

THE WEEK:

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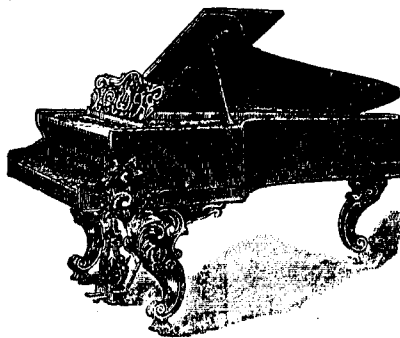
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE Liberal demonstration at Oakville seems to have been fairly successful in point of numbers in attendance. Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright were the chief speakers and Unrestricted Reciprocity their principal theme. The full reports of the speeches have not yet reached us, but their general tenor makes it clear that reciprocity is to be made the question of the day and of the next campaign, so far as the leaders of the Opposition can make it such. The *Globe* has of late been predicting, on what authority save that of speeches made years ago does not appear, that Sir John A. Macdonald will attempt a *coup* by vaulting to the Opposition platform on this question. The tone of the Government organs gives no colour to such a conjecture. That tone is one of determined and uncompromising hostility. In any case there are limits to the power of even the veteran Premier to compel his supporters to stultify and efface themselves, even were it supposable that he could so betray the interests of his warmest friends and doom to extinction the industries which it is the boast of his administration to have called into being. The idea of the Government and its supporters deserting Canadian manufacturers, forgetting all their denunciations of the ingratitude of discriminating against the Mother Country, and reversing the policy they have so strenuously supported for ten years past, is simply inconceivable and absurd.

A STRIKING proof of the stability of the position the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has now reached is given in the fact that the retirement of Sir George Stephen from the presidency, has been attended with so little commotion. The history of the construction of this road, and its development from the original idea of a mere transcontinental line into a grand railway system, with branches, extensions, and connections reaching not only to every part of the Dominion, but to the great railroad centres and routes of traffic in the United States, is, without doubt, one of the most remarkable on record. It is hard to realize that so much can have been done in the short space of seven years. That it has been accomplished in a large measure through the courage and energy of Sir George Stephen, Sir Donald Smith and a few capitalists of like stamp associated

with them, is now universally recognised. Nor will it be invidious at this juncture to add that amongst all the influences which have contributed to a result so gratifying to Canadians, that of the retiring president has been probably the most potent. To the weight of his personal character, his unwearied persistence in the prosecution of his plans, and the confidence inspired in capitalists at home and abroad, and especially in the members of the Canadian Government, by his shrewd counsels and far-seeing policy, the unparalleled success already achieved, and the strong position and excellent prospects of the road, are, in a large measure, due. The weight of the responsibility must have been heavy and the strain great, and Sir George Stephen may be congratulated on having so soon brought the enterprise to a stage at which he is enabled to withdraw from the presidency without detriment to the interests of the Company, of which he will still, no doubt, continue an active and influential member.

MR. VAN HORNE, Sir George Stephen's successor in the presidency of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is so well known in railway circles all over the continent that special personal mention would be superfluous. His great practical knowledge and ability have contributed much to the rapid completion and successful working of the road. The transfer of the presidency to his hands marks a distinct stage in the progress of this great national enterprise. The work of the influential financier and shrewd diplomatist is, in a measure, completed; skilled management is henceforth the chief desideratum. So long as advances by tens of millions had to be secured from the Canadian Parliament and foreign capitalists, the influence of Sir George Stephen was indispensable. Now that the chief problems before the road relate to skilful manipulation and energetic competition, Mr. Van Horne is evidently just the man for the position. If occasional hasty utterances and unwise threats in the course of the Manitoba difficulty showed him lacking in some of the qualities of a diplomatist, the manner in which the road has been equipped and worked, and the mingled shrewdness and boldness with which it has entered into competition with older roads and seized upon every available avenue to traffic, prove that, as a manager, the new President of the Canadian Pacific has few equals and no superior. The interests of the stockholders and the public are, no doubt, safe in his hands.

THE bill recently passed by both Houses of the United States Congress, looking to the holding of an international conference to discuss the terms of a proposed reciprocal trade union with all the nations of Central and South America, is not without interest for Canadians, though for obvious reasons, Canada can have no part in such a conference. The aim of the bill, as explained by Congressman Townshend, of Illinois, who introduced it and carried it through Congress, is simply to promote liberal and mutually advantageous trade relations, without in any way affecting the national or political status of those who may become parties to it. If Canada is to maintain and increase her present rate of growth and progress, it is clear that she must extend as rapidly as possible her foreign commerce. If the policy of protecting and stimulating manufacturing industries is to become permanently successful, markets must be found abroad for surplus productions. Such markets ought eventually to be found, to a considerable extent, in the countries of Central and South America, with whom it should be possible to establish a system of profitable exchange of commodities. It is evident, therefore, that should any such trade union, as that contemplated, be formed between the independent nations of the continent, with discrimination against the outside world as its basis, the result would be seriously detrimental to Canadian trade prospects. The projected conference will, it is said, take place within a few months. Should the scheme be successful, and Canada find herself at a disadvantage in consequence, the effect may probably be to revive discussion of the question long since broached by Mr. Blake and others, whether Canada has not reached the stage at which she should have the framing of her own commercial treaties.

THE American system of legislation by committees is being tried with promising results in the British Parliament. The Railway and Canal Traffic Bill was recently passed through the report stage and the third

reading in the House, just as it came from the hands of the Grand Committee, and without a division on any amendment. Both sides of the House showed a determination not to permit any re-discussion of the details of a measure which had been exhaustively considered in the Grand Committee. There seems some reason to believe that in the extension of this committee system, a system which was, we think, first introduced into the Commons by Mr. Gladstone, may be found at last a partial relief for the congestion from which Imperial legislation has long suffered, by reason of sheer inability, through want of time, to overtake important matters. English legislators are slow to adopt innovations, but a few successful experiments of the kind described may lead them to entrust details of legislation much more freely to Parliamentary committees, with great advantage to the public.

AFTER an almost unbroken series of violent, *ad captandum* harangues by Republican senators on the Fisheries Treaty, such a speech as that of Senator Sherman the other day, came as a relief and a pleasure. Though singularly weak in its argument, the whole tone of the address was manly, elevated, and friendly. It has the ring of that broader, truer patriotism which is neither ashamed nor afraid to recognize the claims of international justice and courtesy, and of neighbourly good-will. Senator Sherman's speech has raised the discussion to a higher plane, and its effect can hardly fail to be felt to the end. It does, indeed, seem surprising that a man capable of views so broad and sentiment so lofty, could seriously argue that the section of the Treaty which provides for the free admission, in return for certain concessions, of Canadian fish and fish oil, would be a surrender of the right of the United States to levy taxes on imported goods. It is still more surprising how such an one, versed as he no doubt is in history and in knowledge of human nature, could regard a policy of retaliation, leading to partial or complete non-intercourse between two powerful peoples, as consistent with friendly relations, and even an advance towards the haven of peace. Senator Sherman, in common with all his brother Republicans, seems strangely incapable of regarding Canada's enforcement of her fishery regulations as an honest attempt to guard her rights of property, and persists like them in ascribing to it an unworthy and sinister design. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that if all the political leaders in the United States could but approach the question in the same spirit as Senator Sherman the whole vexatious dispute would quickly be set for ever at rest.

As the time approaches at which the new law regulating the infliction of capital punishment in the State of New York will come into operation, public interest is naturally aroused. It does not appear that the exact method in which the agency of electricity shall be made use of in the infliction of the death penalty has as yet been determined. This is evidently a most serious problem. It is of the utmost importance that the arrangements should be so perfect as to render any bungling or failure out of the question, a thing which, in the opinion of some experts, it will not be very easy to effect. The machinery will need to be skilfully devised, and the mode of its application most carefully considered. As the *Star* points out, the new law contains also innovations in other respects. For instance, it provides that no report of the details of any execution shall be published in any newspaper. This requirement, the *Star* predicts, will not be capable of enforcement. Censorship of the press will certainly be a new and difficult experiment in the United States, and, without rigid censorship, descriptions of executions, real or fictitious, with all manner of sensational details, will be pretty sure to find their way into the American newspapers.

THE steamship *City of New York*, which has just brought Mr. Blaine across the ocean, is a fine illustration of the effect of the United States shipping laws in destroying the merchant marine of the Republic. This magnificent new ship is, according to the *Springfield Republican*, owned by two citizens of Pennsylvania. But it was built in a foreign country, by foreign labour, of foreign material, and under foreign laws. Hence it can neither bear the American registry nor fly the American flag, nor in any way become an American ship. It is manned by English officers and crew, flies the Union Jack, and sails under the protection of British laws. Under such circumstances and with such accompaniments do the narrow registry laws of the United States compel the citizen whom the Republicans delight to honour to return to his native land. "The vessel is," says the *Republican*, "not a subsidized vessel, and no subsidies are needed to keep it afloat. Great Britain glories in many such products of American enterprise banished from our shores by laws partaking of the character of the Middle Ages."

THE facts in regard to immigration which are being unearthed by the Congressional Committee now sitting in New York City are worse than could have been suspected by any one not a confirmed pessimist. The law forbidding the importation of contract-labour is clearly shown to be almost a dead letter. For instance a contract has been produced before the Commission, signed by two Italian labour brokers, in which the latter undertake to deliver four hundred labourers from Italy within six weeks. The testimony of very many of the immigrants who have been examined before the Committee shows that they were induced to emigrate by false promises as to the wages they would receive. Many of them have agreed to pay the agents fifty dollars for tickets which cost less than half that sum, and have mortgaged their homes or little vineries in Italy as security for the money, on which meanwhile they have to pay about twenty per cent. interest. No doubt the report of the Committee will lead to immediate and radical revision of the laws in regard to immigration.

THE *Saturday Review* and some other journals are surely taking Senator Blair's resolution in reference to Canada altogether too seriously. If Senator Blair's, or as the *Review* prefers to consider it, Senator Hoar's resolution is an insult to England, it is doubly an insult to Canada. And yet it has not disturbed Canadian equanimity in the least, probably because we, by reason of contiguity, understand better the exigencies of the political situation amongst our neighbours, and the peculiarity of the weapons with which they fight their party battles. The resolution will have done what was expected of it when it has given opportunity to a few Republican Senators and other orators to make certain "buncombe" speeches, and, it is safe to say, the United States Government will not approach that of Great Britain with any such offensive proposition as that for the purchase of her larger half of the North American continent and the transfer of the allegiance of five millions of Canadians. The same observations may be made generally, with regard to Senator Cullome's railway resolution, although it is not improbable that some action may be taken, if any such can be devised, not inconsistent with international and treaty obligation, to bring Canadian railways operating in and through the United States within the scope of the Interstate Commerce bill. This question is, however, clearly a commercial one, and is not likely soon to come within the range of international politics.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the passage of the Parnell Commission Bill comes the announcement that Mr. Parnell has taken the initiatory steps for prosecuting the *Times* for libel, in the Scotch courts. If this suit is proceeded with, will the Commission also go on with its work, and give the British public the double excitement of two tribunals going on with the same investigation at the same time? Had Mr. Parnell initiated his suit before the passage of the Commission Bill it was understood that the Government would have quietly suffered the latter to drop as unnecessary. Possibly they may feel justified in refraining from issuing the Commission now that the Bill has actually been passed, or the Commissioners may feel justified in postponing the inquiry, pending the action of the court. The double inquiry would certainly seem both unnecessary and anomalous. But, on other hand, it is evident that Mr. Parnell, as the plaintiff in the court, will have a certain power of limiting the scope of the inquiry, contrary to the evident wishes and intentions of the Government and the supporters of the Commission Bill. Now that the public curiosity and interest have been wrought up to such a pitch of excitement, nothing but a thorough and complete inquiry into the whole matter covered by the *Times'* charges, will be accepted as satisfactory.

