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## THE WEEK:

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

THE greatest poet of a century prolific of great poets is dead. We are not, we hope, given to extravagant eulogizing, but we should scarcely do more than record our own conviction were we to express the opinion that the greatest poet, take him all in all, of all the centuries died when Lord Tennyson "crossed the bar" on the 6th inst. But in a question of that kind nearly everything depends upon the point of view. Each naturally prefers the poet who appeals most closely to his own idiosyncracies of mind and heart. By some professional critics the above would be scouted as an absurd estimate of the genius of the departed laureate. The future must decide. Both the poetry and the personality of the venerable bard are still, and will be for many years to come, quite too near the eye to be seen in their true perspective, or through any medium not more or less coloured by feeling. Other stars of the first magnitude have shone as brightly, perhaps have distinctly outshone him, in their own special fields in the poetic heavens. In the dramatic realm Shakespeare is of course, and perhaps ever will be, incomparable. But we are not sure that "The Idylls of the King" will not compare favourably, in all the higher qualities which go to make up a great epic, with even the "Iliad" or the "Æneid" or "Paradise Lost." Certainly as evidence of the capacity of the English language for the production of lofty and melodious effects in blank verse, their only place is beside the masterpiece of Milton. With equal certainty it may be said that such a piece as "Enone" takes rank with "Lycidas," in the domain of classicism, while for examples of the purely English in style and feeling, in which "the melody of the lyric is wedded to the sentiment and picture of the idyl," the works of all the English bards will be sought in vain for anything surpassing "The Miller's Daughter," "The May Queen," or "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." And where in all the domain of metrical literature will be found anything appealing more powerfully to the patriotic heart of the nation than "The Charge of the Light Brigade," which not even the most glowing periods of the author of "Scots, Wha Hae" can surpass in their power to rouse the patriotic passion. From another point of view, it may well be doubted whether any other British poet, or in fact poet of any

nation whose living works bear any comparison in point of voluminousness with those of Tennyson, has ever succeeded in attaining and maintaining so exquisite rhetorical finish and such uniformly felicitous expression. Where in all literature can these qualities be found combined in such perfection with the intensest feeling and the most stirring energy of thought and expression as in "Locksley Hall," or any one of a dozen lyrics which at once come trooping before the mind's eye? Even the gifted Tennyson undoubtedly nodded sometimes, but while the result may have been an occasional bit of very indifferent and in few cases almost vapid rhyming, he seems never to have shrunk from that laborious use of the file which is the only condition of correctness and elegance in form.

HOWEVER widely the estimates of critics may differ, and they do differ very widely upon the point, we cannot doubt that there would be very great consentaneity of opinion among ordinary students and lovers of poetry were a ballot to be taken on the question, "What is Tennyson's masterpiece?" The verdict would be, we venture to predict, even more nearly unanimous than was that of a company of authors, who were at one time asked to select the three poems of the century which each would most wish to have composed, and who are said to have every one named "In Memoriam" as either first or second. Had "In Memoriam" never been written, Tennyson's place among the immortals would still have been secure, but it would have been on a much lower plane than that which the verdict of posterity will award the builder of that marvellous mosaic. This majestic poem is in conception, in metrical form, in the profusion of intellectual wealth it displays, and in the height and depth of sentiment, now intensely pathetic, now lofty and ennobling, simply unique in the world's literature. Probably not all our readers will agree with this estimate. It is possible that some may even yet be found to endorse the opinion of Charlotte Brontë, that "it is beautiful, it is mournful, it is monotonous." A few may even go as far as Taine, who pronounced it "cold, monotonous, and too prettily arranged," and described its author as going into mourning "like a correct gentleman, with bran new gloves," wiping away his tears with a cambric handkerchief, and displaying "throughout the religious service which ends the ceremony all the compunction of a respectful and well-trained layman." But many more will, we believe, find both mind and heart echoing the sentiments of Charles Kingsley, who regarded it as "boldly surpassing the noblest English Christian poem which several centuries have seen," while not a few perhaps, and we confess ourselves of the number, will go even so far as Peter Bayne and declare it "the finest elegiac poem in the world." One of the strongest and most unmistakable evidences that Tennyson's poetry is of the very highest order is the fact which he who will may verify, that they have added more to the wealth of our English speech, in the shape of terse Anglo-Saxon words and phrases, and of true and beautiful thoughts and sentiments empearled in striking and elegant expression, than any other British writer, Shakespeare perhaps excepted. Of course we are not taking the English Bible into comparison. To this we may add one other evidence, and that on the authority and in the words of the *British Quarterly Review*, which affirmed in 1881: "We do not doubt that at this moment in England more poetry of Tennyson is known by heart, and more could be quoted, than of all the other poets in the language fused into one." We do not doubt that "In Memoriam" has contributed more largely to both these effects than any other poem.

