

THE WEEK:

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Seventh Year
Vol. VII, No. 38.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 22nd, 1890.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 cents

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Paid-up Capital, - - \$6,000,000
Reserve, - - - - - 800,000

DIRECTORS:

GEO. A. COX, Esq., President.
JOHN I. DAVIDSON, Esq., Vice-President.
Geo. Taylor, Esq., W. B. Hamilton, Esq.,
Jas. Crathern, Esq., Matt. Leggat, Esq.,
John Hoskin, Esq., Q. C., LL.D., Robert
Kilgour, Esq.,
R. E. WALKER, General Manager.
J. H. PLUMMER, Assist. Gen. Manager.
ALEX. H. IRELAND, Inspector.
G. de C. O'GRADY, Assistant Inspector.
New York—Alex. Laird and Wm. Gray Ag'ts.

BRANCHES Sarnia, Sault S. Marie, Goderich, Guelph, Simcoe, Hamilton, Stratford, London, Stratford, Brantford, Toronto, Orangeville, Thorold, Walkerton, Ottawa, Walkerville, Perth, Peterborough, Windsor, St. Catharines Woodstock.

East Toronto, cor. Queen St. and Bolton Avenue; North Toronto, 791 Yonge St.; North-West Toronto, cor. College St. and Spadina Avenue; 448 Yonge St., cor. College St.; 546 Queen St. West.

Commercial credits issued for use in Europe, the East and West Indies, China, Japan and South America.

Sterling and American Exchange bought and sold. Collections made on the most favourable terms. Interest allowed on deposits.

BANKERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.
Great Britain, The Bank of Scotland; India, China and Japan, The Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; Paris, France, Lazard Freres & Co.; Brussels, Belgium, J. Mathieu & Fils; New York, The American Exchange National Bank of New York; San Francisco, The Bank of British Columbia; Chicago, American Exchange National Bank of Chicago; British Columbia, The Bank of British Columbia; Australia and New Zealand, The Union Bank of Australia; Hamilton, Bermuda, The Bank of Bermuda.

QUEBEC BANK.

ESTABLISHED 1818.

HEAD OFFICE, - QUEBEC.

Board of Directors.

R. H. SMITH, Esq., President.
W. M. WITALL, Esq., Vice-President.
SIR N. F. BELLEAU, K.C.M.G.
JNO. R. YOUNG, Esq., GEO. R. RENFREW, Esq.,
SAMUEL J. SHAW, Esq., FRANK ROSS, Esq.

Head Office, Quebec.

JAMES STEVENSON, WILLIAM R. DEAN,
Cashier, Inspector.

Branches:
Montreal, Thomas McDougall, Manager; Toronto, W. P. Sloane, Manager; Ottawa, H. V. Noel, Manager; Three Rivers, T. C. Coffin, Manager; Pembroke, T. F. Cox, Manager; Thorold, D. B. Crombie, Manager.

Collections made in all parts of the country on favourable terms and promptly remitted for.

JAMES STEVENSON, Cashier.

IMPERIAL * BANK OF CANADA.

Capital Paid-up\$1,500,000
Reserve Fund..... 700,000

DIRECTORS.

H. S. HOWLAND, President.
T. R. MERRITT, Vice-Pres., St. Catharines.
William Ramsay, Hon. Alex. Morris,
Robert Jaffray, Hugh Ryan,
T. R. Wadsworth.

HEAD OFFICE, - - - TORONTO.

D. R. WILKIE, B. JENNINGS,
Cashier, Inspector.

BRANCHES IN ONTARIO.
Essex Centre, Niagara Falls, Welland, Fergus, Port Colborne, Woodstock, Galt, St. Catharines, Toronto—Yonge St. cor. Queen—Ingersoll, St. Thomas.

BRANCHES IN NORTH-WEST.
Winnipeg, Brandon, Calgary, Portage la Prairie.

Drafts on New York and Sterling Exchange bought and sold. Deposits received and interest allowed. Prompt attention paid to collections.

E. LAKE & CO.,

LAND, ESTATE AND INVESTMENT AGENTS.
(ESTABLISHED 1876.)

All Descriptions of City Properties For Sale and Exchange.
Farms for sale and exchange in Ontario and Manitoba. Money to loan at current rates.

Offices—18 King St. East.

HIGH CLASS RESIDENCES

ARE A SPECIALTY WITH

A. H. GILBERT & CO.,

Real Estate and Financial Brokers,
12 ADELAIDE ST. EAST TORONTO.

American Trust Co.,

173 BROADWAY, N.Y.

67 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, - \$1,000,000

The American Trust Company has recently authorized an increase of its capital stock to ONE MILLION DOLLARS, and issues three classes of stock:

Ordinary Instalment Stock,
Regular Full Paid Stock, and
8 Per Cent. Guaranteed Preferred Stock.

The different classes of stock meet the wants of different investors. This issue of instalment stock offers an exceptional opportunity for persons desiring to lay aside a few dollars each month where they can realize EIGHT PER CENT. on their money.

It will pay you to investigate this instalment stock.

Write for pamphlet and full information.

WILLIAM H. MILLER, TORONTO, ONT.

THE ALLIANCE

BOND & INVESTMENT CO'Y.

OF ONTARIO (Limited).

Incorporated February 27th, 1890.

CAPITAL, - - - \$1,000,000

GENERAL OFFICES:

27 AND 29 WELLINGTON STREET EAST,
31 AND 33 FRONT STREET EAST,
TORONTO.

This Company undertakes agencies of every description, and trusts, such as carrying out issues of capital for companies and others, conversion of railway and other securities; will give careful attention to management of estates, collection of loans, rents, interest, dividends, debts, mortgages, debentures, bonds, bills, notes, coupons, and other securities; will act as agents for issuing or countersigning certificates of stock, bonds, or other obligations. Receives or invests sinking funds, and invests moneys generally for funds and offer the best terms therefor.

Every dollar invested with or through this Company earns the highest returns and is absolutely safe. All investments are guaranteed.

THE INVESTMENT BONDS of the Company are issued in amounts of \$100 and upwards, and offer unparalleled inducements for accumulative investments of small amounts, monthly or at larger periods, for terms of years from five upward; and the investor is not only absolutely protected against loss of a single dollar, but can rely upon the largest returns consistent with security.

Correspondence solicited and promptly replied to.

First class general and local agents can obtain remunerative contracts by applying to

THE ALLIANCE BOND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY

OF ONTARIO, LTD.,

TORONTO, - - - ONT.

W. S. MARTIN,

ACCOUNTANT,

Temporary Address,
Care of A. H. HOWARD, 53 KING STREET EAST.

Every kind of Accountant's work done promptly and accurately. Books designed and opened to suit any requirements. Books kept or posted up, either regularly or occasionally, at your own office. Terms moderate.

SPECIALTY.—The examination and analysis of the most intricate and complicated accounts.

R. J. LICENCE,

PORTRAITURE

(Oil and Crayon).

STUDIO—59 AND 61 ADELAIDE ST EAST,
TORONTO.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS

MUSKOKA
MACKINAC
PORT ARTHUR
FRENCH RIVER
GULF PORTS
HALIFAX
QUEBEC
HUDSON RIVER

Ensure pleasure by securing staterooms early.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, - AGENT,
72 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

CITY OF LONDON

FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF LONDON, ENG.

Capital.....\$10,000,000
Deposited with Government at
Ottawa.....\$135,000

OFFICES:

4 Wellington St. West, - Telephone 228.
4 1/2 King East, - - - Telephone 16.

Fire insurance of every description effected. All losses promptly adjusted and paid at Toronto.

H. M. BLACKBURN, - General Agent,
Residence Telephone, 3776.

W. & E. A. BADENACH, Toronto Agents,
Residence Telephone, 3516.

Accident Insurance Co.

OF NORTH AMERICA.

HEAD OFFICE, - MONTREAL.

Claims paid, over 15,000. The most popular Company in Canada.

Medland & Jones, Gen. Agents.

Mail Building.

TELEPHONE, OFFICE, - 1667
" MR. MEDLAND, - 3092
" MR. JONES, - 1610

Agents in every city and town in the Dominion.

LIGHTHALL & MACDONALD,

BARRISTERS.

SOLICITORS, & ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Chambers: No. 1, 3rd Flat, City and District Savings' Bank Building,
180 ST. JAMES ST. MONTREAL.

TELEPHONE No. 2382.

W. D. Lighthall, M.A., B.C.L.
De Lerv Macdonald, LL.B.

HAMILTON MACCARTHY, R.C.A.,

SCULPTOR.

Artist of the Col. Williams and Ryerson monuments. Ladies' and Children's Portraits. Studio, 12 Lombard Street, Toronto.

C. N. SHANLY,

REAL ESTATE BROKER

Loans negotiated and insurance effected.

ROOM 6, YORK CHAMBERS,
9 TORONTO ST.

FOR SALE.

A Block of Property in the Animikie Silver Range, in the vicinity of the celebrated Silver Islet.

F. A. HILTON, BARRISTER, 32 CHURCH ST.

DEMILL'S - RESIDENTIAL - ACADEMY

AND

DAY SCHOOL

For little Protestant girls from six to fourteen years of age. Fine building and grounds, excellent home influences, thorough educational opportunities.

TERMS:—Board, washing and English branches, only one hundred dollars per school year of forty-four weeks. A limited number of boarders. Make early application to

REV. A. B. DEMILL,
179 Beverley St., - TORONTO, Ont.

THE ONTARIO ACADEMY.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Pupils prepared for all examinations, or direct for business life.

Young men received and helped in their Studies.

From October to May a Night School is held. All branches either for the University or for business taught in it. Address,

R. W. DILLON, M.A., F.R.S.L.,
198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO.

MOULTON LADIES' COLLEGE

A Department of McMaster University.

ADELAIDE I. SMILEY, M.A., Principal.
The Bible and Mental and Moral Science.

CARRIE HAIGH, B.A.,
Classics and English Literature.

JENNIE STORK, B.A.,
Mathematics.

BLANCHE BISHOP, B.A.,
French and German.

MARY S. DANIELS, B.A.,
Natural Sciences.

MARY H. SMART,
Resident Teacher in Music.

AGNES ROBERTSON,
Preparatory Department.

FREDERICK H. TORRINGTON,
Director in Music.

MRS. MARY E. DIGNAM,
Instructor in Drawing and Painting.

CATHERINE HARPER, Matron.

Entrance Examinations September 2nd, beginning at 10 a.m. College OPENS SEPTEMBER 3rd, at 9 a.m. Excellent accommodations for students in residence. A limited number of day pupils received.

For information apply to the PRINCIPAL, 34 BLOOR ST. EAST, TORONTO.

SELECT : DAY : SCHOOL

PARKDALE.

MISS NOVERRE, who was educated in London and Paris, having returned from England after a year's residence there, will open a Select Day School at

156 COWAN AVENUE,

ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th. She trusts that her success in past years on Wellington Street will ensure her a liberal support. Private lessons on the piano and in French and general subjects.

TORONTO CHURCH SCHOOL

ALEXANDER STREET

Will Re-open on Sept. 8th,

At 10.30 a.m.

For Prospectus and full particulars apply to W. H. LOCKHART GORDON, Hon. Sec., 25 SCOTT ST., or to

B. FREER, Head Master,
28 Alexander St.

A Boy or Girl

Who has reached the higher form of Public or High School would be greatly benefited by a change of study—a course in actual business, or in shorthand and typewriting. We are always pleased to give parents the benefit of our long experience in teaching and placing young people. Call and see us when down town, or telephone us—No. 1555.

BENGOUGH & WARRINER,
Canadian Business University,
Public Library Building, Toronto.

THE VOICE!

PRODUCTION,
DEVELOPMENT,
CULTIVATION,
STYLE.

W. ELLIOTT HASLAM,
SPECIALIST FOR VOICE CULTURE

Professional vocalists trained for Concerts, Oratorio or Opera, and unusual facilities offered for public appearances.

Residence—265 SIMCOE ST.,
TORONTO.

FRENCH AND GERMAN

After the Berlitz Method

FRAULEIN GAISER

AND

MADEMOISELLE SIROIS

Will resume their classes on Sept. 1st, 1890.

Address or enquire at

ROOM M, YONGE STREET ARCADE—
East End Elevator.

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN.

You can by ten weeks' study, master either of these languages sufficiently for every-day and business conversation, by Dr. RICH. S. ROSENTHAL'S celebrated MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM. Terms \$5 for books of each language, with privilege of answers to all questions, and correction of exercises. Sample copy, Part I., 25c. Liberal terms to teachers.

MEISTERSCHAFT CO., 299 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

TORONTO

INCORPORATED 1866. TON. G. W. ALLAN, President.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

FOURTH YEAR.
Over 1,200 Pupils last Three Years.

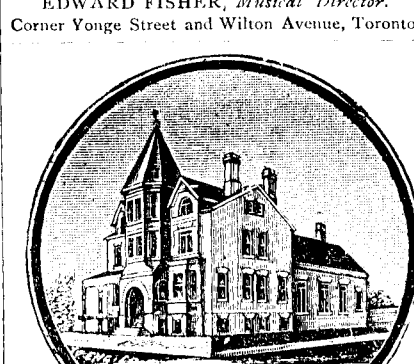
FALL TERM BEGINS

MONDAY, 1st SEPTEMBER.

Send for 90-page Calendar containing announcements for coming season

EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.

Corner Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue, Toronto.



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

(LIMITED.)

In Affiliation with Toronto University.

RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 4, 1890.

Musical Education in all Branches.

For prospectus address

F. H. TORRINGTON, Director,
12 and 14 Pembroke St.

BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL

FOR

YOUNG LADIES.

Full English Course, Languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, &c. For prospectus, &c., apply to

MISS GRIER,
Lady Principal,

Wykeham Hall, Toronto.

SCHOOL RE-OPENS

Wednesday, Sept. 3rd, 1890.

OVER 200 Young Women

Were enrolled last year for Literary Course, Music, Fine Arts, Commercial Science, Education, in

Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, Ontario.

The finest buildings, furnishings and equipment, and the lowest rates in Canada. Average rate for board and tuition about \$75 per annum. 60-page Calendar on application to

PRINCIPAL AUSTIN, B. D.

MISS VEALS'

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG LADIES

50 AND 52 PETER STREET,
TORONTO.

Will re-open on Wednesday, September 10. Circulars sent on application.

UPPER : CANADA : COLLEGE

(62nd YEAR)

THE COLLEGE WILL :

RE-OPEN ON SEPTEMBER 15.

The Prospectus, giving full information as to Course of Study, Terms, etc., may be had by applying to

THE PRINCIPAL.

MORVYN HOUSE, 350 JARVIS ST., TORONTO

Girls' School for Resident and Day Pupils.

MISS LAY, - - - PRINCIPAL.

(Successor to MISS HAIGHT).

This School will re-open under the new management on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th. While MISS LAY will conduct it on the same general principles, she will introduce so many improvements, which will keep it in line with the best Schools of its kind. The PRINCIPAL will be assisted by accomplished PROFESSORS and TEACHERS in every department. The COURSE OF STUDY is arranged with reference to UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION. Attention is called to the PRIMARY Department, which furnishes the best preparation for the more advanced grades of the School. Special advantages are offered in MUSIC, ART and the MODERN LANGUAGES.

After the 20th of AUGUST, MISS LAY will be at home to receive visitors on school business. Until that date, letters directed to the above address will be forwarded to her.

THE WEEK.

Seventh Year.
Vol. VII. No. 38.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 22nd, 1890.

\$3.00 per Annum
Single Copies, 10 Cents

THE WEEK :

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART

TERMS:—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00
Subscriptions payable in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at \$4.00 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per insertion for a shorter period.

Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage prepaid, on terms following:—One year, 12s. 6d.; half-year, 6s. 6d. Remittances by P. O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the Publisher.

No advertisements charged less than five lines. Address—T. R. CLOUGHIER, Business Manager, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
Juvenile Immigration	595
Heredit and Environment	595
General Mid-Jetson's Complaints	595
Reciprocity in Wrecking	595
The Farmer in Politics	596
The Public Interest in Strikes	596
The Late Cardinal Newman	596
Freeing Slaves in Zanzibar	596
Lord Salisbury's Last Despatch	597
The Louisiana Lottery	597
Persecution of Jews in Russia	597
PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH'S "BAY LEAVES".....John King, M.A. Q.C.	597
LONDON LETTER.....Walter Powell.	598
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (Poem).....M. E. Henderson.	599
ENGLAND AND HER EUROPEAN ALLIES, PAST AND FUTURE—II. C. L. Johnstone.	599
PARIS LETTER.....Z.	600
AN AUGUST MORNING (Poem).....Fidelis	601
PERIWIGS—II.....Serepta.	601
JEROME K. JEROME'S WOMEN.....L. O'Loane.	602
THE RAMBLER.....	602
A MODERN MYSTIC—VII.....Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P.	602
CORRESPONDENCE—	
The Behring Sea Controversy.....H. B.	603
Our Public Schools.....W.	604
Sentiment.....John Holgate.	604
THE CAMPER'S RETURN (Poem).....W. H. Thurston.	604
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.....	604
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	605
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.....	605
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	606
CHESS.....	607

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.

TO CANADIAN WRITERS.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

PRIZES of \$50, \$30, \$20 and \$10 will be given for the FOUR BEST SHORT STORIES by Canadian writers only on subjects distinctively Canadian, on the following conditions:—

- 1.—The MS. must not exceed six thousand words and must be TYPE-WRITTEN, and on one side of the paper only.
- 2.—It must be delivered at THE WEEK office, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto, not later than 1st November, 1890.
- 3.—Each competing story must bear on the top of the first page a TYPEWRITTEN motto and be accompanied by a sealed envelope marked with the same motto and the words PRIZE STORY COMPETITION, and enclosing the name and address of the writer.
- 4.—All the MSS. sent in to become the property of THE WEEK.
- 5.—THE WEEK will award the prizes and will be judge of the fulfilment of the conditions.

THERE is much reasonableness in the objections urged by the labour unions against the assisted immigration of skilled labourers. So long as the supply of skilled labour in the country exceeds the demand there is manifest hardship in taxing such labour for the purpose of increasing the severity of the competition to which it is subjected. But when the unions or their representatives use their influence to hinder the work of those who are bringing in boys and girls from the Mother Country, and training them for life on the farm without expense to the tax-payer, their position seems to us indefensible. Such was the position taken by Mr. Jury, if correctly reported, at the recent examination of Dr. Barnardo before the Ontario Prison Commission. Mr. Jury is represented as having condemned the whole system, on the ground that there are boys enough in Ontario without importing them from England, and that their unskilled labour often puts skilled labour out of work. The latter statement would, we think, be hard to substantiate. The cases must be rare in which the farmer who undertakes the training of one of these boys would have employed a skilled labourer in his place had the boy not been procurable. If he did so at all it would probably have been for but a few weeks in the busy season. The assertion that there are enough boys in Ontario without importing them from England seems sufficiently answered by the fact testified to by Dr.

Barnardo that the demand for his English boys always far exceeds the supply. To say nothing of the philanthropic aspects of the case, though much might be said on that point, we do not see how it can be doubted that every honest and industrious boy or girl added to the number of cultivators of the soil in any part of the Dominion, above all in Manitoba or the Northwest, is a distinct addition to the wealth of the country. Whatever differences of opinion may obtain on other industrial questions, all are agreed that one thing specially needed to ensure the substantial and permanent prosperity of the country is the development to the full of its agricultural resources. The tendency of the sons and daughters of farmers to migrate to the cities or across the border is deplored by all intelligent observers, but it is a tendency which it seems impossible to check. In this western world such movements of population are unavoidable. It is surely most desirable that the places of those who seek to better their fortunes in other pursuits should be promptly supplied by young people of a different class, fitted by early hardships to appreciate the advantages and endure patiently the disadvantages of rural life and pursuits. On every ground, then, we doubt if the views of the labour-unions in this particular can be sustained, and we are strongly inclined to the belief that, if Dr. Barnardo and other philanthropists engaged in work of the same kind honestly and rigidly apply the tests they profess to apply, and secure the training they claim to impart to their proteges, they are really rendering a service to Canada as well as to the unfortunate boys and girls they rescue from lives of poverty and possible crime. We fail to see how, so long as the demand for such helpers so far exceeds the supply, their importation can in any way be injurious to Canadian labour, either skilled or unskilled.

THERE is much force in the objections which are urged against the importation of boys and girls, many of whom are the offspring of parents physically or morally diseased. We doubt, however, if facts have yet been observed with sufficient care and over a sufficiently extended period to warrant generalizations so large as many are ready to make on grounds of heredity. That the diseased and vicious traits of parents or grandparents, and even of progenitors still farther removed, do sometimes reappear at unexpected points and with discouraging persistency is, we suppose, too well established to admit of doubt. But it is questionable whether this recurrence is not oftener than is generally supposed associated with a recurrence of conditions more or less similar. It is even not improbable that what we call recurrence of hereditary traits may be more frequently the outcome of similarity of conditions than we are accustomed to think. Be that as it may it would not be necessary to go outside the boundaries of any Canadian Province to find numerous facts in support of Dr. Barnardo's view that environment is stronger than heredity. Does not every reader know of cases in which the waifs of English poorhouses and streets have gained positions of respectability and influence in Canada? If we may accept Dr. Barnardo's statement that of 2,905 children brought to Canada under his auspices since 1882, no girl and but ten boys have been convicted, no better refutation of the objection based on the doctrine of hereditary taint can be needed. Where could we find a better record of Canadian boys and girls? The sum is perhaps something like this: While it would be highly objectionable that children of the classes in question should be freely added to the population of our towns and cities, where they would be more or less liable to fall under the influence of old forms of temptation, there can be but slight danger in placing such children, after the careful selection and training which Dr. Barnardo describes, amidst the healthful influences of farm life on the prairies, where the bracing atmosphere, invigorating labour and comparative seclusion from the more common forms of temptation which abound in city life combine to form an environment most favourable to honourable industry. We are after all members not only of the same race but of a common stock with these British boys and girls. If they are to be refused admission even to the boundless prairies what possibility of redemption is left for them? Canadians are willing, we feel sure, to take so much risk for the sake of our common humanity.

IN a recent interview with a newspaper reporter, General Middleton complained bitterly of the treatment he had received from the Canadian politicians and press. It might have been expected that in such an interview the General would have either attempted an explanation and defence of the incident which led to his enforced resignation, or would have admitted in a frank and soldier-like manner that he had made a serious mistake. He does neither in any satisfactory manner. He does, indeed, hint that the chief responsibility for the appropriation of the furs belongs rightfully to Mr. Hayter Reed, who accompanied him, it appears, somewhat in the capacity of an accredited adviser on non-military matters. General Middleton's statements and hints in regard to this point make doubly clear what we have before insisted on—the necessity for a fuller investigation of the question of the relation of the other parties implicated, to the plundering. But General Middleton's plea that because the unappropriated as well as the appropriated portion of the furs disappeared, the attempt of himself and his aids to secure a portion for themselves should not be blamed, is, to say the least, pitifully weak. The fact that the rest of the property also went astray simply means, we suppose, that some other parties were more successful in their efforts to secure valuables that did not belong to them, and, consequently, reflects still more severely upon the conduct of the campaign in this respect. The prevention of "looting" we have always understood to be one of the duties of a British general, in modern civilized warfare, a duty which is surely not less obligatory in the suppression of a small insurrection at home. Throughout this interview General Middleton shows that singular apparent incapacity to understand or realize that the affair has really an important moral bearing, which has characterized his course from the first. Even after the formal censure of Parliament, he seems to have found it impossible to believe that the people's representatives were in earnest, or that the situation demanded any action on his part. Most men in his position, it has always seemed to us, would have come forward as soon as the charges were first preferred, years ago, to meet them either with indignant denial, or with frank explanation and apology. The politicians may be left to defend themselves, but, as a member of the press, which has not hesitated to speak out in regard to the matter, we can only say that we should have deemed ourselves recreant in the discharge of the duty of an independent journal to the public had we hesitated to denounce the appropriation of private property by public servants, and to demand, on behalf alike of the injured party and the public, full restitution.