It is reasonable to suppose that very valuable results are to be gained from such a sham naval warfare as that which has been for some weeks in progress on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, else the Government and Parliament would never have consented to inflict upon the nation the enormous expense which must be incurred. Otherwise the pageant must have seemed to the unmilitary mind an empty and useless, but very costly, show. The general results will probably be gathered up and made known by competent authorities when the war is over. Thus far the impression conveyed seems to be one of inefficiency and failure at many important points. The question is, moreover, to what extent any possible equipments and preparations in time of peace can secure the efficiency of a navy, under present conditions, in case of actual war. Of course weak points may be detected and palpable blunders illustrated. But the problem of conflict seems to contain so many unknown or indeterminate quantities, in the present transition state of naval armaments, that the military authorities can scarcely avoid being haunted by the suspicion that the chief sources of weakness or danger may after all be passed

unnoticed, or that the weapon or manœuvre which may be most effective to-day may to-morrow be found worthless in the presence of some new invention. It certainly must be far from reassuring to the British tax-paying public, after lavishing year after year untold millions upon the navy, to find that a mere playing at war reveals little more than a series of defects, blunders, and breakdowns.

CAN it be that the dark war-clouds which have been so long lowering over Europe are about to lift and scatter without bringing the dreaded deluge? So Lord Salisbury, at least, seems to think, and few men are better qualified to judge. He has declared, in a recent speech, that all the rulers of the world are now seeking peace. Whether the British Premier speaks with somewhat more than conjectural knowledge of the tenor of the interviews which have lately taken place between the mightiest potentates of Europe, can, of course, be only guessed. His words, if correctly reported by cable, are, to say the least, not inconsistent with the supposition that he has had a glimpse behind the scenes. The principal statesmen of Europe are, he says, beginning to think that the best thing to do with Bulgaria is to leave her alone. To the uninitiated this seems not only a wise conclusion, but one so exceedingly simple that the wonder is it should have taken wise men so long to reach it. Unfortunately, Lord Salisbury does not seem able to say with absolute certainty that those upon whose action most depends have even now reached it. For England he can vouch; but no one, we fancy, ever suspected England of any design upon Bulgarian autonomy. For Germany and Austria, too, he ventures to speak, though in a tone of modified confidence; but neither of these nations has shown any special anxiety to interfere with Bulgaria, save by way of counter-check to Russia. And in regard to Russia's readiness to accept the let-alone policy, Lord Salisbury only "hopes," though lovers of peace will be tempted to suspect that the hope may have a more direct and reliable source than even the recent declaration of M. de Giers, that Russia had washed her hands of Bulgaria.

To be let alone is no doubt what the Bulgarians chiefly desire. Nevertheless, it may be considered pretty certain that if they are eventually left free to work out their own uncertain destiny, they will have to thank the mutual jealousy and dread of the Powers rather than their disinterestedness or magnanimity. They certainly will have little reason to feel grateful to Russia, which has manifestly done everything possible, short of open hostilities, to compel the abdication of Alexander, as she did compel that of his predecessor. If, however, through any causes or influences the long and formidable preparations for war in Eastern Europe should be succeeded by a lasting peace, without the intervention of actual conflict, the phenomenon will be one of the most remarkable in history, and one full of encouragement in regard to the future. Never before, it may safely be affirmed, have such tremendous armaments been equipped and marshalled by three contiguous nations. If Russia, Germany and Austria, after thus arming themselves to the teeth and glaring at each other across the frontiers for so many months, can compose their differences and withdraw in good faith, there will be excellent reason to hope that on the next occasion they will take counsel together before going so far in the way of expensive and menacing preparations. Grant, even, that Russia has been the chief aggressor, and that nothing but the strength and determination of her powerful rivals have compelled her to relinquish her purpose, why may not even Russia lay to heart a lesson learned at so much cost, and profit by it in the future?

BUT what of France, restless, mercurial, spasmodic France? It would almost seem at times as if France were in danger of losing her prestige as one of the Great Powers, and ceasing to count as a force in European politics. What with her Boulangist crazes, communistic riots, and vacillating and sometimes meddlesome foreign policy, France seems to be preparing herself for a period of isolation and weakness. In a nation, as in an individual, one of the prime conditions of strength is self-control. Until France learns to govern herself, to know her own mind and let other nations see that she knows it, she will have to be content with second, or even lower place. The art of self-government, which she has as yet not more than half learned, will need to be thoroughly mastered before she can again wield her legitimate influence among the councils of the nations. It must be admitted, however, that in the recent disturbances the Floquet Administration showed unexpected promptness and firmness, though there is reason to fear that the end is not yet. Foreigners are also too apt to forget that most of the absurdities which from time to time provoke ridicule or contempt belong to Paris, and Paris is not France. The indications

now are that before many weeks the French Ministry may be called on by Germany to declare her intentions or reduce her armaments. If so, upon her answer to that demand the gravest issues may depend. It is evident that William II. of Germany is prepared for anything in preference to a policy of *laissez faire*, and that his restless energy will shortly bring matters to a crisis of some kind. The diplomatic dispute now in progress with Italy seems to be waxing hotter, but it is highly improbable that the French Ministry will at this juncture, in view of their uncertain relations with Germany, be rash enough to precipitate a quarrel with Italy, especially one in which the sympathy of the nations will incline to the latter.

If anything were wanting to show how completely the project of Imperial Federation is outside the range of practical politics in Canada, the want was supplied by the outspoken declarations of the three French Canadian Members of the Government, at the Joliette meeting the other day. The Secretary of State and the Minister of Public Works vied with each other in the distinctness and emphasis with which they pronounced against the scheme as dangerous to Canadian liberties, while even the Minister of Militia who, as representing the military sentiment to which the proposed Federation especially appeals, might be expected to regard it with special favour, considered the question as not ripe for discussion. These utterances conjoined with those of the Premier of Quebec on former occasions, may be taken to represent the unanimous sentiment of the French Canadians of the Dominion. However much it is to be regretted that the opposition to this or any movement should thus assume a racial aspect, the fact itself is too significant to be ignored. It is difficult to see how the most sanguine friends of Imperial Federation can think it worth while to continue the advocacy of a scheme which, it is clear, would have arrayed against it at the outset, all the French Canadians in the Confederation in solid phalanx. Success, under such circumstances, could hardly be possible, save at the cost of disruption, or civil war.

M. WADDINGTON, the French Ambassador in England, must surely be an optimist of the first water. His speech at a recent Lord Mayor's banquet entitles him to high rank amongst the few who have the happy faculty of extracting encouragement from the most unpromising material. In friendliness of tone and assurance of the good-will of his country towards Great Britain, M. Waddington's speech left nothing to be desired. It would be, indeed, a happy augury of peace, were it the fact, as M. Waddington conceives, that, in these days, not kings or cabinets but only peoples have it in their power to say whether or not there shall be war. But whatever truth there may be in the statement in regard to France and England, with which the speaker was particularly concerned, one can hardly cast his eyes farther eastward in Europe without perceiving that the tremendous issues of peace and war are still in the hands of diplomats and dynasties. It is, however, when M. Waddington extracts a prophecy of universal peace from so sinister an omen as that afforded by the perfection which is being reached in the manufacture of instruments of war that his optimistic tendencies appear at their best. The argument is far less original than fanciful. It would, certainly, seem nearer the sober fact to infer that every new explosive and every improved engine of destruction increases the chances of war and brings it nearer, through the natural eagerness of the nation which controls the innovation to test its efficiency and reap the advantage its possession affords. It may be hoped that M. Waddington speaks more by the card when he declares that the majority of the French people now love peace and hate war. If this be so, the fact goes far to ensure European peace for many years to come.

LONDON LETTER.

THE other night, sitting not far from Christopher Sly, (old Sly's son, of Burton Heath, you will remember: the small village on the road from Stratford to Oxford) who, a little above us, on the boards, lounged with his page-wife in the fine chairs drawn to one side, just where Hogarth sketched the Duke of Bolton and the rest of the blue-ribboned noblemen, applauding Polly Peachum, I listened to the words of the pleasant queer comedy in which Petrucio, that roaring swashbuckler from Alsatia, is the most odious of heroes, and, as I listened, I pitied Sly rolling from off his chair at the end of the first act, with never a chance of seeing Katharine the curst, Kate the Shrew, with whom are all one's sympathies from the first, I think. From her stormy entrance to that last most admirable speech (which all wives should learn by heart), Miss Rehan astonished and delighted, vexed and amazed, but bored me, never, and to her alone an English audience looks for the main interest of the play. Curiously

unequal, with false tones in her oddly modulated voice, exaggerating occasionally in gesture and movement, there is yet something in this actress that is immensely attractive to us, accustomed though we are to Miss Terry's perfect poetic performances, everything in tune, pleasing ear and eye alike, to Mrs. Kendal's skilful, ladylike, if somewhat monotonous sketches of decorous drawingroom humour and pathos, to that excellent artist Mrs. John Wood with her delightful touches of fun, and we have welcomed the hero Katherine as heartily as she deserves, leaving our old favourites in order to crowd to the Gaiety Theatre night after night. But genius though she is, she has been bred in a bad school with no traditions to go upon. In *The Railroad of Love*, whole scenes were spoiled by her love of exaggeration, bordering on the grotesque, and in this "merriest of Shakespeare's comedies" as the programme terms *The Taming of the Shrew*, there are moments when one feels how greatly Miss Rehan stands in need of some tutors who would teach her the art of self-control. And she is encouraged in extravagance by Mr. Drew, who, not to put too fine a point upon it, is simply at times outrageous. No one can seriously defend Petrucio, come into the town bent on living wealthily in Padua, "be she as foul as was Florentine's love, as old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd as Socrates' Xantippe," and whose conduct to Gremio when first we make their acquaintance is that of a surly ruffian, but most of the audience the other night must have felt astonished enough at the way in which this American actor has chosen to misrepresent the man who, passionate and a fortune hunter, nevertheless has certain good qualities. Mr. Drew's manner is, so to speak, chronologically incorrect, for he behaves like a Bully of the Borough of the year 1888, a very Ramsgate Ruffler of the Nineteenth Century, in no way resembling the quarrelsome swaggering Elizabethan, parcel tough soldier parcel gentleman, whose likeness Shakespeare undoubtedly meant to draw. The perpetual crack of that long lash, as if a coach-team had been driven, not a broken-kneed horse ridden, dance after the wedding, the pantomime rally in the supper scene.

I confess these things were revolting to me, and, not knowing what might happen next, I expected to see Miss Rehan trip from behind the chair she used as a barricade, having slipped off the long skirts to pirouette as Columbine, the room quickly transformed into the exterior of a butcher's shop, Gremio as Pantaloon ready R. C. to fall on a butter-slide, and the rest arrange themselves at a flap from Harlequin Petrucio's wand for the ordinary rough and tumble with the clown. I am lost in wonder as to why Petrucio says to his wife, "That cap becomes you not; off with that bauble, throw it under foot" (stage direction: *Katherine pulls off her cap and throws it down*), which is surely an insane remark at the Gaiety, considering that Kate wears only a leaf-crown. I should like to be told, too, why Bianca alludes twice to the fact of her hands being bound (in Act 2, scene 1) and yet comes on the stage with her wrists free; and I wish to know who wrote Petrucio's last hypocritical speech to Kate which contradicts his character, and is in no edition of Shakespeare which I have seen. But faults with which the Daly Company have certainly nothing to do puzzle one in this play. Sweet-tempered Bianca's disrespect to her bridegroom is hardly true to nature, and Katherine's sudden submission to her capricious, cruel, inconsequent, unreasonable husband must be only a feint; no one is really ruled, or at all events wisely ruled, by the fear of a whip-lash, by the loss of a dinner: tame a dog like that, if you like, but never a human being worthy the name. Neither a "heart" woman nor a "head" woman (do you remember Holmes' definition?) would stand it: such treatment would virtually kill the first, while the second would but scheme and scheme till she had turned the tables; then woe betide Petrucio when Katherine wields the whip, throws the mutton from the dish, cries black is white, that the sun is the moon. The faults that are in the play, the faults of taste continually committed by the actors, made the entertainment a disappointment on the whole for me, admirable though I acknowledge Miss Rehan to be in many a scene, delightful as is of course much of Shakespeare's handiwork, his worst being far better than other poets' best. Only I am sorry Miss Rehan and her company happen not to have had the advantages in training possessed by French actors to an immense extent, and by our own in a great measure; and I think (presumptuously I admit) that if the author of *The Taming of the Shrew* had had time to reconstruct his comedy he would have made it a more truthful work of art—a work of art which, with all its faults Lawyer Bacon, taking into consideration his calm judicial mind and his ample leisure for re-writing, certainly could not, and probably would not, have given, so completed, to posterity.