AMONG the many worthy organizations of a philanthropic kind in Toronto there is none worthier of generous and hearty support than the "Children's Aid Society." As we have often insisted, the very quintessence of wise philanthropy consists in rescuing the waifs and strays, and as far as possible those who are growing up, even though it be in the homes of their own parents, amid degrading and vicious surroundings, and placing them under good influences and in training for respectable

and useful citizenship. This is the work which the Society above named is trying to do, with what success everyone who is sufficiently interested can ascertain. It goes without saying that those disinterested men and women who give so freely of their time and means for the promotion of such a work should be as freely aided by the sympathy and the money of their fellow-citizens. We hope, therefore, that the appeal which has been lately sent out by the Secretary of this Society for the small sum of \$300 to enable the managers to wipe out the balance against them on the operations of last season—which operations include the fresh air excursions which brought a gleam of sunlight and gave a taste of country air and country cheer to so many poor children and weary mothers—will be answered by prompt contributions to several times the amount named, that their hands may be strengthened for the winter's work. We do not know any better investment for spare dollars.

SPECIAL interest attached to the Convocation of University College and the School of Practical Science on Thursday week. This interest arose from two sources, very different in kind. As the first public meeting in connection with the University at which the familiar and venerable features of the late President were missing, the occasion was adapted to renew the feelings of sadness and the deep sense of loss which could not fail to be shared in common by those who had been his associates in labour and those who had learned to look up to him as the honoured head of the institution. As was fitting under the circumstances, words of sorrow at his death and of warm eulogy of his character and abilities, fell spontaneously from the lips of every speaker. On the other hand the meeting was the first occasion in which the new President was called on to appear publicly in his official capacity, and it became no less naturally a time for congratulations. And truly President Loudon has every reason for gratification and encouragement in view of the warm and unstinted words of approval of the Government's appointment which fell from the lips of the various speakers. His own address was quite in keeping with his reputation for modesty and efficiency. It was clear, practical and helpful, containing many useful hints for the earnest student. Amongst these none were, perhaps, wiser or more opportune than the words in which he cautioned students against the mistake, unhappily so prevalent in these days, of allowing themselves to be carried by their enthusiasm in the contests of the playground, and by the unhealthy spirit of excessive athleticism which is in the air, beyond the legitimate bounds of healthful recreation. As to the rest, two remarks made by other speakers challenge particular attention. When Chancellor Blake said that the new President had not been placed in his high position "from any narrow principles of nativism" but because he was believed to be the best man for the position who could have been found anywhere, he not only paid the highest compliment to Mr. Loudon, but announced the soundest principle to govern appointments. But when Mr. Harcourt assured his hearers that "the time for borrowing is at an end," he seems to have forgotten for the moment that the Government had just returned to the borrowing system in filling another and subordinate position, and that there are probably many good friends of the University who believe that there was really no necessity for going beyond the Canadian borders, or the list of the University's graduates, in order to find candidates well qualified to do excellent work in the chair of Political Economy.

"MARJORY DARROW" has been pretty fully discussed in our columns, and we had not intended to return to the subject. But as the observations which have been sent us have hitherto been all on the one side, it is but a matter of simple justice to give our readers an opportunity to hear something of what may be said on the other. We certainly have no desire to follow up the mild criticisms which we have made upon the poem with others of a similar kind suggested by the quotations we are about to make. We have nothing but good wishes for the highest success of the author in the field of literature in

which he has already attained some well-earned reputation. We are glad to find, in the N. Y. *Independent* of the 6th inst., now before us, a poem of eighteen stanzas (quatrains) on "The Night Express," which is not only in a large measure free from the fault of obscurity which has seemed to us to mar "Marjory Darrow" and other of Mr. Carman's poems, but which strikes us as one of the most graphic bits of objective verse we have seen for some time. We shall, therefore, take the liberty of publishing a part of a letter which we have received from an admirer and personal friend of Mr. Carman, which will explain itself. As the letter was not designed for publication, we do not feel at liberty to give the name or address of the writer, who will, we hope, pardon us for making this use of his communication. We refrain from comment beyond the single remark that to our thinking the explanation that the refrain is intended to be suggestive of ideas as well as phonetic, and that some parts of it have a semblance of meaning, but makes the matter worse by giving the poem more of the character of a puzzle:—

