pretty enough handwriting, but by way of revenge acquired a most detestable vocabulary and a still worse style. When he was about fourteen it became necessary to decide his future, and the influence of his mother so far prevailed that he was entered as a clerk with a little *avoué* or attorney, instead of being apprenticed to a trade as his father wished. Here he fell in with Pierre and Emile Bisson, scapegraces enough in their way, but fortunately for Murger their way led towards that Royal Road of Art on which he was destined to travel so far.

Their friends were artists and Bohemians like themselves; he met with the two Desbrosses, Noël, Lebourg, a little later with Alexander Schaune and many others—and by a little judicious arrangement of his time when sent a message for the office could always spoil a little canvas in the Bissons' room if on the left bank, or a little paper in that of Lebourg on the right, and so taste the joys of a new and double existence. Whatever spur these surroundings may have been to his artistic impulse, as may readily be imagined, they did not add to his usefulness in the eyes of his patron, and before long his services were dispensed with. However, through the kindly offices of M. de Jouy, a neighbour and old Academician, he obtained the post of secretary to Count Tolstoi, in 1839 or 1840 at forty francs a month, double the amount of his former salary. Out of this he paid his father thirty francs for a garret and breakfast, but the remaining ten francs were sufficient to raise him to the position of a monied man with his new friends.

Schaune in his memoirs tells of a house-warming which was no doubt the original of *La cremaillière* in *La Vie de Bohème* to which the invitations ran,

"Monsieur and Madame Rodolphe, men of letters, beg you to do them the honour of dining with them to-morrow evening at five, sharp.

"N.B.—Plates will be provided."

The queen of the feast was the fair Alice, a model, who presided in the character of *La reine Margot*, arrayed in the famous satin robe of Schaunard's in which he is first presented to us, and which Murger says "had been forgotten one night after a masquerade by Folly, who proved herself worthy of her name by being taken in by the fallacious promises of Schaunard as the Marquis de Mondor, chinking in his pocket the seducing chimes of a dozen crowns punched from a metal plate and borrowed from the properties of a theatre."

Murger was announced as "Poet and Inventor of Luminous Adjectives," and throwing off his natural timidity entered so heartily into the spirit of the evening that, inspired by the smiles of Her Majesty, he began the following verses in her honour which are now published for the first time, and of which the following is a free translation:

\* When Love with laughing Springtide trips  
And April bends to kiss the brow,  
The song is sweeter on the lips  
Of her we love with rapture now.

The wind is sleeping in the glade  
The sun is smiling on the thatch,  
And twinkling through the dark wood's shade,  
The gleam of snowy gowns we catch.

The heart no yearning hunger knows  
E'en when by stroke of Fortune sear:—  
Just add a little knot of rose  
To deck the hat you wore last year.

Time passes like a streamlet fleet,—  
I'd fain forget my heavy hours  
Charmed by the music of your feet  
Adown the pathway sweet with flowers.

I know by hiding places, fast  
Immured by vines of lustre rare  
Where all the miseries of the past  
Fly with the laughter in the air.

The heart now sings in joyousness—  
Come for we're in our fairest year;  
And pray remember when you dress,  
No pins about your bodice, Dear.

And bending o'er your shoulder, Love,  
I'll show you where the shadows make  
The willows and the elms above,  
Meet with the aspen in the lake.

Your smile has just a shade of care,  
But kneeling there at close of day,  
The *Angelus* chimes out for prayer  
While down the vale the blue-bells sway.

And should December bold essay  
To bind us in his exile drear,  
We'll keep our garret flowering gay  
In dreaming of the coming year.

And that the sweetness now that gleams,  
May ne'er be ravished from our hold,  
We'll bind it firmly to our dreams,  
With Love's undying thread of gold.

This was the beginning of his Bohemian existence, pleasant enough so far, making an agreeable break in his daily routine, furnishing a strong and healthy stimulus to his ambition and moulding his thought and aims. But through a most unfortunate attachment to that "Marie" who forms

the central figure in *Les Amours d' Olivier*, a liaison which brought irregular hours and quarrels with his father in its train, followed by expulsion from home and the desertion of his mistress with his intimate friend, and his subsequent illness in the hospital, cut him adrift from all ties, and left him to fight his way onward alone.

He had now only his comrades left, for his mother was dead, and the only home he knew was left behind by one of the most home loving men who ever entered that enticing but treacherous path which, as he himself says, is "the prelude to the Academy, the Hospital or the Morgue." He knew the life and its dangers, was fully aware of the delusions which mislead so fatally; in his introduction to *La Vie de Bohème*, he warns the inexperienced "who have taken as serious the studied utterances of unfortunate artists and poets; the names of Gilbert, Malfilatre, Chatterton and Moreau are too often too imprudently and certainly too uselessly quoted." In fact the whole of this introduction will well repay careful reading and is a strong protest against the danger of the sentimental and dangerous glamour with which young men are inclined to surround any course that is different from the necessary, perhaps irksome, routine of more conventional life. The dedication, which is given in his volume of poems, is in the same strain.

As a child by Fortune led  
Follows with a careless heart,  
To my friend, my way I tread  
In the great high road of Art.

Like the true Bohemian old,  
For a staff and as a stay,  
I have Hope and Courage bold  
Sole supporters on my way.

For that Primrose Path whose prize  
Tempted eager feet of youth,  
Now is seen with clearer eyes  
As it exists, in very truth.

Straight it stretches, drear and cold;  
Even now my pulses beat  
At the cry of comrades old  
Who onward toil with wounded feet.

I hear the hymn of pain to-day,  
Death cry of the wearied soul,  
Of comrades fallen by the way;  
Still I strive to win the goal.

Standing by the shore at last  
The rising tide hath kissed my feet;  
After storm and whirlwind past  
I trace the history complete.

The Bohemia, in which he and his friends lived, was a world of hard, unceasing toil; a cruelly material world with long freezing winters, when there was but scanty store of food and fuel for the workers therein. As Mr. Saintsbury, in an article on Murger in the *Fortnightly* for August, 1876, says: "There is something hideous in the indelible impression which cold in particular seems to have made on him. Throughout his work, often quite unconsciously, and in no special connection with the context we come on little touches, which show his shuddering remembrance of long, fireless days in crazy lodgings, with the winter winds blowing in on the lonely student; of nights when the wretched clothing of the day is added to the bedding and both together are not enough."

These were the miseries he voluntarily faced with the others of that little band; Karol, Murger's *Professeur de Moku*, who gave his address as "Avenue de St. Cloud, fifth branch, third tree to the left after passing the Bois de Boulogne," a large hearted enthusiast, looking after his weaker and more improvident friends in a truly motherly fashion, and sharing his weekly provision regularly and as a matter of course, with his less fortunate charges, and who finally drifted to Constantinople, where he died when his only means of subsistence, writing and French lessons, failed him; Noël, the dramatist of the future and President of *Les Buveurs d'Eau*; the two brothers Desbrosses, Gothique and Jacques, the latter the hero of the *Le manchon de Francine*, whose early death in the hospital was like his life, "quiet, without affectation, and with the agony of suffering humanity," and Alexander Schaune, whose *Memoires de Schavnard* have just been published, containing an infinite variety of details concerning Murger and his companions, and adding to *La Vie de Bohème* all that vivid interest which springs from a personal acquaintance with one of the actors in the scene.

To these friends and others like them Murger joined himself, bringing his forty francs a month and all his untiring enthusiasm for work.