In town it had never stopped raining from early in the morning of last Saturday, ("another wet day," we have said to each other for weeks, paraphrasing the young gentleman new to India, who is reported always to begin his conversation with "another fine day,") but over at Harrow on the contrary, where I went for the school concert, one would have been very ungrateful to have complained of the weather. For here, by contrast, it was quite beautiful though the colour of the atmosphere, the look of the country, reminded one of the late autumn, not at all of summer; and it seemed incredible with all these cold shadows on the fields and trees, with this chilly feeling in the grey air, that July really could be our month and not October.

Climb the hill, pass the school buildings, and you reach the charming spired church, and so to a place where most visitors linger for a moment, a tomb-stone on which a lame, blue-eyed, handsome, lad used to lounge by the hour together watching the clouds, the sky, listening to the trees, and who died, hot-headed, undisciplined to the end, a quarter of a century later, for freedom in Greece. *Shut your Byron: open your Goethe*: so the modern youth is advised; but leave Byron only closed till that period which happily comes sooner or later to most of us, when, distinguishing between

the true ring and the false, between good counsel and evil, the evil and false are put aside and are known at last for what they are. Then, no longer susceptible to every sort of impression, one finds new beauty in Wordsworth's gentle, unworldly talk which gains many a fresh simple quality when listened to after an hour of brilliant Byron's feverish tones: then the Lake poets and those of their school still may please, but hear Byron's side, attentively, too. One cannot judge for others, of work or men; the next that is possible is to take from each that which helps oneself the best; a few words are all you want, and sometimes these will be found where you least expect them; rapped out with an oath from yonder rascal in the inked ruffles and stained coat with his excellent capacity for preaching, his incapacity for practising; from that country saint who has seen nothing of the great world, but who yet can tell of many a thing of which you have hitherto been ignorant; from this selfish town-dweller with his narrow culture who has seemingly never taken his eyes from the hard pavement all his life but who, nevertheless, may carry *The Complete Angler* in his pocket, and *Fair Daffodils* in his heart. It is as well to learn as quickly as possible, the sure and certain rule, how unsafe it is to despise one's fellow creatures. Dull enough to the dull town, society is wise to the wise one. However ignorant or foolish I may think my next door neighbour there is something he has learnt, I am sure, which I have not. Therefore when the time comes when one is fit to be a scholar—how many of us begin by lecturing and end by trying to learn the A. B. C. of life—it is best to open every book, to turn a deaf ear to no one's talk, not even to the verse of "those two bad young men" as a correspondent (is it Mrs. Oliphant, I wonder?) calls Byron and Shelley in the *St. James's Gazette*. *I'm not a-arguing with you; I'm a-telling of you*, (the *Daily News* reports this sentence in the speech of a "pothouse Ruskin") when I say it depends on one's self alone if Byron does one any harm: on the contrary, what a variety of lessons should his work and the story of his life not teach the attentive reader!

At my back, in the beautiful church, lies little Allegra, quiet enough now after the storms and sunshine of those unwholesome Italian days (by the way Allegra's mother died only the other day in Florence), and not far from her is the body of John Lyon, founder of Harrow School, on whose monumental brass is inscribed that he "hath founded a free grammar schoole in this p'she, to have continuance for ever: and for maintenance thereof, and for releeffe of the poore, and of some poor schollers in the universities, repairing and of high wages, and other good and charitable uses, hath made conveyance of lands of good value to a corporation granted for that purpose. Prayers be to the Author of all Goodness, who make us myndful to follow his good example." Into the aisles have come uncounted generations of worshippers who have sat by the brass of Sir John Flambart, dead in the reign of Edward III., and near to the vaults of Sumner, once Head Master here, and Dr. Garth, author, says the guide book of "The Dispensary." Hither have strolled, in from the churchyard, idle sight seers, like you and me, to whom this dim religious house may preach a sermon full of eloquence, or to whom it may say nothing—that depends on one's own frame of mind. But if these hoary halls fail to touch one, sure the view unrolled at your feet, as standing by the Peachey stone you look towards Windsor, must please even the eyes, dulled to country beauty, of city-bred folk. It is said that thirteen counties can be seen from this height, for the truth of which statement I cannot vouch. I only know that as I waited on the hill for the summons to the Concert in the Speech-room down below in the town, there was before me on the plain an exquisite living Old Master, a Claude, a Poussin, what you will, alike in character, though not in colour, to the background of a Memling or a Botticelli—limitless, vague, stretching far away, touching the horizon of that other land, the wide mysterious sky with its mountains and valleys. Gradually the light paled and altered, and the sombre brooding shadows settled for the night on the woods and meadows, and then sharp the bell rang and it was time to leave the spreading trees on the brow of the hill, and the quiet beflowered dead, and the grey church with its pointing spire, for the crowded gas-lighted concert hall in the heart of the streets.

All ready and waiting are five hundred boys in their places; here and there sit masters, the head master only in his black gown: to my right are benches full of Old Harrovians, steady and grave, magnificently dressed, any ages between twenty and thirty: round me are rows full of mothers and sisters, fond households waiting to welcome home those round-cheeked, troublesome lads, who, pushing, whispering, giggling, under the glare of the chandeliers, are totally unabashed by the presence of this large audience. The light, playing queer tricks with expression and outline, throws odd shades on these young faces, causing some to appear for a moment precisely as they will look in twenty years' time, as whiskered barristers or moustachioed soldiers, while others again are changed only as much as enables one to say with certainty how like they are to their mothers. There is not long to wait before the concert begins, when the boys, willing and reliable, work hard and admirably at what seems to be a task of love—Haydn's exquisite Symphony in G (do you remember the finale? With what delight must the musician-author have listened to it for the first time, when it came knocking at his brain) is played throughout, and forms the *pièce de résistance*, breaking off occasionally to enable the singers to chime in with some of the charming school songs, which once heard can never be forgotten. Have you the like of "Old Towler" in Canada, of "Willow the King," "When Raleigh Rose," or "Forty Years On"? Personally, I cannot imagine any reward given by the world in after life that can come up to the position of the Head Boy here (to add to his other tremendous honours, he has just won a Balliol Scholarship) who has been good enough to stand up in his place and sing a verse or two all alone, and who received the thunders of applause given him by this admiring company with a red-faced

smile and downward bend of the head, which makes him doubly interesting. That his voice cracked occasionally, as did that of the handful of Sixth Form lads who had solos given them, only were proofs of their modest agitation in showing off before us: and how they made up for these trifling faults by the extra vigour they threw into the chorus! "Auld Lang Syne," too, was an enormous success in point of sound, and in "God Save the Queen" we all surpassed ourselves.

Across the road, in the Vaughan Library, built by Scott in 1845, there is an interesting portrait of Byron, painted by an artist called West, at Pisa, in 1821, I think; and there are others of Palmerston and Lord Herbert, and an admirable one by Richmond of Vaughan himself; here, too, there is a rare mezzotint of the well-known Reynolds of Sheridan (also a Harrow boy), and there are some curious relics of John Lyon, and prints a century or two old of the busy village on the top of the hill. But one of the most interesting sights which should not be missed is the Elizabeth Fourth Form room, where on the oak panels you will find cut numbers of distinguished names—Peel and Byron, Theodore Hook, Sheridan, Cardinal Manning, there are all their autographs; and if you want to hear a song delightfully sung listen to the boys as they rhyme of the doer and dreamer who were here at school together; and then, as you go down the leafy road to the station, you will carry away with you the pleasantest, cheeriest memories of these few July hours spent in the midst of an interesting unknown world, peopled almost entirely with lads in broad-brimmed straw hats and round jackets.

WALTER POWELL.

MORNING.

ANGELS pass to and fro,
And with their wings fan out the stars' soft glow,
And looking on the moon's sweet paling face they say
The mystery of the night gives place to day.

The trees all heard,
And tremulously the dewy leaves are stirred;
Bird voices their ecstatic notes prolong,
God's choristers pour forth their morning song;

And angel hands
In flushing eastern skies undo the bands
Of purpling amethyst, and open gates of pearl
And agate windows, and gemmed clouds unfurl;

And o'er Ontario's face
The colours of the flaming banners chase,
And streets of gold come down her sapphire way,
On which descends from heaven another day.

Burlington.

A. L. T.

SAUNTERINGS.

THE interest with which we speculate about genius is perennial. If the endowment came within the range of the knowable and the traceable, if it could be interpreted to the common mind as governed by fixed laws, if any finality could be predicted of it, speculation would cease and interest degenerate into that materialistic kind, with an eye upon results only. But it has been and remains our greatest marvel. The *ego* is a consummate wonder, but the *ego* obeys, develops, assimilates in a way we understand, or approach to understand, whether the process be a bodily, mental or spiritual one. Genius in the single, strange, beautiful flower of the *ego* put forth under all climates and conditions, that defies classification, laughs at scientific nomenclature, and puts all the wisdom of the botanists of civilization utterly to rout. They may watch its unfolding petals with the rest of us, and catch something of its divine fragrance, if their nostrils are not too full of the *afflatus* of their own importance, but here their dictionaries are impotent. The old heroic peoples whose language-legacy gave us such pomposity to clothe our ignorance with, forgot to leave satisfactory terms for the analysis of genius. They forbore to meddle with what was too high for them and looked unquestioningly to Olympus. But we have no Gods and we will meddle.

Yes, we have one God. But it is not easy for us to connect directly what we see of the works of genius with what we believe of the Divine Being. It must be His gift, since He has allowed it, the teachers would tell us, yet they would not argue just that way about sin, and genius, while it does not contrast so blackly with our mental picture of the Divine nature as moral obliquity does, is still almost as difficult to reconcile with the purposes of a Divine gift. We cannot tell how much of this difficulty is due to the many non-religious, if not irreligious, lives lived by men of genius which we have had to compare with the very few that have been illumined by a spiritual ray—doubtless a great deal. Yet there is something in the thing itself, as we observe it, that conflicts with our idea of a Heaven-sent boon. Excepting during a time in the world's history when art found no other means of expression, no other way of reaching the intelligence and appreciation of the people, genius has not been devoted, to any extent which could be called characteristic, to the service of Christianity. For the Florentines of the sixteenth century, all the humanities gathered in the churches. From the cherubs over their heads to the mosaics under their feet, all that genius could do for them was done here. Their luxurious souls expanded as readily, probably, to the mellow flickering of a candle set in the rich gloom around the feet of some saint girl with colour-

stones of permanent intrinsic value, as to the *Ora pro nobis* that fell sonorously upon their ears from the region about the altar. But art and religion have suffered a divorce; the motive of religious pictures is changed. Religion goes cold and naked to those who will receive her, and if she is honoured of art it is as some men marry, that their wives may add to the impressiveness of their worldly appearance. Where art was formerly used to the glory of religion, religion is now used to the glory of art. We all know Breton's beautiful "Communicants"—a religious observance. Pictured to memorialize it? No, to illustrate the genius with which Mr. Breton paints sunlight, and lilac bushes, and masses of white drapery.

In its creative power genius seems to encroach upon the divine prerogative. True, it cannot inspire vitality in the least of earth's millions of living things, but it can put life into a name and identity into a piece of work that will outlast a thousand generations of the highest order of creatures. Galatea can never tremble and flush into womanhood; but why should she? If she were a woman she would fade and die; being a statue she may be sure of a life which, compared with the earthly space of her human sister's existence, is a beautiful immortality. And thus it is not in the way of genius to be humble and simple. Rather, being conscious of a power and an identity out of the common, will it arrogate for itself conditions out of the common. Rather will it, knowing the intricacy and delicacy of any task appointed for it to do, take pains to be as subtle as possible in its relations with humanity, that it may be the better prepared. Genius is essentially of the earth also. It finds its inspiration in its mundane surroundings, whether the product be a sonnet to a garden flower, the painting of a cavalry charge, or a chapter in fiction giving the details of an obscure life. Its materials are all earthly, its finished work is often fleshly. Its chiefest joy is with these materials to achieve, its blankest despair that the ideal, which is the promise, can never be fully developed in the real, which is the performance. It seems to ordinary people such a refinement of intellectuality that it more than touches the spiritual, yet we have ample evidence that it is not the spiritual in the sense preached and prayed for. Take all the achievements of genius since we began to recognize it, and how many of them will be found to illustrate a single line of action directed by a single precept of the New Testament? No, it might even be risked that insomuch as genius finds ample cause for being, motive, satisfaction and reward in the development of its own powers, in that it places its possessor in a class incomparably higher than any aristocracy that owes its superior caste merely to some forerunner of stronger arm and greater rapacity than his fellows, in that it has instituted a sort of idolatry upon the earth. This endowment extraordinary is calculated directly to discourage the altruistic life enjoined by the Christian religion. It is a "power not ourselves" we may reflect, which does not "make for righteousness." Sometimes genius affiliates with the religious spirit, and then we get a Ruskin, a Beecher, a Pascal, or a Thomas à Kempis. Sometimes, but seldom, it is overthrown by the religious spirit, and bound to religious uses, as with that great modern interpreter of Christianity, Count Tolstoi. Since Tolstoi decided to place the control of his life in the hands of his soul, he writes no more novels. It remains to be seen whether he will write anything which will bear so unmistakably the stamp of genius.