A WASHINGTON despatch of recent date states that the House Committee on Commerce are considering a Bill which has for its object to promote reciprocity in wrecking on the lakes and canals along the Canadian frontier. It is to be hoped that a measure so clearly necessary in the interest alike of commerce and of humanity may be enacted without further delay. The American Bill is said to contain a provision that it shall become operative only after proclamation shall have been made by the President that Canada has extended to American vessels the same privilege it extends to Canadian vessels. This is only what is to be expected, and there should be no doubt that our Government and Parliament would lose no time in reciprocating in such a matter. The state of affairs existing, whereby tugs of either nationality are prevented from going to the assistance of wrecked vessels, if such wrecks happen to be on the wrong side of the international boundary line, has long been a disgrace to the civilization of both countries. It is not worth while to stay to enquire which Government has been most to blame in the matter, if only both will hasten to do away with the mutual reproach. At a time when rumours are rife which threaten the discontinuance of the bonding privileges and other commercial courtesies which have long been profitable to both peoples, as well as creditable to their good sense and friendly feeling, it is to some extent reassuring to learn that some steps are being taken in the right direction. It would be altogether too bad if, in the last decade of the nineteenth century upon which we shall so soon enter, and in free and

progressive America, the trend of commercial legislation should be wholly backward. It would surely be, to say the least, a regrettable mistake, should our own Government and Parliament condition their acceptance of the reciprocity about to be offered upon a purely commercial consideration such as that of reciprocity in coasting. The strong reasons for mutual freedom in giving aid to vessels in distress rest on grounds of humanity, not of commerce.

ONE of the significant political phenomena of the hour is the unusual amount of attention that is being given to the farmers and their special interests by politicians and the party newspapers. This is, in some measure, a new departure. It is evident that both in Canada and in the adjoining republic the farmers are becoming a force in politics to a degree hitherto unknown. Considering the extent to which Canada is an agricultural country, the comparative feebleness of the influence hitherto exerted by rural citizens in political affairs is astonishing, though on reflection it is not difficult to discover the causes. Those causes are largely summed up in one phrase: lack of organization and concerted action. This lack is largely due, as is easily understood, to the necessarily scattered condition of the farming population, which renders combination difficult. Under the pressure of modern conditions this difficulty is being, to a considerable extent, surmounted. Farmers are learning more and more the value of contact and comparison of notes in regard to agricultural affairs proper. As they thus become better acquainted with each other and with organized methods of work, the field of discussion is pretty sure to be gradually widened until it takes in all kinds of questions of political economy and of general politics. Following that will come soon the discovery that the farmers hold in their hands the balance of political power, and consequently the means of compelling the attention of politicians and seriously influencing the course of legislation. Judging rather from the tone of the party papers than from more reliable data, we infer that the political influence of the rural population in Canada is rapidly assuming large dimensions. In the United States the Farmers' Alliance, which was not organized as a national movement until last October, has developed remarkable strength. It is taking the place in the political arena that the Grange formerly held. The secretary of the Alliance, in a recent communication to the press, says that the organization is "strictly non-partisan," that it is "not working for the supremacy of any party, but to purify all parties." In the South the organization is particularly strong. A bitter campaign in South Carolina has lately resulted in the nomination of the Alliance candidate. In Georgia a similar success has been attained. In the North the Alliance has not developed so rapidly, but is, nevertheless, steadily gaining ground. The omen is, on the whole, a good one. It is fitting as well as inevitable that as the farmers gain in education and general intelligence they should become in a much larger measure than heretofore influential in the Local and the National Legislatures.

TWO recent strikes, one in Nova Scotia, the other in New York State, bring afresh to the surface the question of the propriety or necessity of State interference in the case of such strikes as affect not only the parties immediately concerned, but large sections of the public as well. The principle involved is, in its essential features, the same in the two cases, but the strike on the New York Central brings the relation of the public to the quarrel into unusually bold relief. In that case the action of one or two hundred men not only paralyzed for days the business of a great railroad company, but stopped or greatly hindered all the outgoing and incoming travel and traffic on one of the chief arteries of communication of the great City of New York, and, without a moment's warning, inflicted great inconvenience upon all who had occasion to use the road, and serious injury upon many. It is immaterial to the question we are now considering whether the strikers' grievance in either case is a real and serious one or not. The only difference that would make, so far as relates to the present point of view, is that on the one supposition the strikers, on the other the companies would be responsible for the consequences. We are now considering the consequences themselves. These are, under the present system, somewhat as if all the business and travel of a city thoroughfare were to be obstructed while some dispute between a cabman and his employer were being settled by argument or fisticuffs. The public verdict in such a case would be quickly given, to the effect that, without prejudice to the rights of either disputant,

the quarrel must be settled in some place and manner which would not interfere with the public convenience. In New York the incident will probably give a new impetus to the contention that all railways should become the property of the State. That would be a very serious innovation, though a good deal may be said in its favour. Even if that were feasible it would not meet such a case as that of the Springhill coal mines and hundreds of similar ones. One practical query which suggests itself is, Why should not the employees in all such cases be engaged on the explicit understanding that the engagement could not be terminated by either party without due notice? If to make such agreement individually would virtually deprive labourers of the advantages of union and put them at the mercy of employers, might not the engagement be made in some way through the unions, on such terms as would not prevent the possibility of a concerted strike after due notice, for the strike must be recognized as a necessary and legitimate weapon when fairly used? If this be impracticable the only alternative seems to be compulsory arbitration. This has many able advocates and is probably growing in favour. Evidently some means must be found of preventing the serious injury so frequently inflicted upon the unoffending public by sudden and prolonged strikes in industries which are of a semi-public character.

AFTER all that has been written and may be written about the great Roman Catholic prelate who has just passed away, the life of John Henry Newman will remain a mystery, except to the few who may be specially qualified by nature to enter into sympathy with the experiences of a spiritual personality so nearly unique. We say "spiritual" rather than "mental" because we are convinced that the key to Dr. Newman's career is to be found in his spiritual as distinguishable from his mental characteristics. We have no wish to enter the field of polemical theology, but we shall not, we think, unduly disparage any claim to a rational basis which may be made on behalf of the religious system to which he became so influential a convert, when we express the opinion that Dr. Newman was driven to the Roman Catholic fold by the force of religious rather than logical considerations. In the exercise of that free agency, which, in later years, he described as man's special endowment, he found himself constrained to choose between two divergent courses, the one leading to an arena of constant intellectual unrest, the other to a haven of permanent spiritual repose. The emphasis must at every point, as it seems to us, be placed upon the word "spiritual," for, though Dr. Newman did not shrink from the most vigorous exercise of his subtle and powerful intellect, his nature was so constituted that he could never stop short in the religious sphere of what stood to him as infallible certainty. The devout mind which resolves at all cost and hazard to maintain the right of private judgment must accept, as one consequence, the possibility of being from time to time tossed hither and thither on a sea of uncertainty. On a thousand occasions and in reference to a thousand obtrusive questionings, it is obliged to take refuge in the limitations of the human faculties and the imperfection of human knowledge, and to console itself with the assurance, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." But there are certain natures which can never endure the thought of resting in, still less of contending for that which may, after all, prove to be but a half-truth, or but one side of a many-sided truth, or even no truth at all. The soul cries out for certainty, and in the anguish of its unrest and longing persuades itself that, because uncertainty is so painful and unsatisfying, certainty must be attainable. For natures of this type such ideas as those of discipline and development through struggle have no affinity. They cannot understand or accept life as a school for development or an evolutionary stage. One does not need to go to the Roman Catholic communion for examples of the facility with which even strong minds can bring themselves ultimately to believe that which they wish to believe or are persuaded it is duty to believe. Dr. Newman's frank declarations in his later years that he had found the rest and peace for which he sought, his emphatic denials that his mind was still subject to doubts or misgivings on theological questions show how complete was his success in attaining the place and attitude, we have almost said the spiritual Nirvana, for which his soul had longed. To what extent such peace, attainable through mental surrender rather than mental conquest, is either desirable in itself or conducive to true spiritual growth and influence is a question into which we need not enter. Dr. Newman's noble sincerity and honesty are admitted by

all, but the comparative failure of his religious influence in leading others to his own way of thinking would seem to show that the rest he attained by accepting another human authority as an infallible guide is a rest possible for but few of those who have not been specially educated from childhood into the mental condition which renders such a faith possible.

THE British protectorate of Zanzibar is already bringing forth good fruits. On the first day of the current month a decree signed by the Sultan and abolishing the slave-trade throughout his dominions was placarded all over the city. This measure, said to be the most important ever passed by a Mohammedan ruler against slavery, was published without previous notice and took the natives by surprise. It is noted by some of the English newspapers that the first of August, the date of the decree, was the fifty-sixth anniversary of the final abolition of slavery throughout the British Empire, and also the day chosen for unveiling the statue of the late Hon. W. E. Forster, a sturdy abolitionist, on the Thames embankment. These coincidences were probably designed. The Sultan's decree consists of nine articles. From the date of its promulgation the sale and exchange of slaves are absolutely prohibited. The houses which have been used for the purposes of the traffic are to be closed, and slave-brokers who fail to observe the prohibition are rendered liable to deportation. All slaves now in servitude are to become free at the death of their present owners, unless the deceased leave lawful children to inherit them. They cannot be disposed of by will, or sold after their master's death. Owners convicted of ill-treating their slaves incur a heavy penalty, and all their slaves are to be set at liberty. Every subject of Zanzibar who marries a British subject is declared incapable of possessing slaves, and all slaves possessed by such persons are to be set at liberty. Still further, every slave is to have the right of purchasing his own freedom at a reasonable price. An earnest of good faith in the matter was given on the next day after the publication of the decree by the clearing out and closing of the houses which had been used for the traffic. On the Monday following some armed men entered the Custom House, tore down the decree affixed to the door and fled. The placard was immediately replaced and a party sent in pursuit of the culprits. With this exception the natives seem to have accepted the decree with a good grace. Whether the British people, with their intense hatred of slavery in all its forms, will accept a measure which contemplates the indefinite continuance of slavery as a domestic institution and contents itself with prohibiting the traffic only remains to be seen. Possibly the stride may be thought long enough for a first step and more radical measures may be postponed to a future day.

THE telegraphic summary of Lord Salisbury's last despatch to Secretary Blaine, completing the Behring Sea correspondence to date, contains two points of considerable importance to the argument. The one is the statement that historical documents are quoted in the despatch to prove that England refused to admit any part of the Russian claim asserted in 1821 to marine jurisdiction and exclusive fishing rights throughout the whole extent of that claim from Behring Straits to the 51st parallel, and that, as a consequence, the Convention of 1825 was regarded by both sides as a renunciation on the part of Russia of that claim in its entirety. If Lord Salisbury's proofs clearly establish this and show that the British Government always claimed freedom of navigation and fishing in what is now known as Behring Sea, outside the limit of a marine league from the coast, they effectually dispose of the most plausible part of Mr. Blaine's laboured historical contention. The sentence which follows, in which Lord Salisbury says that "It is impossible to admit that the right to fish and catch seals in the high seas can be held to be abandoned by a nation from the mere fact that for a certain number of years it has not suited the subjects of that nation to exercise such right," condenses in a few words the common-sense and conclusive reply to Mr. Blaine's singularly weak argument based on the alleged fact—which by the way is itself open to question—that the British sealers did not, until within a comparatively recent period, attempt to ply their vocation in the disputed waters. It is well that the correspondence closes with a fair and frank offer, on behalf of the British Government, to submit the whole matter to impartial arbitration. It is not easy to see how the American Secretary, who but a little while ago was trying to bring about an agreement with the representatives of American States for the settle-

ment of all international questions that may hereafter arise by arbitration, can with any pretence of consistency refuse the offer of the British Government to accept this mode of settlement.

ONE of the most remarkable events in current history is the great struggle now going on in Louisiana between the notorious lottery company and the honest and respectable citizens of the State. Two or three weeks since the Louisiana Farmers' Alliance, by a unanimous vote, adopted a resolution denouncing the lottery and expelling from the Order those members of the Legislature who had voted for the amendment passed at the instance of the company by the State Legislature. A day or two afterwards the Anti-Lottery League issued an address to the people of the United States, asking for an amendment to the National Constitution prohibiting lotteries. This circular exposes, in a most telling manner, the history of the conscienceless company which sits among the people of the State "like a giant octopus, and stretches its arms to the remotest hamlet in the land." The record shows that the company not only obtained its charter in the first instance by bribery and fraud, but that it has preserved it from time to time by the same means. Its stock, which was worth \$35 per share in 1879, now brings \$1,200 per share, and is worth in the aggregate more than double the whole banking capital of the State. It has, by the unsparing use of money, obtained control of three-fourths of the newspapers of Louisiana, as well as of a large portion of the organized capital of the State. Notwithstanding that only 53 per cent. of the money paid for tickets is given back in prizes, the business of the lottery has reached such dimensions that even in Washington its agents and attorneys are conducting a business which, as the President says in a message to Congress, "involves probably a larger use of the mails than that of any legitimate business enterprise in the District of Columbia." The Postmaster-General, in his letter to the President, on which letter the message quoted is based, further says that it is estimated that the lottery despatches from the national capital alone fifty thousand letters per month, and that its mail received at the same office may be reckoned by the ton. As to the headquarters of the company, the circular of the Anti-Lottery League estimates that one-third of the whole local mail matter of New Orleans goes to and from the offices of the company. The letter of the Postmaster-General points out the deficiencies which make ineffective the existing statute intended by Congress to close the mails against letters and circulars concerning lotteries. At his suggestion the President asks that the Postoffice Department be clothed with such powers as are necessary to enable it to close the mails effectively against all lottery matter. It remains to be seen whether and to what extent the influence of the company will make itself felt in Congress, in opposition to the legislation asked for.

THE atrociously cruel treatment to which the Jews of Russia are being subjected by the Czar suggests the grave question whether there is really no legitimate way in which the public opinion of nations can be brought to bear effectively upon a Government guilty of such barbarities. Official remonstrance by the Governments of other countries has been proposed, but the *Spectator* is perhaps right in thinking that diplomatic expostulations would avail little while Russia knows that Europe will not attempt to enforce her remonstrances. Were the Russian Government, like those of most other nations, more or less under the control of public opinion, there might be reason to hope for good results from indignation meetings and other expressions of public sentiment in other countries. But Russian despotism is not likely to pay much heed to expressions of popular opinion in other nations, seeing it has no regard to any such influence at home. Yet it seems quite too bad that the Christian nations of Europe should be able to do nothing but look on as helpless spectators while the great northern power surpasses all her previous dark record of cruelties inflicted upon her unhappy subjects of the Jewish race, by carrying out a "programme of statutory persecution," so terrible as to force the London *Times'* correspondent to the conclusion "that only one object can be contemplated by the instigators of these persecutions—namely, the total extermination of the four million Jews of Russia." It is, after all, hard to believe that even the Czar and his chief advisers would be insensible to the remonstrances of the combined Governments of Europe. At any rate almost any course of action, however ineffective, seems better than absolute passivity while such tragedies are being enacted in the face of the civilized world.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH'S "BAY LEAVES."

[CONCLUDED.]

WRITING in 1881, Mr. G. Saintsbury, a well-known reviewer and critic, made this observation in one of his essays: "It has been excellently remarked, in the preface of a recent prose translation of the *Odyssey*, that there can be no final translation of Homer, because the taste and literary habits of each age demand different qualities in poetry. . . . The work of the translator is to bridge over the interval between his author and his public, and, therefore, the construction and character of the bridge must necessarily differ, according to the instruction and demands of the public." With apparently some such thoughts as these in his mind, Mr. Smith has contrasted the task of the translator of Latin poetry. In his preface, to which we have referred, he says: "The translator of Latin poetry has the comfort of knowing that he is separated from his authors by no chasm of thought and sentiment, such as that which separates the translator from Homer, or even from Aeschylus. The men are intellectually almost his contemporaries. Gibbon was right in thinking that no age would have suited him better than that of the Antonines, provided he had been, as he naturally took it for granted that he would, a wealthy gentleman and a philosophic pagan, not a slave or a Christian. He and a cultivated Roman of that day, or of Cicero's day, would have thoroughly understood each other. Their views of life would have been pretty much the same, so would their religion, so would their mythology; for the literary men of the Georgian era had adopted the pagan Pantheon, and Jupiter, Mars, Venus and Diana were their divinities. . . . Horace Walpole might have thoroughly enjoyed a supper with Horatius Flaccus; he might even have supped well, though he would have politely passed the dormice. He and his host would have interchanged ideas with perfect ease. This was largely due, of course, to the direct influence of classical education on the moderns; but it was also partly due, especially in the religious sphere, to a similarity in circumstances between the two epochs. Apart, therefore, from mere difficulties of construction or allusion, the translator may be sure that he knows what his author means."

This, we may be permitted to say, is only true of some translators, even if there were no other difficulties common to all alike. Mr. Smith has not expressed his views fully on that point. He is too good a classic not to know the perplexities that beset the path of every one who would turn Latin or Greek into English verse. He has trod the path himself with signal success, though, if we all believed with Mr. Saintsbury "that all translation is unsatisfactory, and that poetical translation of poetry is nearly impossible," we would have to praise such work as Mr. Smith's with a very considerable reservation. If he has been successful it is because, in addition to other gifts, he possesses two at least that are indispensable to success: he is an accomplished classical and English scholar, learned in the lore of the ancients, of which Oxford is one of the oldest seats, besides being a master of his own noble mother tongue. This, it will scarcely be disputed, is a necessary part of the outfit of every capable translator. It is over two hundred years since a great poet, whom Cambridge is proud to own, but to whom Oxford was dearer than his own *Alma Mater*, presented the case thus: "No man is capable of translating poetry who, besides a genius to that art, is not a master both of his author's language and of his own." Nor," he continues, "must we understand the language only of the poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and expressions, which are the characters that distinguish, and, as it were, individuate him from all other writers." This canon, it has been well said, "if it could be despotically enforced, would be a remarkable boon to reviewers." Matthew Arnold, a poet of classic taste and a refined critic, has a high ideal of this species of literary workmanship. "A translation," he says, "is a work not only inferior to the original by the whole difference of talent between the first composer and his translator; it is even inferior to the best the translator could do under more inspiring circumstances. No man can do his best with a subject which does not penetrate him; no man can be penetrated by a subject which he does not conceive independently."

Mr. Smith, himself, is responsible for a statement, in fact for a series of statements, on the merits of translation, that are not uninteresting seeing that they may be applied to his own productions in the same line. In a criticism of the short poems and translations of Cowper he has said, that "poetry can be translated into poetry only by taking up the ideas of the original into the mind of the translator, which is very difficult when the translator and the original are separated by a gulf of thought and feeling, and, when the gulf is very wide, becomes impossible." This is in accord with his Introduction to the "Bay Leaves," but it is not, and was doubtless not intended to be, any definition of a translator's qualifications. Far more is required than the mere mental absorption of "the ideas of the original." A grasp of the life and spirit, in the historic sense, of the times in which the original lived and wrote is no less requisite. One of Dryden's biographers, who speaks of his translations as "dressed up in splendid diction and nervous verse," has declared that those from Theocritus are the least successful—the idyllic spirit of the originals being not one which would come at the poet's call. Macaulay's *Lays*, which, although preserved by Livy, may be taken as equivalents for splendid translations, are permeated with the life and spirit which we

have described. It is wanting in Cowper's Homeric translations, which, Mr. Smith says, were executed "under an evil star," and which he puts down as a failure. "They are," he says, "no more a counterpart of the original, than the Ouse creeping through its meadows is the counterpart of the Aegean rolling before a fresh wind and under a bright sun." The absence in them of the quality we have mentioned is not noticed, but it could scarce have failed to be in any sustained criticism of Cowper's works. Its absence has, however, been specially remarked by one of his warmest admirers in Pope's translation of the *Iliad*—"the tale of Troy divine." This friendly critic says, in effect, that Pope's *Iliad* exhibits the utmost that our language is capable of in splendour of versification, but that it has "many shortcomings as a transcription of the old Greek life and spirit." "He has trailed along the naked lances of the Homeric lines so many flowers and leaves that you can hardly recognize them, and feel that their point is deadened and their power gone." Mr. Smith has strong views on Homer's translation. "The translation," he says, "of Homer into verse is the Polar Expedition of literature, always failing, yet still desperately renewed. Homer defies modern reproduction. His primeval simplicity is a dew of the dawn which can never be re-distilled. His primeval savagery is almost equally unrepresentable. What civilized poet can don the barbarian sufficiently to revel, or seem to revel, in the ghastly details of carnage, in hideous wounds described with surgical gusto, in the butchery of captives in cold blood, or even in those particulars of the shambles and the spit which, to the troubadour of barbarism, seem as delightful as the images of the harvest and the vintage?" He speaks of Pope's version as the delight of school boys, and as "a periwigged epic of the Augustan age." Cowper's, he has said, may sometimes commend itself "to the taste and judgment of cultivated men." As between the two, for a pleasant companion on the playground of the Muskoka lakes, or down by the "loud"—resounding sea, we should not hesitate to take the periwigged epic.

What the critics have said on all these various points will better enable us to appreciate the worth of the "Bay Leaves." It is safe to say that it will not depreciate, but much enhance the value of the collection. The variety of authors, and their diversity in thought, style and versification; the exposition of the characteristics of each in these different respects, and so as to distinguish him from the rest; and the rendition of the whole into good English, poetically expressive and in musical numbers, made the task of translation neither easy nor light. It seems easy to write a leading article until one tries. And, to a good classic, the Latin of the poets may not appear difficult to versify until the attempt has been honestly made. Every one of the ten authors whom Mr. Smith has selected had his own choice of thoughts and words. He had also a genius and poetical individuality which marked him out distinctly as a writer of Latin verse, sometimes, as in the case of Horace and Lucretius, on a variety of subjects. The translator could not pick and choose as to either thoughts or words; he had to give the sense of the original, and to give it in the nearest possible poetical expressions; and he had to do this well enough to make his author appear wholly like himself. Mr. Smith has produced too little of any one author to enable even the most competent critic to judge how far he has completely succeeded. If he has failed in any one particular, it is only what every one before him has done. There is hardly a good classic anywhere who will admit that his favourite poet has been reproduced in English verse as he should have been. Horace has been a favourite of the translators, yet one of the most learned of his editors has said that "Horace has not yet found a competent translator into any language of modern Europe."