The terrible winter of 1842 now came on and Murger, although not quite twenty, was losing the roundness and freshness of youth; insufficient food and clothing, and excessively hard work, combined with the pernicious habit of doing it at night under the stimulus of strong coffee, brought on that dreadful disease *purpura*, which again caused his entry into the hospital, where the peculiarity of his malady made him an object of curiosity to the scientific world of Paris. However the *purpura* was conquered for the time being, and he returned to his work, and his sufferings with the warnings of his kindly physicians ringing in his ears.

Up to this time he believed he could write nothing but verse and resolutely refused to lend his pen to prose; but one night when he should have been preparing some plans for his patron, Count Tolstoi, he astonished his companions for nearly two hours with an exhibition of intellectual fireworks. When he ceased, Noël burst out with "For Heaven's sake, Murger, don't write any more verses!" The advice was not taken then, but month after month assisted and encouraged by the ever ready sympathy of his friends, he worked bravely, mastering the purities of his mother tongue and conquering the defects in his taste and style. WM. McLENNAN, M.A.

(To be concluded.)

## CAPE TRINITY ON THE SAGUENAY.

Thou weather-beaten watchman—grim and gray—  
Towering majestic, with imperial brow,  
O'er all the thronging hills that seem to bow  
In humble homage—near and far away:  
Even thy great consort seems to own thy sway,—  
In her calm grandeur, yet less grand than thou,  
Rising—star-crowned—from the rough earth below,  
So lonely in thy might and majesty!  
Thy rugged, storm-scarred forehead to the blast  
Thou barest—all unscreened thy rugged form,  
Radiant in sunset—dark in winter storm—  
As thou hast stood, through countless ages past;  
What comes or goes—it matters not to thee,  
Serene, self-poised—in triple unity!

FIDELIS.

## "MIS EN RESERVE."

In the paper contributed by Edward Eggleston to the series "Books That Have Helped Me," the central point is the quotation, with his own commentaries upon it, from Sainte-Beuve. "But I remember," writes Mr. Eggleston, "three words of Sainte-Beuve—to whose writings I owe a hundred debts—three words that stung me like a goad when this change was approaching. It is in one of the "Nouveaux Lundis" that he describes the mental state of Lamennais, I think, by saying that there were certain doctrines which that ex-priest had *mis en reserve*. These words occurred to me over and over as a rebuke to my lack of intellectual courage. I also had put many things in reserve; if I discussed them at all it was always under shelter of certain sentiments. Were sentiments proper media for the discovery of truth?"

From the time that I resolved that nothing should be any more "put in reserve" by me, but that all my opinions, even the most sacred and venerable, should go into the crucible, I date what I deem a truer and freer intellectual life than I had known before."

These three words, *mis en reserve*, which the author of "The Graysons" says "stung him like a goad," came back to my mind again and again; they almost mingled with my dreams the first night after I read them, and I wondered whether they were indeed the "Open, Sesame!" to an intellectual freedom, or only a bait of subtle falseness, to lure one with the promise of liberty into hopeless mental entanglements. Finally, it seemed to me, they were more of the latter than the former. "Let everything be brought out" is the spirit of what Mr. Eggleston says, "keep nothing in reserve, but bring out all you hold most sacred, to stand or fall in the full daylight of intellectual power."

But is it a full daylight after all? Is not human wisdom, at best, a sort of dark lantern, flashing on this subject and then on that, and is not the sunlight of faith the only thing that makes any day for us at all? The unbeliever (with no reference to Mr. Eggleston of course) stands up and cries: "I believe nothing that I cannot understand—I will have none of any process that cannot be brought to the bar of reason!" Then, cease to draw your breath, miserable vaunter, for that process is beyond your finite comprehension! Free-thinkers, agnostics, atheists, and all the pitiful list of the faithless, tossing on the high seas, with the black flag of infidelity at every mast-head, look with jealous eyes at the fleet of the faithful moored in the haven of Christianity, to that "hope which we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast," and would fain sever the strands of the cable of faith, and so set the hopeless vessels adrift, to be, even as they are, "driven with the wind and tossed."

To me it seems good that there should be something "put in reserve." Not from fear of any test the intellect could apply to it, but simply that the intellect is incapable, (necessarily incapable, because finite, limited) of tasting it at all. And, moreover, because it has already stood the higher test of spiritual experience.

There are parts of our being that we all feel to be, in a sense, exalted above mere reason, while still closely connected with it, and inter-dependent in relation to it. For instance: we go out into the world and meet throngs of people. One after another we pass by, with a word, a look, or neither. Suddenly our progress is arrested by one of the throng—we pause, we clasp his hand in ours, and feel the answering pressure; we look into his eyes, and our own thought looks back at us, and we say: "This is my friend!" There is something there beyond mere intellectual choice. Reason may have had something to do with it, in that it may have been a wise and suitable selection from the crowd—but there was more than reason; we knew that, as we gladly felt the chords of that friendship binding us closer and still closer. So, on a higher plane, those of us who have known the Christian life, know that it is a thing apart from and above any intellectual development. How else would it appeal to the most ignorant and most uncultured? It is the "Spirit witnesseth with our spirits that we are the children of God."

So we would fain keep our *sanctum sanctorum* where even angels might fear to tread, free from the rushing in of foolish human wisdom, echoing only to the beneficent footfalls of the great High Priest.

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

## PROMINENT CANADIANS.—XXIV.

SKETCHES of the following Prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK : Hon. Oliver Mowat, Dr. Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Louis Honoré Fréchette, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander McLachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sanford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir Wm. Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., Rev. Principal Macvicar, D.D., LL.D., Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., George Paxton Young, M.A., and Hon. Auguste Real Angers, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.

THE REV. WILLIAM CAVEN, D.D., PRINCIPAL OF KNOX COLLEGE.

In these days there is a general impression that within the circle of physical science with its vast sweep, exploring, as it seeks to do, the entire material universe, all possible knowledge may be comprehended. Many would relegate metaphysics and theology to the realm of dreams. It is nevertheless true in our day as in that of Shakespeare, that

There are more things in heaven and earth  
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

Mental and moral science is intrinsically and relatively of the utmost importance, and has a direct and intimate bearing on all the principal problems of human life. Its conclusions may not indeed have all the obvious certitude that pertains to the discoveries and deductions of the exact sciences, but its data and applications are to all candid and unprejudiced inquirers clearly discernible. Those then who select this field of research are entitled to the respect and appreciation usually accorded to the men whose labours are directed to the advancement of learning and the promotion of the general well-being.

Profound and comprehensive study of theological science, though not conspicuously pursued by Canadians, has not been neglected. No one individual in any one of the various denominations may be selected as a representative Canadian theologian; there are men in all the more prominent churches whose attainments have received cordial recognition. In the Presbyterian Church there are several besides the subject of the following sketch entitled to be ranked as theologians, but Principal Caven has, on many occasions, held the position of a representative of the doctrinal system that, with modifications, finds general acceptance in the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

William Caven was born in Wigtonshire, Scotland, on the 26th December, 1830. His father, a man of more than average intelligence, and of much amiability and gentleness of disposition, was a school teacher. In uprightness of character, conscientiousness and firm adherence to principle, Dr. Caven's father was one who commanded the respect of all who knew him. If the Principal of Knox College owes much to his father, he is no less indebted to his mother, whose excellence of character was strongly marked. The Caven family left their Scottish home in 1847, exchanging the neighbourhood of the Solway Firth for the banks of the Avon, in Perth County, Ontario. Here, in comparative seclusion, the studious youth passed an important period of his life. Strange to say he did not find his way to academic distinction, for he is not an alumnus of any university. In his case the lack was equally compensated for by the rare advantages he enjoyed. He belonged to the branch of the Church in Canada known down to 1861 as the United Presbyterian, which, in that year, merged with the Free Church into the Canada Presbyterian, and subsequently united with the Church of Scotland in 1875, embracing within its fold most of the Presbyterianism of British North America.