You think there exists no relation between the refrain and stanzas that suggest the story, and deem it imprudent that the author should have chosen words with a futile semblance of meaning, thereby to beguile and delude the reader. But I doubt if the author will admit your premise. The writer fancies he can trace the meaning of the whole, and connect the refrain in each case with the idea of the stanza preceding it. In all courtesy and friendliness let him read it to you as he understands it.

Of course it is obvious that the refrain is an imitation by syllables of the thrush's song, but, though they are chosen with great felicity, they are not used alone for their phonetic value, but also for the ideas, suggestively.

Stanza first: Marjory Darrow is in the bloom of maidenhood, and wakens at an early summer dawn—her twentieth birthday. The poet paints her finely, and with no hackneyed phrases. Suddenly she hears the thrushes starting their song. The refrain suggests the early hour, the clearness of the song, the flushing of the east before the sun.

Stanza second: The morning is advanced. The blue martins are playing about their doorways. The sun rises. The refrain is distinctly connected with that fact. Both express the pure joy of creation, which the musing mind of Marjory imbibes. She is yet heart-free, and her love of all around her is distraught by no alien passion. Her "brows are cool."

Stanza third: An interval occurs. Marjory's mental condition has changed, with the situation of her affairs. She is in love, and apparently the course does not run smooth. There is either opposition from without, or her maiden spirit is striving against the warm conclusion. It is the old story of love and warfare "that braced the battle gear of war when the young world was glad." (Vide Helen of Troy.) The imitative refrain hints the same fact. A new star has arisen in her life—"new in the old of the dawn." "Peeps" out through the hindering clouds, a "new star," as aware that the dawn of her real life has arisen.

Fourth stanza: Develops the idea of love. She stands in the garden in the midst of pale roses, with the hot heart in conflict with itself and its foes. "She must not be deprived of him whom her soul desires." In the refrain the thrushes reassure her. The words are suggestively heartening—"here," "old," "keep," etc. Be faithful. Constancy has its assurance. She will be true.

The fifth stanza balances the strength of youth against the more sedate power of love. "Love is a seraph *dour* (gravely obstinate) and blind, leading his mortal kin." Refrain suggests the union of two souls. They are to move on together "through the drear of the dawn, year on year."

Stanza sixth: This time the change is sorrow. "Marjory Darrow's eyes are wet." "She loved, but whom she loved the grave has lost in its unconscious womb." The hills seem to "ache" like her heart, and the song of the thrushes, in the refrain, is interpreted in harmony with her sorrow. This idea, however, is not all contained in this stanza and refrain, but is developed through the other two. It may be that in the sixth the lover is hopelessly ill; that in the seventh death is certain; and in the eighth that he has gone, the last part of the last refrain reading:—

Gone, thou art gone,  
Dear . . .

To me this is a beautiful poem, and one of Carman's best. I can enjoy its exquisite delicacy of sentiment and expression, its music, and the expressive harmony of the imitative portions, having listened in delight to the bird itself. Burroughs uses the phrase "O spherul, sphere" to express the liquid bell of the hermit thrush. It may be true that multitudes cannot, or will not take the pains to, understand such a poem as this; but it is a marvel to me how to you it should have brought such absolute difficulty as you complain of.