The real merits, however, of the "Leaves" are best discerned by a specimen plucked here and there. Of the poems of Lucan, there is but one from which any extract can be taken, as it is the only one extant. The "Pharsalia" celebrates the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, and narrates in ten books its chief incidents from its commencement to Cæsar's visit to Cleopatra in Egypt. Although the poem contains many vigorous and animated descriptions, and some speeches of rhetorical excellence, the language is often inflated and the expressions laboured and artificial. This cannot be said of the following passage from the ninth book. It contains the answer of Cato, a relative of Cato the Censor, to his comrades who urged him, on his last march in Africa, to consult the oracle in the temple of Jupiter Ammon:—

What should I ask? Whether to live a slave
Is better, or to fill a soldier's grave?
What life is worth drawn to its utmost span,
And whether length of days brings bliss to man?
Whether tyrannic force can hurt the good,
Or the brave heart need quail at Fortune's mood?
Whether the pure intent makes righteousness,
Or virtue needs the warrant of success?
All this I know: not Ammon can impart
Force to the truth engraven on my heart.
All men alike, though voiceless be the shrine,
Abide in God and act by will divine.
No revelation Deity requires,
But at our birth, all men may know, inspires.
Nor is truth buried in this barren sand
And doled to few, but speaks in every land.
What temple, but the earth, the sea, the sky,
And Heaven and virtuous hearts, hath Deity?
As far as eye can range or feet can rove
Jove is in all things, all things are in Jove.
Let wavering souls to oracles attend,
The brave man's course is clear, since sure his end.
The valiant and the coward both must fall,
This, when Jove tells me, he has told me all.

Who has forgotten the story of the speaker's tragic end? How he sided with Pompey, and, when all was lost, resolved to die rather than yield; how he supped, chatted pleasantly with his friends, and withdrew to his chamber to embrace his son and read Plato on the Immortality of the Soul; how he stabbed himself and died the same night? It was of this Cato that Cæsar said, "Cato, I envy thee thy death, since thou hast envied me the glory of saving thy life."

Seneca's character and political conduct were very open to reproach, but his great abilities and his power as a writer on moral and philosophical subjects are freely admitted. Despite his intimacy with the Emperor Nero, and the share which he is believed to have had in the infamy of the Imperial court, his judgment and his feelings appear to have been on the side of virtue. Seneca was a Stoic, and from the opening text, *Regem non faciunt opes*, he thus discourses on one of the Stoic ideas of perfection:—

What makes the king? His treasure? No,
Nor yet the circlet on his brow;
Nor yet the purple robe of State;
Nor yet the golden palace gate.
The king is he who knows not fear,
Whose breast no angry passions tear,
Who scorns insane ambition's wreath,
The maddening crowd's inconstant breath,
The wealth of Europe's mines, the gold
In the bright tide of Tagus rolled,
And the unmeasured stores of grain
Garnered from Libya's sultry plain.

Who quails not at the thrust of spear;
Feels of the flashing steel no fear;
Who from his spirit's height serene
Looks down upon the troubled scene,
And, uncomplaining, when his date
Has come, goes forth to meet his fate.
With kings in grandeur let them vie;
Before whose arms wild Dahans fly,
Who o'er Arabia's burning sea
Stretch out their gorgeous empery,
Who dare Sarmatian horsemen brave
And march o'er Danube's frozen wave,
Or the strange land of fleecy trees,
True kingship is a mind at ease.

The king, a king self-crowned, is he
Who from desire and fear is free;
Who would the power of courtiers share
May mount ambition's slippery stair;
To live by all the world forgot
In ease and quiet be my lot,
And as my noiseless days glide past
Best undistinguished to the last.
Well may the man his end bemoan
Who dies to others too well known
A stranger to himself alone.

From Catullus, the friend of Cicero and a true poet, a few odes are taken illustrative of his easy and unaffected style, and the sweetness and harmony of his verse. It is to be hoped the lady readers of THE WEEK will not think less of him for the lines on "Woman's Inconstancy":—

My lady swears, in all the world, she will have none but me,
None other wed, whose'er may woo, not though great Jove were he.
She swears, but what a woman swears when lovers bend the knees
Write we upon the shifting sand, or on the flowing sea.

There are, as was to be expected, some choice specimens of the odes of Horace in this collection. These evince the peculiar structure and variety of his poetical faculties. They show also the special value of his poetical development, which consists, mainly, in the elevation and refinement of his taste and style. Of all the writers of the Augustan age none asserted the dignity of literature and the prerogative of poetry with such dexterity and effect. His profound knowledge of the world and his fine talent for observation, combined with his Socratic irony, his wit and matchless art, have made him the common property of civilization. Mr. Smith's translations are most graceful. The first few stanzas are taken from the sixteenth ode of the second book, which is designed to show that contentment with competency is better than the pursuit of wealth or honours:—

For ease the weary seaman prays
On the wild ocean, tempest tost,
When guiding stars withhold their rays,
When pales the moon in cloud-wrack lost.

For ease the Median archers sigh—
For ease the Thracian warrior bold;
But ease, my friend, nor gems can buy,
Nor purple robes, nor mighty gold.

No lacquey train, no consul's guard
Can keep the spectral crowd aloof
That throngs the troubled mind, or ward
The cares that haunt the gilded roof.

Care sits upon the swelling sail,
Care mounts the warrior's barbed steed;
The bounding stag, the driving gale,
Are laggards to her deadly speed.

Come weal, we'll joy while joy we may,
And let the future veil the rest;
Come woe, we'll smile its gloom away,
Since naught that is is always blest.

Like Charles Lamb in his "Elia" and letters, Horace, in his odes and other writings, has disclosed pretty fully his personal character and habits. He was somewhat of a *bon vivant*, and an epicure as well as an Epicurean—a fair sample probably, in these and other respects, of the Roman gentleman of his day. His ode (the twenty-first in the third-book), to the jar of wine made in the year in which he was born, is a famous one:—

My good contemporary cask, whatever thou dost keep
Stored up in thee—smiles, tears, wild loves, mad brawls or easy
sleep—
Whate'er thy grape was charged withal, thy hour is come; descend;
Corvinus bids, my mellowest wine must greet my dearest friend.
Sage and Socratic though he be, the juice he will not spurn,
That many a time made glow, they say, old Cato's virtue stern.

There's not a heart so hard but thou beneath its guard canst steal,
There's not a soul so close but thou its secret canst reveal;
There's no despair but thou canst cheer, no wretch's lot so low
But thou canst raise, and bid him brave the tyrant and the foe.
Please Bacchus and the Queen of Love, and the linked Graces three,
Till lamps shall fail and stars grow pale, we'll make a night with thee.

The seventh ode in the second book belongs to the same class of Horatian compositions. It is a welcome, after a long absence, to Pompeius Varus, an old friend and former companion-in-arms, on the Republican side, at the battle of Philippi:—

Thou that so oft where Brutus led
With me hast marched to do or die,
What god my long-lost friend hath sped
Back to his home, his native sky?

How oft, our brows with garlands crowned,
Together, comrade of my prime,
We've made the merry cup go round,
And lent new wings to leaden Time!

Then let the feast to Jove be paid,
And here beneath my laurel-tree
Let thy war-wearied limbs be laid,
Nor spare the cask long kept for thee.

Bid the bright goblet mantle high
With wine, the sovereign balm for care;
Pour the rich scents—Ho! loiterers, fly
And braid the chaplets for our hair.

Reach me the dice and let us see
Who shall be master of our feast.
Mad as a Bacchanal I'll be,
With thee, my long-lost friend, for guest.

Very different in style and sentiment are the following stanzas from the fifth ode of the second book. Some Roman standards and prisoners had been taken by the Parthians in the war with Crassus and Antony. The poet rebukes the desire to ransom them by an appeal to the example of the Roman hero Regulus, who, having been defeated and taken prisoner by the Carthaginians in the first Punic war, was released on parole and returned to Rome, where he dissuaded the Senate against an exchange of prisoners, but scorned to break his parole, though conscious of the fate that awaited him on his return to Carthage. Infuriated at the rejection of their proposals, the Punic enemy cruelly tortured him to death:—

This, Regulus, thy patriot soul foresaw—
Consent refusing to the compact base,
Lest one ignoble precedent should draw
In time to come dishonour on the race.

Sternly he bade let die the captive bands
Unransomed. "Shameful sights," the hero said—
Arms wrested from a living Roman's hands,
Our standards in the foe's man's fanes displayed—

"These eyes have seen—a freeman's name belied,
By freemen who the conqueror's fetters wore;
The Carthaginian's gates thrown open wide,
And fields our war had wasted till'd once more.

"Think ye the coward, ransomed, will be brave?
Ye do but lose your gold and honour too.
Wool that has drunk the dye 'twere vain to lave;
Never will it regain its native hue.

"So genuine valour, let it once depart
From its degraded seat, returns no more.
What, have ye e'er beheld the timorous hart,
Loosed from the tangling toils, the huntsman gore?

"Then will ye see the slave, fresh manhood donned,
On other fields make Punic squadrons fly.
Who once has felt the ignominious bond
Upon his castif limbs and feared to die!

"Dreaming of peace in war, his craven heart
Discerned not whence alone true life could come.
O day of shame! Carthage, how great thou art,
Exalted on the ruined pride of Rome!"

'Tis said that from his children pressing round,
And the fond wife that for his kisses sued,
He, as an outlaw, turned, and on the ground
Bending his gaze, stern and relentless stood,

Until his voice had fixed the wavering State,
In counsel never given but on that day;
Then, through the weeping concourse, from the gate
To glorious banishment he took his way.

If Horace, with his natural beauties of style, has had many translators, Propertius, the contemporary and friend of Ovid, has had correspondingly few. The artificiality and obscurity of his elegies render them difficult to read, and still more difficult to translate. Yet one of the finest of the "Bay Leaves" series is a Propertian elegy. It is on the death of Cornelia, a Roman matron of the highest rank, who is supposed, after death, to address her late husband and children in words "hardly equalled," as the translator says, "in the writings of the ancients as a tender expression of conjugal and maternal love." We quote a few closing stanzas. To her husband she says:—

Now I bequeath our children to thy heart,
Husband, though I am dust, that care is mine;
Father and mother too henceforth thou art;
Around one neck now all those arms must twine.

Kiss for thyself and then for her that's gone;
Thy love alone the whole dear burden bears;
If e'er for me thou weepest, weep alone,
And see, to cheat their lips, thou driest thy tears.

Be it enough by night thy grief to pour,
By night to commune with Cornelia's shade;
If to my likeness in thy secret bower
Thou speakest, speak as though I answer made.

And then to her children she says:—
Should time bring on another wedding day,
And set a step dame in your mother's place,
My children, let your looks no gloom betray;
Kind ways and loving words will win her grace.

Nor speak too much of me; the jealous ear
Of the new wife, perchance, offence may take;
But ah! if my poor ashes are so dear
That he will live unwedded for my sake,

Learn, children, to forestall your sire's decline,
And let no lonesome thought come near his life;
Add to your years what Fate has reft from mine;
Blest in my children let him bless his wife.

We close our quotations with Lucretius, whose great poem, "*De Rerum Natura*" (On the Nature of Things), contains a development of the physical and ethical doctrines of Epicurus. Despite the unpromising nature of his subject, there is no writer in whom the majesty and stately grandeur of the Latin language is more effectively displayed. The first stanzas form part of an invocation to Venus at the opening of the poem:—

Goddess from whom descends the race of Rome;
Venus, of gods and men supreme delight,
Hail thou that all beneath the starry dome—
Lands rich with grain and seas with navies white—
Blestest and cherishest! When thou dost come
Enamelled earth decks her with posies bright
To meet thy advent. Clouds and tempests flee
And joyous light smiles over land and sea.

Often as comes again the vernal hour
And balmy gales of spring begin to blow,
Birds of the air first feel thy sovereign power,
And, stirred at heart, its genial influence show.
Next the wild herds the grassy champagne scour,
Drawn by thy charm, and stem the river's flow.
In mountain, wood, field, sea, all by the grace
Of Venus' love, and love preserves their race.

The following are from some stanzas on the consolations of science at the opening of the second book:—

Fools! what doth nature crave? A painless frame,
Therewith a spirit void of care or fear.
Calm ease and true delight are but the same.
What, if for thee no golden statues rear
The torch to light the midnight feast, nor flame
The long-drawn palace courts with glittering gear,
Nor roofs of fretted gold with music ring,
Yet hast thou all things that true pleasure bring—

Pleasure like theirs that 'neath the spreading tree
Beside the brook, on the soft greensward lie,
In kindly circle feasting cheerfully
On simple dainties, while the sunny sky
Smiles on their sport and flowrets deck the lea,
Bright summer over all. Will fever fly
The limbs that toss on purple and brocade
Sooner than those on poor men's pallets laid?

In the beginning of the third book, Greece is thus apostrophized as "the light of the ancient world":—

O thou that in such darkness such a light
Durst kindle to man's ways a beacon fire!
Glory of Grecian land! to tread aright
Where thou hast trod, this is my heart's desire.
To love, not rival, is my utmost flight;
To rival thee, what mortal can aspire?
Can swallows match with swans, or the weak feet
Of kids vie in the race with coursers fleet?

Father, discoverer, guide, we owe to thee
The golden precepts that shall ne'er grow old;
As bees sip honey on the flowery lea,
Knowledge we sip of all the world doth hold.
Thy voice is heard: at once the shadows flee,
The portals of the universe unfold,
And ranging through the void thy follower's eye
Sees Nature at her work in earth and sky.

In this imperfect review the translator has been allowed to speak freely, and, we hope, not unfairly for himself. What has been said otherwise might have been much better said of a species of literary work so rarely done in Canada, and that has been so well done by a representative Canadian. However modestly Mr. Smith may think of his booklet, it has given great pleasure to his friends, any of whom may be excused for expressing the hope that they have not seen the last of his charming translations. JOHN KING.

Berlin.

LONDON LETTER.

WHEN you come, in the fourpenny box of a book-stall, to a queer plump volume written by William Collins and called "The Memoirs of a Picture" (with which is incorporated a sketch of "that celebrated original and eccentric genius, the late Mr. George Morland"), be sure you take the treasure home. For if you love biography you will be repaid. The fourpence will be well laid out, believe me.

There is something of a Micauber-like touch in Mr. Collins' swelling periods which is delightful to see. It makes one feel at once at home with his easy going kindhearted gentleman. Though Mr. Micauber's knowledge of art was not his stock-in-trade, his attention instead being early turned to the selling of coals and wine, on commission, yet had he been trained as a critic his opinion of the old masters would be identical with that of Mr. Collins, and just as strongly expressed, too. If Mr. Micauber had put together in his leisure moments a sound family novel on the Deplorable Decadence of British Taste, he would have wandered on through three hundred pages in just the same irrelevant fashion. For a little variety he too would have sandwiched in a biographical sketch of his dear misguided friend, ending the memoir with an original epitaph "at the earnest desire of several friends of our own and the painter, and not from any little motive of vanity. . . . and which has appeared before and received the sanction of public approbation in other prints."

Mr. Collins is bold enough to make fun, in the intervals of weeping over Morland's untimely death, of the great Desenfans, whom he nicknames Des-chong-fong, the Chinese expert, and of whom he draws a ludicrous portrait enough. 'Tis the same Desenfans who laboriously gathered together

a collection of Old Masters for King Stanislaus of Poland, whose royal coffers, try as he might, were never full enough to buy the pictures. So they were offered to Paul of Russia who refused, and no Englishmen cared enough for them, and we had no national gallery, then. Therefore Desenfans kept his treasures, and after his death they were hung in Sir John Soane's ugly domed rooms, built for the purpose, in the gardens of the school-house, at Dulwich, and there by their side, within touch of his wonderful Cuyps and Doros, Watteaus, Vonvermens, Gainsboroughs, Murillos, is buried the great collector himself, and his wife, and his friend, Sir Francis Bourgeois.

Then the public, the untrained, stupid, idle public, were told the Gallery should be open to them if they knocked. And we went, but not many of us, and certainly not often, for Dulwich is ten miles at least from any habitable part of town, and leads nowhere. At first one could only see the pictures on a Tuesday, but now this regulation is altered, and if you care for it you can go any day you like. At first the visitors were few and far between, and their indiscriminating admiration was equally divided between the scattered quaint bits of Empire furniture from the Manglebone house where the Desenfans and Bourgeois lived so many years together. But now we are better educated and more of us visit the pictures, and oftener, and we can better appreciate, I think, what it is we are looking at.

It was on a Tuesday that the Desenfans allowed visitors to the London house, so that free day was ordered in the will; and the porter of the Gallery was to wear the family livery of yellow and white with huge basket buttons; both these regulations are altered now. The family crested silver was bequeathed to furnish forth the tables at a yearly luncheon, which still takes place in memory of the founders, and is given to the Royal Academicians, and on that festal day (so, I give you my word, I have been told), the rooms being narrow, and more space required, the iron door of the Mausoleum, which communicates with the Gallery, is unlocked and on the top of the three friends the extra dishes and plates are piled!

Once, long ago, I had spent an hour or two in these still, still saloons (it is impossible to exaggerate their Quaker air of peace) and was staying in front of a famous Gainsborough, caught by the Linleys' charming dark-eyes, when there appeared close to my side an odd little figure, whose portrait if I could sketch I should give you here. Do you remember Miss Thimbleby with whom Mr. Laurence Oliphant drank tea, English fashion, in her parlour of the dingy Italian palace? Well, here was Miss Thimbleby in the flesh, it seemed to me, so old, so white and small, of a personality as unconventional and queer as ever was that of the poor lady stranded far from the grey, green country, where she was born, forgetful even, you will recollect, of what century she was in. The contrast between the brilliant girls on the canvas, Gainsborough's sitters, full of vigour and youth and beauty, sisters, in their flowing white gala gowns, the wind ruffling their pretty hair, with the lonely little flesh and blood spectre looking up at them, was pitiable to see. I sat on one of the antique sofas Sir John Soane was fond of designing in the early part of the century, and artistic people like the Desenfans were fond of buying, and watched as she examined the pictures one by one with real interest and pleasure, the Dutch flowerpieces, and country scenes appealing more to her, I thought, than any other school. Her narrow cotton skirt was half a yard too short; her cloak must have been designed nearly half a century ago; her cottage bonnet, crossed with ribbon, shrouded a bloodless delicate face as white and shrunk as her poor clothes. Yet there was that unmistakable mark of a gentlewoman (*a real lady*, as the servants say) instinctively felt by us, the two or three Cockney strangers in that country gallery, a mark stamped on every action, every glance, every line and fold of that well-cared-for dress. She faded out as quietly and quickly as she came, and I passed her in the dusty lane, picking her slow careful way, lifting her skirts from the road, glancing neither to the right nor left. They told me her name. They said she was quite mad, but harmless. That she never speaks. That she lives alone with one old servant and spends most of her days among these wonderful canvases.

Mr. George Moore, unlike my little mad friend, has only last week paid his first visit to Dulwich Gallery. He would not have gone then, I think, though he so much loves Art, had not every one (except the editors of that delightfully ridiculous *Whirlwind*) left town, and there was nothing else to do. So he took his courage in both hands, and, leaving civilization behind him, drove from Park Lane over Westminster Bridge, through the Borough ("in the Borough—I believe I have heard it called the Borough—everyone lives over his shop," he says), explored the fastnesses of Camberwell, and reached Dulwich at last, where the natives gave him hard beef and cheese, in exchange, I suppose, for beads and brass rods, and then sent him to the Gallery. Something happens to Mr. Moore when he gets among pictures and forgets Bohemia and himself. He is altered, and becomes a pleasant companion with only just so much of his absurdities left that a moderately strong person can digest. He has genuine artistic feeling; he explains clearly what he means and he is talking of what he loves, and does his best to understand. Therefore the paper in Mr. Moore's particular organ this week on the Dulwich pictures deserves a word of recognition, for indeed our young gentlemen who write on art for the most part neither understand, or take the trouble to try to understand, that which they so glibly criticise.

I have wandered far afield from Mr. Collins' old brown volume, published the Trafalgar year, still occasionally read for the memoir on George Morland, and to be bought by you, I advise, if ever you come across a copy. In it you will read, writ large, of the painter's life a century ago, of the hard struggle of the English school to succeed against the machinations of Mr. Collins' enemies, the Rascally Dealers; and though it can't be that Wilkie Collins inherited his story-telling talent from his grandfather, whose literary method must have made the author of the *Moonstone* smile, yet you will find much to entertain, and perhaps, a little to instruct you in this waif from the fourpenny box.

WALTER POWELL.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

OBIT. MDCCCXC.

THE shadows of the night are gathering fast;
And the lone pilgrim for these ninety years
O'er toilsome path, with courage, oft with fears,
The end of his long wanderings sees at last.
The rocky places, and the storm and blast,
The faintness and the anguish and the tears,
And prayers oft breathed into immortal ears,
Belong to the irrevocable Past.
But ever o'er his pathway shone afar
In cloud and storm, and doubt and bitter pain,
A beacon light before him—like the star
That led the seeking shepherds o'er the plain—
Till life's long day and dark and dreary night,
Like shadows, vanished in morn's endless light.

M. E. HENDERSON.

ENGLAND AND HER EUROPEAN ALLIES, PAST AND FUTURE.—II.

ENGLAND was prepared for a war with Russia by numerous French and Russian writers who disseminated in England the coarse scandals and descriptions which they can always produce at a moment's notice against any rulers in temporary disfavour with the populace. The chief Russian scandal-mongers were a count and a prince of ancient family, now dead, who had been very deservedly exiled from Russia; for in England no one would have spoken to them who was acquainted with their coarseness and their antecedents, but while John Bull professes to despise foreigners, he is always too ready to take them at their own measure, and to believe all they say. The Emperor Nicolas has now been weighed and measured in the tribunal of time and is declared, as his own brother-in-law and page then said of him, to have been a most respectable man in private life. But in 1854 he had been suffering for some years from hereditary disease of the brain, which, his physicians had asserted to more than one outsider, must prove fatal in two years at the most. His successor was believed to be of a mild, peaceful character, resolved to devote his reign to domestic reforms, and who would give no ground for war. Added to this a contract had already been made with an English firm for a railway between Moscow and the Crimea, so if Russia were to be driven out of her southern provinces to push Austria into them, it must be done at once, while she had still a thousand miles of uncultivated district through which to march her troops. Hence the resistance which the Emperor Nicolas made to Napoleon's demand, that the keys of the Holy Sepulchre should be delivered to the Latins (who had not even subscribed to build the modern church in 1808), and that Jerusalem, like Rome, should be garrisoned by French troops, was followed up by counter demands on the part of England and France, to which a sovereign, said Count Nesselrode to Count Beust in a private conversation, could only be expected to submit after a long war. One of these demands was that Russia should give up all her separate treaties with Turkey, among which was the navigation of the Black Sea by foreign merchant vessels; and a right conceded to the Greeks to have a place of worship of their own, and not only the Russian Embassy chapel, in Constantinople. Russia, as was expected, refused this demand and Turkey declared war supported by England and France in 1853, and was followed by England and France in March, 1854.

Our press had so persistently underrated the Russian resources, and overrated the French, that we began the campaign, which was truly one for an idea, most inadequately prepared. The result was that we lost the enormous prestige we had enjoyed ever since the Waterloo campaign, and that the Russians discovered that their only way of counterbalancing the disadvantages of their inland position and our superior navy was to approach India, in case of another war—in their eyes as unprovoked—with Great Britain. All our difficulties as regards India, at present or to come, are mainly the outcome of the Crimean War; and where on that occasion were our allies? The French were as pleased at our disasters as the Russians themselves. Austria looked out for herself. "How are the mighty fallen," was the tone which pervaded the continent. Schamyl, our intended Circassian ally, made a truce with Russia, and neither Finns nor Poles stirred a finger. So it would be again, and Russia would have the passive if not active assistance of Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria and Greece.