The United Presbyterian Church in those days had a theological seminary presided over by a man of rare accomplishments and of distinguished ability. The Rev. William Proudfoot, father of Hon. Justice Proudfoot, has left a deep and abiding impression wherever he was known, and in the London district his memory is, to this day, affectionately cherished. To this distinguished teacher Dr. Caven owes much, for from him he received not only valued and varied instruction, but also much that has been of permanent help to him in methods of study. The Rev. William Proudfoot's efficiency as an instructor is attested by the fact that two such scholarly men as his son, Rev. John J. A. Proudfoot, D.D., and Principal Caven received from him alone their classical and theological education.

Principal Caven completed his educational course in 1852, and in October of that year was ordained to the ministry at St. Mary's, where he laboured with great acceptance for fourteen years. In 1866 he was unanimously chosen to fill the chair of Exegetical Theology in Knox College, of which institution, on the retirement of Dr. Willis, he was appointed Principal in 1873. Two years later, Queen's University bestowed upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. In the same year he was chosen Moderator of the General Assembly which met in Montreal, and at which the reunion of Canadian Presbyterianism was consummated. He was President of the Ontario Teachers' Association in 1877, and was appointed by the Ontario Government a Member of the Senate of Toronto University. Dr. Caven took an active interest in the formation of the Presbyterian Alliance, generally known as the Pan-Presbyterian Council, and has been one of the prominent members of all the Councils yet held; in that at Edinburgh in 1877, Philadelphia in 1880, Belfast in 1884, and at London during the present year. In the various courts of his Church Dr. Caven has taken a prominent place; his eminently judicial intellect and his peaceful counsels have gained for him a weight and influence in deliberation that do not always fall to the lot of the most eminent debaters. Even when excitement runs high the tall spare figure, the somewhat precise and formal bearing, the modest demeanour and the pacific tones of the learned

Principal, as he proceeds to address the Fathers and Brethren, have generally a soothing effect, and he is listened to with silent respect even by those who do not always accept his conclusions.

Dr. Caven is frequently called upon to fill prominent pulpits, and to preach sermons on special occasions. He is in great request for Church openings, and his solid, clear and fervent Evangelical discourses are much relished, especially by the more thoughtful of his hearers. When he preaches it is evident to every listener that he is deeply impressed with a sense of responsibility. He speaks as in the presence of the Great King, and is accountable to Him for the fidelity with which he delivers His message. As far as time and opportunity permit, he takes an active part in the promotion of philanthropic enterprises. While strongly attached to his own Church Dr. Caven is large-hearted and Catholic in his sympathies.

By his clear apprehension of truth and his habits of faithful and patient investigation, Principal Caven has mastered the Theology of the Reformed Churches, and is its able and persuasive exponent. He is not a discoverer in the field of systematic divinity. He has added nothing specially new to theological speculation. For him speculation and theorizing have no charms. The higher criticism, so-called, meets with but a chilling reception from him. He is conservatively orthodox as a theologian, and as such he renders important service. He feels the ground firm beneath his tread, and leaves to others the task of pursuing the phantasms which fascinate many of his contemporaries. He keeps steadfastly to the old landmarks; he contends earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. In the discharge of his teaching functions, he is earnest, painstaking, faithful and courteous. In him his students not only find a preceptor but a friend. While he holds the principles to which he is attached with unfaltering conviction, there is nothing whatever of the bigot in his composition. He cheerfully concedes to others the rights he claims for himself, and is without one of the most genial and lovable of men. Though he himself might deprecate being classed among prominent Canadians, it is the rank cheerfully accorded him in virtue of the honoured position he occupies, and because of the many excellent qualifications he possesses. All Canadians who know him entertain a high respect for the Principal of Knox College.

SIGMA.

## CHARADE.

My head is a member familiar to you;  
It is also a liquid, and strange, but yet true,  
'Tis not dry nor yet wet, nor cold nor yet hot.  
It runs through all lands, but the deep knows it not.  
My body is small, and never in sight;  
Good sooth! it is barely the fourth of a mite.  
In heaven and earth it may plainly be seen;  
In morn you search vainly, but find it at e'en.  
Tho' tedious the search, it is true as you please,  
In the end you are certain to find it with ease.  
My tail's its own head, a strange piece of news;  
The truth it loves dearly, base falsehood eschews.  
The poet and painter alike it embrace;  
And nothing from art can its features efface.  
My whole is a word, a curious one quite;  
It may help in the day, and yet hinder at night.  
'Tis a word, did I say? and yet I know better;  
For, truth told, it is simply but just half a letter.

E. A. M.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF KANT.

It was Hume, Kant himself admits, who first roused him from his "dogmatic slumber." With a logic that seems pitiless, Hume, accepting the premises laid down by the earlier English philosophers, proceeded step by step towards a scepticism which sought to give satisfaction by a denial, not only of the existence of God, but even of the universality of mathematics and the laws of science. It seemed to Hume that reason, following the path of its own making, must conduct to its own annihilation.

Kant was not behind his great predecessor in his recognition of the sovereignty of reason, for he says in his preface to the *Critique of Pure Reason* that he had evaded no question on the plea of the imbecility of human reason. But Kant had an ethical enthusiasm which impelled him to find, if possible, a rational solution for the perplexities which beset thought in its endeavour to solve the questions of *God, freedom and immortality*. Nor did he believe that reason can sign its own death warrant. Thus it is that he, having no enmity against the sternest criticism, raises stone by stone, a structure which many yet think to be the greatest monument wrought by any modern philosopher as a tribute to the priceless value of truth.

For two reasons, then, the writings of Kant are worthy of study. In the first place, his philosophy, like the work of every man of genius, is the product of long toil and much high thinking concerning questions of the nearest import. In the second place, a knowledge of Kant tends to turn the student away from doubt, as well as from that despair or indifference which is too often the companion of doubt, and enables him to give a reason for the faith which is in him. Kant says of his own age that it was an age of criticism. The spirit of enquiry, at one time confined to a few, had

\* *The Philosophy of Kant, as contained in extracts from his own writings.* Selected and translated by John Watson, LL.D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Queen's College, Kingston, Canada, author of *Kant and his English Critics*. Glasgow: Maclehoose and Sons, publishers to the University; Kingston: F. Nisbet, 1888.

even then permeated a large portion of the educated world. Many were possessed of a "bosom serpent," whose sleepless gnawing had come to take the place of their lost faith. Kant saw and said that it was useless for any one to cover over the wound and try to live as though he were in undisturbed health; for to do that would be the same as to cry "Peace" when there was no peace. The mere inertia of unreason, it is true, is powerful even to the point of anguish, but Kant knew that the most ponderous blows of unreason might scotch, but could not kill this "bosom serpent." A doubt born of reason is in a sense immortal, and, to lay aside the too copious metaphor, it is the distinguishing merit of Kant's philosophy that it did not negate, but transformed doubt, and this is at once the triumph of faith and the triumph of scepticism.

It is an exaggeration to say that the hitherto existing translations of Kant are as a flaming sword in the way of an investigation of his thoughts, but it is no exaggeration to say that now for the first time, in Professor Watson's translation, has the work been well done. The translator not only preserves intact the meaning of the original, but expresses it in genuine English. In Professor Watson's translation Kant is "born anew."

It is evident, likewise, that the selections have been made by one who has for many years fingered well the whole work of Kant. Professor Watson's earlier selections from Kant have been used as a text-book in a number of American colleges. This new and enlarged edition is sure to be of signal benefit to students and professors.