Clearly it was much easier for the Ancients to give this strange quality origin in their passionate, partial, whimsical divinities than it is for us to place it in a Being whose attribute of moral perfection we have been almost exclusively taught to consider. The cup of Circe cannot reach us by the hand of Christ.

Speculation about genius has one direction, however, which will not be foiled. The secret of the divine spark of art in the poet, the painter, the sculptor is not humanity's to guess, is not even his to tell, but there is no unknowable depth in his moral nature. The genius stands apart, shrouded and still perhaps, save for the voice of the pen, the brush or the chisel; the man goes in and out among his fellows and they all know him. People who hear only the voice are consumed with curiosity about the other identity that is so intimately connected with it; people who know this identity to be a very human one soon grow deaf to the voice, perhaps depreciate it, become indifferent. And if A of the first class meets B of the second, his astonishment that B should place no higher value upon his privilege is no greater than B's that A should make such a fuss about knowing a man very little different from other men, except insomuch as he writes verses. By-and-by, when A has met several geniuses, and has been obliged to ticket just so many idols in the temple of his adoration, "Legs Clay," he begins to generalize about the species in public, and in private to keep from actual contact with just as many of his unticketed divinities as possible.

But the process by which A has been convinced of the necessity of cherishing his illusions has been full of disappointments. He had invested his geniuses with all the virtues of which he saw appreciation in their work—the chastity of the statute, the generosity of the hero, the honesty of the bit of landscape. To find his geniuses in actual working possession of, perhaps, quite the reverse of these qualities gives him anything but a pleasant surprise. He cannot understand this disassociation of the flesh and the spirit—nor can we. Perhaps that is not greatly to our shame since Balzac, that occult diviner of human subtleties, could not either. He says, you remember, commenting on Canalis: "This disconnection, whose phenomena are amazing, proceeds from an unexplored, possibly unexplorable mystery. The brain and its products of all kinds (for in art the hand of man is but a continuation of his brain) are a world apart, which flourishes beneath the cranium in absolute independence of sentiments, feelings, and all that is called virtue." And who should understand it, if not the creator of Canalis? Of only one single thing are we assured, that, being

that, genius, with its intensified perception, recognizes the artistic possibilities of certain phases of character and uses them, possibly to the very base profit of the individual through whom it works.

Of course this is not the modern realistic way of talking about genius at all. It is much more in accordance with the spirit of the time to deny to the old Latin abstraction even the dignity of an abstraction, except as signifying a "capacity for work," greater than the ordinary, perfectly explicable by certain cerebral theories. And yet, even in this disillusionizing age, there will come a time of year and a lapse, perhaps, from strict intellectual integrity, during which one likes to wonder the old wonders over again in a "sauntering" something like this. SARA J. DUNCAN.

WHERE A NOVELIST TOOK WHAT HE FOUND.

For many years past the writers who have violated their duty to their neighbour by "picking and stealing" his literary property, have defended their misdeeds by a saying that they wrongly attribute to Molière. Even respectable authors have so often misquoted the original words that they are now seldom, or never, correctly cited. The late Abraham Hayward in one of his amusing essays in the *London Quarterly Review* (that on "Dumas," published in July, 1871), wrote: "*Je prends mon bien où je le trouve*," was the unabashed avowal of Molière. . . . If we are to put faith in M. Dumas' assailants, he has pushed to extravagance the appropriation doctrine of Molière; he has rivalled not only the broom-maker who stole the materials, but the one who stole his broom ready made." So, also, in one of his "Echoes of the Week," Mr. Sala said: "Lord Beaconsfield, like Molière, and, in degree, like Dumas the elder, took his property wherever he found it, and that property lay loose in a great many literary pockets." A third writer, Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards, in an article on "Historic Phrases" (*Macmillan's Magazine*, November, 1876), says: "The writer of an extremely interesting article in *Fraser's Magazine* has shown that our author sometimes *prenait son bien*, like Molière, wherever he chanced to find it."

From these, and numerous other passages that might be quoted, the writers evidently believe that Molière's maxim was "*Je prends mon bien où je le trouve*." Molière, however, never said this, and, in fact, never could have said it. "Findings are keepings" is the phrase of a school-boy, not of a great author; and it would have been absurd of the French dramatist to call whatever he picked up "*mon bien*." What he really said has an entirely different meaning, as may be seen by reference to any biography of him. One of his early friends, Cyrano de Bergerac, incorporated in his play *Le Pedant Jové* (act ii. scene 4), a scene written by Molière which had been communicated to him in confidence. It contains the famous question, *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* Molière, on his return to Paris from the provinces where he had been staying, at once detected the theft, and in *Les Fourberies de Scapin* (where Gèronte several times asks the question above quoted), repossessed himself of his stolen property with the words: "*Je reprends mon bien où je le trouve*." The dropping of a single syllable has entirely changed the purport of the phrase, which was in no way intended to justify plagiarism. What Molière said (as Mr. Bent points out at p. 394 of "Short Sayings of Great Men"), was simply a translation of the principle of the civil law, *Ubi rem meam invenio, ibi vindico*.

In a recent number of the *Illustrated London News*, under the heading of "Our Note Book," Mr. James Payn, the well-known novelist, thus discourses on the subject of plagiarism: "A newspaper has been falling foul of a platform orator for applying an old joke to a modern circumstance without acknowledgment. 'Better late than never' is a proverb, I suppose, as applicable to the censure of plagiarism as to anything else; but that the journalist should feign astonishment at the offence, as though he had discovered a new crime, was surely superfluous. . . . Of course, there are a few orators of original wit, but, in front of most platforms one could stand, as Pirin did before the dramatic plagiarist, and take off one's hat twenty times to an old friend. . . . It is not only the platform, however, which plagiarises; the pulpit is almost as bad, and especially in the article of jokes; and it is very hard, considering how 'light literature' is looked down upon from both these eminences, how heavily they lay it under contribution. . . . Of course, literary people are often plagiarists; but their sin is pretty certain to find them out, or to be found out for them; whereas our orators and divines owe their most attractive features—their fireworks—to sources they do not condescend to indicate. I once ventured to point out to one who had made a very telling speech (not on my side) in the provinces, that three of his anecdotes could only have been said to be his own (and, indeed, one of them was mine), in the same sense that Shakespeare has been said to 'convey' things—by divine right of genius."

Mr. Payn is quite right in stating that, when literary people turn plagiarists, their sin is sure to find them out, or to be found out for them; but, whether, when he himself "conveys" the property of another, he does so "by divine right of genius," is another question. The answer to it may easily be found. One of Mr. Payn's latest novels is entitled *A Prince of the Blood*. Even in the opinion of good-natured people who believe that "a book's a book although there's nothing in't," the story, in almost all respects, is distressingly stupid and was in consequence, roughly handled by the critics. The *London Graphic*, to which Mr. Payn was contributing another novel when *A Prince of the Blood* was published, was constrained to remark: "The book has an air of having been written in very early youth—so early that good taste, common sense, and grammar, are still all to be acquired. The excessively mawkish relations between the heroine

and that noble savage, Prince Tarilam, "my Tarilam," as the lady comically calls him) would be particularly unpleasant to read about, but for the school-girl fashion in which they are described."

It is not easy to see in what way the school-girl fashion of description can benefit Mr. Payn's cause; but we are doubtless all willing to damn him with the faint praise of the *Graphic*. When the novel was reprinted by Harper, the *Boston Literary World* wrote thus: "The real entertainment of the book is not in the portrayal of the incomparable prince, but in the account of the voyage of the 'Ganges,' the terrible storms encountered and the wreck. The Island of Breda is a little Utopia, and Mr. Payn gives us a very good idea of its conditions."

Singularly enough it happens that the passages selected for praise by the critic are the very ones that Mr. Payn has carefully, and, in many cases, verbally stolen from an authentic description of an actual shipwreck. The following circumstantial evidence which is amply sufficient to convict any literary defendant, may be found in Vol. VII. of *Lives of the British Admirals, etc.*, by Dr. John Campbell; continued to 1816 by William Stevenson. (London: C. J. Barrington, 1817). At p. 190 of this volume we find a description of the wreck of the "Antelope," a packet of three hundred tons in the East India Company's service. The writer says: "In the morning the sky became overcast, with much thunder and lightning; the man who was on the look-out called 'Breakers!' and the call had scarcely reached the officer on deck when the ship struck. All was now in the utmost confusion and dismay, the captain and those who were in their beds sprang upon deck in an instant; a moment was sufficient to convince them of their melancholy situation, for the breakers alongside, through which the rocks made their appearance, presented the most dreadful scene. The ship taking a heel, she filled in less than an hour as high as the lower deck hatchways. . . . The captain directed that the gunpowder, small arms, bread, and such provisions as would spoil by wet, should be brought on deck while the masts were cut away for the purpose of easing the ship. The boats were hoisted out and filled with provisions; and every precaution was taken to enable the crew to get into them without confusion, when it became absolutely necessary. As the quarter deck lay highest out of water all the crew assembled on it, and the captain addressed them. Let us now see what Mr. Payn writes about the wreck of the "Ganges." I will quote from the Canadian Copyright Edition of the novel. (Toronto: William Bryce). At pp. 133-4 we read: "A little after midnight, and with heavy rain falling, the man on the look-out suddenly cried 'Breakers ahead!' and the call had hardly reached the officer on deck when the ship struck with terrific violence. The horror and dismay were universal. . . . All below, save the two ladies, were on deck in five minutes, and were thronging about the captain. . . . The 'Ganges,' which had survived so much, it was now plain was doomed. Every shock of the sea caused her a damage more or less vital. In less than an hour the water was as high as the lower deck hatchways, and moreover, she was heeling over to one side. The ammunition and provisions were, therefore, all brought up and placed under tarpaulins. The two remaining boats were hoisted out, supplied with arms, food, and water, and kept under the lee of the ship to receive the crew when she should go to pieces. . . . The quarter-deck resting on the rocks was almost clear of water. . . . Here the captain received them, while the crew stood around him in enforced inaction. The speeches of the captains in the two books are to the same purport. The crews are to be obedient to authority and to abstain from spirituous liquors. "After this," says Dr. Campbell, "two glasses of wine and a little bread were given to each individual." "The captain," writes Mr. Payn, "announced that two glasses of wine should be at once administered to every man, with a biscuit between them." Between what or whom? Between the "two glasses of wine," or between "every man?" Dr. Campbell's "given" is surely better than Mr. Payn's "administered."

At page 191, Dr. C. says: "When daylight appeared, a small island was seen to the southward at the distance of three or four leagues, and some other island to the eastward. The boats being put under the care of the chief mate were despatched to the principal island, and as soon as they departed, a raft was constructed, as the ship was hourly expected to go to pieces." Mr. P's account is much the same: "At last the dawn came, and disclosed a small island some miles away, with some larger ones much farther off to the eastward. The two boats were immediately manned, and sent on shore, . . . while, in the meantime, for the ship might at any moment go to pieces, those on board applied themselves to the construction of a raft." At page 192, Dr. C. says: "There was some danger in passing the surf, but that being cleared, they came into smooth water." Mr. P. writes: "When they had once cleared the reef, they found themselves in smoother water." The islands in both narratives have a secure harbour and fresh water; the crew in Dr. C's story "stove every cask of strong liquor," while in Mr. P's novel they "break in the heads of the spirit casks"—a difference without a distinction. Dr. C's natives (page 193): "Were of a deep copper colour; their hair was of a beautiful black colour, long and rolled up behind." Mr. P's savages are not unlike them: "Their colour was a fine bronze—their hair was black, and very luxuriant, though so neatly arranged and confined in braids and plaits that it was difficult to judge of its length." This might have been written by a 'penny-a-liner.'