The military professor (Colonel Maurice) who strove to confute the views of Sir Charles Dilke must regard the independence of Roumania, and Servia, and the virtual

independence of Bulgaria, as calamities, and would prefer to see them still subject to Turkey with the Circassian colonies which have even contrived to alienate the Bedouins on the east side of the Jordan, still planted in the midst of Bulgaria. Such would have been the result of our opposing Russia in the war of 1877 more actively, as he thinks we ought to have done. The Crimean War riveted the chains of the people south of the Danube for another generation and a Turkish garrison was restored to Belgrade. Our ostensible participation as allies of Turkey against Russia in 1877 would have done the same. No one can doubt it who recollects the struggle over the delimitation of the newly emancipated provinces at Berlin, and how Austria, Italy, and sometimes France, joined with us in opposing every mile of ground conceded to Servia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro; and how it was hailed, as a gain on our side, when Russia could be induced to restore a village from those provinces to Turkey. Lord Salisbury wished to leave Varna and Vranja to Turkey and to allow Turkey to garrison the Balkans. As all the diplomatic correspondence shows, Austria was the bitter enemy of the new states, and yet this military writer expects them to forgive their injuries, and forget their benefits, and join Austria against Russia. Lord Beaconsfield and Prince Bismarck even wished to saddle Roumania with a portion of the Turkish debt. When Russia had given Roumania her independence, by the Treaty of San Stefano, it was essential to Austria's interests that she should be alienated from Russia. Therefore her ministers were invited to demand the portion of Bessarabia which had been ceded to Turkey by Russia in 1856 instead of the Dobrukscha which Russia had promised to give to her as an equivalent, and which was worth the more of the two.

Now every one who knew anything at all about Russia was perfectly aware that she would reclaim that territory still filled with her own subjects on the first opportunity. While it remained in other hands it was a proof of her humiliation, for she had never ceded territory to a victorious enemy since before the days of Peter the Great. In 1856 Sir Hamilton Seymour, who had been ambassador in Russia, warned our plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Paris, that a peace founded on such a clause would be nothing but a truce. The Emperor Napoleon would willingly have omitted it, and all foreign statesmen pronounced it to be a mistake, as its loss did not really weaken Russia. It simply made the Emperor, who had submitted to it, a contemptible person in the eyes of his subjects; and even, in those early days of his reign, Alexander II. was called upon to abdicate by some of the Russian pamphleteers, whose works were published in Leipzig and Paris. At his coronation, the old Metropolitan of Moscow showed the feeling of the nation by inserting among the portions of Scripture read during the ceremony, "A voice was heard of weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping, for her children, etc.," with the following verse, which, as it spoke of her children being redeemed out of the hand of the enemy, might be taken as rather significant.

This portion of Bessarabia had been wrested from Turkey by Alexander I. in 1812; and a young Roumanian maid of honour to the Empress, his wife, afterwards married to Count Edling and great aunt to Queen Natalie, established there a kind of refuge for fugitive Bulgarians, who by English diplomatists were then always called Greeks. The Pruth is a far more convenient boundary than the artificial one created by the Treaty of 1856, and as we went to war with Afghanistan to obtain "a scientific frontier," to quote Lord Beaconsfield, no sane person really imagined that Russia would put up with such an unscientific one a moment longer than she could help.

The public pay a great deal for the education of our young military, so we have a right to expect that they should be instructed in real history and geography and not romance. One book by a popular writer, much used in schools, infers that Russia first declared war against England and France in 1854. She did not even first declare war against Turkey; and the Prince Consort in a letter to the King of Prussia, written for Her Majesty, distinctly complains that she seeks advantages without going to war. Such an idea involves a confidence in her own strength and resources, and an aggressive disposition as regards Western Europe which she has certainly never yet shown. A young officer assured us that Cracow is part of Russia. Another declared that Russians were Asiatics of the same type as Syrians and Hindus. The military professor himself has apparently read no more of Napoleon's campaign in Russia than the bulletins intended exclusively for Parisian reading, else he would have remembered that one French army corps had eaten all its horses—and this, a thousand miles away from home before the first frost appeared, and that, on their march to Moscow, the army was disordered by "the more than Egyptian heat." In speaking of Russia as this "roadless country," he forgets that Napoleon was astonished at the good roads he found in Russia; and that before the end of the reign of Alexander I. the mud of Poland had been traversed by four good high roads, and Warsaw paved, and that the Pinsk marshes are now drained. Not so those of Galicia. He has clearly never even studied the great Duke of Wellington's essay on Napoleon's campaign in Russia.

But this is not surprising when we read the extraordinary error in his allusion to the war only thirteen years ago. He assumes that the Russians brought their soldiers and stores by sea through Varna. In analyzing the campaign of 1877, he therefore ignores the passage of the Danube which Count Moltke computed would cost them

PARIS LETTER.

60,000 men, the real "mud campaign," to which an army will be always liable in the Balkan provinces, and the most remarkable passage of the Balkans by a pass known only to the shepherds, while the eyes of Europe were fixed on the investment of Plevna. If they had been able to enter Turkey by Varna, it would have altered the whole character of the campaign, but Varna, Rustchuk, and Schumla were never captured and were only evacuated in accordance with the Treaties of San Stefano and Berlin. Has he already forgotten that Turkey possessed an iron-clad fleet, second only to our own, and manned by English naval officers, and that she had expended a large revenue on this supposed fad and in furnishing her army with first-class rifles and cannon, till, when pressed for money to pay the interest on her large debt, she tried to negotiate for a new loan at 18 per cent. on the Paris money market, and failed? The military professor thinks we ought to have taken that opportunity to make war against Russia, but, in fact, we did so under the convenient cover of neutrality. The Turkish Defence Fund was raised for that purpose. The services of Englishmen were pressed upon the Sultan to command his armies by our ambassador. An insurrection was raised by Englishmen among the Powaks, who now curse the fate which prevented them from being all united to Bulgaria, after the Treaty of Peace was signed. An insurrection was stirred up in the Caucasus even among tribes who had never joined the celebrated Schamyl against the Russians, and Russian forces were diverted to that quarter which had been intended to reinforce the army in the Balkans. Hence General Gourko was obliged to retreat and the consequent massacres of Bulgarians by Turks and Circassians took place at Eski Zaghra and in the Valley of Kezanlik. The description will be found in the file of the *Times*, which can be examined for sixpence at the office in London. In addition we obtained by bribery the plan for crossing the Danube, drawn up by the Russian staff, and sent it to the Turkish commander, who thought he was being deceived, and refused to use it. Surely all this was sufficient assistance to the Turks. In defiance of treaties, our fleet forced the Dardanelles, and very nearly thereby made the Russians occupy Constantinople. We kept them at San Stefano and on the heights of Tchoildja immediately round Constantinople weeks after they would otherwise have embarked for Russia, by our warlike attitude. We have been assured by a retired officer, who has strange religious views, that it was due to him that the fleet was sent through the Dardanelles. He dreamt that he saw the Russians enter Constantinople, and telegraphed to Lord Beaconsfield to send the fleet for its protection, and the fleet was sent but afterwards recalled. Individuals at that moment with sufficient presumption seemed able to sway the Government measures in a hitherto unprecedented manner. We must know our own minds and alter all this if we ever really join in another serious European war.

We heard an ex-Cabinet Minister, too high in the British Peerage to be afraid to speak his mind, assert a year ago, that without our assistance Turkey would have perished in the war of 1877-8. Whatever the descendant of a long line of British peers may not be, he has the courage of his opinions, and his word can be relied on. At that time, we armed a wild tribe near Batoum with first rate rifles, and it is more than probable that the Martini-Henry rifles, with which the Kurds were provided when they lately made an attack on the Assyrian Christians, were the very same. And we might ask, Has "our ancient ally" done what was expected of her in return for Bosnia and Herzegovina? She has, wherever she could, replaced Slavonians by Germans, and, instead of trying to conciliate the first, both the Emperor Francis Joseph and the late Prince Rudolf went out of their way to be uncivil to Bishop Strossmayer, simply because he had done what the Archbishop of Canterbury did, and sent a congratulatory telegram to Kiof when the Russians were celebrating the 1,000th anniversary of the Christianity of the Slavonic race. Of course the hope was that Austria would assume the leadership of the Slavonic race. But prepayment did not answer with the House of Hapsburg so long ago as 1273, when the first of the family, "a mean gentleman," as old Fuller in the "Holy Warre" styles him, was nominated to the Imperial throne with the idea that he would continue the Crusades. Not unnaturally he preferred the "sweet pleasures of existence," and according to Count Beust these are the rocks on which, in later days, the bark of Imperial Austria has foundered, while that of Prussia has shot ahead, and taken her place in Europe.

C. L. JOHNSTONE.

ONE of the oddest uses of the Nicene Creed is that which it is applied to by the women of ancient Nicæa, where the creed was in great part originally formulated. They recite it after putting eggs in a pot to boil as a measure of the time needed to cook them. It is said that they do this without any idea of irreverence.—*The Churchman*.

THE chief religions of the world may be classified according to the number of adherents as follows: Christianity, 450,000,000; Confucianism, 390,000,000; Hindooism, 190,000,000; Mohammedanism, 18,000,000; Fetichism, 150,000,000; Buddhism, 100,000,000; Spirit Worship, 50,000,000; Shintoism, 22,000,000; Jews, 8,000,000; Parsees, 1,000,000. Total, 1,449,000,000.—*Missionary Review*.

PARIS is never without commotions of some sort; they only differ in intensity. However, any event that affects the election of a municipal councillor and, by rebound, a deputy cannot be disregarded. The city is now agitated by the question of the costermongers. They are a body 6,000 strong, organized, and possessing—like the rag-picking guild—their own professional organ. These ambulatory green-grocers have placed shopkeepers, housewives, and market-stall men, not so much at loggerheads, as something heating up to internecine war. There are twenty *arrondissements* in Paris; each has a head, with occasionally a branch-market, but they are not conveniently situated, and the artizan's wife, etc., for whom time is money, cannot afford to make a long journey to lay in cupboard supplies. Hence the convenience of having food-necessaries brought to the street door for purchase, and not by one, but by several costermongers.

The peculiarity about the Parisian costermongers is that all their wares are trundled about on a hand-cart. A donkey is unknown to the whole fraternity. It is a *quantité négligeable*. Each costermonger must be furnished with a brass medal, obtained from the Prefect of Police. On this medal the name of the recipient and a number are engraved. Humble though be the license, it will not be granted unless the applicant be a person of good antecedents, honest, of peaceable disposition, and amenable to police directions. Comte Almaviva could not desire more from "Figaro," or the latter from a master. The medals are generally accorded to the broken-down members of the working classes, of both sexes, and ranging from 45 to 65 years of age. The majority are of the softer sex; 4,500 of the costermongers wear a round brass medal; this gives them the right to trundle within the old boundaries of the city; 1,500 exhibit oval medals, indicating their field of labour, the outskirts of the city, close to the fortifications. By the law of 1855, no costermonger is authorized to permanently station himself in the street, save during the actual time for serving a purchase. Nor must costermongers sell anything within a radius of 220 yards of any of the established markets; they must keep moving on, like the wandering Jew.

But there are means of accommodation even with heaven. So the police turn a blind eye to costermongers taking up position, in Indian file, in several very populous and traffic-occupied streets, from 8 till 11 in the morning after which they must fold up their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away. In the streets of Paris, the even-numbered houses are on one side, and the odd on the other, and when a string of costermongers, twenty to forty strong—some extend like a comet's tail to 120 handcarts, as at the Place Clichy—take up their morning stand in a street, it is always the odd-numbered side they prefer. Shakespeare says, "There's divinity in odd numbers." This congregation of handcarts considerably blocks foot and roadway—the Rue Montmartre to wit. Shopkeepers complain of the obstruction, and green-grocers installed in shops protest against the competition from vendors who pay no license, while they do so. Hence the pressure brought to bear upon municipal councillors and deputies to prosecute a holy war against the morning invaders who endanger the Temple of Ephesus, if they ambition re-election.

On the other hand the residents, despite the shopkeepers, insist on the retention of the costermongers, who, in addition to being invaluable as a convenience, are indispensable by the reasonableness of their prices. In the Rue Montmartre, the shopkeepers last year petitioned the Prefect of Police to remove the costermongers as they were injuring their trade. It was done. Six months later, the same shopkeepers petitioned that the costermongers be allowed to return, as their business suffered from the absence of the purchasing crowd. Some butchers said their sales diminished as much as 250 frs. a day. Their demand was again granted. In the Rue de Provence at present, it is a house divided against house. The costermongers as usual took up their stand on the side of the odd-numbered premises; result, a request that the Prefect of Police would order them away. The shopkeepers on the other side of the street simultaneously begged that they be allowed to remain—but on the opposite side of the way. The Prefect decreed that the costermongers were to station themselves per fortnight alternately on each side of the street. The Capulet and Montagu shopkeepers now have coalesced for the expulsion of the costermongers, while the non-shopkeepers insist that they be authorized to remain. Solomon himself might stand aghast at this dilemma.

The costermongers sell vegetables, fruit, fish, meat, lollipops, snails, frogs, oranges, cheese, butter, horse-flesh, sausages, flowers, rabbits and poultry—the two latter alive and dead; if alive, they will be killed while you wait. No refuse is allowed to soil the street—each cart has its dust compartment. The costermonger lays in his supplies, between four and eight o'clock in the morning, at the sales in the great central markets, where all food stuffs are sold wholesale and in lots by public auction. Several costermongers unite to buy in a lot, and then divide. The daily sales of a costermonger vary from 5 to 40 frs., and three-fourths of the proprietor's fortune is on the handcart. The latter is either owned or can be hired at two sous per hour. Some of the wealthiest fruiterers in Paris commenced life as costermongers, and do not feel ashamed to own it; but there is no snobbism of that sort in the French character, where a man feels proud in being the son of his own success—with having found the marshal's *baton* in his knapsack.

Many excellent artisans, fully capable of pursuing their calling, prefer the life of a costermonger rather than the daily imprisonment of a workshop. Personally, I am aware of a once excellent engraver, who graduated as a costermonger, and is now an opulent sedentary fruiter and green-grocer. Each ambulatory costermonger has a special cry that clients recognize, and who then come down to the street to buy. Knowledge of a district is necessary to suit sales. As a rule vegetables, fruits and flowers are fresh and sound, and piled on the carts refreshingly eye-pleasing.

All this does not dispense with the purchasers relying on their own judgment, as to selection and prices. A costermonger detects at a glance the young housekeeper, or the inexperienced servant, and plucks accordingly. Stale fish will appear bleeding at the gills, due to a brush and rabbits' blood; old hams will be made as good as new after being bathed in a luke-warm solution of salt, then scraped, wiped, coated with oil, and polished till they shine like a nigger's Sunday face. Lobsters that arrive dead at the wholesale market and that are auctioned off at 150 frs. per 100 are boiled, tied with a string and sold at four to six frs. each. It is but fair to add, a prime lobster lies on the heap, slit in two, flesh white as snow and coral, red as a rose. Meat on the turn undergoes a *toilette* of a brine bath. All such damaged wares are called *rossignols*, that is nightingales.

The costermongers have two grievances. First, a class of out-casts that have a hand-basket filled with damaged fruits, vegetables, etc., and who stand on the flag-way to sell, with an eye ever on the look-out for the policeman, like card sharpers or thimble riggers. At the approach of the policeman, who extends to them no quarter, they bolt, or find refuge in a wineshop by ordering a thimbleful of something. If caught in the act of selling they generally decamp, preferring to leave their basket and its contents with the policeman—who looks as foolish as if he had picked up an abandoned baby—rather than be imprisoned. The second grievance of the costermonger is more tangible. The big green-grocer has a shop; he purchases largely and wholesale; to keep his shop filled with fresh stuff he hires costermongers, generally three at a time, and fits them out with his stale vegetables, etc., plus a slight addition of something fresh.

He pays them five frs. a day each, provides them with his own hand-carts, and has them watched by his own overseer, to whom he pays six frs. a day. After paying all expenses and underselling the *bona fide* costermonger, the green-grocer scores per cart 8 frs. per day net profit on his old stuff. There are two offices in the city where the holders of medals can be hired for this work. The costermongers have held several "mass meetings" to denounce this fraudulent competition, so contrary to the object of granting the medal, which was to enable the costermonger to sell on his own account, and not for the rich and speculative shop green-grocer. The Prefect of Police is trying to remedy the hardship. He has decided that each medal holder must also have his photo upon him, and if suspected or peached upon, to be able to prove where the cart contents have been purchased.

In bartering her own consulate rights on Madagascar, and consenting to France occupying the Sahara Desert somewhere up to the region of Lake Tschad in exchange for the protectorate of Zanzibar, that key of Africa, England has, it is considered, struck a good bargain, while saddling France with an additional tremendous white elephant. Beyond the new territory looking big on a map, that, in the eyes of sober Frenchmen, is all they have gained, and over which they laugh, while demanding what are they to do with such acquisitions apart from expending money on them?

M. F. Ordinaire, the special French commissioner appointed to examine the convict establishments at New Caledonia, relates that the liberated murderers and thieves on the island enjoy a material condition far superior to honest French peasants. In the church the harmonium is played by a convict, and the seraphs of the choir are also felons. Some of the ticket-of-leave convicts are very wealthy; one "keeps his carriage and pair," and is allowed six weeks' leave of absence annually "to go to Sydney for change of air." It appears that with money there is no obstacle for escaping. The Superior of the Bourail Convent, where female convicts are kept till wed, states that fourteen marriages a day are often celebrated, but that the unions invariably result in the greater demoralization of the women, and whose children become more depraved. She does not believe in the reformation of convicts. In place of a crucifix and string of beads at her side she wears a revolver. One of her kitchen maids—all are convicts—who was skimming the soup boiler, had been transported for boiling her own infant alive.

Z.

THE insumgraph is an instrument which by the aid of electric currents presents at a predetermined time a clear space of paper for signatures, at an opening in a suitable desk, and at the end of the time of grace allowed moves it past the opening. The tell-tale and time-checking systems at present in use, owing to the fact that the necessary signals are made by electric currents set in motion by disks, or plugs, or press buttons, fail to ensure that the proper individual is actually performing his rounds. The insumgraph, however, by making an autograph necessary, greatly diminishes the impossibility of fraud.—*London Public Opinion*.

AN AUGUST MORNING.

In gleam of pale translucent amber woke
The perfect August day ;
Through rose-flushed bars, of pearl and opal, broke
The sunlight's golden way.

Scarcely the placid river seemed to flow
In tide of amethyst,
Save where it rippled o'er the sands below,
And granite boulders kissed.

The heavy woodland masses hung, unstirred,
In languorous slumber deep,
While, from their green recesses, one small bird
Piped to her brood, asleep.

The clustering lichen wore a tenderer tint,
The rocks, a warmer glow,
The emerald dew-drops, in the sunbeam's glint,
Gemmed the rich moss below.

Our fairy shallop idly stranded lay,
Half mirrored in the stream,
Wild roses drooped, glassed in the tiny bay,
Ethereal as a dream.

You sat upon your rock, a woodland queen
Upon a granite throne ;
All that still world of loveliness serene
Held but us twain alone.

Nay, but we felt another Presence there,
Around, below, above ;
It breathed a poem through the crystal air,
Its name was LOVE !

FIDELIS.

PERIWIGS—II.

THE Rev. Sydney Smith in an article on a "Spital Sermon with notes" published by its preacher, Dr. Parr, opens his contribution to the *Edinburgh Review* of 1802, thus : "Whoever has had the good fortune to see Dr. Parr's wig must have observed that while it trespasses a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, it scorns even Episcopal limits behind, and swells out into boundless convexity of frizz, the *mega thauma* of barbers, and the terror of the literary world. After the manner of his wig the Doctor has constructed his sermon, giving us a discourse of no common length, and subjoining an immeasurable mass of notes, which appear to concern every learned thing, every learned man, and almost every unlearned man since the beginning of the world."

Samuel Parr was a great scholar, whose reputation was increased by his dogmatic manner and violent disposition, and it must have been with a smile that the great Sydney thought of this ingenious parallel between Parr's wig and Parr's sermon.

It was about this time that the periwig began, like Silas Wegg's version of the history, to "decline and fall off" after a proud reign of a couple of centuries, for we have seen that wigs were occasionally worn before the Restoration of the rightful heir to the Stuart throne. Mr. Lowell, in his charming essay on Pope, truly says "From the compulsory saintship and cropped hair of the Puritans, men rushed or sneaked, as their temperaments dictated, to the opposite cant of sensuality and a wilderness of periwig." There can be no doubt, in the period of literary decadence which followed the Restoration period, men carried more outside their heads than inside, for some of their wigs were enormously grand and none of their works were.

Everybody wore wigs—old and young, rich and poor. A common street cry of the time was "fine tie or fine bob, sir," and the prices varied from a guinea upwards. Second-hand wigs came cheaper but were confined to the poorer classes and miserly characters. Even the apprentice had a stipulation inserted in his indentures that his master should provide him with "one good and sufficient wig yearly and every year for and during, and unto the expiration of the full end and term of his apprenticeship."

The value of good wigs was considerable and the stealing of them followed as a matter of professional duty to the street thief. The manner he adopted was certainly ingenious. Finding out when a big wig was about to visit the court or the play, he would lay in wait for the carriage at a conveniently dark and sequestered spot, then spring on behind, rip through the leather back, if it had one, and snatch the coveted wig from the astonished head of the gentleman travelling within. Before the carriage could be stopped the thief had usually made good his escape. Stolen wigs were easily disposed of to unscrupulous barbers or to the second hand dealers in Rag Fair or Petticoat Lane.

There is a verse celebrating a barber of Middle Row in the following mellifluous style :—

Full many a year, in Middle Row, has this old barber been,
Which those who often that way go have full as often seen ;
Bucks, jemies, coxcombs, bloods and beaux, the lawyer, the divine,
Each to this reverend tonsor goes to purchase wigs so fine.

It is a matter of congratulation that British-made wigs were considered far superior to those made in France or Germany.

With the smaller and more mischievous members of the household, and sometimes with the sporting friends, it was a habit to fish for wigs. This sport, which is nowhere recognized by Isaac Walton, consisted of attaching a bent pin to a string and then throwing the line from a window or over a balustrade to attach it to a passing or descending periwig. If the wearer happened to be bald the results were more amusing to the angler ; but more annoying to the fish.

When wigs came in, the judges, lawyers and physicians took to them at once in a very sensible manner and looked far more learned and respectable than nature had probably intended. "The legal waste of wig" still remains like many other legal accessory that would be better out of practice, and perhaps the very same oxtail has supplied a judge with both soup and wig. The gallants of the Restoration period wore wigs, and of course gave a great deal of their spare time (which was their lives—time that might well have been spared) to the proper adornment of their capillary coverings, to which end they carried ivory, pearl, or tortoise-shell combs in their pockets and took every opportunity to use them, whether in church, on the street or at the theatre.