A CLOSER examination of Mr. Lawder's strictures in our last number upon certain paragraphs in a preceding number of THE WEEK, commenting upon his pamphlet and previous article, does not enable us to discover anything

which requires a very lengthy reply in addition to what we said last week. In regard to the value of Mr. Lawder's statistics as an argument likely to influence our United States neighbours in favour of reciprocity, we have already asked permission to substitute the word "conclusions" for the word "figures" in the sentence to which Mr. Lawder took exception. We have no desire to press this point, or to say a word to detract from the weight of those really valuable figures, and so will add but a word by way of explanation. In another part of his pamphlet Mr. Lawder shows that during the two years covered by his statistics, the proportion of imports admitted into Canada, free of duty, from the United States, was forty per cent. larger than the proportion admitted into the United States from Canada on the same terms. He also shows that during those years the average rate of duty on all imports into Canada from the United States was 16.22 per cent., while the average rate of duty on all imports into the United States from Canada was 20.15 per cent. Putting these two facts together, is it not open to the United States politician to say that they at once explain the cause of the balance of trade in their favour and therefore furnish an argument for continuing rather than discontinuing the tariff which brings them this advantage? We do not, of course, admit the validity of this kind of argument, but it shows one of the grounds on which a shrewd American would be very likely to challenge the conclusions which Mr. Lawder desires to establish. We commented as we did upon Mr. Lawder's pamphlet mainly for two reasons. First because we are utterly sceptical as to the possibility of ever again obtaining reciprocity with our neighbours on the lines indicated, or those which we *guess* were laid down by the Canadian Government in its proposals at the late conferences, if any proposals were really made. Our reasons for such scepticism are drawn partly from the repeated declarations of those who may be supposed to represent American opinion and feeling in the matter, that the United States would never again consent to what they are pleased to term a "jug-handled" reciprocity—and here let it be noted that by this term our neighbours usually designate, not reciprocity between five millions and sixty-five millions of people, as Mr. Lawder seems to suppose, but reciprocity in natural products only or chiefly, instead of reciprocity in both natural products and manufactured goods—and partly from the repeated assurances of our own Government and its supporters on the platform and in the press that they have again and again striven in vain to secure such reciprocity. In view of this settled resolve of the American Government and Congress, what is it but waste of time and effort to seek to attain the unattainable?

OUR second reason for want of faith in the efficacy of Mr. Lawder's methods was that we do not think a "jug-handled" reciprocity of the kind indicated a thing to be desired by Canada any more than by the United States. Of course we should regard such an arrangement, if it were possible, as preferable to the present tariff war, on the principle that "half a loaf is better than no bread." But what we hold to be the really desirable thing for Canada as well as for the United States is reciprocity all around, in manufactures as well as in natural products. We are very far from admitting, what protectionists like Mr. Lawder take for granted, viz., that under full reciprocity the manufactured goods would all go in one direction. If Canada's resources and capabilities are anything like what we all believe them to be, there surely must be many lines of manufacturing and other industries besides simple farming, mining, lumbering and fishing, for which we have better facilities than our neighbours. If so, it follows that under complete reciprocity capital, enterprise and labour, following as they are sure to do along the lines of least resistance, would seek the most favourable locations, irrespective of international boundaries. Of course, again, we should much rather see this grand consummation reached as the result of mutual free trade, or tariff for revenue only, than by special treaty, and for this we confidently look, as we have said, in the good time coming. Meanwhile such an extension of the area of free trade as would be meant by full reciprocity, or a large and liberal measure of reciprocity, between these two great countries would be a long step in the right direction. In one part of his pamphlet Mr. Lawder turns aside to draw an inference in favour of protection from the fact that the United States produce certain classes of highly-protected goods more cheaply than free trade England. The iteration becomes tiresome, but it is

perhaps necessary to call attention once more to the fact that the manufacturers of the United States enjoy free trade over a wider extent of rich and cultivated territory and under more favourable conditions in respect to variety of climate and productions than any other people in the world. "Does THE WEEK," Mr. Lawder asks, "contend that in producing the sixty million dollars' worth of merchandise sold to Canada less labour or capital find employment in the United States than are employed in Canada in producing the forty millions' worth of merchandise sold to the United States?" No; THE WEEK makes no such contention, as every one who has read carefully our comments must know. What THE WEEK did and does contend is that, one hundred and eighteen million dollars' worth of exports is a matter of far less importance to sixty-five millions of comparatively rich people, than seventy-eight million dollars' worth to five millions of comparatively poor people. Has Mr. Lawder shown the contrary?