### CELEBRATION OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE French Revolution boasts its human and universal character. Michelet contrasts it with the narrow and egotistical revolution of England. But the result seems to show that if you mind your own affairs you have some chance of doing good to those of the world in general; while if you mind the affairs of the world in general you have some risk of making a mess of your own. The French Revolution produced no new political institution except the Tribunal, which came to nothing. The English Revolution produced a constitution which has gone round the civilized world. The essential features of that constitution remained the same even in France through a long series of revolutions; for the Empire had its executive head with two chambers, and the Directory was only the executive headship in commission. It is true that a number of neighbouring communities, including the native land of Rousseau, did receive the embrace of French fraternity. They found it the embrace of Cain. When the reaction caused by the crimes, tyranny and rapacity of the French Republic and of the military despotism which sprang from it, had spent itself, the European movement resumed its course. It is absurd to ascribe this to the influence which had produced the reaction. Nothing can reasonably be ascribed to that influence but disturbance, embitterment and incendiarism, which Europe might otherwise have been spared. Nor can anything be more paradoxical than the notion that France rendered humanity service by plundering and oppressing other nations. It is constantly assumed by French writers that their armies, in return for the spoils which they carried off, left behind them some invaluable ideas and influences. What the ideas and influences were, or how they could be commended and propagated by havoc, rapine and insult, we are not clearly informed.

It is a curious demand of French self-esteem that all the world should hasten to celebrate, with boundless bonfires of admiration and gratitude, the hundredth anniversary of an immense French failure. Yet such is the festival to which, in truth, the nations are hidden by a government which will probably itself have been changed half a dozen times over before the festal day arrives.

England, however, while she has no reason for helping to glorify the French catastrophe, has a reason for studying it. She is not yet in a revolutionary state, but she is in a state which, if events take an untoward turn, may become revolutionary. There are happily wide differences between the two cases. There is nothing in England like the administrative corruption or the financial bankruptcy of France. There is nothing like the odious privilege of the French aristocracy, the plethoric wealth and the tyrannical intolerance of the French Church, or the abuses of French justice. There is nothing like the depravity of the French Court, and of French society. English society, we may hope, in the main is sound. Yet there are some features of resemblance in its situations. In the case of France there was a concurrence of movements, philosophical, political, social, and agrarian, no one of which would have been fatal by itself, but which in their combination proved overwhelming. There is a somewhat similar combination in England of at least three movements—the political, the agrarian, and the philosophical; if by the term philosophical we may designate the distinctive action of scepticism on the fundamental religious and moral beliefs of the people. We may reckon as a fourth element of revolution the Disunionist agitation, which is now no longer confined to Ireland, but has been propagated in Scotland and Wales to avenge upon England Mr. Gladstone's ejection from power; for it seems that while there are limits to what may be done by an unprincipled man of the world, who is under no illusion about himself, there are no limits to what may be done by a political Messiah. It happens at the same time that a fall in the value of agricultural products is threatening to ruin the landed gentry, and thus not only to subvert the organization of rural society, but also partly to withdraw the existing basis of political institutions.—GOLDWIN SMITH in *The National Review*.

### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

#### BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.

THE perfection to which these machines have been brought is almost entirely due to strict attention to detail—in the selection of the material of which the machines are made, in the application of pure science (in its strictest sense) to the form and to the proportioning of the parts, and also in the arrangement of these various parts in relation the one to the other. The result is that the greatest possible strength is afforded with only the least possible weight, and that friction in working has been reduced to a minimum.—*Sir Frederick Bramwell's Address to the British Association*.

#### THE BOOK OF JONAH.

THE historical Jonah lived before the captivity of the northern kingdom during the reign of Jeroboam II., the greatest of Israel's kings. The Apologue of Jonah, which is really one of the most interesting portions of the Old Testament, was written after the captivity, not only of Israel but of Judah, and represents the feelings of the best portion of the exiles who returned to Jerusalem in their opposition to the narrow policy of Ezra. His desire was to isolate his co-religionists and to rivet on their limbs the shackles of priestly power. Their object was to draw their neighbours as far as possible into the community of Israel and to the worship of the One God. The energetic fanaticism of Ezra won the day, and the protest of those who disagreed with him has been misunderstood up to quite recent times. It has been taken, by the vast majority of its readers, not for an Apologue but for a grave history. The attention of ages has been fixed upon its mere accidental mechanism, and especially upon the whale! The real points of the book are:—First. The humanity of the heathen sailors, who were most unwilling to throw Jonah into the sea. Secondly and chiefly. The lesson of toleration with reference to the heathen, supposed to be given by the Almighty Himself to Jonah. The third and fourth chapters are quite up to the level attained by the best minds amongst the Jews at the commencement of our era. They might have been written by a disciple of Hillel.—*Contemporary Review*.

#### ARTISTS IN VERSE.

Few things are more noticeable in the literature of our day than the number and the eminence of those whom, for the want of a recognized name, we venture to style artists in verse. Poetasters and versifiers there have always been in abundance, but it has been left to these latter times to develop in perfection the class of writers of whom we speak—persons who were not born poets, but who, possessing among other intellectual qualities that power which has in a definition been identified with genius, the power of taking pains, defy the axiom and do become poets. That is to say, they have to be called poets, because there is no other worthy name that can be used for them. We have much to thank them for. By their skill and their command of the subtleties of rhythm and diction they have heightened the standard of poetical composition, and have trained the ear of the public to enjoy and to require a painstaking literary completeness which at one period even good poets were apt to ignore to the injury of their work, and of which those poets' imitators never dreamed. They have thus nearly abolished doggerel; have exterminated the conception of "poetic license," which assumed poetry to be the dislocation of prose, and no English sentence to be verse unless the nominative was manœuvred into a wrong place and the participles ran away from their auxiliaries; and have compelled whoever will write rhymes to see to spellings and meanings. They have done more—they have established for our generation the blessed law, long hoped for vainly by literary mankind, that nobody shall inflict verse upon his fellow-creatures on the ground that he takes no trouble about it.—*The Athenæum*.

#### PERIODICAL LITERATURE IN CANADA.

THE simple fact of the matter is that Canada possesses no magazine of her own, because she has such an unceasing flood of English and American periodicals poured upon her that any domestic enterprise must infallibly be drowned beneath its waves. So far as my observation enables me to judge, I would hazard the assertion that as many copies of the leading American periodicals are sold in the larger Canadian cities as in cities of corresponding size in the United States. The *North American Review*, *Century*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Lippincott's*, may be had at any first-class book-store, and one or more will be found in every home where there is the least pretension to culture. This being the case, upon what could the domestic magazine build its hopes of success in competing with so many formidable rivals? Upon superiority of contents? That were hardly possible, even though a syndicate of Cæsars should put their purses at its editor's command, for the literary genius of both the Old and New Worlds is already under tribute to supply the "great monthlies," and how would surpassing or even corresponding attractions be secured? Then might the magazine depend upon the loyalty of Canadians to patronize the home product in preference to the imported article? The state of affairs in England does not give much encouragement in this direction, for it may with truth be said that there, at the present time, while the home periodicals sell by thousands, the American monthlies, ay, and weeklies too, go off by the tens of thousands, and if this be the case amongst the most sturdily loyal nation in the world, what may be expected of a people admittedly lacking in true national life and sentiment? The conclusion seems to be inevitable

that there are only two ways in which a distinctively Canadian periodical can be established. Either the policy of protection must be extended to it, as it has been with success to the sugar and cotton industries, and outside competition made impracticable, or some one of the millionaires, whose numbers are pleasantly increasing in our midst, shall have to adopt the establishment of a magazine as his form of benefaction in preference to endowing a hospital or founding a college for women. The first method would be suicidal to the intellectual interests of Canada, the second is eminently Utopian, and so the summing up of the whole matter seems to be that there is slight prospect of Canada having a representative national periodical within the near future.—*J. Macdonald Oxley, in North American Review.*