At page 192, of the book that may be called C, for shortness, we find: "As soon as the natives approached the shore, they addressed them in the Malay language. . . . Soon afterwards, one of them asked in Malay, who the strangers were, whether friends or enemies; to which the captain desired Rose, who acted as interpreter in the ship, to answer, that they were unfortunate Englishmen who had lost their ship." At page 180, of the book of P., the same facts are thus related: "The captain directed the interpreter to address them in Malay. . . . Thereupon the native

... replied, 'Who are you, whom we find upon our 'Island of Flowers'; and are you at peace with us, or at war?' Then the interpreter replied, "that they were unfortunate Englishmen, who had lost their ship upon the reef." In both books presents are sent by the white people to the King of the savages. According to C.: "Mr. Wilson took with him a present to the King of a small piece of blue cloth, a canister of tea, one of sugar-candy, and a jar of rusks." P., *more suo*, expands this list as follows: "Gifts, too, of various kinds were forwarded to King Taril—a present of tea (which his Majesty, as it was afterwards discovered, took in pinches, raw, in preference to the usual decoction), a jar of sugar-candy, a pound of the sweet biscuits, which had given such pleasure to his subjects, and several yards of scarlet cloth."

It would be difficult, and, at the same time, tedious to point out all the coincidences between C. and P. A few must suffice as samples of the rest. At page 195 of C.: "The King's canoe advanced between four others, the rowers of which splashed the water about with their paddles, and flourished them over their heads in a very dexterous manner; and as the King passed, some canoes which had lain to, closed his train, and followed him into the cove, sounding conch shells." P. thus describes the scene: "The King's canoe which was of large size, with a raised platform in the centre, was coming up the harbour, with two others on each side of it, the occupants of which splashed the water with their paddles, and flourished them above their heads in a graceful and dexterous fashion, while at the same time they sounded conch shells, like mermen in attendance upon their sea-king."

At page 194 of C., we find: "Observing that he wore the polished bone of some animal, like a bracelet, on his wrist, the people wished to know on what account it was there; he informed them that it was a mark of great distinction conferred by the King, etc." P. at page 206, says: "Around the wrist of the former was a bracelet of polished bone, which, though of the simplest material and construction, implied in its wearer the possession of the greatest honour, etc." The following incidents are described in both books in a similar way: A flying bird is shot by a white man to the astonishment of the natives; a grindstone excites wonder by its novelty and rapid motion; and the white strangers are invited by the King to aid him with their muskets against his enemies. C. thus describes one of the victories (page 198): "The victory obtained by the King was greater than the preceding one; great execution had been done by the fire-arms, and the enemy could not comprehend how their people dropped without receiving a blow. Though holes were seen in their bodies, they could not devise how they were made, nor by what means they were thus at once deprived of life." P's account of the fight is as follows: "The effect of the discharge of musketry was amazing; the unaccustomed noise, and the flashes of the fire appalled the enemy; and when they saw their people drop without apparently receiving a blow, and perceived that they had holes in their bodies in which no spear was sticking, they broke and fled in the wildest disorder." A comparison of the two following passages will show the relation that C. and P. bear to each other. At page 202 of C. we read: "On his arrival Captain Wilson was invested with the order of the Bone, and formally made a Chief of the highest rank. Raa Kook, having received the bone from the King, anointed the captain's hand with oil, and endeavoured to get it drawn through the bone: other chiefs assisted; all preserving the most profound silence. The operation was difficult; but being at last accomplished, the whole assembly expressed their joy. The King told him that the bone ought to be rubbed bright every day, and preserved as a testimony of the rank he held among them, nor should it be suffered to be torn from his arm but with the loss of life." C's mention that "the operation was difficult," suggested at once to P. some low-comedy business, and accordingly we have the following ridiculous account of the "Investiture," destitute alike of wit, humour, and good taste. It occurs at pages 326, 7, 8: "The King had announced his intention to award the captain the high honour of 'the Bone,' an honour, as has been said, only bestowed upon the greatest chiefs. . . . The King and his nobles stood together apart, while the captain sat in front of them at a little distance; the King's brother advanced with the circlet, and inquired of him which hand he used in common." (Mr. Payn probably means "commonly, usually, ordinarily.") "The left wrist was elected for the proposed honour. Unfortunately, however, the captain's frame was somewhat thick-set, and the circlet not being elastic like a garter, had to be rasped away to fit it. Even then, it would not go on. Strings were therefore attached to the captain's fingers, and his hand having been plentifully lubricated with cocoa-nut oil, the King's brother held him fast by the shoulder, and three nobles, already decorated with the order, were set to work to pull at the strings. The most profound silence was preserved among the natives during this trying ceremony, and was only once broken by the captain, who, as the magic circlet was painfully compressed on the joints of his hand, was heard to murmur, 'Damn the bone.' The exclamation, however, was fortunately drowned in the shouts of applause that hailed the success of the operation. 'You will take care, I trust, said the King with dignified gravity, 'that this token of honour is rubbed bright every day, and preserved as a testimony of the rank conferred upon you; and I adjure you to defend it valiantly, and never to suffer it to be torn from your wrist save with the loss of life.'" In this vulgar style, with a coarse brush and glaring colours, Mr. Payn has bedaubed and spoilt the simple picture of the original artist. The "Antelope," the island of Pelew, and Prince Lee Boo in Dr. Campbell's volume are the prototypes of the "Ganges," the island of Breda, and Prince Tarilam of the novel. Subtract from it these stolen goods, and the remainder is zero. Mr. Payn owes the only "attractive feature" of his story "to sources that he does not condescend to indicate," and his case should be a warning to future novelists.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

THE SIREN OF THE WOODS AND WATERS.

THERE'S a dainty nymph within the forest dwelling,
That I worship with the ardour of a boy;
Though I woo her with a fond love all-compelling,
She's inconstant, oft-repellant, shy and coy.

Our trysts we keep not 'neath the moon's cold glances,
Or the starlight-twinkling beams from Cupid's eyes,
But she calls me where the sunlight brightly dances,
And her joyous laughter mocks at lover's sighs.

Do you ask me to describe this fairy creature,
And, Portia-like, dissect each matchless grace?
Though in my heart is treasured each loved feature,
Alas! I have not yet looked on her face.

I seek her in her haunts 'mid ferns and grasses,
Ask news of her from every living thing;
Anon I hear a rustling where she passes—
'Tis but the whir of partridge on the wing.

I watch her light canoe skim o'er the river,
I hear and see the paddles dip and flash—
'Tis but the sheen of water's rippling quiver,
Where rising fish leaps up with sounding splash!

When dreaming on my bed of fragrant cedar,
Of happy hours on lake or dewy mead,
I hear a sound as if some gentle pleader
Whispered "Woo me, come and follow where I lead."

I rush into the night in wild endeavour
To seize the prize the night-wind bears to me,
See but the scudding white mist driving ever,
Hear but the hooting owl upon a tree.

Though phantom-like my grasp she has eluded,
I see her footsteps printed everywhere,
By river-side or wooded dell secluded,
And I'm satisfied to know that she is there.

Shall I tell the little maid whose troth I plighted,
Of her mystic rival lurking in the wood,
Whose siren-voice sings in my ear delighted?
Destroy the charm I would not if I could!

Will she yield her place to this unwelcome stranger,
Or admit a rival claimant to the throne?
Must I choose between these loves, and love endanger,
Or can I hope to make them both my own?

Montreal.

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

LOST IN THE SNOWY WILDS OF THE UPPER OTTAWA:
MR. W——'S STORY.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago W—— was actively engaged in the lumbering business in this section of the country. The scene of his operations was the very furthest back that had yet been reached by any lumberers—there were none behind him, and all around was virgin pinery. His shanty was situated on the Quinze (as this part of the Ottawa where it flows into Lake Temiscaming from the east is called, on account of there being fifteen short but dangerous rapids in its course) and was six miles distant from McBride's Post of the Hudson Bay Company, on the extreme northern point of the lake. Here he was doing excellent work, and taking out a famous raft of large white pine.

While thus engaged, he was visited by a younger brother named Wetheral, who was also in the lumber business, though much further south on the Kepewa, which, at that time, was the field of extensive lumber operations by several wealthy firms. Wetheral foresaw that very shortly this country would be stripped of all its good pine, so he resolved to spy out the land further north and secure in time a fresh limit—hence the purport of his visit to his brother Ned.

Ned was delighted to see him, and entered cordially into all his plans; so they decided on having a grand "timber hunt," and made their preparations accordingly. These were simple enough—though the undertaking was, and is still, quite a formidable one even to the rough, hardy sons of the forest—and consisted mainly of blankets and provisions, but, as everything has to be carried on the back, the pack must be made as light and compact as possible. They took one of the W——'s men as a servant, a lusty, powerful Frenchman, called Big Joe, and provisions for eight days.

It was mid-winter, the weather severely cold, and the snowshoeing extremely heavy. For four days they travelled in a direction almost due north from W——'s shanty. They saw many groves of fine white pine, and were much pleased with the main features of the country, in a timber point of view. Satisfied with what they had seen and having gone as far as their stock of provisions would allow with safety, they resolved to return to the shanty. They did not however go back on their tracks; it would be a tedious and profitless business to retrace all their varied windings

among the pine groves they had examined, and their great object anyway was to see as much of the country as possible. So they struck out on a different route on their return tramp. Every now and then they came upon most enticing groves of pine which it was impossible to pass without examination. The country they traversed was even richer in pine of that superior grade of which they were in search than that which they had passed through on their outward bound trip. There was so much to attract the lumberman's eye and delight his fancy that they lingered and examined longer than was prudent or safe. As W—— said, "we would sometimes get to the top of a high mountain from which we would have a wide view of the country on every side, we would see perhaps several miles off a fine grove of pine; 'we must go and examine that Ned,' Wetheral would say, 'it would never do to go back without some idea of the quantity and quality of that grove.'"

Though it was against W——'s better judgment, still the attraction was too great, and go they did, and in this way repeatedly. Thus unknowingly to themselves they deviated from the proper course, and became more and more entangled in the pathless windings of that vast northern wilderness. In this way four days passed, and their stock of provisions was just about exhausted. Still so confident were they that they were travelling in the right direction, and rapidly nearing the shanty, that they felt no alarm. On the morning of the fifth day—the ninth out from the shanty—they ate the last scrap of their provisions, "and a mighty poor breakfast it was" said W——. They were so sure however of their course, and that they would reach the shanty that night by a forced march that they resolved to cache their blankets and any articles they had, and make a rush for it. They took nothing but the rifle, which W—— carried, and a small axe each by the others; thus in light marching order they set off in full confidence of reaching the shanty that night.

All day long they rapidly walked in the supposed true course till late in the afternoon, when Wetheral said to his brother, "Keep a sharp lookout, Ned, for a partridge, or a rabbit, I am getting awfully hungry." But neither rabbit nor partridge was to be seen.