We have often lamented that some literary perquier, who loves pen and peruke alike, has not compiled a catalogue of historical wigs, with particulars of their rises and falls. A volume of peculiar interest to antiquarians, who by the way are usually bald, would certainly result. We will give a few examples to indicate the nature of such an undertaking. It would be culpable negligence to omit a wig of such literary moment as that which belonged to John Gilpin—or the other which he borrowed. What elements of humour those two wigs are in the never-to-be-forgotten ride ! They are put on and taken off at the right instant, and fit their places to a hair ; verily the ballad of "John Gilpin" without its wigs would be as bald an affair as its hero, and as bare a sketch as ever was rhymed. Yet neither wig obtrudes in the poem. His own wig, and beyond a doubt it was his best one, is unfortunately lost soon after the start, in the 25th verse, and it is not until he reaches the 46th verse of his immortal gallop, after he has passed "through merry Islington" and left his wife behind on the balcony of the Bell at Edmonton, that his friend the Callender at Ware lends him "a wig that flowed behind," which is also lost in the 56th verse, "because it was too big." The big wig of the Callender suggests other big-wigs, who derived their nickname as a class from the imposing magnitude of their head-dress.

Some of our favourite wigs are still to be found in the pages of Sterne, notably those which adorn the heads of Mr. Walter Shandy, progenitor of the misnamed Tristram, and "my uncle Toby." The latter gentleman was especially fond, and consequently so are we, of his Ramillie or old tie wig and who does not call to mind the fix Mr. Shandy found himself in through taking off his wig with the wrong hand when he was hot and wanted to get at his handkerchief. Listen a few minutes to Tristram on the incident : "Matters of no more seeming consequence in themselves than 'whether my father should have taken off his wig with his right hand or with his left,' have divided the greatest kingdoms, and made the crowns of the monarchs who governed them to totter upon their heads. As my father's India handkerchief was in his right coat-pocket he should by no means have suffered his right hand to have got engaged ; on the contrary, instead of taking off his wig with it, as he did, he ought to have committed that entirely to his left ; and then, when the natural exigency my father was under of rubbing his head called out for his handkerchief, he would have had nothing in the world to have done but to have put his right hand into his right coat-pocket, and taken it out, which he might have done without any violence, or the least ungraceful twist in any one tendon or muscle of his whole body.

"In this case (unless indeed his mind had been resolved to make a fool of himself, by holding the wig stiff in his left hand, or by making some nonsensical angle or other at his elbow-joint or arm-pit) his whole attitude had been easy, natural, unforced ; Reynolds, himself, as great and graceful as he paints, might have painted him as he sat. Now, as my father managed the matter, consider what a devil of a figure my father made of himself."

There was an old form of expletive or verbal explosion of bad temper, which consisted of the simple phrase, "Dash my wig." It was used long after the article referred to went out of fashion and there were really no wigs left to dash. When the folly of dashing anything that was not in existence became apparent the imperative verb depended upon something else for its support and as nothing more *apropos* could be found, "Dash my buttons" took its place as a mode of angry address. One of the best illustrations of the use of a wig as an alleviator of temporary annoyance is given by the same writer in "Tristram Shandy" : "It is not half an hour ago, when, in the great hurry and precipitation of a poor devil's writing for daily bread, I threw a fair sheet, which I had just finished and carefully wrote out, slap into the fire, instead of the foul one. Instantly I snatched off my wig and threw it perpendicularly, with all imaginable violence, up to the top of the room ; indeed I caught it as it fell, but there was an end of the matter. *Nor do I think anything else in nature would have given such immediate ease.*"

It was customary for a long time to use powder on the wig. In one of his satires Pope has a line, "My wig all powder and all snuff my band." It was enacted that

hair-powder should be made of starch and that all other was illegal as well as injurious. Laws standing in the same relation to pie-crusts as promises, it is not to be wondered at that barbers broke them ; consequently such records as the following are to be found in the old books of the London courts of law : "On 20th November, 1746, fifty-one barbers were fined £20 each for having hair-powder not made of starch," and "on 27th November, 1746, forty-nine other barbers were similarly served for similar reasons." The magistrates took the starch out of the barbers for taking the starch out of the wigs.

We have notices of many wigs of many men ; but may merely mention a few. It is recorded thus in the wig-life of Mr. William Emerson, once a famous mathematician, now but little known except as an eccentric character of the last century : "His wigs were made of brown, or of a dirty flaxen-coloured hair, which at first appeared bushy and tortuous behind, but which grew pendulous through age, till at length it became quite straight, having probably undergone the operation of the comb ; and either through the original malformation of the wig, or from a custom he had of frequently thrusting his hand beneath it, the back part of his head and wig seldom came into very close contact."

Some men, either from reasons of economy or comfort, wore their wigs as long as possible, until in fact they were well-nigh worn away and became at once a jest and reproach.

A joke on Jekyl, or some odd, old whig,
Who never changed his principle or wig.

Dr. Browne Willis, the antiquarian, who died in 1739, owned a tie wig, which he had worn for nine years ; after which we are told "it was lain by at his barber's, never to be put on but once a year, in honour of the Bishop of Gloucester's birthday."

There is some sort of reasonable ground for phrenology to stand upon in the bumps of the heads, but to judge of the inside of a skull by the appearance of the wig without is of course a work of pure imagination. A certain set of reasons may account for the milk in the cocoa-nut, though not for the hair outside, and, *vice versa*, the conditions that govern the wig may not affect the character beneath. Yet Præd, in the first quarter of this century, inclined to another view of the matter, when he wrote the following in "The Etonian," a school magazine that was once honoured by a flattering notice in the *Quarterly Review* : "In the days of our ancestors the flowered wig was the decoration of the gentleman ; and the hair, raised by cushions, stiffened with powder, and fastened with wires formed the most becoming insignia of the lady. The behaviour of both sexes was the counterpart of their occipital distinctions ; among the gentlemen the formal gallantry of those days was denoted by a no less formal peruke, and among the ladies the lover was prepared to expect a stiffness of decorum by the warning he received from so rigid a stiffness of *tête*."

Wigs could not last forever, in the ordinary course of mundane affairs ; they often came to an end long before their owners. What became of the old wigs ? They were bought up at the cheapest possible prices by itinerant purchasers, just as the Jews buy up old clothes. Belonging to this old and not respected trade was one, Sir Jeffrey Dunstan, who was elected for Garrat for three Parliaments. Of course he was an outdoor member, for the election, alas, was as mock as Jeffrey Dunstan's title. The little dwarf did not think so, but made political speeches to all who would listen to him and adopted as his armorial bearings four wigs and a quart pot.

Footo has a whimsical comedy entitled "The Mayor of Garrett," and as Hogarth witnessed the mock-election more than once it is not unlikely some of its incidents were reproduced in his election caricatures.

The old wig purchasers sold their purchases to the second-hand clothes men of Rag Fair, Petticoat Lane, Rosemary Lane and such public marts for the poor and one of the curious customs of these places was that of "Dipping for Wigs." A large barrel stood filled with old wigs and for sixpence or a shilling, according to the assorted contents of the tub, the payer dipped his hand into the lottery and pulled out one wig, which he was obliged to be content with. In the leather trade old wigs were also used by curriers for cleaning the waste, etc., from the leather.

One would hardly expect to find wigs at sea, though pig-tails were worn by sailors in the days when Charles Dibdin wrote of "Barbers' blocks, where smiles the parson's wig." Still it is customary at the grand ceremonial, held upon crossing the line, for Daddy Neptune to wear a wig, which consists of the head of a wet swab, the drenched ends of which hang down his back like dripping locks of hair.

What a wig, natural or artificial it matters not, must have belonged to Gargantua when, "combing his head with a comb, which was 900 feet long of the Jewish cane measure, and whereof the teeth were great tusks of elephants, whole and entire, he made fall at every rake about seven balls of bullets, at a dozen the ball, that had stuck in his hair at the razing of the castle of the wood of Vede."

But tales of the hair (apart from balloon adventures) are as numerous as the particular capillary filaments composing the wig itself. Think of that self-sacrificing Countess of Suffolk in the beginning of last century, who, not having enough funds to provide for a large dinner party, sold her fine head of hair to a barber for twenty pounds and bartered the proceeds for the benefit of her expected guests. Hare was certainly on the table that evening.

Imagine the feelings of despair which prompted Thomas, afterwards Lord Erskine, when his barber disappointed him, to pen these lines:—

Ruin seize thee, scoundrel Coe,
Confusion on thy frizzing wait;
Hadst thou the only comb below
Thou never more should'st touch my pate.

But it was not long after the above *jeu d'esprit* was penned that the wig went out of fashion and one would say to another, as Fag said to Thomas, in "The Rivals," "What the devil do you want with a wig, Thomas? None of the London whips of any degree of *ton* wear wigs now."

After a brief struggle against the decree of a merciless fashion, newly reigning over society, the old wig went out of existence and commenced to become a thing to be curiously remembered. With it went a very important branch of the barber's trade and we can imagine the old barber, of artistic and poetic susceptibilities, who had placed a picture of the death of Absalom over his door, with David weeping, as an advertisement, taking it all down with the words beneath which had so long been expressive of his feelings and his business at the same time:—

Oh! Absalom! oh! Absalom!
Oh! Absalom! my son!
If thou hadst worn a periwig,
Thou hadst not been undone.

SAREPTA.

JEROME K. JEROME'S WOMEN.

Thou com'st in such questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee.

HAMLET, trembling in the presence of the ghost of his father, could not be more moved than a real woman in the presence of the one Jerome K. Jerome has evolved from his inner consciousness. He is a humourist whose name, if not new, is new to most of us. As is usual with humourists the pronoun "I" figures largely, but this making yourself ridiculous that all the rest of the world may laugh at your discomfiture is one of the ingredients of being amusing. Women figure rather largely, too. But some women always wear "two's" and "waistbands" so tight that there are a series of explosions caused by the waists seeking freedom. A number of quotations may perhaps best bring these anomalous beings before our mind's eye—before our eye of flesh they can never stand. "Young ladies take their notions of our sex from the novels written by their own, and, compared with the monstrosities that masquerade for men in the pages of that nightmare literature, Pythagoras' plucked bird and Frankenstein's demon were fair average specimens of humanity." One cannot help but wonder whence he took his "notions" of where young ladies take theirs from. He says he is a bachelor. But then he must have had a mother, though probably she died when he was small; but where then were his "sisters, his cousins, and his aunts?" Some of them would surely have soon shown him that the average woman understands the average man fairly well. His many virtues, his few vices—if he have any—are learned from fathers, and brothers, and cousins with tolerable accuracy. The privilege of correcting the vices, Mr. Jerome permits these wrong-minded creatures, for he says, "And yet, women, you could make us so much better, if you only would. It rests with you more than with all the preachers to roll this world a little nearer heaven. You must be worthy knightly worship, you must be higher than ourselves."

Now, if, to begin with, women have such false ideas of men, what a Herculean task is before them. First, to correct their "notions"; then to do more than the preachers, that overworked class of men, whom only long holidays, and tonics, and cod-liver oil can carry from year to year through the discouraging task of making the world better. Then added to this, or previous to it rather, they have to reform themselves, to "be fair in mind and soul as well as face" to throw off their disguising cloaks of selfishness, effrontery and affectation.

Then, too, if they would win the affection of those for whom they are to be and to do all this, they must not be clever, for "men can't bear clever women." Why then does he murmur because some friends, with whom he drove in Derbyshire, would talk of "sarcenet" linings and so on, with the glorious, everlasting hills before them. Especially, as he says, "Women at all events ought to dress prettily. It is their duty. They are the flowers of the earth, and were meant to show it up."

When he recalls two pretty girls he once saw, he adds, "But it is years ago and I daresay they have both grown stout and snappish." When he is ill, he likes to look wasted and interesting so that all the pretty girls would sigh as he passed by. When it comes to making love, he says, "By Jove, fancy a man trying to make love on strictly truthful principles," and yet he wants women to be so true that "a thousand Sir Rolands shall lay lance in rest, and fear, avarice, pleasure, and ambition shall go down in the dust before your colours."

With such a field before him, as he seems to have, it is rather a pity he could not have let the "mother-in-law" joke rest, but he did not, for he says, "It's so nice to be able to see the darlings a long way off, especially if they happen to be your wife or your mother-in-law." If the "wife or the mother-in-law" were regenerated according to his ideas distance might still "lend enchantment to the view."

Their characteristics summed up seem to be vanity, frivolity, affectation, stupidity, snappishness, selfishness,

effrontery. Life may be what we make it, but if women are what Jerome K. Jerome makes them they are not fit to be companions of "Pythagoras' plucked bird." But, perhaps, we may hope that women, like truth, crushed to earth may rise again. To help to this it may be well to quote Charles Mackay:—

Woman may err, woman may give her mind
To evil thoughts, and lose her pure estate,
But for one woman who affronts her kind
By wicked passions and remorseless hate,
A thousand make amends in age and youth,
By heavenly pity, by sweet sympathy,
By patient kindness, by enduring truth,
By love, supremest in adversity.

L. O'LOANE.

THE RAMBLER.

IT should be altogether too late to expatiate on the charms of a summer's idle three weeks at the Sea (I spell it with a capital). But indeed there can be no mistake about the thoroughness of the article. Our fresh water seas—those rock-belted throbbing lakes of blue—look very salt. A summer passed beside them is not to be despised. But at the Sea the charm is in the continual incident. One day there has been a mirage, another sees a wonderful influx of strange new starry forms of life; a third is made memorable by a happy occultation of temperature and waves, which renders bathing truly ideal. The very fact of variation in the tide seems to carry a fund of interest and amusement with it. Of course the fashionable world must bathe, so it is here in full force, and the fashionable world does not, it is notorious, care for nature. Should any enthusiast walk out in old skirt and *heptenette* garment, in order to explore a certain low-lying reef full of little amber pools in which disport the pink star-fish, the spiky echinoderm and the flabby salmon and terra cotta anemone, she is apt to be condemned as erratic, eccentric, or even pedantic. Worse still, should the said enthusiast take a good steady walk of eight or nine miles and return with a waxen Indian Pipe in one hand, a chocolate fungus in the other, and basket crammed with orchises and rare cushions of moss, the execration, though silent, is deep. The true goal, *summum bonum*, is to bathe, certainly; then to eat, and then to sit on the piazza. But the flaw in this otherwise comfortable programme is that if you eat much, as you are sure to do in these places, you ought to exercise. Therefore, the wise walk.

It is very difficult to detach the sea-anemone. Its sensitiveness is such that the face mirrored in the pool startles it, and the fluffy tentacles flutter, wave and finally close in. The resemblance in the terra cotta ones to a bad tomato is not pleasant. But the salmon pink ones are far from ugly, especially when fully open. They grow, like the obstinate all-stomach things they are, on the transverse way of the rock, and if it be not laminated, it is excessively difficult to separate their several home-slabs from the great brown home-rock. The echinoderm is easier to roll out, and when his spines are rubbed off his purplish pink, white spotted surface, there shows the beauty of the divine design in radiating dots such as you or I could never improve upon. Then those curious things we the unlearned call sand collars and sand dollars, and the great red crabs, all legs and arms, like hobbledehoy lobsters, and the varying shells and the sea flora, twice as bright as inland grass and shrubs, from contact with the pale buff sands and preservation from the grimy dust of towns—all are fraught with novelty and pleasure.

One moment the sea is opaline and russet and turquoise, white wings skim the rubicon, the air is warm and sunshine floods the long smooth arcs of gleaming sand. We pull out and out and across the bar. The lighthouse looms hard and white against the deep violet grey of that low opaque sky one only sees at the coast, when *presto*—the violet moves, strides along angrily, changes to black, the sunshine is a myth and the waves turn inky. We land but just in time, for this is a summer squall. Now the rain slaps, bites, pinches the face. The boats rock hysterically. Fog sends down a curtain which cuts the world in two, and on our side there is nothing but strange, sliding ruffled shapes of wind-driven, rain-splashed water, water, water, in which the white, dazzling white specks are crests of cruel waves, and the fiery forks splitting the black asunder the distant lightning. There is a startling suddenness and completeness about the spectacle. Five minutes earlier and we had been submerged in it, bathed in it, rendered numb and dumb in it.

The New Englander is pleasant; will talk and show you the flowers, let you take a drink at her pump, and listen to your remarks amiably. But it is not a generous breed. I go up to the white staring cottages and the white staring farmhouses, with the monster barns *en train* that I will persist in taking for meeting-houses, and over and over again I admire the flowers that grow so grandly in this moist, healthy air, but never a posy do I get. It is astonishing how new and rough this part of the continent still is. Surely it has been settled now a few years. Seems as if there might be a few fences here and there and a slight attempt at consolidation along the unkempt country roads. Were it not for the gigantic elms—real New England elms—that skirt, avenue-wise, that same dusty road, there would be no beauty, no refreshment whatever for the town-bred eye.

Mr. Mercier was very much taken to task by papers of his Province for deserting Canadian watering-places

this season. The reason is this. Apart from the more thorough change in surroundings, Maine is warmer than—say Metis. And people who live in the cold of our lower provinces wish, naturally, for a little warmth when they go abroad in the summer, and when they find they can combine this modicum of heat with delightful bathing, they are not tardy in declaring a preference.

The third number of the second volume of Mr. Moulton's *Magazine of Poetry* is to hand. The papers on Sidney Lanier, Roden Noel, Emily Pfeiffer, Frederic E. Weatherly, George Parsons Lathrop and John Stewart Blackie, are about the only ones worth reading, and four out of the six are English writers. James Gowdy Clark is described as "the greatest and most famous poet singer of the age." As a specimen of style we have the following: "Jeanie Oliver Smith is one of our 'holy women' whose avocation is letters, and who, without contributing bulk to our literature, has nevertheless added a quality of which there can not be an excess—a high-bred and earnest charm that is persuasive as it is gentle, and exhales like a fine incense from whatsoever work they set their hand to, be it prose or poetry." And again we have: "Miss Narnie Harrison, who, being a born poet and lisping in numbers in infancy and occasionally contributing a characteristic *morceau* to the voluminous poetical literature of the country, yet is indifferent to fame, and careless of the rewards that ambition grants its votaries."

A little more attention to construction would go far towards making this *Magazine of Poetry* more valuable.

Maud Ogilvy's *Romance of the St. Lawrence* is very creditably written, but the resemblance of certain passages in it to the career of a popular and distinguished *prima donna* does not help the book.

It rather suggests the actual story of a life infinitely more romantic than even Miss Ogilvy's conception of plot and character. Some details, too, strike one as incongruous, as, for instance, how an elderly lady of title could ever be found attired in pale green silk. But that is a feminine matter, as Rudyard Kipling would say. Mr. Drysdale, publisher, of Montreal, is certainly most vigorous in placing his Canadian wares bravely and persistently on the market. For this—many thanks.

You may be sure that at summer resorts of all kinds society splits into two sections. The one complains that the place is "too mixed"; the other, that the people are "so stiff." Now don't forget this, and, next time you go anywhere for the summer, look out for those two remarks—you are certain to hear them. You can think over during the winter which section you will belong to.

A MODERN MYSTIC—VII.

WE had hardly seated ourselves when the door bell rang and the next minute M. de Marquette was ushered into the drawing-room.

"Mr. Marquette," said Madame Lalage, "I think you know all my friends." [Marquette bowed.] "Mr. McKnom is about to lay bare the beauties of political virtue in general and Canadian political virtue in particular."

McKnom: "Professor Glaucus, you are sceptical of political virtue. Leaving politics on one side, is there such a thing as virtue?"

Glaucus: "Most certainly; virtue is as we all know derived from the Latin *virtus*, manliness; the Greek *andreia*, valour, courage, spirit, virtue."

McKnom: "And was not *virtus* among the Latins used as we used virtue to express all good qualities, and sometimes a single good quality?"

Glaucus: "Certainly."

McKnom: "But what does virtue consist in? Manliness, manfulness, this implies a character that will act on given occasions in a certain manner? The soldier in the battle field fights bravely; a man seeing a weak person oppressed succours him; on a boat in danger of shipwreck shows self-control, helps others into the life boat, risks or loses his life in helping women and children—all this would be manly, virtuous? So, if speaking the truth exposes to danger speaking the truth is manly, virtuous? A completely virtuous man would be one who in every relation of life would act a manly part? But as men are imperfect we shall and do find men behaving well in one relation and badly in another? A man may be a brave soldier or a brave sailor, a heart of oak on board his warship. Yet away from barracks the one, or on shore the other may get drunk, or show want of self-denial in other respects; of these we should have to predicate the virtue of bravery, though we could not call them virtuous men all around. The late G. V. Brooke, a great actor, the greatest Othello I ever saw on any stage, was weak and unmanly in some particulars, but he died a hero. A skilful doctor who is ready at all hours to face storm, long journeys, contagion, sleepless watching to attend the sick, he has the virtue of a doctor, and, considered as such, you would pronounce him a virtuous man even though as a politician he might fall short of virtue or have none?"

Professor Glaucus assented to all this.

"Then," proceeded McKnom, "surely we can have virtue in politics as elsewhere, and political virtue must consist in acting as a politician manfully, faithfully?"

"Oh," replied Glaucus, "I don't deny that there is such a thing as political virtue; what I deny is that there are virtuous politicians, at least in Canada. I know that there

is such a thing as fresh fish, but if I were in shambles, where all was piscatorial rottenness, I should hold my nose."

McKnom: "But let us look more closely at political virtue. What, Dr. Facile, do you consider your chief duty as a member of Parliament?"

Dr. Facile: "To carry out my pledges. In my address to my constituents I set out the policy of my party and proclaimed myself a follower of my leader. It is my duty on all occasions to be in my place in Parliament to support by speech and vote the policy of my party and to uphold my leader."

McKnom: "But do questions never arise not embraced in the set of pledges you made your constituents?"

Dr. Facile: "Certainly. Then if it is very serious we have a caucus and the course the party shall take is decided on; if there is no caucus I go with my leader."

McKnom: "Even if your opinion should differ from his?"

Dr. Facile: "Yes; as an eminent member and friend of mine says: 'My opinions are my own, my vote belongs to my party.'"

McKnom: "Without any exception?"

Dr. Facile: "Well, my leader does my political thinking for me. That is the way to be a true party man. Let me see—there are cases, perhaps, there may be a case where a question greatly concerns your own constituency, and your constituents take a strong view—you may perhaps vote as your constituents wish."

McKnom: "So that your leader does your political thinking for you except when this is done for you by your constituents?"

Dr. Facile: "Yes; if you like to put it in that way. A man can't be wrong if he sticks to his party—votes right. What would your constituents think of you if you did not do this? A good and virtuous politician is a good party man."

McKnom: "Quite so; and now how far do you think a member of Parliament should use his influence to enrich himself or to benefit his family?"

Dr. Facile: "Ha! ha! mighty few of them enrich themselves. How can they do it? Take my own case. There are several members of my profession in Parliament. Three or four months every year away from our practice destroys it; I suppose they like the honour. As to one's family, what harm is there supposing one's party be in power in getting your sons or cousins into Government positions? And if an opportunity occurred of making money properly, I don't see why it should not be done."

McKnom: "Occurred, you mean, because of the influence you would be supposed to possess in consequence of your party being in power."