#### THE FALL OF FICTION.

It seems to be in the nature of most fashions, good or bad, at last to beget their contraries, and it is the principle or law underlying this curious but familiar fact that we are disposed to refer what would otherwise be a somewhat perplexing phenomenon in the fiction of the passing hour. For some time past the fashionable tendency has been largely in the direction of a certain conscious, not to say wilful, thinness of narrative material. The old merits of fulness and "body"—virtues apparently hereditary in that lineage of robust minds which can be traced backwards without a break from George Eliot to Fielding—have been growing rarer and rarer. In their place the art of making a very little go a very long way has been carefully cultivated by undoubtedly dexterous hands. It has almost reached the point of sheer bravado in some developments of the "society" novel, notably a species grown in American soil, or rather in New York conservatories and forcing-beds, and distinguished by an elaborate triviality which no amount of cleverness can render other than vapid. Such a fashion can never in the nature of things be long-lived. Those miracles of inexhaustible nothingness, in which the tiniest rivulet of incident just trickles across a continent of dialogue, cannot long be interesting, even as miracles, in an age to which the miraculous does not make a permanently successful appeal. Moreover, along with this slightness and attenuation, so unimpressive by contrast with the traditional weight and bulk of English intellectual bullion, there has been the inevitable concomitant of languor and *ennui* and enervation, and it is these which have produced at last that recurrent phenomenon in the natural history of fashions to which allusion was made in our opening sentence. For, if the immense popularity of Mr. Rider Haggard's stories has any symptomatic significance, the stage of langour has at last reached its term and is being succeeded by a frantic rebound to the opposite extreme of spasm. From elegant listlessness fiction has suddenly leapt into paroxysmal life. From coma it has passed into convulsions.—*Fortnightly.*

#### MUSIC.

##### THE AGRAMONTE CONCERT.

THE first gathering of the season for musical purposes took place last Thursday evening, when Mr. Emilio Agramonte gave a concert at which some of the ladies and gentlemen who were his pupils during the summer took part. As in most pupils' recitals, there was a very strong suspicion of amateurishness in the manner and singing of the performers, in spite of the fact that some of them have had considerable professional experience. In this respect the concert lacked animation, but it showed a number of promising voices who sang pleasantly, if one may be allowed this expression in speaking of performances from which all the individuality of the singers has been excluded to make room for the ideas of the teacher. Mrs. Agnes Thomson has developed more dash and *aplomb*, and sang her Lucia aria with conscientious fidelity and breadth, and with a tincture of enthusiasm. Mrs. Mackelcan was in glorious voice, but her singing is still marred a little by a thickness and heaviness of tone. When once Mrs. Mackelcan is rid of this drawback her singing will have little to be desired. Mr. H. M. Blight and Mr. J. F. Thomson were the best performers among the gentlemen; in fact, as is frequently the case, our Torontonians surpassed the foreigners, the non-resident ladies and gentlemen secured by Mr. Agramonte hardly justifying their appearance at a dollar concert. A pleasing variety to the vocal numbers was offered by Mr. Carlos Hasselbrink, a violinist of excellent parts. His interpretation and general performance strikes one as more matter of fact than ideal, probably on account of his long association with orchestral duties, yet his playing was unique in the completely satisfactory feeling it gave every listener. Similarly pleasing were the accompaniments played by Mr. Agramonte, which were perfect.

B NATURAL.

THE first American newspaper, *Public Occurrences*, was issued on the 25th of September, 1690, and, according to Samuel Merrill, in his interesting work on "Newspaper Libel," Mr. Harris, its sole publisher, editor, and reporter, thus announced his intentions in his prospectus: "It is designed that the Country shall be furnished once a month (or, if any Glut of Occurrences happen oftener), with an account of such considerable things as have arrived unto our Notice. In order here unto, the Publisher will take what pains he can to obtain a Faithful Relation of all such things; and will particularly make himself beholden to such Persons in Boston whom he knows to have been for their own use, the diligent Observers of such matters." *Public Occurrences* did not reach a second number. It was interdicted as contrary to law, and nearly fourteen years elapsed before a second attempt was made to give the "Country" another newspaper.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE

"LANDMARKS OF HISTORY," by the Editor; "Princetoniana," by Rev. Prof. Wallace; "North-West Notes," by Rev. David Savage, and a review of *Robert Elsmere*, by Rev. Dr. Stafford, are the principal original articles in the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for October. These, with the selections, make an excellent number of this compact little monthly.

A DESCRIPTION of the United States Soldiers' Home at Santa Monica, with a great many illustrations, is the leading feature of the *Overland Monthly* for September. "The Grand Canon of the Colorado" and a second paper on "Overland Staging on the Thirty-Second Parallel Route Fifty Years Ago," a full complement of fiction and verse, and several short articles make up the number.

*Temple Bar* for September has some additional chapters of the serial stories "From Moor Isles" and "The Rogue"; a most interesting sketch of the late Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester, entitled "A Great Yorkshire Vicar," an essay on Montaigne, a short story, "Criselda," a study of "Disraeli's Women," a criticism of Matthew Arnold's poetry, and two or three pieces of verse. A good number.

THE leading article in *The Contemporary Review* for September is "The Present Problem in India," by Sir William Wilson Hunter. W. Holman Hunt's "Reminiscences of John Leech," the artist of *Punch*, "A Winter in Syria," by Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, and "Impressions of Petersburg," by W. T. Stead, are some of the interesting papers in the number which concludes with a criticism of "Mr. George Wyndham's Treatment of Irish Statistics," by Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin.

In the October *Atlantic*, besides the additional chapters of the serials "Passe Rose" and "The Despot of Broomsedge Cave," the only fiction is a short story "In a Border State," by Patty Blackburn Semple; but "The Tutor of a Great Prince," "Garibaldi's Early Days," "Iceland, Summer and Winter," and "The Pioneers of Ohio," will be found to possess much of the charm of fiction with the merit of fact. There is only one short poem "My Fatherland," by William Cranston Lawton.

THE *American Magazine of History* for October has for frontispiece a fine steel portrait of Colonel William Leete Stone, from whose entertaining Diary of "A Trip from New York to Niagara in 1829," numerous extracts are given. The opening article "The City of Prince," by Lee C. Harry, relates a romantic chapter in Texas history, with which, we imagine, few are familiar. Other articles are "The Site of Old Fort Massachusetts," by D. D. Slade, M.D.; "Vindication of General Samuel Holden Parsons," by Hon. George B. Loring, and "A Boston Newspaper of the Revolution, 1778," by Hon. Horatio King.

THE October number completes Volume XV. of *St. Nicholas*. It has all the distinguishing excellencies of its predecessors. The illustrations are numerous and beautifully executed. The frontispiece and the fine full page wood-cut from an etching of Velasquez's "The King's Dwarf and His Dog," will be particularly admired. Some readers will be inclined to regret that the story of the adventures of "The Little Confederates" is concluded in this number, but they will find ample compensation in "The Boy Bears," "From House to House," "The Bilged Midshipman," and many other stories and legends equally interesting.

THE October number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is a special E. P. Roe number. A portrait of the novelist forms the frontispiece, then follows a story by him entitled, "Queen of Spades"; an autobiography in which, under the title of "A Native Author Called Roe," he tells the story of his life in a very modest, straightforward and interesting manner, and "Some More Words About E. P. Roe," by W. S. Walsh. John Habberton, the author of "Helen's Babies," begins in this number a new serial "At Last: Six Days in the Life of a Teacher." The series of short stories "With Gauge & Gallow," by Judge Tourgee, is continued. Two other short stories, some verse, and the matter contained in answers to "Our one hundred questions," make up an exceedingly good number.