THE letter of Mr. J. Castell Hopkins is singularly wide of the mark. In the first place, we were not "referring to British preferential duties" but to what we understood to be specific discrimination *against* a particular nation. The principle involved was pretty fully discussed by authorities a few years ago, and, if we mistake not, the conclusion reached by general consent was that a nation may, without violation of courtesy, or "the most favoured nation" obligation, give preferential treatment to another nation, in return for similar favours, by arrangement. But to impose specific taxes *against* the products of any nation would be a very different thing and one which the nation thus discriminated against would have a right to resent as hostile and offensive. The cases of Brazil, Cuba, etc., are not in point, as there is really no discrimination and no "compulsion" in the matter save what is involved in a general tariff law, applicable to all nations to whom the conditions may apply. Our readers know well how much we admire such a policy, but that is not the question here. As to the taunt touching our regard for American susceptibilities, we shall probably survive it so long as we are conscious of pleading only for what is fair, courteous and right, on our part, irrespective of anything which we may think to be the opposite on the part of our neighbours. We strongly suspect that the spirit revealed in Mr. Hopkins' sarcasm is the same spirit which, as displayed on platform and in the press, has probably had more than anything else to do with making the Washington politicians disinclined to listen to any advances made by our Government in the direction of better trade relations. But, be that as it may, we stand for an even, straightforward, friendly course, free from marks of irritation or dislike, on the part of Canada, first because that is the right course, and, second, because it is the wise and statesmanlike course. In view of the fact that these two Anglo-Saxon peoples are anchored side by side for all the future, we hold that whatever tends to make or perpetuate bad blood between them, on the part of either, is a crime against both and against humanity. Nor could any provocation on either side justify the other in failing to preserve its dignity and equanimity, and holding firmly to the right.

THE recent filling of two of the vacancies in the Dominion Senate has turned public attention for a moment to one of the estates of the realm whose existence the people might be in danger of forgetting but for an occasional appointment of this kind. The two gentlemen who have just now been selected for the doubtful distinction, are, so far as we are aware, personally unobjectionable. It is when we come to enquire into the principle which governs in this and other appointments that we confront serious difficulties and objections. Like all or very nearly all the Senators who have been appointed within the last ten or twelve years both are partisans of the present Administration. One, at least, is a candidate for the Commons who was defeated at the polls. To one taking an outside view of the question, it is not easy to understand how a man who believes in the principle of popular government can bring himself to accept appointment to the Upper House after having been rejected by the people of his own constituency for the Lower. Aside from that, it is hard to conceive of any course which could be adopted by a Government better calculated to destroy both the usefulness and the prestige which the Senate might have had—if that is not an Hibernicism—than that of filling its seats with members chosen almost exclusively from one political party. This reproach falls, as it happens, specially upon

the Conservatives, but it is very likely that the same thing would have been done by the leaders of the other party had they had the same opportunity, and, consequently, the same temptation. The fault is seemingly in the method of appointment. In fact, however, it lies deeper and is inherent in the system of government by party, for under that system it would puzzle the most disinterested to devise a mode of choosing Senators which would not be likely to come to the same thing in the end. Election by Parliament, or by the people, could not secure a non-partisan Chamber. The nearest approach to it, in either case, would be gained by some system of proportionate or minority representation. Even with the best system and the best intentions, it must be admitted that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a sufficient number of men in Canada, possessing the qualifications, including knowledge of and interest in public affairs, to fit them to revise all Parliamentary legislation, who would be independent of party and willing to accept such a position and give their time and energies to the discharge of its duties. The best alternative would be, probably, to vote the Dominion Senate practically useless and do without it; the next best among things practicable, to bind the Government of the day by a constitutional amendment, if necessary, to carry out what seems to have been the design of the fathers of Confederation, by first equalizing, as soon as possible, the parties in the Senate in point of numbers and then making all subsequent appointments alternately from the adherents of the two great parties. Far from an ideal device, we admit, but surely better than the present indefensible practice.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR SHULTZ has done wisely at the last, in signing the Bill which was passed on the advice of his Ministry by a large majority in the House, however unwise he may have been in his refusal in the first instance. There could be no question as to the constitutional course in such a case, and it is inconceivable that the Ottawa Government could have upheld him in his refusal, had he persisted in it, save for some good and sufficient reason of State which has not been made apparent. The supposition that a Governor in his position could, for reasons or opinions, we will not insult him by saying "interests," of his own, be permitted to balk the purpose of the Government and Legislature of a Province, cannot be entertained for a moment. If it be suggested that a Governor might have conscientious scruples in some instances and that he should not be required to do violence to his conscience, the answer is that his alternatives must be an appeal to the people, or resignation of office. Can it be, by the way, that there is something in the pure, dry, cool atmosphere of the prairies which stimulates the autocratic impulse, which is, we suppose, latent to a greater or less degree, in every man when "clothed with a little brief authority"? How else can we account for the tendency of North-West Governors to try to take the reins into their own hands? Even as we write, Lieut.-Governor Royal in the Territories is approving, or at least abetting, a course of action on the part of his advisers which would not be tolerated in one of the older Provinces, by continuing them in office when they have no longer a clear majority in the Assembly.