Dr. Facile: "Yes—and—"

"Permit me," interrupted Rectus, "to say a word or two; I cannot agree with Facile, I do not think—and I hope there are many members of Parliament of my way of thinking—a member of Parliament should allow himself to use his position for any personal advantage whatever, and unless there was no one else in my constituency fit I would not give an appointment to son or cousin or any relative."

"But," cried Madame Lalage, "St. Paul says you should first take care of your own household. Charity begins at home."

"We must not jest, Madame, on a subject so important," said McKnom.

Madame Lalage: "Indeed I am not jesting. Is a man to do nothing for his relatives?"

Professor Glaucus: "Madame expresses the enlightened sentiment of the country. The society in which we live is the archetype of conscience, and the conscience of the politician will reflect the sentiment of the people. You will admit, sir [addressing McKnom] that there is no room for self-sacrifice of any kind in the political ideal held up before us by Dr. Facile."

Dr. Facile: "No room for self-sacrifice! What do you call attending late and early at those Buildings, in which the air is poisonous? Do you know the life we lead? I studied pretty hard when I was working for my profession; but such a three or four months' work I never put in as the work there. You get up in the morning; breakfast; glance over the *Citizen*; hurry up to the Buildings; read your letters, some asking you to do impossible things; others urging you to make enquiries of various kinds in the Departments; one or two describing cases and asking you to prescribe; and before you have got through you have to be off to the Committees. These will last until twelve or one o'clock. If they are over before one you hurry to your place and write a few letters; then off to lunch. As you come out from lunch perhaps you find one or more constituents waiting for you—three o'clock comes and you hurry to your place—there you are until six. Then dinner. At eight you are again in your place and sit there until twelve or one o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile some of the old cold-blooded members have sent word to the engineer that the chamber is chilly. He heats it up so that it becomes intolerable. No room for self-sacrifice! Look at the death rate. If there is a weak spot in a man it finds it out."

"It is, indeed," sneered Glaucus, "an immolation."

"And how do you manage to look so ruddy and well, Doctor?" demanded one of the young ladies.

Dr. Facile: "It is marvellous. But I have to prescribe for myself pretty often, and still more frequently for my friends."

"Yes," said Glaucus, "I am told the amount of drugs swallowed by some members makes a serious hole in their

indemnity. The United States' Senators have to take so much quinine, that quinine pills form a large item in their estimates. The least the country could do for you is to pay for your pills. There is a platform for you. Devotion to Party and Pills *ad libitum*, free."

McKnom: "My dear Professor, let us have no jesting now, Dr. Facile, we will suppose it came to be a received opinion in regard to your profession that no doctor would be expected to leave his bed after one o'clock at night to attend the sick, no matter how grave the case. Is there not something in us which would honour the doctor, who, notwithstanding the prevailing sentiment, should yet, if his bell were rung at two or three or four in the morning, rise and drive through sleet or rain or snow, or when the glass was fifteen or twenty below zero, to see some suddenly stricken sufferer, and still more if it was some poor person who could not pay?"

Dr. Facile: "Certainly."

McKnom: "Should not a prominent politician, like a member of Parliament, give more attention than other people to political questions? Ought he not to be acquainted with the history and science of politics as a medical man should be with the history and science of medicine?"

Dr. Facile: "I suppose he ought."

McKnom: "Has not a good doctor in every new and complex case to exercise his reasoning power, applying to the condition revealed by the diagnosis the facts ascertained either by study in experience or both?"

Dr. Facile: "Certainly."

McKnom: "What would you think of the doctor who should always ask another doctor the prescription he should write, and then tell the patient what it was proposed to give him and ask him whether he approved of it?"

Dr. Facile: "He would be a useless fool."

McKnom: "So that where you have an instructed doctor he will use his own mind and be guided by his judgment as to what is best for the patient without regard to the patient's views."

Dr. Facile: "Certainly."

McKnom: "And if the patient refused his treatment would he not tell him he must call in another doctor?"

Dr. Facile: "Certainly."

McKnom: "And if you have a well instructed politician, should he not say and do what he conceives to be right without regard to the view of any other politician's views and with little regard to the opinions of the people or of his constituents?"

Dr. Facile: "Do you suppose such a man would be any use to his party? Would he be re-elected?"

McKnom: "That we will discuss hereafter; what I ask you now is this, Would not such a man play a manly part?"

Dr. Facile: "Well, yes, but he would be a mighty poor politician."

McKnom: "But whether his views were right or not he would act a manly part?"

Dr. Facile: "Yes."

McKnom: "And the more manly if such action were out of keeping with the prevailing ideal of how a politician should act."

Dr. Facile: "Certainly—"

McKnom: "Now, I think we have got at what political virtue consists in. To do at all times and in all places what he believes to be for the best interest of the country! To do right in a word!"

Dr. Facile: "But he must not go against his party."

McKnom: "Not to do right?"

All laughed, and Helpsam quoted two lines from "The Sweet o' the Year":—

And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

Dr. Facile: "I am much obliged to you, Mr. Helpsam, for that quotation. It hits off the unsteady political character Mr. McKnom, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Professor Glaucus and the other ideologues would create."

Helpsam: "It is from 'Winter's Tale' and therefore need never infest the glorious summer of your political ideal."

Rectus: "I do not agree with all Dr. Facile has said; but I do not wish to interfere with Mr. McKnom."

McKnom: "Permit me—Dr. Facile are you not a member of the Presbyterian section of the Christian Church—an active member? [The Doctor nodded.] And do you not believe in God—in a moral Governor of the world—a Judge to whom men must give an account? [Assent on the part of the Doctor.] While, then, the leader of your party has a right to be regarded and the interests of your party—while you are responsible to your constituents—are you responsible as a politician to nothing higher?"

Dr. Facile: "In politics, as in every other sphere of action, we are responsible to God."

McKnom: "Then you could not be far from playing the part of a virtuous politician if you acted as Milton says, as in 'Your Great Task Master's Eye.'"

Dr. Facile: "Yes."

"But," said Helpsam, "some men have been great and good statesmen who were not religious men."

"How," replied McKnom, "do you know? How can you know whether a man is religious or not, unless he is openly and persistently immoral as was Pericles in private life. A man overweighted may fall into great sins and yet be a religious man. But, if there were such, then they acted as politicians on the same rules as they would frame were they religious and as politicians were, therefore, virtuous. Glaucus are you content?"

Glaucus: "You have shown what was superfluous—that men can behave virtuously as politicians. But you have not shown how political virtue and organized faction can co-exist. You have not shown that there is anything in your Canadian political life but dreary villainy."

Rectus: "I think I may be permitted to say something now, and if you will permit me I will show that political virtue and party politics are not exclusive of each other—and perhaps will prove to Glaucus that there is political virtue in Canada."

Mr. Lalage, who is a noble and generous soul but not so *spirituel* as his wife, said: "Well, Helen, this has been a pretty dry discussion, and I think, as we lawyers say, a 'refresher' would not be out of place."

McKnom: "I must go—"

Helpsam: (looking at his watch) "It is within ten minutes of twelve o'clock—"

Glaucus: "Madame Lalage, I shall have to give a strict account to Mrs. Glaucus."

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BEHRING SEA CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—As you have been good enough to honour my rather hasty and crude letter of the other day on this subject, I make bold to add a few words in explanation of my allusions to the ignorance of certain historical and physical facts bearing on the question of *Mare clausum*.

The field—*habitat*—of the fur seal in question, in the Northern Pacific, is about six millions of square miles, viz., from San Francisco, about lat. 38° N., long. 122° W. (of Greenwich), to the western shore of the Sea of Japan in about the same latitude, and in long. 124° E. (of Greenwich), thence north to Behring Straits about lat. 63° N.—say twenty-five degrees of latitude and a hundred and fourteen of longitude. Within these points all round shore, and out in the deep to an extent unknown, but assuredly, from experience, known to be over a hundred miles, they are found, following their chief bait, the delicious salmon of the Pacific. They abound in the northern isles of Japan, as in the Alaskan and Russian. In the open sea, wherever their food is, they may be found. The Northern Pacific, though comparatively shallow in its most northerly parts, has, it is now well known from recent measurements for cable service, depths unsounded so far by plummet. The sea of Okhotsk and that of Behring are, like all essentially Arctic waters, comparatively shallow; but, in the immediate approach to these shallower seas, off the line of the Kurile chain and Kamschatka occurs this vast profound; giving there what the old navigators would call an open "hollow" sea. It is just in the line of highway to the Arctic—British as well as Russian, or other Arctic of the nations of the earth, with the twenty-five miles wide Strait of Behring, so called, as portal to that "world's common."

For two hundred and fifty years, according to record, those far Northern waters, even the so called "Inner Sea of Behring" have been navigated by British ships, not in exploration but in trade with the natives in furs principally. As far back as A. D. 1640, Spain found, in her explorations thus far north, an English ship owned by Major-General Gibbons, of Massachusetts, under command of a markedly intelligent navigator, Captain Shapley, from Boston, from whom the Spanish Admiral, De Fonte, bought, at the goodly price of a thousand "pieces of eight," with gratuities to double that amount, maps and charts of those coasts then unknown to even the Spaniards of that main.

Sixty-one years before that, England's Drake, in effort of passage to England by a supposed northwest route from Atlantic to Pacific, sailed so far north in those seas that in June his vessel was stopped by Arctic cold, and with frozen rigging he had to turn southwards, at last striking the western shore of America at a point about twenty miles north of the Golden Gate of California of to-day, where, after six weeks' sojourn amongst welcoming natives, who offered him the sovereignty of their land, he formally took possession of it in his Sovereign's name, Elizabeth of England, and called it New Albion. When still such in the map, many years (26) before, the Pathfinder Fremont, just dead the other day, found passage for the United States in its march of empire to the Pacific, the writer, with his father as first representative there of England's chartered Hudson's Bay Company, stood on that shore a witness and participant in starting again a British trade in the Northern Pacific.

Then United States' ships and also Russian were prosecuting a desultory coast trade in fur with the natives, but both very perfunctorily. Astor's *Tonquin* of 1811, with all on board, save one, had been destroyed by the hostile natives. In 1813 H. B. M.'s warships swept off the "U. S. flag" of those days from those shores. The Russians, in peace, kept off at a respectful distance. In fact then, from 1813 to 1822, during which the two great fur companies of British North America, viz., the Canadian Northwest Company and the Hudson's Bay Company, were in deadly conflict, there was but little coast trade north of Mexico. What there was of it was in the hands of the Russians and the Americans, but so tentative and weak was it, notwithstanding the strong attractions for market in China, that it never gained power enough to master the native or in any sense obtain a foothold on isle or continent, save, in the case of Russia, in Sitka or Kodiak, where soon afterwards a strong military garrison, with a fleet of about a

dozen vessels, ranging from fifty to three hundred tons, all more or less armed, was established.

In 1825 the Hudson's Bay Company, then in coalition, comprising the Canadian North-West Company, were well and strongly established in the whole trade of the Pacific slope and shore and sea, even to the Sandwich Islands. Its fleet of ships, round the Horn, brought farm-stock and implements, machinery for flour and saw-mills from England to start settlement there. Russia, confined to her close, small garrison on the rock of Kodiak, had nothing of the kind. We undertook, and did furnish them with the flour, beef, pork and tallow, which they needed, and could not elsewhere get, save at enormous expense. Thus, in mutual interest, in utmost amity, with no concession on our (British) part of any special or general rights on land or sea, we entered into the treaty of 1825. After that we entered into more intimate relations—all to the advantage of both parties.

In the course of these relations we built all the trading posts such as Yukon, Selkirk and others within the astronomical lines of Alaska. As the Mississippi is to the Gulf of Mexico, so, it may be said, is that River Yukon to the Sea of Behring. In those times there was not a house or trade-post of white men on that Nile of Northwestern America, save what our own Hudson's Bay Company established. It was so, also, on the coast—Alaskan coast—high up to the part marked on the maps, "Seal Fishery."

These facts may be objected to as scarcely pertinent, directly, to the argument. That may be! But they are, I humbly contend, facts within the general scope of the controversy.

Our possession, under the circumstances just detailed, was at least in good faith, and from its beneficial effects the proprietors, whoever they may be, should find compensatory consideration. However, we do not ask this: but we do ask, in all fairness, that in questions of this kind the surrounding circumstances of the case—the *res geste* of pertinent transactions *ad rem*—the interpretive expression of solemn acts of State as well as of incidental private contract should be taken into consideration. The principles of International law which apply are well known and indisputable. Needless to here quote them.

But there is another point in the matter which I would touch on, as, so far as I know, it has not been mooted on either side. On the question of national right in such a case, contiguity, possession, in purview, if not actual, for beneficial use, is an element in the argument. In this connection, also, is the element of time, priority, prescription.

How the wild known as Alaska came to be Russian, I do not pretend to know. It was not bought, nor fought for, nor won in conquest, so far as I know; nor, so far as I know, actually settled on at any point; for as to Sitka, or any other subsidiary port and garrison on the coast, that is no more a possession of continental Alaska than the "Rock of Gibraltar" is of Spain. This aside!

The first national possession in the North Pacific was that by Japan. As is well known Japan is a congeries of islands, an Archipelago proper to itself, extending from about lat. 30° N. to about lat. 48° N., including at one time the whole Kurile chain to Kamschatka. The larger and most valuable islands of the chain, Etroop and others, are well inhabited and exclusively under the suzerainty of the Empire of Japan; the rest of the line, mere rocklets connecting with the extreme southern point of Kamschatka were, in the beginning of the present century, on the organization of the Russian Fur Company, of 1790, claimed, or, at least, appropriated by Russia. Japan, in her own way, objected to such usage; but being at the time in hermit life, in her policy of segregation from other nations, she took no steps to resist the trespass. When, precisely, these Islands and the two much larger ones known together under the general name *Yezo* (pronounced "Yesso") became part of Japan it is difficult, if not impossible, to say. The Japanese were not the first people in those "Tartarian Seas," but a people, Tartar in aspect, called *Ainoes* (pronounced "Eye-nose,") a gentle fisher folk so far as they now appear, were the Aborigines. The conquest, so far as historical and pre-historical accounts go, was gradual from south to north; but it is a matter of historical record that many centuries, at least six according to my reading, elapsed before the first Cossack or Russian proper touched the Pacific shore, which was in 1639 (sixteen hundred and thirty-nine). Not till eighty years after that did Behring, first of Russian navigators, search those seas.

Whether the Japanese then or before then navigated those Arctic waters may not be positively asserted, but I am inclined to believe they did. I do so from the following facts, historical and indisputable:—

1. They are, and have ever been, a seafaring people.
2. Fish, including whales, has ever been a staple of food with them—their religion (primitive) eschewing meat, the flesh of beasts or even birds.
3. They have ever been a self-sustaining people, buying food from no foreigners.
4. Of all Eastern peoples they were the first to build ships, or vessels of large size and strength for extended foreign trade. That was A.D. 1078, when according to their record they traded with "sixteen different nations."
5. Their great gulf stream, *Kuro Siwo* (Black River), sweeps through Northern seas northward and westward, and thence southward to California.
6. We have record of Japanese castaways, by such course, on our western coast; in fact, within our time, when the H.B.C. with much kindness and at no inconsiderable cost, sent the poor fellows, three of them, all the way home *via* The Horn to England, and thence to Hong

Kong, whence they tried a landing but were refused by their people according to the Imperial ban then in force against all communication with foreigners.

In any case Japan has certainly a direct and, it may be said, a pre-eminent interest and right in this question. She has ever been most liberal to the whale and other fisheries in her own somewhat closed seas, according to national boundaries.

H. B.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I read with much pleasure the paragraph in the leading article of THE WEEK of the 25th July last, in which you remark and refer to *The Bystander* as agreeing with you that three-fourths of those who use the Public schools are just as well able to pay for the schooling of their children as for their food and clothing, and are equally bound to do so; that there is reason to fear the very class for which gratuitous education is needed don't avail themselves of the provision; that if the state of the law is such that we are unable to get the children of the poorest educated, it should be altered for that purpose; and that the free education of all classes which is in many cases given in the high schools is something still more unreasonable; in all which I most cordially agree, as I do also with your concluding remark that the provision last mentioned is not merely unjust to those who make no use of these schools, but is frequently injurious to those who are induced to use them, when they might be better employed in manual labour. With reference to this last remark, I think it would do no harm to call the attention of your readers to the following extract from Mr. Punch's sensible and dramatic illustration of the case as respects the Public schools in England:—

TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

Being questions and answers cut on the straight.

Question.—So you have finished your education?
 Answer.—Yes, thanks to the liberality of the School Board.
 Q.—Do you know more than your parents?
 A.—Certainly, as my father was a sweep and my mother a char-woman.
 Q.—Would either occupation suit you?
 A.—Certainly not; my aspirations soar above such pursuits, and my health impaired by excessive study, unfits me for a life of manual labour.
 Q.—Kindly mention what occupation would suit you?
 A.—I think I could, with a little cramming, pass the examinations for the Army, the Navy or the Bar.
 Q.—Then why not become an officer in either branch of the United Service, or a member of one of the Inns of Court?
 A.—Because I fear, that as a man of neither birth nor breeding, I should be regarded with contempt in either the Camp or the Forum.
 Q.—Would you take a clerkship in the city?
 A.—Not willingly, as I have enjoyed something better than a commercial education; besides city clerkships are not to be had for the asking.
 Q.—Well, would you become a shop-boy or a counter-jumper?
 A.—Certainly not; I should deem it a sin to waste my accomplishments (which are many) in filling a situation suggestive of the servants' hall rather than of the library.
 Q.—Well, then, how are you to make an honest livelihood?
 A.—Those who are responsible for my education must answer that question.
 Q.—And if they can't?
 A.—Then I must accept an alternative and seek inspiration and precedents from the records of success in another walk of life, beginning with the pages of the *Newgate Callendar*!

—Punch, July 12, 1890.

Punch is a moralist and philosopher of the laughing school, but our English proverb tells us, there is many a true word spoken in jest. The Roman philosopher and poet asks: *Ridentem dicere verum, — Quid vetat?* "What hinders a jester from speaking the truth?" Common sense answers, nothing hinders, and *Punch's* illustration is apposite to his case in hand. It is not right that boys should receive at the public expense an education which unfits them for manual labour; and those who make the laws, which give them such education at the cost of the tax payer, are responsible and must answer the question *Punch's* examiner puts. Education of the public expense should be given only to those whose parents cannot pay for it, and should apply to such subjects as will be of use to them in such callings and employments as they may reasonably be supposed likely to be engaged in, and should certainly not be such as would unfit them for manual labour, the independence and respectability of which, especially in agricultural pursuits, should be always strongly insisted upon. Institutions for higher education should be supported by voluntary contributions, or if aided from the public purse should only be so to a very moderate extent, and for purposes in which the state has a direct interest, or which are connected with the scholar's probable calling and means of support. No one should be placed at the cost of the taxpayer, in the position in which *Punch's* examiner finds himself by being "too clever by half."

W.

SENTIMENT.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Judging from the agitation which exists on the subject of the future relations of Canada, it would appear that we are approaching a state of transition, and when so much is said by Yankee sympathizers and some disloyalty more than insinuated by a portion of our own press, I think it is the duty of loyal men to give utterance to their feelings and opinions, with a view to counteract disloyal tendencies. The originators of the movement, Mr. Wiman and a moneyed clique of Americans, in collusion with some disaffected Canadians, composed of a few disappointed politicians, and some of the rank and file of a low order of extremists, who are ready for anything that

promises gain or political influence, have worked hard in trying to convince our people that Canada should become part and parcel of Yankeedom, but the arguments of these seemingly kind advisers have all been used up and shown to be dreams—empty dreams—if not worse, and in despair of winning us over, they declare contemptuously: "Oh! it is all *sentiment* on your part, that you do not accept our liberal propositions to become a part of our glorious Union."

Mr. Wiman has certainly been, and continues to be, very persistent in his professed desire to do us a kindness, which would amount to the blotting out of Canada from the map of North America. His efforts are worthy a better cause. Mr. Wiman and his Americanizing friends evidently think that the "almighty dollar" argument most tempt us, for all the inducements offered are of the *material* kind. Supposing, for sake of argument, that we should gain in a material point of view (which, however, I cannot admit), we should be losers of privileges which far outweigh his golden offers; and here is where comes in that principle which they contemptuously call *sentiment*, but when founded upon religion and patriotism becomes a *practicality*, and forms the strongest motive power to enable us to resist the blandishments or the threats of our enemies. We are not prepared to barter our connection with Britain, or the perfection of government we enjoy in Canada, our political or religious privileges for the religious, moral or social status of the United States, nor would the laxity in the administration of their laws, consequent upon an elective judiciary, suit us. There are also other "institutions" in the States, which would not come up to our ideas of perfection, nor agree with us. No, Mr. Wiman, you must not expect to win us over; we emphatically repudiate the action of those Canadians who secretly or openly sympathize with you; we consider that such men who identify themselves with any movement which involves the transference of our allegiance to a foreign nation, as the movement in question does, are *traitors*, and we will have no fellowship with them.

Our "sentiment" does not agree with yours. We would not leave "this fair field" to fatten "on yon moor."

I think it is our bounden duty, interest and service, to encourage the sentiment of loyalty to Canada, *therefore* to Britain, and to adopt the advice of the Laureate: "Britains hold your own."

JOHN HOLGATE.

Toronto, August 11, 1890.

THE CAMPER'S RETURN.

Home from the hill and the mountain,
 Home from the trout-haunted stream;
 Home from the life-gushing fountain,
 Home from a languishing dream.

Hopeful and gay for the morrow,
 Sad that the glad days are flown;
 Mingling of joy and of sorrow,
 Dying of roses new-blown.

Bronzed with the sunshine's bright gleaming,
 Winds and cool waters of blue;
 Wakened from indolent dreaming,
 Rugged and ready to do.

Home from the Islands of Pleasure,
 Incense to rest we will burn,
 And sing to a rollicking measure
 The song of the camper's return.

W. H. THURSTON.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE memoirs of Jenny Lind are about to be published in England.

BERNARD STAVENHAGEN has been appointed Court pianist to the Emperor of Germany.

EUGENE OUDIN will sing in Sullivan's new grand opera "Ivanhoe," to be given in London next fall.

DE PACHMANN will remain in this country for the present, and he proposes to give fifty concerts in the United States next season.

THE audiences at the late performances of Sarah Bernhardt in London have not been so large as on former occasions. The causes assigned are the weather and current reports that the work of the actress is impaired by ill-health.

MOZART'S harpsichord stands in a drawing-room at Windsor Castle, which many years ago was in the Queen's morning-room. The double set of keys are yellow with age, and it is an antiquated and shabby looking instrument. Very few visitors are privileged to enter this drawing-room.

"It is strange," remarks the *London Telegraph*, "how anxious actresses are, after severe attacks of illness, to scorn the idea of resting and get into harness again. Mrs. Langtry at last has been able to leave her room, and to take her first drive, and feels so much better that she is already meditating, early in the autumn, the grand revival of 'Antony and Cleopatra' on some large stage. It is not at all unlikely that she will take the Princess Theatre for the purpose of this Shakespeare revival; but already there are several solid offers for the Oxford Street playhouse, now free from syndicates and combinations."

WE learn that Wilhelm Gericke, formerly conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has been chosen as chief and first conductor for the series of concerts at the Mozart Festival, Salzburg, Germany. "Don Juan" and "The Magic Flute" will alternately be performed. The selection is certainly a wise one, for Gericke is as much in touch and sympathy with Mozart's genius as any living conductor that could be named.