THE September number of *The Theatre* contains a number of excellent articles. Mr. Edgar S. Kelley, the music composer, has written upon "The Aesthetics of Baseball." Mr. C. M. S. McLellan continues his bright talks under the heading of "In the Lime-light's Glare." William Armstrong writes entertainingly upon the subject of "A Bundle of Programmes." Deshler Welch's obituary of Lester Wallack is forcible; and other articles by William Sage, John Reginald Blake, and a London letter from Charles Millward, are especially interesting as being written without restraint. There are also portraits of William Warren and the late William Davidge, some bright bits of poetry, and a story entitled "The Bishops and the Ballet Girls."

*Outing* for October contains a varied and interesting list of subjects. Noticeable articles are:—"The Boat Clubs of Chicago," "One Man's Work for Cycling," "Memories of Yacht Cruises," by the late Capt. R. F. Coffin; "A Talk About the Pigskin," a review of riding for both sexes; "Wild Duck Shooting," by William G. Beers; "Spear- ing Fish at the Lachine Rapids," by H. B. Stephens; "Paddles and Palettes," illustrated by the author, E. L. Chichester; "The Training of a University Crew," by F. A. Stevenson, Captain of the Yale Crew of 1888; "How to take a Tramp Trip," by Lee Merrivether; and "Coursing in Ireland," by Robert F. Walsh. Fiction is well represented by a powerful story, "Elin' off Goose P'int," by Scott Campbell, and "Yaleta," an interesting tale of adventure among Mexicans, by E. Hough.

THE frontispiece of the October *Century* is a portrait of Emma Lazarus, and the number contains a very appreciative sketch of her life and works. "An English Deer Park," by Richard Jefferies is the opening article. Janvier's "Mexican Campaign" is concluded, two short stories, "A Strike," by Maude Howe, and "An Idyl of Sinkin' Mount'in," making up the fiction of the number. "Army Hospitals and Cases," by Walt Whitman, consists of verbatim extracts from letters written by the poet to his mother during the second year of the war. "Frontier Types," by Theodore Roosevelt, is a good piece of descriptive writing, and the illustrations speak for themselves. "The Tooms Forwarding Prison" is the subject of Mr. Kennan's Siberian paper. We cannot further enumerate the contents of what we consider an exceptionally good number of the *Century*.

LORD WOLSELEY's paper on "Military Genius" opens the September *Fortnightly*. In it he criticises several great generals and shows the immense value of "personal magnetism" for the success of a commander in the field. In "The Fall of Fiction" an anonymous writer subjects Mr. Haggard's novels to a scathing criticism. He not only denies to the author of *She* knowledge of his art, but accuses him of "an ignorance of the principles of syntax which might discredit any schoolboy." Mrs. Lynn Linton's "An Eighteenth-Century Abbé," Col. W. W. Knollys' "A Hundred Years Ago," and Prof. E. Dowden's "Shakespeare's Wisdom of Life" offset the heavier papers in the number. "The Present Session," by Arthur A. Baumann, M.P.; "Imprisonment for Debt," by

Judge Chambers; "The Social Status of Women in India," by L. N. De Fonblanque, and "The Naval Manœuvres."

THE September *Nineteenth Century* has a long table of contents beginning with "Pages from a Work Girl's Diary," by Miss Beatrice Potter, and ending with "Mr. Forster and Ireland," by Mr. Gladstone. Sir Lyon Playfair writes on Technical Education, and the Marquis of Lorne on "An Armada Relic"; Francis Turner Palgrave on "Chaucer and the Italian Renaissance," and Leslie Stephen on "Belief and Conduct"; Robert Haddon on "The Miners of Scotland," and Hon. Horace Curzon Plunkett on "Co-operative Stores for Ireland." A very interesting paper is Oswald Crawford's on "Slavery in East Central Africa," and the map which accompanies it gives at a glance the present political divisions of South and East Africa. Nor should we omit to mention Mrs. Ady's sketch of Jean François Millet. Nearly twenty pages are devoted to the life and work of the great French painter, and they will well repay perusal.

In the September *North American Review* Cardinal Manning contributes a paper to the Gladstone-Ingersoll controversy which will no doubt afford occasion to the irrepressible Agnostic for making another assault on religious belief. The Cardinal's paper is entitled "The Church its Own Witness." Gen. P. H. Sheridan's paper on "The Last Days of the Rebellion," said to have been the only article contributed by the late General to the press, fills about ten pages and presents a graphic picture of the closing scenes of the Civil War. Among the other articles in this number we may mention "Irish Comments on an English Text," in which there is exhibited a great deal of the hostility of the American-Irishman to England. Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, of Ottawa, contributes a note on "Canadian Periodical Literature," in which he arrives very properly at the conclusion "that there is slight prospect of Canada having a representative national periodical within the near future."

THE frontispiece of the October *Scribner* is "The Avenue of Sphinxes, Karnak," one of the illustrations of Edward L. Wilson's paper on "The Temples of Egypt," which gives an exceedingly graphic description of the magnificent architectural wonders still remaining in the land of the Pharaohs. This is followed by Lester Wallack's "Memories of the Last Fifty Years," full of anecdote, reminiscence and personal portraiture. Hon. Hugh McCulloch discusses "Problems in American Politics," and Gustav Kobbé tells of "Behind the Scenes of an Opera House." "The Railroad in its Business Relations," by Arthur T. Hadley, is embellished with portraits of some of the leading railway magnates from George Stephenson to Judge Cooley, chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Mr. Hadley's article is full of information and suggestion, and should be carefully read. H. H. Boyesen's short story "Charity" is a tale of love-making at Nantucket, and is prettily illustrated. Robert Louis Stevenson furnishes some "Contributions to the History of Fife," which is written in his charming style, and delightfully mingling historical and personal reminiscences.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR opens the October *Forum* with a paper on Count Leo Tolstoy, dealing with his novels, his inner life and his religious opinions. The Archdeacon assigns Tolstoy to a high, almost the highest, rank among living novelists, believes that he is actuated by the noblest sincerity, but that he has been misled in his religious beliefs by partial and one-sided interpretations of the Gospel. In his article on "Race Antagonism in the South," Senator Eustis deals with a question of the greatest importance in the States. He is mercilessly severe on the army of carpet-baggers who invaded the South on the conclusion of the war. The question of the existence of a Canadian literature was recently discussed to a tiresome extent in the Canadian press, and now Edmund Gosse shocks the Republic by asking, "Has America produced a Poet?" Other papers in this excellent number are "The Progress of the Nation," by Edward Atkinson; "The Great Railway Debt," by Adelbert Hamilton; "How the Tariff Affects Wages," by Prof. Taussig; "The Border Land of Morals," by Rev. Dr. Bartol; "Why the Chinese Must be Excluded," by W. B. Farwell; "What Shall the Public Schools Teach?" by Rev. A. S. Isaacs, and "The Dread of Death," by Junius Henri Browne.