ANYTHING more gratuitously cruel than the much-talked-of long-distance ride by German and Austrian military competitors is not recorded in the history of modern civilized nations. The old-fashioned idea that brave men are always merciful will surely have to be given up. The "rough" who drives a hired horse until it drops in its tracks or becomes hopelessly lamed and deformed, is deemed a fit subject for the police court and the prison, and the best public sentiment approves the sentence. But here are hundreds of men, soldiers by profession, gentlemen and Christians by courtesy, who deliberately agree, for no imaginable purpose higher than the desire for a cheap notoriety, to ride an equal number of the noblest specimens of the noblest of animals just as fast and as far, within the limit of four hundred miles, as the utmost power of endurance of horse and rider will permit. We need waste no sympathy upon the latter, whose action was voluntary, and who deserved all they suffered; but who can avoid being stirred to deep pity and indignation as he thinks of the poor brutes, spurred on from hour to hour and from day to day, and passing from one stage of fatigue, exhaustion, and agony to another, until they fall by scores on the roadside, or crawl with their brutal riders to the

journey's end with "sides fallen in," "hoofs split," and "spines awry," to endure the sufferings of a dozen deaths in their lingering misery? If this is the noble military spirit, let civilization and humanity throughout the world unite in crying "Shame!"

#### TENNYSON.

TENNYSON is dead! He had been with us so long—his work to the very last had been so strong, so fresh, that we could not think of him as an old man that could not long be with us. Three score and ten years, and by reason of strength four score, which must be labour and sorrow—such is the limit of human life. But the four score years of our great poet hardly seemed to impair his strength or even to diminish his elasticity of thought and feeling. Intellectually and artistically "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." His last published drama was as fresh and breezy as the work of a boy.

Yet he has been called from us; and he has so enriched us and the world that we cannot grudge him his well-earned rest. Although a thrill has passed through the whole English world at the sad news of our loss, we can hardly say we are the poorer for his going, he has left us such rich possessions, such glorious creations behind him. And yet how we grieve. When Schiller was taken away at the age of forty-six, even Goethe, the self-sufficient, the calm and imperturbable, was moved to the depths of his nature. "Schiller is ill!" they feared to tell him more. But he guessed. In the night they heard him weeping. Goethe weeping! the man who seemed raised so high above ordinary human cares. In the morning he said to a friend: "Schiller was very ill yesterday, was he not?" She could only sob, but not answer. "He is dead!" said Goethe. "You have said it." "He is dead," he repeated, and covered his eyes with his hands. Schiller was only forty-six, and Tennyson was nearly twice his age when he died; yet we, too, hardly believing, are broken-hearted as we say, "He is dead."

When Alfred Tennyson was eleven years of age he received intelligence of the death of Lord Byron, and was deeply moved. "Byron is dead," he kept repeating. Like all young men of that period, he had been powerfully affected by the passionate genius of the ill-fated poet. But Byron's influence in English literature is small compared with that of Tennyson.

It is perhaps too early to estimate confidently the place of Lord Tennyson in English literature, even as many parts of his uneventful history are still matters of uncertainty; but on some points we may arrive at conclusions which are not likely to be disputed.

Few literary men have been more variously gifted than the late Post Laureate, and few have used those gifts more conscientiously. In addition, there is hardly another example in English literature of a poet whose genius developed in a more perfectly normal manner, deepening, gathering strength and richness from first to last, so that even in extreme old age there was hardly a trace of decadence. The last volume of poems, "Demeter," etc., etc., closes with an ode which may be described as simply perfect, nothing of its kind having ever equalled it. It is "Crossing the Bar." His last published volume, "The Foresters," is an absolute prodigy, if written, as we are told, during the last year or two. It is hardly possible to believe that some parts of it, at least, do not belong to an early period of his literary life.