THE most recently discovered Wagner tenor is named Heinrich Zeller. He was formerly a simple school teacher at Landsberg, in Silesia, but his heroic tenor voice, which is said to be of wondrous beauty, was discovered and trained, with the artistic result that he created a perfect *furore* at his recent *debut* as Tannhauser at the Weimar Court Opera House, under that young and enthusiastic conductor, Richard Strauss. Zeller is praised also for his highly artistic conception, his great histrionic talent and his clear pronunciation. It is confidently predicted that he will in a short time become one of the greatest of living Wagner singers.

CLEMENT SCOTT, the English critic, writes of Ada Rehan's performance in "The Taming of the Shrew": "Other 'Katherines' that we have seen seemed to think it necessary to forget their breeding in the emphasis of their rage. Not so Miss Rehan. There is dignity in her furious passion, there is infinite grace in her humiliation. Her scream of baffled rage is terrible; her cry for pardon is piteous. Miss Rehan's 'Katherine' is no actress. She is a veritable woman. She does not frighten us; she arouses our pity. It may be cruel and insolent to tame a high-spirited woman so, it may be degrading to see her bow the knee to her lord and master. In these days of lady senior wranglers and senior classics the picture of 'Katherine' will appear more horrible than before. But, granted the scheme of Shakespeare, it could not be translated with more force or consummate art."

SIGNOR D. DE VIVO announces that after one year of negotiation with Mons. Paul Alhaiza, Impresario of Paris and Brussels, he has succeeded in making an engagement by which the celebrated Cantatrice di Bravura, Mme. Alina Alhaiza, prima donna soprano of French and Italian Opera, who has reaped a harvest of laurels in the principal opera houses of France, Italy, Spain, Russia, Egypt, South and Central America, Havana, Mexico and New Orleans, will make an extended tour of the United States, Canada and British Columbia, in grand operatic concert. She opens in New York on the second week of October, in connection with Don Aurelio Ceruelos, the distinguished Spanish pianist and composer, knighted by the late Alfonso, King of Spain. Rubinstein, while in Madrid, after hearing the young Ceruelos playing a Chopin Sonata, exclaimed: "There is a true artist, who executes with his soul as well as with his fingers." Senor Ceruelos has met with brilliant success in France, Spain, Portugal, and lately in Havana.

In his new biography of Gounod, Mr. Pagnerre gives many interesting details of the composer's career. Reviewing the work, the London *Musical World* observes: "There is a long chapter about 'Faust,' and very full details are given with respect to the early history of this now popular work. Many were the difficulties attending its production. First of all there were rehearsals lasting six months, during which changes and cuts were made. For example, in the second act a trio between 'Faust,' 'Siebel' and 'Wagner' was omitted, and also in the third act, a duet between 'Marguerite' and 'Valentine.' The Church scene was from the beginning a serious stumbling-block; the censorship was offended at the sight of 'Satan' on the stage, behind a pillar of the cathedral. The scene, indeed, was only saved by the intervention of the Papal Nuncio, 'Monseigneur de Ségur.' Then at the last moment the tenor, Guardi, was unable to sing, and a substitute had to be found. And again the work was received without enthusiasm."

It is perhaps well to remind our readers that the "Faust" of that time was performed as an opera comique, *i. e.*, with spoken dialogue. The first act was pretty much the same as now, but in the second the music ceased after the *Kermesse* until Mephistopheles song, "Le Veau d'Or," and again, in the third act there was much dialogue. The fourth act included three *tableaux*: 'Marguerite's' room, the public square, and the interior of the church. Now, on the stage the church scene comes before the soldiers' chorus and the death of 'Valentine.' The composer, in a letter addressed to the *chef d'orchestre* of the theatre of Port-Mahon, has clearly expressed his opinion with regard to this matter. He says:

"Monsieur le Maestro:

"The dramatic order observed by Goethe requires the scene of the death of Valentine to precede that of the Church, and thus have I conceived my work. However, certain considerations connected with the *mise en scène* have caused this order to be inverted, and now at the Grand Opera the fourth act concludes with the death of Valentine. There is the advantage of an act ending with musical masses instead of a scene for two personages.

CH. GOUNOD."

The one thing which saved the opera at its production was the soldiers' chorus. "How fine! What colour! How thoroughly German!" cried the public. "And yet," says M. Pagnerre, "this chorus was not a song of German warriors, but a song of Cossack soldiers, forming part of an opera written to a libretto by H. Trianon, and entitled "Yvan de Russie" or "Yvan le Terrible."—*Ireland's Music.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

JEAN GRANT. A novel. By Archibald McAlpine Taylor. New York: Lovell and Company.

If variety and sensation of incident be all that is required in the modern novel, the reader will find it in abundance in "Jean Grant." The book grows stronger as it progresses, though it never reaches any intensity of dramatic interest. Col. Windsor is a villain of an ancient type; dark and sombre and suave of speech. Garland is a milk and water youth at the beginning, but improves a little farther on. The frame on which the story is woven was patented years ago and neither warp nor woof have anything novel about them. Still the book is strong enough to wile a railway journey away.

TALKS WITH RALPH WALDO EMERSON. By Charles J. Woodbury. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.

Mr. Woodbury has not only been fortunate but he has been faithful and generous. In his successful opportunities of seeing and holding converse with one of the greatest minds of the present century he was not unmindful of the debt he owed therein to posterity, and in the small volume he has given is enshrined at once, a compendium of Emerson's philosophy and a commentary upon the sage's human and temporal environment. The book comes as a message to all who aim at true culture, but especially to the young, with whom Emerson had ever a ready and genuine sympathy, and to whom his treasures of knowledge and counsel were ever open. That Emerson felt this is evidenced by his words to Miss Peabody, "I feel my special parish to be young men enquiring their way in life." And that the young felt and acknowledged this is shown by a sentence written by the author of this valuable little book: "His presence broke the shards of will and concentrated the man." Right through the volume are golden bits of advice and criticism, with suggestions on many subjects. No one can read Mr. Woodbury's collection without endorsing his preface, wherein he says: "I believe you will find herein the person of him whom you have never seen, but who may have been already to you a good genius. . . . Take his words to me as what he would have said to you."

THE Open Court Publishing Company have sent us "The Ethical Problem," a course of three lectures delivered by Dr. Paul Carus by invitation before the society for Ethical Culture of Chicago.

JOHN B. ALDEN has sent us "Four Little Bridges" by Mrs. Albert Harrison, a bright story for little ones under eight or nine years of age.

La Revue Française for August has a rather sad poem called "Toujours" by the younger Dumas. Henri de Bornes sends another instalment of his poetical drama "Mahomet" and Halevy Maurel (contemporary *litterateurs*) with others appear.

Lippincott's for August has a story by Rudyard Kipling, entitled "At the End of the Passage," in that writer's usual vein, and on the usual subject of Indian life. The complete novel of the number is by Mrs. Alexander and a very good one it is. Eleanor P. Allen sends the "Contemporary Biography" article, and takes Harriet Beecher Stowe as the subject. A good deal of average verse, a paper on "Lawn Tennis for Women" and the usual departments help to fill the remainder of the issue.

THE August *Cosmopolitan* has a very useful and suggestive article on "Public Baths for the Poor," capably illustrated and full in detail. Charles E. D. Roberts describes the Chignecto Ship Railway and the inevitable subject of Hypnotism makes its bow to *Cosmopolitan* readers. Very curious and interesting are the "Historic Illustrations of the Confederacy." There are articles by Edward Everett Hall, Edward King, poetry by Stoddard Benton, Rochester, and much other matter of interest.

FULL and varied in its contents is the *New England Magazine* for August. Major Merrill sends a long but timely paper on the Grand Army of the Republic, which meets this month in Boston. Grace Blanchard has a pathetic short story; "The Woman's Relief Corps" is the subject of a paper by Mrs. E. Fuller, and a charming and seasonable reading is a "Trout Idyl" by Rev. N. H. Chamberlain. Abundance of other matter with some very fair poetry follows. There is one especially interesting paper on "The American Art Student in Paris."

THE *North American Review* for August is a strong and interesting number, the leading papers being by General Sherman on "Our Army and Militia," and by The Speaker, Thos. B. Reed, and a Democratic Leader to X.M.C.'s remarkable criticism in the July issue of the *Review*. A paper of interest to Canadians is by Erastus Wiman on the "Capture of Canada," which will probably elicit comment. The Pasteur treatment of Hydrophobia, etc., is criticised. Dr. Paul Gibier and Dr. W. A. Hammond writes interestingly on "False Hydrophobia," evidently with the idea that much of the hydrophobia one reads of is due as much to the influence of suggestion as to the bite. Other contributors are Madame Blavatsky, who announces what of recent progress theosophy has made; the versatile Grant Allen; the Dean of Westminster, who talks about the venerable Abbey and the Hon. John Russell Young.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. FRITH, the well-known Academician and *litterateur*, is writing a life of John Leech for Mr. Beattay.

The Asiatic Quarterly Review has changed hands, the July number being issued by Messrs. Sonnenschein.

PRINCESS BEATRICE is writing a work on lace, and will illustrate it herself. It is to be printed for private circulation only.

JOHN MACKINTOSH, a learned shoemaker and bibliophile of Aberdeen, is writing a history of Scotland for the "Story of the Nations" series.

THE death is announced of General Plantagenet Harrison, the genealogist, whose figure was so well known during the past twenty-five years in the public search rooms of the Record Office.

JOHN WILEY'S SONS announce "Practical Seaman-ship," for use in the merchant service, by John Todd and W. B. Whall; and Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "Præterita."

By her will, Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, the well-known English poet, who died recently, bequeaths, with the exception of a few legacies, the whole of her personal estate of £63,000 to charitable and educational establishments for women.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER AND WELFORD announce that with a view of meeting authorized reprints of G. A. Henty's "With Clive in India," "One of the 23th," and "In the Reign of Terror," they will publish neat and cheap editions of these books.

WE understand that a review in which Mr. Gladstone's views of the story, "Paul Nugent, Materialist"—a novel recently published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden, and Welsh—are expressed, will appear in the September number of *The Newbery House Magazine*.

MR. ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS, who is summering at Cape Porpoise, Me., has edited for D. Lothrop Company "Out of Doors with Tennyson" and "The Great Cities of the World." Mr. Willis Boyd Allen, whose "Lion City of Africa" will be issued before long, has gone to Alaska for a summer outing.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON will probably return to London in October. About that time he will completely wind up his affairs in Scotland. He intends, it is now said, to sell off his house furniture, carry his books with him, and fix his home permanently in Samoa. His island estate is said to be very lovely, with no less than six waterfalls on it.

IN the House of Commons on Tuesday evening Mr. P. O'Brien asked whether the Government would prosecute the poet Swinburne for his poem in *The Fortnightly Review*, which, he said, was grossly calculated to incite the murder of the Tsar. He was proceeding to read the poem when the Speaker called him to order, saying that Parliament could not control the poems of Swinburne—a remark which was received with laughter.

WISCONSIN and Minnesota appear to be taking the lead in the formation of school libraries. During the past year these States have established over 1,200 libraries. Each school library bought under State auspices must be selected from a list of books prepared by the State superintendent. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, of Boston, have prepared descriptive catalogues, which they will send to any address on application, of such of their books as are on the official lists.

THE new Canadian novelist, Mr. Thomas Stinson Jarvis, whose novel, "Geoffrey Hampstead," is published by D. Appleton and Company, is a barrister by profession and a resident of Toronto. This is practically Mr. Jarvis' first important literary work, although some years ago he published a small volume, "Travels in Syria." After the reign of the dialect story, a change to Northern scenes and Canadian life will not be unwelcome to novel readers, and there is competent testimony to the effect that this new novelist shows exceptional power, and that his novel is certain to hold the interest of his readers.

A CORRESPONDENT at Halifax writes: "Would you kindly answer, *apropos* of your advertised prizes, the following questions? (1) Is any British subject domiciled in Canada a 'Canadian writer'? (2) Does any story whose scene is laid in any part of Canada come under the head of 'subjects distinctively Canadian'? (3) If two Canadian stories were of almost equal interest and merit, would the fact that one contained incidents more *representative* of Canadian life have any decisive weight?" All these queries can be answered in the affirmative. We meant no offensive "Knownothingism" in restricting the Story Competition to our own people; and any writer, whether native-born or a resident of the Dominion, will be eligible. In limiting the subjects to such as are "distinctively Canadian," our object was to secure stories "racy of the soil." Surely, the stirring incidents in the life and experience of the pioneers in hunting, exploration, and settlement in early days will afford abundant material for literary treatment. Nor does less real interest attach to the Hudson Bay Company's operations in the far North and West; to the heroic endurance and patriotism of the United Empire Loyalists, who made this country the home of their preference; and to the many romantic episodes in French-Canadian history. This is our belief; and we wish to aid and encourage promising writers, especially the younger ones, to cultivate so rich and yet comparatively neglected field of literary enterprise.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A DIALOGUE.

Lui.

Oh, have you found the Fount of youth,
Or have you faced the Fire of Kôr?
Or whence the form, the eyes, the mouth,
The voice, the grace we praised of yore?
Ah, lightly must the years have sped,
The long, the labour-laden years,
That cast no snows upon your head,
Nor dim your eyes with any tears!
And gently must the heart have beat,
That, after many days, can send
So soft, so kind a blush to greet
The advent of so old a friend.

Elle.

Another tale doth it repeat,
My mirror; and it tells me true!
But Time, the thief of all things sweet,
Has failed to steal one grace from you.
One touch of youth he cannot steal,
One trait there is he leaves you yet;
The boyish loyalty, the leal
Absurd, impossible regret!
These are the magic: these restore
A phantom of the April prime,
Show you the face you liked of yore,
And give me back the thefts of Time!

—Andrew Lang, in *August Scribner*.

THE DECAY OF DELICACY.

THE difference between the truly modest young woman of the preceding generation and the conventional young woman of to-day is pointed out with many illustrations, some of them of a most striking nature, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in the *Forum* for August. A study of modern society has convinced her that we have suffered a great loss of delicacy; and that in society delicacy is strength. This change, which the building of great fortunes has brought into our social life, she traces through all our thought and activity; finding that there is a lack of delicacy in our art, and in our literature, and throughout the whole range of American activity. The article is an arraignment of the indelicate tendencies of society, by a woman. Especial emphasis is laid upon the evil of *décolleté* dress.

DOES ANYBODY LIVE A HUNDRED YEARS?

IT will be remembered that Sir George Cornwall Lewis undertook to prove that nobody had ever lived to be a hundred years old. He contended that the reputed centenarians were persons whose history was obscure and whose births could not be verified. No one, he maintained, who had lived before the public was included in the number. Now, on the other hand, an English physician, Dr. George M. Humphrey, brings forward the results of an extensive and rigorous investigation, which has shown that the attainment of centenarianism is by no means impracticable, not less than seventy-four persons being enumerated who have unquestionably reached or exceeded the age of a hundred years. Nothing, for instance, could be better authenticated than the longevity of the famous French savant, Chevreul, who was more than a hundred and two years old when he died last year. In 1875, Sir Duncan Gibb recorded the case of a great-aunt of a Mr. Williams, who had sat at the head of her own table for a hundred Christmas days, having been married at the age of fifteen. We observe that Dr. Humphrey puts faith in the extraordinary age ascribed to Thomas Parr (one hundred and fifty-two years) on the ground that William Harvey, who performed the post-mortem examination, would have taken pains to ascertain the truth had he had cause to suspect that an imposition had been practised. In the case, too, of John Bayles, said to have been one hundred and thirty years old when he died in 1706, there is extant a medical description, with details, that satisfied the observers of the correctness of the reputed age. Outside of England there have been trustworthy examples of centenarianism not mentioned by Dr. Humphrey. When we bear in mind the fact that the bishops of the Greek Church are even more careful to register births than are the English parochial clergy, we must accept, as deserving of credence, the statement made to Sir Henry Halford, by Baron Brunow, the Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James, that there is, on the borders of Siberia, a district where a year seldom passes in the course of which some person does not die at the age of one hundred and thirty. Then, again, from official accounts of deaths in the Russian Empire in 1839, it appears that there were 858 persons whose ages ranged from 100 to 105; 130 ranging from 115 to 120; and three from 150 to 156. At Dantzic, one was said to have lived to one hundred and eighty-four, and, in the next year, 1840, another died in Wallachia at the last mentioned age. In ancient times, also, there are official records of centenarianism, whose accuracy is not easy to impeach. Thus, when Vespasian made his census in A.D. 74, there were found to be, in the Roman Empire, fifty-nine persons who were just a century old; 114 who were from 100 to 110 years of age; two from 110 to 125; four from 125 to 130; three from 135 to 140. Among the distinguished persons whose age there would be abundant means of verifying, may be mentioned Fabius Maxi-

mus, who died a centenarian; Terentia, the wife of Cicero, who, according to some, lived to be one hundred and three, according to others one hundred and twelve; Claudia, the wife of the Senator Aurelius, who died at one hundred and fifteen. It is, also, to be noted that on the tenth anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, Bonaparte, then first consul, received two invalid soldiers, one of one hundred and six, the other of one hundred and seven years; and that, in 1822, Pietro Huel, who was then one hundred and seventeen years old, and the only Frenchman living who had seen Louis XIV., assisted at the inauguration of the statue of the Grand Monarch.—*New York Ledger*.

MODERN LITERARY CHANCES.

THE aspirant for literary honours with pecuniary remuneration should remember that the most famous names in the literary guild earned their money for the most part in other than literary ways. Bryant was an editor and publisher. Longfellow and Holmes and Lowell were Harvard professors. Emerson and Bayard Taylor were lecturers, and Taylor was also a *Tribune* editor. Curtis and Stoddard depend upon editorial salaries; Stedman is a broker, and Halleck was John Jacob Astor's private secretary. And one might go further with this list. Whittier began as an editor, and only in middle life attempted to lean upon literature alone for a support, which his early savings and simple habits made possible. It was always Longfellow's advice to young men who wished to be literary to have first, and mainly, a vocation independent of the finer muse. If a young writer thinks he possesses genius he may, of course, experiment with it; but it will serve his purse and peace of mind better to secure some source of labour and income that is more philistine and worldly, and ride his Pegasus only at inspired intervals. For it is a fact, in spite of the occasional big figures that are given as the results of literary work, pure and simple, that the men who prosper or have prospered by that alone, are only, at any one time, a few dozen in number among our sixty-five millions of people.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

GUILIELMUS REX.

THE folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge—his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was!

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All this they saw or might have seen—
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 'twas the king of England's kings!
The rest with all their pomps and trains
Are mouldered, half-remembered things—
'Tis he alone that lives and reigns!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in *The Century* for August.

THE WHALEMAN ABROAD.

A BETTER illustration of their (the whalemen's) proud spirit cannot be given than the encounter in Halifax between Greene, the mate of a Nantucket vessel, and the Duke of Clarence, admiral of the British fleet, and afterwards William IV. The dispute arose over the duke's attentions to a girl, and reached its climax in the Nantucket mate's seizing the future king of England and hurling him downstairs. An eye-witness of the affair was wont in after years to add as a decorative detail that the click of the duke's sword-hilt was heard on every stair. Greene at once went aboard his ship and refused to obey a summons from the admiral, who, it afterwards transpired, had intended to make the plucky Nantucket man an officer in the English navy. All the strategic resources of a quick, ready mind were often called into play during a whaleman's career, not only in weathering storms and in avoiding destruction of boats and loss of life when attacking whales, but also in escaping massacre from savage islanders and in outwitting pirates. In 1819 the whale-ship *Syren*, while on a voyage to the eastward of Cape Horn, met with an adventure which would have proved fatal to all hands but for a quick stratagem of the mate. One fine day, off one of the Pelew Islands, all the boats being after whales, and but a few men left aboard the vessel, a large band of armed natives suddenly swarmed over the bulwarks. The crew fled to the rigging, leaving the naked, howling savages in full command of the ship. The mate, on coming alongside, took in the situation at a glance, and quickly ordered the men to open the arm-chests and scatter on deck all the tacks they could find. In a moment it fairly rained tacks upon the naked savages. The deck was soon covered with these little nails. They pierced the feet of the islanders, who danced about with pain which increased with every step they took, until, with yells of rage and agony, they tumbled headlong into the sea and swam ashore. Unfortunately in the struggle the mate received an arrow-wound just over one of his eyes, and was obliged to retire from the sea.—*Gustav Kobbé*, in *the Century* for August.

THE BEST OF OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

THERE is a certain tendency in the civilization of our time to underestimate or overlook the need of the virile, masterful qualities of the heart and mind which have built up and alone can maintain and defend this very civilization, and which generally go hard in hand with good health and the capacity to get the utmost possible use out of the body. There is no better way of counteracting this tendency than by encouraging bodily exercise, and especially the sports which develop such qualities as courage, resolution, and endurance. The best of all sports for this purpose are those which follow the Macedonian rather than the Greek model: big-game hunting, mountaineering, the chase with horse and hound, and wilderness life with all its keen, hardy pleasures. The hunter and mountaineer lead healthier lives and in time of need they would make better soldiers than the trained athlete. Nor need these pleasures be confined to the rich. The trouble with our small men of means is quite as often that they do not know how to enjoy pleasures lying right at their doors as that they cannot afford them. From New York to Minneapolis, from Boston to San Francisco, there is no large city from which it is impossible to reach a tract of perfectly wild, wooded or mountainous land within forty-eight hours; and any two young men who can get a month's holiday in August or September cannot use it to better advantage than by tramping on foot, pack on back, over such a tract. Let them go alone; a season or two will teach them much woodcraft, and will enormously increase their stock of health, hardihood, and self-reliance. If one carries a light rifle or fowling-piece, and the other a fishing-rod, they will soon learn to help fill out their own bill of fare. Of course they must expect to find the life pretty hard, and filled with disappointments at first; but the cost will be very trifling, and if they have courage, their reward is sure to come.—*Theodore Roosevelt*, in *North American Review*.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE name of Rudyard Kipling has stolen across the Atlantic from London. At the tender age of 24 this latest of successful story writers is basking at this moment in the warmest light of social and critical favour, and I should judge that he stands in a good way to have his head turned, and thus be robbed of his literary originality and power of application. This latest pet of the drawing-rooms has commanded the attention of London by revealing through a series of short stories an entirely strange and fascinating life, a life "cavare to the general." What Bret Harte did for the pioneer days of California, Kipling is doing for the British linesmen in India. The methods of the two authors are not unlike. Given a social life that is entirely esoteric, so far as ordinary mankind is concerned, and into which life the soul of the writer has so deeply entered that it has practically become his life, and add to this a rare touch for scenic work; the natural setting, so to speak, of the human integer, together with a deep sympathy for humanity, and you get a Luck of Roaring Camp, or such character sketches as those of Mr. Kipling. Naturally such sketches centre around certain type characters, and a parallel might readily be drawn between "Jack Hamlyn," the sentimental gambler, and Private "Mulvaney," whose soldierly reputation, skill in arms and steadfast courage when called upon overweigh, in the minds of his discriminating officers, his occasional lapses caused by strong drink and general cussedness. So with the minor characters, such as Private Orthoris in Mr. Kipling's character list. Each one of them is distinctive, clean cut and human. None of them is all bad, none of them unpleasantly virtuous, but all are fellows who are easily and naturally deduced from their environment. An Indian by birth, though not by blood, a trained journalist and evidently the closest sort of a close observer, Mr. Kipling knows "Tommy Atkins" all through, for as a newspaper correspondent he has campaigned with him, seen him fight in the field and chaff and quarrel in the barracks, heard his remarks about men, women and things around the camp-fire; generally, as I said, he knows him all through, both good and bad, and rather loves him. Mr. Kipling also knows his India; broad plains, great rivers, mighty forests; it's brazen sky and its cloud-splitting mountains, for lo! it is his real native land; and his people he knows as a man only knows the people among whom he was born. Mr. Kipling has evidently "come"; let us hope that he will "stay," and for the present no better advice can be given than whenever you see anything signed by his odd patronymic, read that same. You might be much worse employed.—*N. Y. Press*.