*Harper* for October has for frontispiece "Early One Morning," one of Mr. Abbey's old English song illustrations. In the opening article, "Limoges and its Industries," Mr. Theodore Child gives a vast amount of information about ceramics. We have seven "Old English Songs"—jovial, merry and pensive—in this number, all strikingly illustrated by the clever pencils of Abbey and Parsons. "Western Journalism," by T. L. White, will attract by its very title. It is full of interesting information about an influential class of journals, and contains portraits of a great many of the leading journalists of the West. The frontier journal, Mr. White says, no longer exists except at remote points in the Territories, but it has left its impress on its successors. "Home Uses of Mineral Waters," by Dr. Titus Munson Coan, is a mine of information for those who are interested in the subject. In "Our Journey to the Hebrides," Mrs. Pennell is as petulant and querulous as she was in her previous paper on this subject. The Duke of Argyll is the object of her intense dislike, and she berates him vigorously. Mr. Pennell's illustrations are excellent and give the principal value to the paper. There is more than usual space devoted to fiction, and some excellent verse is contributed by Margaret Deland and Robert Burns Wilson.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE STORY OF MEDIA, BABYLON AND PERSIA. By Zénaïde A. Ragozin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 447. \$1.50.
- UNDINE: A ROMANCE. AND SINTRAM AND HIS COMPANIONS. By De La Motte Fouqué. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Knickerbocker Nugget Series.
- HENRY SECOND. By Mrs. J. R. Green. Twelve English Statesmen. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company. pp. 224. 60 cents.
- LITTLE JOE. By James Otis. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. \$1.00.
- THE SECRETS AT ROSELADIES. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. \$1.00.
- THE KALEVALA. The Epic Poem of Finland into English. By John Martin Crawford. New York: John B. Alden. 2 vols. \$2.00.
- MOLLY BISHOP'S FAMILY. By Catharine Owen. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. pp. 270. \$1.00.
- THE PILLARS OF SOCIETY, ETC. By Henrik Ibsen. Edited by Havelock Ellis. Camelot Series. pp. 315. 35 cents. SOUTHEY. Edited by Sydney R. Thompson. The Canterbury Poets. pp. 304. 35 cents. LIFE OF JOHN BUNYAN. By Edmund Venables. M.A. Great Writers' Series. pp. 190. 35 cents. London: Walter Scott. Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company.
- LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM E. LOGAN, KNIGHT, ETC. By Bernard J. Harrington, B.A., Ph.D. With steel portrait and numerous wood cuts. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.
- THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT. Three Lectures. By Max F. Müller. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. Cloth, 75 cents.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MAX O'RELL (Paul Blouet) is preparing a lecture on Americans or a tour of Great Britain.

MARION CRAWFORD is said to be putting the finishing touches to a romance to be the sequel to "Saracinesca," in which he mixes illusion and mystery.

THE October volumes of Ticknor's paper series of original copyright novels will be *Doctor Ben*, by Orlando Witherspoon, and *John Bodewin's Testimony*, by Mary Hallock.

THE copyrights of the works of the late Grace Aguilar have been purchased from their present proprietors, Messrs. Groombridge & Sons, by Messrs. George Routledge & Sons.

THE valuable Halkett-Laing dictionary of the anonymous and pseudonymous literature of Great Britain has been completed by Miss Catherine Laing, who took upon her shoulders the burden of the work on the death of her father in 1880. The fourth and concluding volume will soon be brought out.

MR. AND MRS. C. A. BIGNELL of Guelph, pupils of Signor d'Auria of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, have been specially engaged by the Methodist Church of Quebec for a Grand Concert in aid of the fund for enlarging the Church organ. This is a compliment to western vocalists and the Conservatory teaching.

"LOVEDAY" is the title of a new book which Amélie Rives is at work upon. "It is just based in a way," she says, "on a custom there is in Virginia of giving to a daughter the family name when there is no son to take it." Miss Rives is to spend the winter in Paris, studying drawing, and hopes to illustrate some of her own stories in the future.

*Irish Fairy Tales and Folk Lore*, selected and edited by W. B. Yeats, will shortly appear in the "Camelot Series." *Chaucer*, selected and edited by F. Noel Paton, in the "Canterbury Poets," and *Life of Crabbe*, by T. T. Keibel, in "The Great Writers." These three series are published in London by Walter Scott, and in New York by Thomas Whittaker.

MESSRS. CUPPLES AND HURD have now in hand a United States edition of *Poems and Translations*, by Miss Mary Morgan (Gowan Lea). This work was published in Montreal about the beginning of the year. It was deservedly well received by the press both of Canada and the States; and we are glad to learn that it is about to be introduced to a larger constituency of readers. The new edition will bear the poetical sub-title of "Woodnotes in the Gloaming."

THE Hon. the Minister of Education, His Worship the Mayor, and a large number of influential citizens "assisted" at the distribution on Friday last of the prizes and certificates awarded to the pupils of the Toronto Art School. The school has had a very successful year, there being now two hundred pupils in attendance, and, from the expressions of commendation and encouragement made by the gentlemen who spoke, there is every reason to hope for a largely increased attendance during the ensuing year. There are now eight schools of this kind throughout the Province, and the Minister of Education's gold medal, open to competition among all, was carried off by Miss Boron a pupil of the Toronto school.

WE cannot well imagine a more delightful form of entertainment than "A Trip to England" in the company of Mr. Goldwin Smith. An accomplished scholar, full of learning and—which is better still—of information, master of a striking and vivid style, thoroughly acquainted with his own country and absent from it just long enough to tell Americans and Canadians what it is indispensable to see, he has gathered into this small pamphlet, originally delivered as a lecture, all the "points" which a literary foreigner visiting England for the first time would like to know. Simply as an essay, "A Trip to England" is one of the most beautiful things we have ever read, but beyond this, as a guide-book *in minimo*, it will prove invaluable to leisurely folk who have time to read about lordly palace and ivied ruin, abbey and cloister, university and cathedral, country life in England, and the life of the great public schools. It is indeed difficult to characterize an effort so effortless, so replete with poetic facts and historical parallels, so charged with good reading and felicitous recollection as this visit of an absentee, after a long absence, to his native heath. He recalls just what the poet and scholar would like to have recalled, and in a manner so winning that we linger as "over the walnuts and the wine" of an intellectual feast. Happy he whose old age can mellow into this.—*Critic*.

MRS. J. W. F. HARRISON (Seranus) has just commenced, at her residence, 94 Gloucester Street, classes for young ladies, entirely novel we believe in Toronto, which should be highly appreciated by those who, after leaving school, desire to pursue their literary and other studies under competent guidance. From the circular before us we learn that the "Culture Classes," as they are termed, are designed to stand between the teaching in ladies' schools and colleges and the lectures now free to women at the Universities, and to afford an opportunity for the systematic continuance of literary study to those who find it inconvenient or impossible to avail themselves of University lectures. Mrs. Harrison's Classes are: (1) Critical Analysis and Readings in English Literature, with Studies of Modern French and German Schools, entitled the "English Classic Course"; and (2) Applied Aesthetics, the study of Arts and Harmonies, entitled the "Ruskin Course." That the private studies of the inexperienced need direction, and that something is wanted which neither our schools nor colleges can supply, the popularity of the Chautauqua system sufficiently proves; but the Chautauqua course is wider than a great many care to undertake. The plan of Mrs. Harrison's classes is definite; her abilities and accomplishments eminently fit her for the task she has undertaken, and we trust she will meet with the most gratifying success.

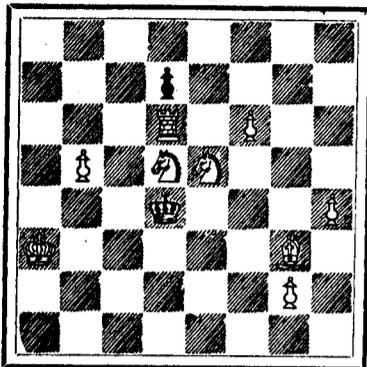
#### THE LATE JOHN CHARLES DENT.