In his early poems we have that wonderful charm of language, that purity of mellifluousness which never forsook him. As he goes on he gains in picturesqueness, in incisiveness, in those wonderful utterances of the deepest thoughts and emotions of the heart which are as moving as they are true. Then he begins, as in the "Princess," to deal with some of the burning questions of the day, and shows his power of psychological analysis of social diagnosis, his faculty of seeing not one side only of a problem, but all its sides, its truth and its falsehood, its claims and its limitations, its sublimity and its absurdity, its rights and its dangers. Then in the great poem, "In Memoriam," he sounds the depths of human life and divine government, revealing at once his sense of all the sadness and sorrow of man's earthly destiny sustained by a sublime optimism which refuses to think that God's government can fail.

There is no failure in "Maud," the next poem of any length. Here, too, he shows his sympathy with his age, and his scorn of its meanness and paltriness. There is nothing in this great poem which is unworthy of its writer. Its hero is a true representative of a class which had sprung up of moody dreamers whose malady needed to be healed by the power of action, even as the "smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue" needed to be roused from his sordid swindling by a rising patriotism responsive to dangers from without. Some one has spoken of Tennyson being destitute of passion. Such an one could hardly have read the songs in "Maud."

But we are hurrying on, and perhaps it is better that we should pause before we go further, and survey some parts of the literary history of Lord Tennyson somewhat more minutely. Everyone knows the few events which constitute his outward history, his birth at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, in 1809, the year of the birth of Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and also of Darwin and Mrs. Browning. The third son of the Rev.

Dr. G. Clayton Tennyson, after some time at the Grammar School at Louth he went to Cambridge, where he and his eldest brother Charles entered Trinity College. Here he made the acquaintance of Trench, afterwards Dean of Westminster, and subsequently of Alford, who died Dean of Canterbury; both of whom were of considerable poetic gifts, and both ardent admirers of their great contemporary. But the friendship of greatest influence which he found at Cambridge was that of Arthur Hallam, who became betrothed to Tennyson's favourite sister, and died in 1833, when he was about twenty-four years of age. The events of Tennyson's life, the peculiar qualities of his father and his mother, have been so amply set forth in the newspapers that we shall probably better consult the interest of our hearers if we restrict our remarks mainly to comments on his writings.

It is said that Tennyson's first efforts in poetry belong to his eighth year, when he covered two sides of a slate with a poem on flowers. He had been challenged by his brother Charles to write poetry, and, when he showed what he had done, he received the assurance, "you have done it." Between the age of eleven and twelve he is said to have written an epic of more than four thousand lines in Scott's metre, in the "Lady of the Lake." About fourteen, he commenced a drama in Iambic metre which is said still to exist. We sincerely hope that it may never be permitted to see the light of day unless its publication had the sanction of its author. Both of Tennyson's brothers, Charles and Frederick, had poetic gifts of a very high order, as their publications have shown.

The first of Alfred's published poems appeared in connection with those of Charles in 1827, under the title of "Poems by Two Brothers." The volume was published in Louth, and brought the authors ten pounds. No intimation has been given of the authorship of the separate poems. Two years later he gained the Chancellor's Gold Medal for the English poem at Cambridge. The subject was "Timbuctoo." In 1830 he put forth "Poems Chiefly Lyrical," forming, generally, the first part of the volumes published in 1842 under the title, "Poems." In 1832 he published "Poems," beginning with the "Lady of Shalott," constituting the second part of the 1842 publication. In 1850 a third edition of this first collection was put forth very much in the form in which we now possess it.

The influences which helped the poetic genius of Tennyson were manifold. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Keats, may be mentioned. The influence of Byron has perhaps been underrated. At any rate, as we have mentioned, Tennyson was deeply moved by the intelligence of his death. "I thought," he said, "the whole world was at an end. I thought everything was over and finished for everyone—that nothing else mattered. I remember I walked out alone, and carved 'Byron is dead' into the sandstone."