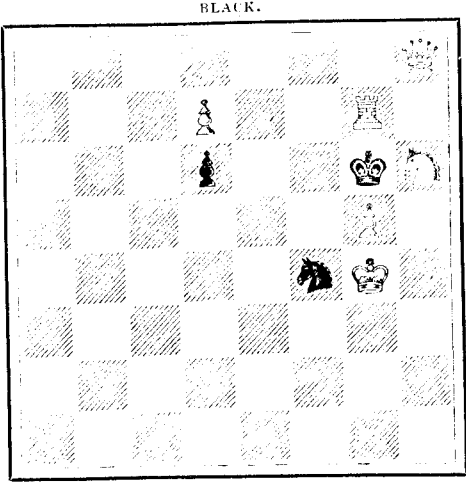
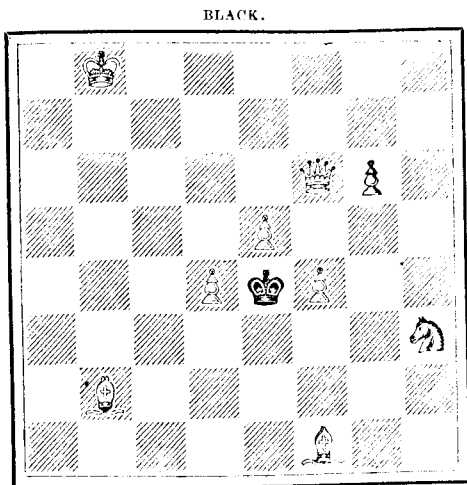
No woman ever hates a man for being in love with her; but many a woman hates a man for being a friend to her.—*Pope*.

ANOTHER African exploring party is about to set out, its purpose being to explore the upper waters of the Congo River. The Congo Commercial Company will pay the expense of the undertaking, sending out seven Europeans under the leadership of M. Alexandre Delcommune, who has spent seventeen years on the river. Nearly all the Europeans are "soldiers of fortune," and they will have with them 150 native soldiers. Their main object is to penetrate the country of Urûa, on the west of Tanganyika, which has just been touched by other explorers, who have reported it to be extremely fertile, salubrious, and rich in minerals.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 489. By Wm. Conn Swansea.

PROBLEM No. 490. By P. G. L. F.



White to play and mate in three moves.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 483. White: 1. P-Q Kt 4, 2. Q-R 8+, 3. B-Q 8 mate. Black: 1. K-B 3, 2. K moves, if 1. K x P at K 6, 2. K x P.

- No. 484. White: 1. Kt-K 5, 2. R-K B 7, 3. R x P mate. Black: 1. P x Kt, 2. P moves.

THIRD GAME IN THE MATCH NOW BEING PLAYED BETWEEN BLACKBURN AND LEE AT THE BRADFORD CHESS CLUB.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

- Blackburn. White: 1. P-K 4, 2. P-Q 4, 3. P x P, 4. K Kt-B 3, 5. B-Q 3, 6. Castles, 7. B-K Kt 5, 8. Q Kt-Q 2, 9. R-K 1, 10. P-K R 3, 11. P-K Kt 4 (b), 12. B x B, 13. Kt-K 5, 14. Kt x Kt, 15. Kt-B 1, 16. Q-Q 2 (c), 17. B-K 3 (c), 18. Q-Q 8, 19. B-Q 2 (g), 20. P-K R 4 (h), 21. B-K 3 (k), 22. K R-Kt 1, 23. R-Kt 3, 24. P-R 5, 25. P x P, 26. Q-B 5, 27. Q-R 3 (l), 28. Q x Q, 29. Kt-Kt 3, 30. Q R-Kt 1, 31. P x P, 32. K-B 1. Lee. Black: P-K 3, P-Q 4, P x P, K Kt-B 3, B-Q 3, B-K Kt 5, P-B 3 (a), Q Kt-Q 2, B-R 4, B-Kt 3, R P x B, Q-B 2, Kt x Kt, K R-K 1, Kt-B 1 (d), Kt-K 3, R-K 2 (f), Q R-K 1, Q-Kt 3 (j), Q x Kt P, Q-R 6, Q-B 2, P x P, Kt-B 5, R x Q, P-K Kt 3, P-Q Kt 4, P x P, Kt-K 3.

NOTES BY GUNSBURG.

- (a) Always a safe move. (b) Blackburn is never afraid of making a risky move in hopes of a lively combination. (c) Q-Q 3 better. (d) Intent on a counter demonstration by Kt-K 3 and Kt-B 5. (e) In a rapid advance, a counter demonstration often compels retreat with loss of time and position. (f) Black wisely intends to double rooks before advancing. (g) White has lost two important moves, he might have played 16 Q-Q 3 and 17 B-Q 2. (h) For want of a better move. (i) Black's tactical advantage begins to tell. (k) White had not time to examine 21 B-B 3, Kt-B 5; 22 Q-Q 2, R-K 7; 23 R x R, R x R; 24 Q-Q 1, etc. (l) Q-B 3 would for a moment have avoided exchange of queens. (m) It will be seen in this subtle struggle for an ending the experience of White has told in his favour somewhat. (n) Played with a view to a mate by R-K R 8, but I think Kt x B P a simple way of winning. (o) Black has not played his game to the best advantage. This move is an oversight which loses a valuable pawn and deprives him of any chance of winning.

CURE FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism.

For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS.

Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 87 New Oxford St., London; And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY. When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:-H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

ELIAS ROGERS & Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

COAL AND WOOD.

HEAD OFFICE:-20 KING STREET WEST.

BRANCH OFFICES:-409 Yonge Street, 765 Yonge Street, 552 Queen Street West, 244 Queen Street East. YARDS AND BRANCH OFFICES:-Esplanade East, near Birkley Street; Esplanade foot of Princess Street; Bathurst Street, nearly opposite Front Street.

RADWAY'S ALWAYS RELIABLE PILLS PURELY VEGETABLE.

For the Cure of all DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, COMPLAINTS PECULIAR TO FEMALES, PAINS IN THE BACK, DRAGGING FEELING, etc., INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, PILES, and all derangements of the internal viscera.

DYSPEPSIA.

RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They tone up the internal secretions to healthy action, restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability to contract disease.

PERFECT DIGESTION.

Will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste and decay of the body.

Price 25 Cents per Box. Sold by all Druggists.

Send for our BOOK OF ADVICE to RADWAY & CO., 419 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

The Hair May Be Preserved

To an advanced age, in its youthful freshness, abundance, and color, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. When the hair is weak, thin, and falling, this preparation will strengthen it, and improve its growth.

Some time ago my wife's hair began to come out quite freely. She used two bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor, which not only prevented baldness, but also stimulated an entirely new and vigorous growth of hair. I am ready to certify to this statement before a justice of the peace. -H. Hulsebus, Lewisburg, Iowa.

About five years ago my hair began to fall out. It became thin and lifeless, and I was certain I should be bald in a short time. I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. One bottle of this preparation caused my hair to grow again, and it is now as abundant and vigorous as ever. -C. E. Sweet, Gloucester, Mass.

On two occasions, during the past twenty years, a humor in the scalp caused my hair to fall out. Each time, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor and with gratifying results. This preparation checked the hair from falling, stimulated its growth, and healed the humors, rendering my scalp clean and healthy. -T. P. Drummond, Charlottesville, Va.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for years, and, though I am now fifty-eight years old, my hair is as thick and black as when I was twenty. This preparation creates a healthy growth of the hair, keeps it soft and pliant, prevents the formation of dandruff, and is a perfect hair dressing. -Mrs. Malcom B. Sturtevant, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

Perfect

Health is maintained by correct habits of living, and through a proper action of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels. When these organs fail to perform their functions naturally, the most efficacious remedy is Ayer's Pills.

For months I suffered from Liver and Kidney complaint. After taking my doctor's medicines for a month, and getting no better, I began using Ayer's Pills. Three boxes of this remedy cured me. -James Slade, Lambertville, N. J.

Safety,

Thorough action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Cathartic Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies, for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

As a mild and thorough purgative, Ayer's Pills cannot be excelled. They give me quick relief from Bilious and Sick Headaches, stimulate the Liver, and quicken the appetite. -Jared O. Thompson, Mount Cross, Va.

AYER'S COATED PILLS,

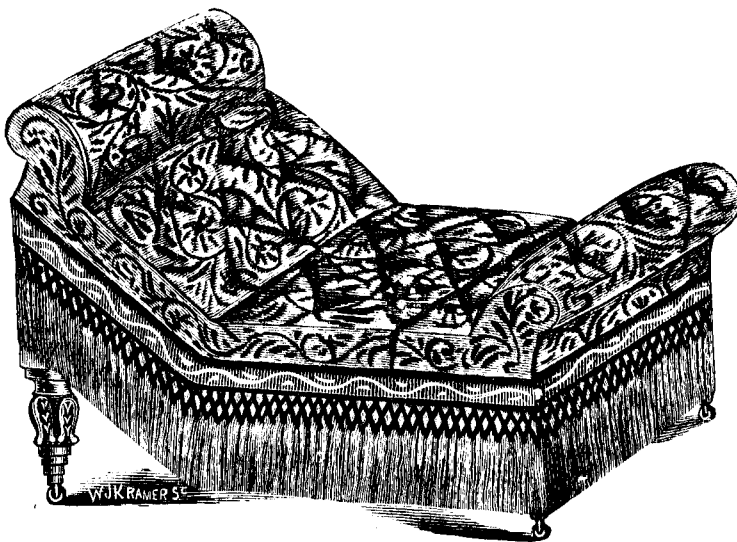
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:-Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

THE DOSSETT MANUFACTURING CO. (LIMITED).

MANUFACTURERS OF FINE AMERICAN FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY GOODS. Our Specialty, THE DOSSETT PATENT LOUNGE.



Factory, PORT ROWAN. Warehouse, TORONTO

WANTED-There is a chance for investors to take stock in above company

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, August 17th, 1889.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY,
106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.



A BRIDE'S CONFESSION

"Yes, dear, I am married now, and George and I are keeping house in the loveliest flat on Sixth St. Well, yes, we did get married somewhat suddenly. My health, you know, had for some time been very delicate, and Dr. Beav-
er told mamma that he feared I would follow poor, dear sister Belle, who died the year ago from a wasting disease. Dear George was almost crazy when mamma told him what the doctor said, and I nearly cried my eyes out, but one day I overheard that 'hateful Nelly Parker' say to her mother, 'I think that George Blawie is just too lovely for anything, and when the girl he's engaged to dies, and they say she is dying of a galloping consumption, I'm going to step into her shoes and become Mrs. George Blawie; now just you wait and see.' This spring I noticed George seemed to be almost resigned to the idea that we should never be married, and the thought that that deceitful lusus might get him after all nearly drove me crazy. One day I read the testimony of Lawyers Hows and Hummel as to the wonderfully invigorating effect of DR. CAMPBELL'S ARSENIC WAFERS, and I resolved to try what they would do for me. I commenced their use on the 4th of July. George had just sailed for Europe on business for his firm. On Sept. 15 he returned. I was, from the use of the Wafers, by that time again a well woman, and so enraptured was he with my healthy and robust appearance that he insisted we get married the very next day. I could not say him nay, and, as you will see by my card, I am now Mrs. George Blawie. To call soon and let me introduce George to you; I assure you will like him, he is so handsome, and as good as he is handsome. Good-by; be sure not to forget."

THE DEY OF ALGIERS!

THE SHAH OF PERSIA and the SULTANS of TURKEY and MOROCCO now FATTEN and BEAUTIFY their humors exclusively on DR. CAMPBELL'S ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS. So great is the demand for these marvellous Wafers that their manufacture is continued day and night.

"The Shah found his harem in a state of disorder on his return to Persia."—N. Y. World, Oct. 12, 1889. Reason—Their supply of CAMPBELL'S WAFERS was exhausted!

ILLUSTRATIVE of the desirability of a certain amount of Phosphorus, reason has it that the above distinguished Oriental Potentates make it a practice to WEIGH their wives regularly once a month, precedence in rank and imperial favour being accorded to the wife possessed of the greatest number of pounds avoirdupois.

By Mail, \$1. Depot—220 6th ave., New York Drug-List.



BRISTOL'S PILLS

THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY

For all Affections of the

LIVER & KIDNEYS

TRULY CALLED THE
GREATEST REMEDY OF THE AGE

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to accomplish all we claim OR MONEY REFUNDED.

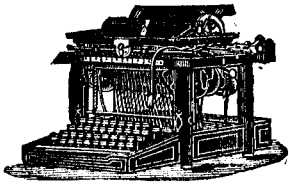
Microbes are the true cause of disease. OUR MEDICINE DESTROYS them without harm to the patient. Please investigate carefully, then pass your opinion.

WM. RADAM MICROBE KILLER CO., LIMITED.

120 KING ST. WEST, - TORONTO, ONT.
Sole manufacturers for the Dominion.

Beware of Imitations. See our trade mark

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER.



For FIFTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD, and to-day the most perfect development of the writing machine, embodying the latest and highest achievements of inventive and mechanical skill. We add to the Remington every improvement that study and capital can secure.

GEORGE BENGOUTH,
45 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

BEST IN AMERICA!



TRUTH UNPREJUDICED!

"Do not imagine that I want to do advertising. I know nothing of St. Leon Springs. I do not know the owners or manager. But I can tell you that, from all I hear and from my own experience, St. Leon Water is the best on the American continent."—Correspondent of the St. John's News.

ST. LEON MINERAL WATER CO., LTD.
101 1/2 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

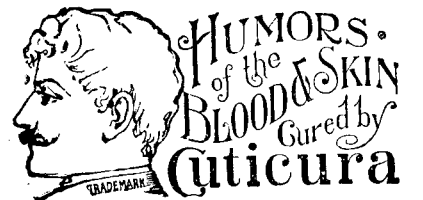
ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.



Leading Nos., 14, 048, 130, 135, 238
For Sale by all Stationers,
R. MILLER, SON & CO., Agts., Montreal

DAWES & CO., LACHINE, - P. Q.

OFFICES:
521 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.
20 BUCKINGHAM ST., HALIFAX.
383 WELLINGTON ST., OTTAWA.



HUMORS of the BLOOD & SKIN Cured by Cuticura

HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN, AND SCALP, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood purifiers. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Backache, kidney pains, weakness and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PASTER. 30c.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1809.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Fire Premiums (1884) \$7,000,000
Fire Assets (1884) 13,000,000
Investments in Canada 982,517
Total Invested Funds (Fire & Life) 33,600,000

Toronto Branch—26 Wellington St. E.

R. N. GOOCH, } Agents, Toronto.
H. W. EVANS, }
F. H. GOOCH, }

TELEPHONES.—Office 423 Residences, Mr R. N. Gooch, 1081; Mr. Evans 3034; Mr. F. H. Gooch, 3575.

THE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS OF THE

Dominion Safe Deposit Co.,

Bank of Commerce Buildings, KING ST. WEST.

Are the safest and most complete in the Dominion, where you can most surely keep safe valuable papers or valuables of any kind.

Moderate charges. Inspection invited.
WM. KERR, Manager.

JOHN H. R. MOLSON & BROS.

ALE AND PORTER BREWERS,
No. 1006 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL.

Have always on hand the various kinds of

ALE AND PORTER IN WOOD AND BOTTLE.

Families Regularly Supplied.

TORONTO AND HAMILTON STEAMERS

MACASSA AND MODJESKA,

Commencing Saturday, 7th June, leave Toronto—7.30 a.m., 11 a.m., *2 p.m., *5.15 p.m. Arrive Hamilton—10.15 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 5 p.m., 8 p.m. Leave Hamilton—7.45 a.m., 10.45 a.m., 2.15 p.m., *5.15 p.m. Arrive Toronto—10.20 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 4.45 p.m. and 8.15 p.m.

Steamers marked with * stop at Oakville. Wednesday and Saturday afternoon excursions 50 cents. Book tickets at reduced rates. Quick despatch for freight. Tele-phones 730 and 1970.

J. B. GRIFFITH, Manager.
F. ARMSTRONG, Agent, Goddes' Wharf.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

FALL EXCURSIONS.

TICKETS WILL BE ISSUED TO

Kingston and return - \$4.00
Ottawa " - \$5.00
Montreal " - \$7.00
Quebec " - \$9.00

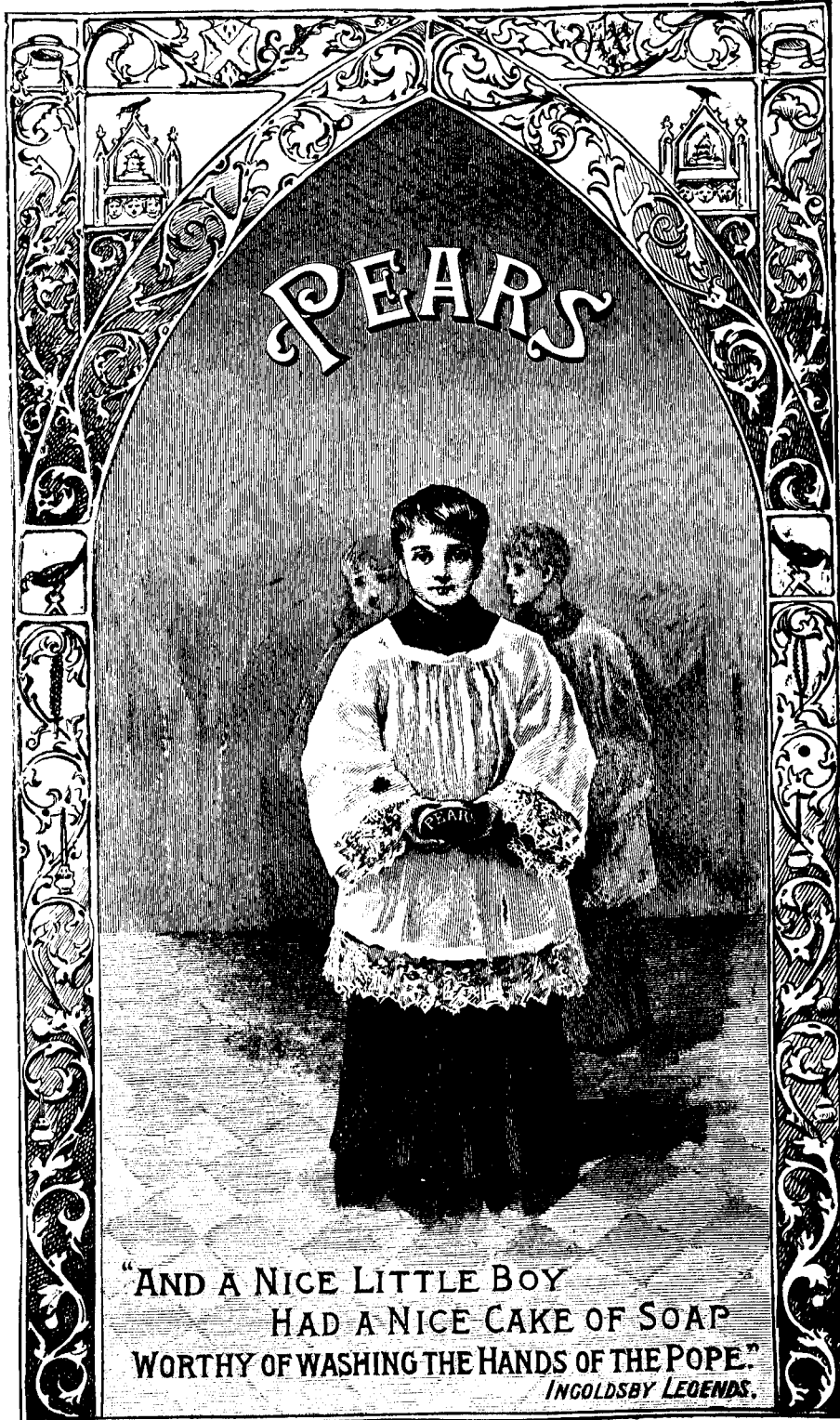
Dates going, August 29, 30th, 31st, September 1st. Good to return until September 15th, 1890.

Excursionists to Montreal have privilege of taking boat from Toronto and Kingston, returning by rail at proportionately low rates.

For further particulars apply to any agent of the Company, or to

D. McNICOLL,
Gen. Pass. Agent, Montreal.

W. R. CALLOWAY,
Dist. Pass. Agent, Toronto.



"AND A NICE LITTLE BOY HAD A NICE CAKE OF SOAP WORTHY OF WASHING THE HANDS OF THE POPE."
INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.

PEARS' obtained the only Gold Medal awarded solely for Toilet Soap in competition with all the world. Highest possible distinction.

CANADA SHIPPING COMPANY BEAVER LINE STEAMSHIPS.

SAILING BETWEEN MONTREAL & LIVERPOOL.

1890. SAILING SEASON. 1890.

FROM MONTREAL.—Lake Huron, July 1; Lake Nipigon, July 8; Lake Ontario, July 15; Lake Winnipeg, July 22; Lake Superior, July 29; Lake Huron, August 5; Lake Nipigon, August 12; Lake Ontario, August 19; Lake Winnipeg, August 26; Lake Superior, September 2; Lake Huron, September 9; Lake Nipigon, September 16; Lake Ontario, September 23; Lake Winnipeg, September 30; Lake Superior, October 7; Lake Huron, October 14; Lake Nipigon, October 21; Lake Ontario, October 28.

For further information apply to H. E. MURRAY, Gen. Mgr., 4 CUSTOM HOUSE SQUARE, - MONTREAL.

Toronto Paper Mf'g. Co.

WORKS AT CORNWALL, ONT

CAPITAL, \$250,000

Manufactures the following grades of paper:—

Engine Sized Superfine Papers.

WHITE AND TINTED BOOK PAPER

Machine Finished and Super-Calendered Blue and Cream Laid and Wove Foolscaps, Posts, etc. Account Book Papers. Envelope and Lithographic Papers, Colored Cover Papers, super-finished. Apply at the Mill for samples and prices. Retail sizes made to order.

REGULINE

A TONIC Of Special Service and Efficiency.

For Female Irregularities.

Positively free from dangerous or those of improper tendency.

REGULINE CORRECTS & CURES

Constipation, Kidney Troubles, Functional Irregularities of the Sex, Nervousness, Impaired Vitality, Hysteria, Melancholia, and all ailments and conditions dependent upon Irregularities of the Female System.

Price \$1.00 Per Package. Sent to any address on receipt of price.

GRACE CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE Md. 6, 8, 10 & 12 North St. P.O. Box 521.