Thus they tramped sturdily on till the near approach of night compelled them to halt, and yet no sign of the shanty, nor any familiar landmarks to indicate that they were in its vicinity. Perforce, therefore, they knew that they must make what preparations they could in the failing light to camp for the night. These were quickly made, and they made up their minds to pass the night as best they could in the circumstances. It was a dreary outlook—the night was bitterly cold, without blankets or a morsel to eat, nothing more dismal or depressing could be conceived. But they were not the men to lose heart or give way to useless forebodings. Such incidents are not of uncommon occurrence in the experience of backwoodsmen, and must be met and borne with patience and resolution. So they prepared to "tough it" for the night in the most practicable manner possible. It was agreed that they would take turns of two hours each of watching and sleeping, as it was a matter of imperious necessity that the fire should be kept fully replenished until daylight. Joe volunteered to take the first watch, and W—— and his brother gladly stretched themselves before the great cheery blaze and sought for the much needed repose, and almost immediately were wrapped in deep overpowering sleep. And now occurred what might have been a most tragical and fatal issue to them, and from which they escaped in an almost miraculous manner. Big Joe proved faithless. Left to himself, he soon became drowsy, and, after a few attempts to keep awake, succumbed, and almost unconsciously sank down by his companions in as profound a slumber as their own. The situation was a terrible one. The fire, un replenished by light dry wood, soon began to die away, and, with it, the lives of those three vigorous stalwart men. It was an awful and a pitiful sight. The temperature was probably thirty-five or forty degrees below zero, and the merciless cold, no longer moderated by the great blazing fire, was exerting its full deadly effect over those sleeping unconscious forms. Without any covering or protection, with upturned faces to the starry sky, they slept on hour after hour more deeply still into the sleep from which there would be no awakening. In the weird, solemn stillness of that almost Arctic winter's night, unbroken only by the sharp pistol snaps of the keen frost among the twigs and boughs, in the dense solitude of the piny forest they were sleeping their lives away as surely and hopelessly as mortal life can be lost. But it was not so fated. By some unaccountable influence which he could never understand, W—— suddenly awoke to consciousness and life, but that awakening, he said, was the most terrible experience he ever underwent. At first he thought he was dead—every limb and muscle was so benumbed with cold that he felt absolutely paralysed, and bereft of life and feeling. He had to pinch and pound himself to find out, as he said, "whether it was really himself in the flesh or not." The first thing that fully recalled him to his senses and to the horrors of his position was the stony whiteness of his companions' faces, apparently set in the rigid frozen cast of death. Then the active strong will-power of the man asserted itself, and with a great shout he leaped to his feet and began without stint or mercy to kick and pommel their senseless bodies. And none too soon was this vigorous method of resuscitation applied—in all probability in another hour it would have been a hopeless case with them. But gradually, and with many a grunt and groan and heavy sigh, life and full awakening came back to them. The fire was rekindled and soon made into a great roaring flame, and in its warming, cheering blaze they danced and leaped and shouted like maniacs till the circulation was fully restored, and they began to feel like live human beings once more. No more thoughts of sleep entered their heads that night, you may be sure, and with the first glimmer of daylight they resumed the tramp full of hopeful expectation of reaching the shanty in a few hours at the most. But it was not so to be. Mile after mile was covered, the hours slipped past until again the afternoon came round, and yet no sign

of the shanty, or any indications of being nearer to it. The cravings of hunger, intensified by fatigue and the keen frosty air, were painfully pressing. Wetheral's appetite was getting less fastidious.

"Ned," said he, "look out sharp for a woodpecker, or a squirrel, anything to eat."

"Yes," said Big Joe, "shoot an Indian if you see him. I am hungry enough to eat even him."

But not a living object came within observation; all was still and lifeless as a churchyard. But now the terrible thought began to take possession of their minds, though they hardly dared to utter it to one another, that they had lost their reckoning and true course, and were wandering they knew not where. The day had been overcast with black clouds since early morning, and they had no compass; in those days it was seldom carried by bushrangers, though now it is of more general use. At length Wetheral could no longer conceal his anxiety. "Ned," said he, "I believe you have lost the course; instead of going towards the shanty, for all we know we may be going the opposite direction, right for Hudson's Bay." But W——, in his positive manner, would not admit this, but was sure they were in the proper direction, and would likely reach the shanty that night if they would only "keep up the steam." So, after a short rest, they again pushed on at their very best speed.

But night and darkness, which put a stop to all travelling in the bush, again settled down upon them, and with wearied limbs and jaded spirits they made the necessary arrangements for passing another night in the snow around the fire. If their situation of the previous night was bad, it was tenfold worse now. With fierce hunger gnawing at their vitals, and limbs aching at every joint, and eyelids heavy as lead for want of sweet sleep, yet they knew that they dared not repeat the terrible experiment of the night before. No one could trust the other to keep watch while he slept, and sleep in their exhausted condition without fire meant death. Though they had plenty of tobacco, yet, when they lit their pipes, they found they couldn't smoke; their mouths and throats were so dry and parched that the smoke pained and stifled them. They did not dare even to lie down, for the moment the head got into a recumbent position sleep overpoweringly seized them. Not a friendly star shone out from the overcast sky to give them an inkling as to their whereabouts, or decide the miserable uncertainty as to their proper course. Thus, in alternate sitting and walking about the fire, and throwing on all the firewood they could gather, they passed the long dreary hours of that terrible night, until the welcome dawn broke through the darkness. Then the tramp was resumed, but with far less heart and spirit than the morning before. Though W—— still stoutly maintained that he knew where he was and that they were in the right direction for the shanty, still the others were thoroughly dispirited, and followed in his wake with listless and heavy steps.

About mid-day Wetheral, whose strained eyes were eagerly scanning the country on every side, suddenly gave a great shout and joyously called out: "There is the shanty at last. I can see the smoke rising over the top of the trees," and sure enough, a thin column of smoke could be distinctly seen about a mile off, at right angles to the course they were pursuing, in the direction to which he pointed.

"It can't be my shanty," said W——, "but it must be an Indian camp, and we'll get something to eat, anyway."

Hunger, fatigue and anxiety were all forgotten in the cheering prospect of succour and direction, and they quickly covered the ground between them and the column of smoke. But if ever men in such distressing circumstances met with a bitter and heart-breaking disappointment it was our friends. Instead of the outrush and loud yelping of dogs, and the usual accompaniments of an Indian camp, there was a stillness and dearth of all life which betokened something ominous and foreboding, which, alas, soon became evident. The smoke which had so cheered their hearts rose from a huge fallen pine, whose butt end was brightly burning, and in front of it, as near as she could sit without being burned, crouched an old and decrepit squaw, drawing tightly round her shivering body her scanty and ragged clothes. She was apparently over seventy years of age, and in the awful loneliness and solitude of the place seemed the very embodiment of desolation and misery. Our friends stood aghast at the spectacle. Their own trials and troubles were forgotten for a time as they gazed upon this awful picture of absolute wretchedness. With their experience of Indian life and manners they quickly understood what it meant. The old squaw had been abandoned by her friends; enfeebled by old age and infirmity she had been unable to travel, and had been left there to die in her loneliness and misery. No doubt the party may have been starving themselves and could do nothing for her; at least they had humanity enough left not to murder and eat her. With the exception of a few strings for snaring rabbits and a tin pail to boil them in, she was absolutely destitute, not a scrap of provisions, nor a blanket or covering of any kind except the rags she wore were to be seen. And yet she had lived on in this terrible destitution and exposure for some considerable time. They could see where she had camped first in a cedar swamp near by, but this becoming too cold from the scarcity of dry firewood she had set fire to this large standing dead pine, and, when burned through at the butt, it had fallen. She had slept at night in front of the burning trunk. As the fire gradually burned up the tree she had scraped away the ashes and slept on the warm ground underneath. They counted nine successive sleeping places, showing as many nights where she had made her bed, and as there were plenty of dead pine standing near there was no saying how long, provided she could snare a rabbit now and then, she might contrive to drag out her miserable existence. To all appearance she was in the last stage of dissolution, and seemed, in fact, almost insensible of their presence. They could neither make her understand their own destitution, nor get from her any information as to the direction they ought to go. They could do nothing for her,

and she certainly could do nothing for them. There was no resource then but to leave her in her misery as they found her, to die when the Good Father above willed, and no doubt in His mercy the sooner the better for her.

With heavy wearied limbs and still heavier hearts they turned away and set out again on their heartless and apparently hopeless tramp. Even W——'s stout heart was beginning to fail him, the awful spectacle they had just witnessed seemed a premonition of their own fate. If they were at all near his own shanty these Indians must have known it, and the old squaw would surely have made some effort to get to it. No matter what he felt about it however he made no sign to his companions, and still stoutly maintained that he knew where they were, and would before long arrive at the shanty. No doubt his own forebodings were doubly felt by the others, though they too kept their mouths shut, and stolidly and weariedly trudged on. At length after some hours Wetheral fairly succumbed, and throwing himself on the snow declared he could go no further. "Ned," said he, "you are all wrong, instead of going south towards the shanty we're going fair north toward Hudson's Bay. For my part, I won't stir another step—I may as well die at once and comfortably."

His brother's despondency, and pitiable condition instead of dispiriting had the effect of rousing the full energy of W——'s determined headstrong character.

"Wetheral," he exclaimed, "this will never do, I feel, as sure as we are standing here, that we are close to the Quinze Lake, and that we will reach home some time to-morrow."

"Suppose we strike the lake, how far will we have to travel then," asked Wetheral.

"Not more than sixteen miles."

"Sixteen miles," he replied, "that I can never walk, and as you can't carry me, here I must stay. I'll tell you however what you can do, you and Joe push ahead for the shanty, and send back food and help for me—I'll tough it alone here for a day or two longer, but travel further I can't and won't, even though I was sure you were in the right direction."

His brother's determination, which he saw he could not overcome, placed W—— in a sad position. He knew well that, left alone, he would quickly fall asleep, and that was certain death: and yet it was just as terrible an alternative to remain with him, and was simply destruction for all of them. Joe however in a most unexpected manner relieved his difficulty. "I will remain," said he, "with Mr. Wetheral—you who alone know the country can push on ahead for help—the two of us can manage to keep up the fire, and keep each other awake until you can send back for us."

W——'s quick mind saw at once that this arrangement was the best in the circumstances, and in fact the only practicable one. Left alone also to pursue the journey he felt that he could travel with much greater speed, for latterly the lagging footsteps and half-hearted movements of his companions had seriously retarded the pace. So, with many injunctions to them to keep awake, and occupy themselves in cutting and carrying firewood, he bade them good-bye, and with a cheerful and even jaunty manner, but with a sad and heavy heart, he set out on his solitary tramp, for he felt almost sure in his own mind that he would never see them again. When things however are apparently at their very lowest and darkest pass with men it often happens that they suddenly improve and brighten. So it now turned out with our friends.

The falling in with the old squaw was undoubtedly the means, under Providence, of their salvation: the turning off at right angles towards the smoke of her camp had deviated them from the wrong into the true course, and now, though unknown to himself, W—— was rapidly nearing the happy goal of relief and deliverance. After he had walked about two miles, the broad expanse of the Quinze lake suddenly burst upon his view. With a glad shout and a hurried run, he soon assured himself of the reality of his now hopeful position. It was the Quinze indeed, and the open direct road to his own snug shanty. But blessings, like evils, often come double. The shore of the lake is here a marshy swamp, and thickly overgrown with high-bush cranberries, and upon their hard, frozen fruit

W—— pounced with all the wolfish avidity of his famished stomach. And, strange as it may sound, they gave immediate relief and satisfaction. Then, filling his pockets, he eagerly retraced his steps towards his companions.

In the relief and joy of his heart, he kept shouting, and firing off his rifle as he bounded along. Never in all his experience of backwoods hunting and adventure had he felt such unbounded delight and exhilaration of spirit. Fatigue, famine, and cold were as completely forgotten as if they had never existed. When he arrived within sight of them, he hoisted his cap on the end of his rifle, and joyously waved to them to come on, which, you may be sure, they made no delay in doing. As they came up they kept shouting, as with one voice, "What is it? what is it? Have you shot a moose?" "No," he replied, "but I have got high-bush cranberries." "Oh, that's no good," said Joe, "too hard, too cold." "Try them and see," said W——; "I feel first-rate after eating them." This they did, and fully agreed with him. Wetheral thought that he could walk the sixteen miles if he could get a few more by the way. That night they camped by the side of the lake. At daybreak they started. They had eaten to repletion of the berries, and felt comparatively refreshed.

That morning they were able to smoke for the first time, and with their pockets filled with the berries, they set out with light and confident hearts for what they now knew for a certainty was their last day's tramp.

At ten o'clock that night they reached the shanty, a trio of as haggard, pinched-faced and wearied men as ever entered a shanty door. Wetheral and Big Joe had to keep their bunks for some days before they recovered from the effects of their terrible exposure and privation, but W—— was none the worse, and the very next day went some distance off to attend to some important work.

JOSHUA FRASER.

ES IST BESTIMMT IN GOTTES RATH.

It is decreed in Heaven's law
That what man loves best must withdraw
And lost be;
Though nothing in the world's course is
So sore to heart, alas, as this is,
"To part thee."

A rosebud fair to thee was given,
In water it to keep hast striven?
Yet know thou,
Though full blown it will be at prime,
'Tis withered quite by even-time,
This know thou.

Has God on thee a love bestowed?
To inmost heart has't found its road?
As thine own;
Eight boards the coffin weird will make,
Thou leav'st her there, thy heart will break,
O bitter moan!