THE sudden death, at the age of forty-seven, of Mr. John Charles Dent, last week, was a shock, not only to many of his friends, who were unaware of his illness, but to many also who knew him only through his books. Though born in England, Mr. Dent spent the greater part of his life in Canada. Having studied law, he practised for a short time, but finding the profession uncongenial he abandoned it for literary pursuits. Peculiarly his literary career is said to have been successful—unusually so for Canada, where the wage of literary toilers is so meagre and uncertain. How far it was successful in the sense of having produced works of permanent value, it is too soon to say. Those upon which he bestowed most labour, and upon which he would probably wish his reputation to rest, are biographical and historical: *The Canadian Portrait Gallery*, *The Last Forty Years in Canada*, and the *History of the Rebellion of 1837*. In these books, especially in the "Forty Years," there is collected a vast amount of information relating to Canadian history not easily accessible elsewhere; and the labours of the future historian of Canada will be materially lessened by those of Mr. Dent. Mr. Dent was also the author of many sketches and short stories; and in these he perhaps showed his literary art to greater advantage than in his more ambitious works. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and a member of several other learned societies.

CHESS.

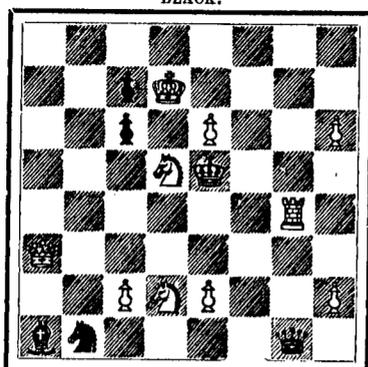
PROBLEM No. 293.  
By O. NEMO.  
From *The Vienna Rivista*.  
BLACK.

PROBLEM No. 294.  
By M. FRIGI, Vienna.  
From *The Xenovines News*.  
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 287.
- |                |               |
|----------------|---------------|
| White.         | Black.        |
| 1. R-Q R 3     | 1. P x R      |
| 2. P-R 5       | 2. R-K Kt 8 + |
| 3. B-Kt 3 mate |               |
- If 1. R-K Kt 8 +  
2. B-Kt 3 +     2. K x Kt  
3. P-R 5 mate.
- With other variations.

- No. 288.
- |                |          |
|----------------|----------|
| White.         | Black.   |
| 1. P x P       | 1. P x P |
| 2. Q-R 1       | 2. K-B 3 |
| 3. R-B 4 mates |          |
- If 1. Kt-Kt 3 or R 2  
2. R-B 4 +     2. K x P  
3. Q-Q Kt 8 mate.
- With other variations.

N.B.—In problem No. 289 there should be a white Kt at white's K B 2.

GAME PLAYED AT THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB BETWEEN MR. A. T. DAVISON AND MR. A. HOOD, ON SEPT. 17TH, 1888.

EVANS GAMBIT.

MR. DAVISON.	MR. HOOD.	MR. DAVISON.	MR. HOOD.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	19. P-B 6	Q-Q 2
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	20. P-K 6	B P x P
3. B-B 4	B-B 4	21. Kt-K 5	Q-Q 1
4. P-Q Kt 4	B x P	22. B-K 7	Q-B 2
5. P-Q B 3	B-B 4	23. Q Kt-K B 3	P x P
6. Castles	P-Q 3	24. B x P	R-Kt 1 +
7. P-Q 4	P x P	25. K-R 1	R-K B 1
8. P x P	B-Kt 3	26. B-Kt 5	Kt-K B 4
9. B-Kt 2	Q-K 2	27. Q-R-K 1	Q-K Kt 2
10. Q Kt-Q 2 (a)	Kt-Q R 4	28. R-K Kt 1	B-Q B 2
11. B-Q 3	B-K Kt 5	29. B-Q 2	P-Kt 4 (c)
12. Q-Q R 4 +	P-B 3	30. R x Q	P x Q
13. P-K 5	P-Q 4	31. R x B	Kt-Q B 5
14. B-Q R 3	Q-Q 1 (b)	32. Kt x Kt	P x Kt
15. P-K R 3	B-K R 4	33. R x P +	K-Q 1
16. P-K Kt 4	B-K Kt 3	34. R x B P	R-Q B 1
17. B-K B 5	B x B	35. B-R 5 +	K-Q 2
18. P x B	Kt-K R 3	36. Kt-K 5 mate	

NOTES.

- (a) P-K 5 would give a strong attack.  
(b) Q-B 2 is the better move.  
(c) Bad; loses a piece.

THE Annual Convocation of Wycliffe College will be held next Friday evening at 8 o'clock p.m. The opening exercises will be unusually interesting, as the Alumni Association will be in session through the week, and many graduates of the college will be present. The Rev. Principal Sheraton, D.D., will deliver a lecture on "The Christian Ministry."

WHAT, in short, is literary immortality? A permanent claim upon the time of human beings. Now, the whole amount of time we can give to books is limited, and the number of authors who compete for a share of it is constantly increasing, while by far the largest half must always be reserved for contemporary literature. Surely, then, it is the height of presumption when any writer short of a Shakespeare urges such a permanent claim. But another inference may be drawn—namely, that since it is a question of dividing a limited total into parts, the claim which is most likely to be allowed is that which asks for the smallest part. Experience confirms this. Some writers hold a secure literary immortality, because their writings are so small that they are never felt to be in the way. Such are Gray and Goldsmith. And many lyrics keep their names in perpetual memory by a few happy stanzas. Indeed, in lyric poetry there really is literary immortality. But room can rarely be found in Fame's conveyance for large works. Thus many persons who open Richardson are greatly struck by his genius; nevertheless, few of them read his works. The simple truth is, that life is not long enough. However much I may admire George Eliot, I cannot imagine that a hundred years hence people will find time to read "Middlemarch;" at the utmost I can conceive that "Silas Marner" may survive. On the other hand, I find no difficulty in believing that much of Tennyson will be still as familiarly known then as it is now. Scarcely any long book really lives except "Don Quixote." And among the many happy gifts of Shakespeare the most fortunate for his fame has been that prodigious condensation in which he excels all writers, and which enables him to put into the five acts of a play as much matter as serves other writers for the three volumes of a novel.—S. R. Seeley, in *Contemporary Review*.

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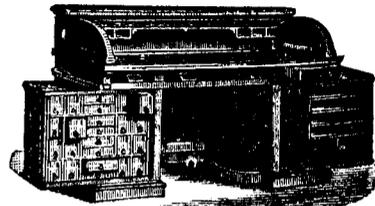
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Leaders on Current Art Topics—Reviews of Art Exhibitions—Notices of New Statues, Paintings, Important New Buildings and New Art Books—Notes on Art Matters and Archaeology at Home and Abroad—Announcements of Art Exhibitions, Meetings of Art Schools, etc., etc.—Reproductions of Important Paintings by the Azuline and Orthochromatic Methods, giving full colour values—And in general whatever can be of interest and invaluable to Artists, Amateurs, Teachers, Instructors, Connoisseurs, Patrons and Lovers of Art, Architects, Builders, Sculptors, Decorators and Furnishers, Collectors of Antiquities, Vases, Coins and Medals, Art Classes, Clubs, Schools, Colleges, Libraries and Museums, and to every one interested in the Fine Arts.

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Our having commissioned so distinguished an etcher as Rajon to etch a plate expressly for THE STUDIO, has created considerable comment and speculation as to the nature of the subject. The inquiries for information continue to pour in from all over the country and abroad. The interest shown in this distinguished artist's etching has been so widespread, and as the subject will be of such great importance, to create a sensation in this country and abroad when published, we have decided to print 500 India Proofs, before lettering, to be sold by subscription at \$5.00 each up to the day of publication, when the price will be increased. A magnificent work of art is promised. Copies of THE STUDIO, complete, with Rajon etching, 50 cents each. Books are now open to receive advance orders. Order now to secure one.

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