But thou must rightly understand,
Yes, understand,
When friends from friends are riven apart,
They gaily say to grieving heart,
We'll meet in that far land,
We'll meet in that far land.

A. T.

IN AND ABOUT GALT: A HOLIDAY PAPER.

THE summer season is, all over the world, a season of flitting, and, of late years, instead of the annual journey by land and water, by which so many of our friends used to wend their way to far Cacouna and farther Tadousac, the vast majority now-a-days find the lovely lake region of Muskoka an ever-increasing attraction, and many thousands pass their days in the delightfully easy-hard-work idleness of "camping out." But few know of the lovely scenery of quite another kind which can be enjoyed in an interior county of our own Province of Ontario.

Let us therefore "see what can be seen" in one of the long-settled townships not more than two hours' journey from Toronto. The township itself was settled by a Scottish Laird in the very beginning of the century, with a liberality which appears not to have many imitators, perhaps not so much from lack of enterprise as of means. The peasants with their families were brought out in large numbers, and different indeed in those days must have been the surroundings of a group of emigrants on a sailing vessel, as contrasted with the modern comfort of a huge steamship, which bears its hundreds coming to settle haphazard in a country of which they know so little, that the knowledge they think they possess serves them ill. The lands in the former case were justly apportioned, money was lent on such terms that it was easily made just use of, log houses were built, wells dug from the springs which intersected the hill sides; and, in a few years, golden crops were flourishing in the place formerly occupied by the virgin forests. Year by year the Laird came to the county town to receive his rents and interest on the borrowed sums, and to this day can be seen the old log cabin which was used by his Lairdship as an office, wherein to transact his business, hear complaints, and judge fairly between disputants. But all this has changed, and the office is almost hidden between substantial stone buildings and modern brick houses. The town itself is built on either side of a river, along whose banks is heard to-day the busy hum of machinery from the factories, the products of which are amongst the most valued in the Canadian market. Stone quarries are numerous, and the houses built of brick have an unsubstantial appearance as compared with the beautiful grey and blue stone which gives the surrounding an almost old world look. Crossing the river on one of the three broad bridges which add to the picturesque appearance of the town, a road winds up a steep hill on which are some handsome residences recently built, and some distance behind them, with beautiful rolling ground between, rises a forest of noble trees, still unscathed by the hand of the speculator. Now the road winds to the right, and in a short time a scene of pastoral beauty difficult to surpass anywhere is before our eyes.

In the spring with fresh green verdure unsoftened by heat or dusk; in the long summer days with the harvest moon high in the heavens; or in the autumn with the glorious tints of the Canadian fall, it is a lovely panorama, produced in great part by man's industry. The homesteads with solid walls of soft grey tint, veiled often by the masses of Virginia creeper; near by, the huge barns, through whose open doors comes the glimpse of fragrant hay, and golden wheat; perhaps, the busy whirr of the thrasher; the fields of crops all ready to be "garnered in;" the patient horses drawing the swift reaper in straightest line through the upstanding stalks, the next moment casting out the sheaves in even rows, to be stacked by busy hands—all is a scene which painters have ever loved.

Turning in at a large gate, we can mount up still higher, and passing through a densely wooded glade of beech, elm, and evergreens of every kind, we catch a glimpse of a fine mansion of dark red brick, faced with white stone, wherein the owners of this charming place come to spend each summer. We are, however, bound for a summer-house from which an artist might indeed study such effects of light and shade as are seldom seen. Two rivers are apparently speeding on their way through a fair,

open valley, but, after being some distance apart, suddenly make friends, join forces, and rush hastily down in a broad stream, widening into the river on which the town has been built. In the valley are fields of golden wheat, interspersed with green meadows, with spreading trees under which are the lazy cattle enjoying such pasture, studded with yellow daisies and buttercups and rich marshy grasses, as seldom falls to the lot of cows.

Or, some few miles away, on the other side of the river, we can drive for an hour into the interior, sometimes with the forest shade on all sides, finally coming into view of a lovely little blue lake, with its peaceful waters surrounded by deeply wooded banks. In the centre of this tiny inland sea is a large island, to which you can, if so inclined, row yourself, and have a sylvan repast in the shape of afternoon tea made in rustic fashion, with a gipsy kettle singing over a camp fire.

Here we may enjoy ourselves very quietly but thoroughly, with a book, varied by lazy looks into the calm depths of the water, and later, the harvest moon will smile benignly down on the wayfarer from town, as he wends his way homeward, thinking how delightful it is to "live in the country."

Ontario, mayhap, has many such haunts, unvisited still, but the fresh hill-air, and keen scent from the pines in this region go far to make one grateful that Canadians can have the much-looked, and, longed-for "change" without traversing weary miles by land and water.

M. F. GRANT.

RELIGION IN GERMANY.*

WHEN the modern agnostic or materialist self-complacently declares that religion has had its day and is no longer a power in human society, the wish is undoubtedly father to the thought; and, however true the statement may be as a prophecy—which we greatly doubt, and of which no one can be sure—it certainly does not give a correct view of the actual state of things. There is no country in which religion is not an active power. There is no kind of Government under which the leaders or followers of public opinion do not need to take account of its influence. When, therefore, we are told that the domains of religion and of politics must be kept distinct, there is a sense in which this is true; but there is a deeper sense in which they cannot be separated, however much we may try.

We may go further and say that we who live on this side of the Atlantic, if we would deal intelligently with the problems, social and religious, which present themselves for solution, must acquaint ourselves with the currents of thought which are generated in lands remote from our own. In no respect are we less independent than in the formation of our religious opinions and sympathies; and perhaps there is no country which has so powerfully influenced English religious thought as Germany and its writers. This, of course, is obvious enough as regards the great Reformation movement; but, if it is less obvious, it is not less true in regard to the most recent times.

English religion has received three great impulses during the last century and a half, and every one of them is traceable, more or less, to German influence. The Evangelical movement, headed by Wesley, was profoundly affected by that great leader's contact with the Moravians; and there is no English-speaking communion—even to English Roman Catholics—in which that movement is not a present power. With regard to the other two movements, the Oxford and the so-called Broad Church, it is an entire mistake to imagine that they concern the Church of England alone. Presbyterians, Methodists, and Congregationalists (not to mention lesser denominations) have felt the influence of the school which sent us back to the study of the ancient Church, of that which inculcated the necessity of a more dignified service, and of that which has done much to break down the old stereotyped and inflexible theories of the inspiration and interpretation of the Scriptures. The preachers of every Christian Society speak a language which would puzzle their grandfathers, if they could hear it. The *Zeitgeist*, as Mr. Matthew Arnold called it—the Spirit of the Age has breathed upon them, and they can never go back to the modes of thought and speech which were current a century ago.

And whence have come those two potent influences of which we have spoken? In great measure from Germany. To Coleridge has been assigned the parentage of Tractarianism and modern Latitudinarianism alike; and, although some of his disciples have indignantly resented the ascription to him of the former, they are only half justified in their contention. And Coleridge, beyond all question, received his principal inspiration from Germany. But it was not merely indirectly, through Coleridge, that the Tractarians received German influence, but directly, by the study of German theological literature. Dr. Pusey himself was deeply interested in this study, and both he and Hugh James Rose published books on the subject.

Still more obvious is the influence of Germany on the latest of the three schools. Arnold was an actual student of German literature; and Frederick Maurice was not merely the devoted disciple of Coleridge, but was even more familiar than his master with the sources from which he drew his inspiration. We might add many names to these, as those of the Hares and Frederick Robertson and Trench, the last of whom, although he latterly became more distinctly Anglican in tone, never lost the spirit of his earlier days and associates.

These thoughts have been suggested by a perusal of a very interesting pamphlet by a distinguished German divine, Dr. W. Beyschlag, of Halle, on *Religion and Modern Society*, the modern society being that of Germany. Dr. Beyschlag acknowledges the great difficulty of the task which

he has undertaken. There are, indeed, he says with truth, few more difficult undertakings than the endeavour to feel the religious pulse of the present, especially when we are trying to estimate not merely the force of the stroke, but its healthiness or unhealthiness. This attempt, however, must be made, and Dr. Beyschlag has done it in a spirit of earnest fairness—resolute, to the best of his ability, to understand and interpret the facts before him, and not to substitute his own fears and hopes, his own inclinations and antipathies for these facts.

We feel the more confidence in accepting the guidance of Dr. Beyschlag, that he is neither optimist nor pessimist. He is neither so in love with the present that he can see no evil in it, nor such an alarmist that he can see but little good. As far as he goes, his words have a kind of self-evidencing power in them; and, although he may not tell us all, we feel that what he tells us is true.

On one point the author gives testimony which will surprise those who have been accustomed to hear of the general neglect of church-going in Protestant Germany. The church-life of Germany, he says, at the beginning of the present century, was in a state of deep depression, but has now greatly revived. Whilst he admits that, more particularly in the country, there is a good deal of merely conventional church-going, among the educated classes in towns the churches have "filled a hundred fold." To those who have any really deep knowledge of the German spirit this testimony will have peculiar significance. There is no people in the world in whom personal religion is so little necessarily connected with church-going as the Germans. Their intense subjectivity seems to keep alive within them a sense of the unseen and infinite without the aid of external ordinances. In this respect they differ altogether from the French, who seem incapable of religion without the constant presence of the outward witness and means of grace. The revival of attendance upon church ordinances, therefore, would seem to show a quickened sense of the corporate character of Christian life.

The next point that Dr. Beyschlag notices, as of hopeful omen, is the rich religious literature which Germany produces and the great demand for it which exists. And this is proof of no mere speculative interest, for there has been a corresponding increase of Christian activity in all good works. With respect to the influence of religion in the political sphere, he admits that its character is equivocal; but, on the whole, he judges that, even if sometimes the results are unwelcome, yet the very fact that religion exercises so powerful an influence is an evidence of its reality and power.

There is, however, a darker side to the picture, and he does not hesitate to bring it into relief. Referring to the charge against Protestant Germany, that it is honeycombed by unbelief and doubt, he retorts that among Roman Catholics there is an immense amount of religious indifference and naturalistic unbelief, and this even among the priesthood, whilst he maintains that the absence of ecclesiasticism among Protestants is no evidence of the absence of religion. To this we have already referred, and it can be denied by no one who really knows the national character.

Further, he confesses and laments the growth of an irreligious spirit in certain political movements, in the Art of the country which is too little directed by a religious motive, in the poetical literature, and especially in the scientific writings of the day, many of which are positively atheistic in their tendency. At the same time he draws attention to the greater public liberty which is now enjoyed with respect to the profession or the neglect of religion and church by reason of which many who would, at one time, have been silent on their unbelief will now not hesitate to declare it. This is a point well worth noting, and it is as notable among ourselves and in every other Christian country as in Germany.

Dr. Beyschlag then proceeds to point out some of the consequences of the loss of the religious spirit and passes on to comment upon the results of the Vatican Council and its decrees. To this matter we may be able to return. For the present we can only remark on the very striking correspondence between the condition of Germany and that of other Protestant countries. Everywhere there is (with unimportant exceptions) the same increased vitality in regard to church life as distinguished from personal religion. Religious literature was never more abundant; was never of a higher, purer, more intellectual character. Never were there more numerous institutions for the alleviation of the ills of humanity, or for the advancement of the moral and spiritual interests of the community.

It may be that the darker influences are prevailing. We cannot prophesy. But at least we are bound to take note of all the facts and all the tendencies which are at work. By-and-by we may be better able to estimate the probable outcome of the present state of things.

SINCERE protests against dialect writing have been made by wise critics, who have seen lurking in it a danger to the dignity and refinement of our literature. This danger is the less serious because it arises solely from the fact that dialect has become the fashion. Like other fashions it has been overdone; and it cannot live long, when, a time apparently near at hand, its real merits are universally obscured by glaring incongruities and strivings after purely external or verbal effects.—*Current.*

THERE are few things more productive of evil in society than a suspicious disposition. He who is always on the watch for wrong-doing actually fosters it. He may fancy that he is a foe to evil, but in truth, by letting it dwell in his mind, he becomes its promoter. The gross injustice he does to the innocent is but part of the injury. He stirs up resentful feelings, destroys friendship, embitters intercourse, sows seeds of distrust everywhere, poisons both his own happiness and that of many others.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

* *Die Religion und die Moderne Gesellschaft.* Von Willibald Beyschlag. Halle, 1887.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

AMERICAN STATESMEN. Edited by John T. Morse, Jr. **GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.** By Theodore Roosevelt. **MARTIN VAN BUREN.** By Edward M. Shepard. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. About 400 pp.; \$1.25.

These compact little volumes, with admirable indices, are a part of a series which will make not only a political history of the United States but a personal history of the men who contributed most to the making of the United States. Gouverneur Morris was born in New York when New York was a colony, and was a young man of some local distinction when the revolt of the colonies occurred. His career was almost entirely political and diplomatic. His biographer sums up his life work in the closing sentences of the volume before us: "He took a prominent part in bringing about the independence of the colonies, and afterwards in welding them into a single powerful nation, whose greatness he both foresaw and foretold. He made the final draft of the United States Constitution; he first outlined our present system of national coinage; he originated and got under weigh the plan of the Erie Canal; as minister to France he successfully performed the most difficult task ever allotted to an American representative at a foreign capital." The story of his life in Paris is particularly interesting.

Van Buren was born only a few years after the Declaration of Independence. Bred to the profession of law, he filled many political positions until, in 1836, he was elected to the Presidency. He was the first President born after the Revolution; and to a certain extent his presidential career is of interest to Canadians, as it was during his occupation of the White House that the seizure of the *Caroline*, and the international difficulties arising therefrom occurred. Several pages are devoted to the "Canadian Insurrection," but neither the causes nor incidents of it are adequately described. Van Buren lived until after the civil war began, but died before it closed, when he was in his eightieth year.

MISSOURI: A BONE OF CONTENTION. By Lucien Carr. American Commonwealth Series. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company. pp. 377. \$1.25.

The State of Missouri, although admitted into the Union within the memory of men now not more than middle aged, is historic ground. It is possible that the Spaniards, in their quest for gold, traversed its rivers and forests a hundred and fifty years before the adventurous Frenchmen made their way from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, by way of the Mississippi valley. Frenchmen, if not the first discoverers of the Mississippi, were the first to map it out and make it known to the world. Daring French adventurers and resolute French priests penetrated wilds untrodden save by the Indians and the game on which they subsisted. Joliet, Marquette and La Salle have given the great central watercourse of the North American continent an interest little less than romantic. Other men have made the history of Missouri of unusual interest in the stories of "American Commonwealths." This story is evidently told by a Southerner, or by one with strong Southern sympathies. Canadian sympathisers with the Northern cause in the American Civil War regard John Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame, as a hero and martyr. The author of this book, perhaps with a better knowledge than we possess, gives some shades to the picture which may startle many of our readers. On page 255 he says: "With this successful foray John Brown's career in Kansas and on the border came to an end. On each of his visits to the territory his path had been marked with blood; and yet . . . his course does not appear to have called forth a word of protest from his Northern admirers. Instead of meting out to him the treatment due to a monomaniac or a fugitive from justice, they received him as a sort of popular hero. His murders were either denied or justified, the attempts which he and his friends successfully made to resist arrest were characterized as battles, and philanthropic gentlemen were found in Boston and elsewhere who did not hesitate to supply him with 'material aid,' though they must have known that the schemes in which he was engaged, robbery certainly, and probably murder, were essential to success. In their sympathy for 'bleeding Kansas'—made so by crimes for which they were largely responsible—they seem to have forgotten that even in so good a cause as a crusade to prevent the formation of another Slave state, the end did not justify the means."

Queries for August has portraits of M. G. McClelland, Louisa M. Alcott, Marietta Holly and William Dean Howells, with biographical sketches of Howells, Mrs. Laura C. Holloway, and Miss Holley (Josiah Allen's wife).

The *English Illustrated Magazine* for August has for frontispiece an engraving of "The Parish Clerk," from Gainsborough's picture in the National Gallery. "A Rugby Ramble" gives an interesting account of the famous English Public School. This article and that on "Post-Office Parcels and Telegraphs" are illustrated, but pictorially this number is unusually meagre.

St. Nicholas for August is an out-door number. The story of "Two Little Confederates" is continued and increases in interest. Mr. E. J. Stevenson tells all that is known about the sea serpent, and Mr. E. S. Brooks describes "A Roman Man-o'-war's-man." "Little Moccasin's Ride on the Thunder Horse," "The Bell-Buoy's Story," and the "Account of Mr. Crowley" are pleasant reading.

In the August number of *Macmillan's Magazine* the leading paper is by Prof. Goldwin Smith. It is entitled "Straining the Silken Thread," and is an argument against Imperial Federation from a Canadian point of view, suggested by a recently published article by Mr. Wise, lately Attorney-General of New South Wales. In the same number is a paper on the late Principal Shairp by Chief Justice Lord Coleridge, and one "On Some Letters of Keats," by Sydney Colvin. A story, "Cressy," by Bret Harte, is commenced.

The frontispiece of the August *Century*—the Midsummer Holiday Number—is a portrait of George Kennan, whose Siberian articles have attracted so much attention. In this number he describes his "Meeting with the Political Exiles." A new serial entitled "A Mexican Campaign," by Thomas A. Janvier, is commenced. "The Graysons" is concluded, and Colonel Johnston has a bright short story entitled "The Experiments of Miss Sally Cash." A biographical sketch of Mr. Kennan, by Anna Laurens Dawes, an article on "Sidereal Astronomy," by Prof. Holden, and "The Pulpit of To-day," by Lyman Abbott, are other attractive features of this number.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A FORTNIGHT OF FOLLY. New York: John B. Alden. Cloth, 140 pp.; 50 cts., post, 8 cts.
NAPOLÉON SMITH. Canadian authorised edition. Toronto: William Bryce; 25 cts.
ALDEN'S MANIFOLD DICTIONARY. Vol. VII. Calvin—Cevennes. New York: John B. Alden.
ENGLAND AS SHE SEEMS. By an Arab Sheik. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co.
BOOK OF DAY DREAMS. By Charles Leonard Moore. Philadelphia: Press of J. B. Lipincott Company.

LIFE. By Count Leo N. Tolstoi. Authorized translation by Isabel F. Hapgood. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

POWER AND LIBERTY. By Count Leo Tolstoi. Translated from the French by Huntington Smith. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

THE LONG EXILE, AND OTHER STORIES FOR CHILDREN. By Count Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian. By Nathan Haskill Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

THE POETRY OF THE FUTURE. By James Wood Davidson, M.A. New York: John B. Alden. Cloth, 182 pp.; 60 cts., post 5.

TURBANS AND TAILS; or, Sketches in the Unromantic East. By Alfred J. Bamford, B.A. London: Sampson Son, Marston, Searle and Rivington.

POLITICAL ESSAYS. By James Russell Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 326 pp.; \$1.50.

NOBODY KNOWS; or, Facts that are not Fictions in the Life of an Unknown. By A Nobody. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: Methodist Book Room. 290 pp.; \$1.25

A WINTER PIONIC. The Story of four months' outing in Nassau, told by the letters, journals and talk of four picnickers. By J. and E. E. Dickenson and S. E. Dowd. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

R. D. BLACKMORE, who has lately lost his wife, is living at Yedington, not far from London. Mr. Blackmore is very fond of country life, and owns and cultivates one of the largest market gardens in Great Britain.

MESSRS. CUPPLES AND HURD have published "The President and His Cabinet," a Campaign volume, indicating the progress of the Government of the United States under the administration of Grover Cleveland.

FOR the first time in its history *The Century* will devote a single issue—the forthcoming September number—largely to educational themes. Other distinctive features of the magazine, the Lincoln history, Siberian papers, fiction, etc., will, however, be retained.

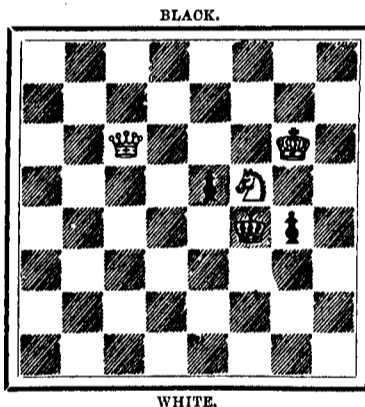
ROBERT BROWNING is certainly a man of many nations. Through his four grandparents he can claim kindred with the Scotch, the Germans, the Creoles, and the English. The poet was educated at the University of London. Mr. Browning is said to look very like a successful merchant, or a bank president, a fact that causes great sorrow to his many admirers who would have him more dreamy and generally melancholy in appearance.

THE Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln, Johnson and Arthur, has written for the September number of *Scribner's Magazine* a paper entitled "Memories of some Contemporaries," in which he recalls his impressions of eminent men with whom he has been acquainted in the course of his half century of public life. It is said that his reminiscences of Beecher, Chase, Lincoln, Fessenden and Arthur are remarkably entertaining, and throw new light on some of the public crises with which these men were closely connected.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 279.

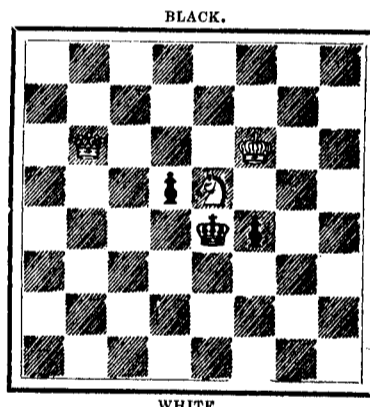
From *Quebec Chronicle*.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 280.

From *Quebec Chronicle*.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 273.

White.
R-B 5

No. 274.

White. Black.
 1. Kt-K 5 K x R
 2. Kt from B 4-Q 3 P x Kt
 3. Kt-Kt 4 mate.
 If 1. K-B 1 etc.
 K moves.
 2. Kt-K 4
 3. R-K 1 mate.
 R should be on K 3 instead of Q 3.

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White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 3	13. Kt-Kt 3	Kt x Kt
2. P-Q 4	P-Q 4	14. B P x Kt	B-Kt 3
3. Q Kt-B 3	B-Kt 5 (a)	15. B-K 3	P-K B 4
4. P x P	P x P	16. P x P en pas	R x P
5. Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	17. Q-R 5	P-Kt 3 (c)
6. B-Q 3	Kt-B 3	18. Q-R 6	B-K B 4
7. Castles	Castles	19. B-Kt 5	Q-K B 1
8. Kt-K 2	Kt-K 2	20. Q-R 4	R-K 3
9. Kt-K 5	Kt-Kt 3	21. R x B (d)	P x R
10. P-K B 4	Kt-K 5 (b)	22. R-K B 1	P-K 6
11. P-B 3	B-R 4	23. R x P	Q-Q 3
12. B x Kt	P x B	24. B-B 6 and Black resigns.	

NOTES.

- (a) This move is not good now, because Black cannot without disadvantage exchange his B for Kt; the B is required at Q 3 in this opening.
- (b) An unwise move, as Black must lose his centre P after the exchange.
- (c) This does not improve matters, there is however no satisfactory move; B-Q 2 seems the least objectionable.
- (d) Finely played; the game is finished in excellent style by Mr. Steinitz.

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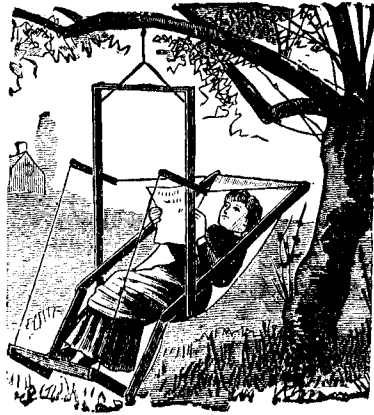
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MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

Contents for August, 1888.

Portrait of ROSCOE CONKLING, *Frontispiece.*

Roscoe Conkling. His Home in Utica. Illustrated. Rev. Isaac Smithson Hartley, D.D.

About Philadelphia in 1750. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb.

Personal Recollections of General Grant. Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman.

The Conquest of the Malays. Part III. Conclusion. Alice D. LePlongeon.

Incidents of Border Life in Ohio. Louis Wetzel. E. W. B. Canning.

An Englishman's Pocket Note-book in 1828. What He Saw in America. Part V. **Journal of Lieutenant Tjerk Beekman, 1779.** James R. Gibson, Jr.

A Frenchman's Estimate of Washington in 1781. Unpublished Portrait and Letters. Illustrated.

Taking Arsenic in the Court Room to Win a Case. The famous criminal lawyer, John Van Arnam. A. D. P. Van Buren.

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