There are few things more remarkable in literature than the humility and conscientiousness displayed by Tennyson in dealing with his own early productions and in amending his faults of style and treatment. At his first appearance he was recognized as a true poetic genius by some few sympathetic and unprejudiced souls. But, like other poets—like Wordsworth, like Byron—he was vehemently assailed by the professional critics. John Wilson told him to get rid of his cockney admirers and reform his style. This was on the volume of 1830. The volume of 1833 was assailed by Lockhart in the *Quarterly* with bitter sarcasm, and this was the volume in which first appeared "Enone," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," the "May Queen" and the "Lotos Eaters." It is truly terrible to think what those critics might have done.

Tennyson published no more for nine years when the volume of 1842 appeared, containing the "Morte d'Arthur," a poem which Tennyson has never surpassed, "Dora," "Ulysses," "Locksley Hall," "Break, Break, Break." In this volume Tennyson showed that he could profit by the criticisms, even when exaggerated and unjust, of his reviewers. Unlike Byron, who responded in his wrath by "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," unlike Wordsworth, who exaggerated the weaknesses of his style, and insisted on his admirers accepting his weakest work as though it were equal to his strongest, Tennyson, with calm faith in his own genius, and yet with a readiness to be taught which showed his real greatness, set to work to amend what was amiss, and to perfect works of genius and art which were worthy of the labour thus bestowed upon them. Let anyone compare the first draught of the "Gardener's Daughter" with its latest form, and the importance of the changes will be seen. A curious example occurs in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." In its first form, we believe, the words occur: "The gardener Adam and his wife." In a later edition we have: "The grand old gardener and his wife," but this term having become vulgarized the author has restored the phrase to its original form.

It is noticeable how this volume of the poems shows forecasts of work belonging to subsequent years. Thus in the exquisite little poem, "Break, Break, Break," we have an anticipation of "In Memoriam," and in "The Lady of Shalott" and other poems an anticipation of the "Idylls of the King."

A curious story is told of Carlyle reproaching Mr. Monkton Mills for not having got Tennyson a pension. However this may be, in the year 1845 a pension of £200 a year was conferred upon him through Sir Robert Peel. Never was a pension better bestowed. We have dwelt so long upon the early work of Tennyson that we have

left hardly any time to deal with the great mass of work which he has produced since 1842.

In 1847 he produced "The Princess, a Medley," dealing with the question of woman's rights in a fashion so masterly that, as far as the *principle* is concerned, the last word has been said; whilst the songs dispersed through the poem are of marvellous beauty in sentiment, in expression, in melody.

In 1850 "In Memoriam" appeared—in the judgment of some the greatest of his poems, although perhaps the one which is least popular. It commemorated the death of Arthur Hallam, already mentioned. In 1852 he wrote the splendid ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington, in 1854 the "Charge of the Light Brigade," which, with "Hohenlinden" and two or three other odes, occupies the foremost rank among warlike poetry. It is remarkable that the last stanza of this magnificent composition has undergone several alterations. It was first published in the *Times* newspaper, and afterwards at the end of the volume containing "Maud."

In 1855 "Maud" appeared, and was received with shouts of admiration and cries of derision. A London newspaper said it might be described by omitting either of the vowels in the name. Dean Henry Alford declared, in the presence of the writer, that of all Englishmen who had ever lived only two could have written "Maud"—Alfred Tennyson and William Shakespeare.

In 1859 appeared the "Idylls of the King," "Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine," and "Guinevere," to which a large number were afterwards added. It is possible that these four were put out first by the poet as being the most remarkable, in case he should be able to publish no more. The wonderful beauty of these poems, the absolute perfection of passages in "Elaine" and "Guinevere," can hardly be denied. These "things of beauty" will certainly be "a joy forever." Among his later poems mention should be made of "Locksley Hall" and the poem already mentioned at the end of the volume, "Demeter," etc. "Locksley Hall" is the answer of old age to the youthful aspirations expressed in the early poem of the same name. Mr. Gladstone, in an astonishing manner, took it as a kind of testimony from the aged poet himself. Perhaps this notion was partly correct, but only partly so. It was rather the view of one who had outlived the dreams of early days, and records his reflections in the past and the present. The other poem, as we have said, "Crossing the Bar," is of surprising beauty.

We have left ourselves no space at present even to refer to the dramas. The place of Tennyson is among the loftiest. If we give Shakespeare the first place and Milton the second, who is there that will contest the place with Tennyson? Coleridge might have done so, if he had only been able to give free scope to his glorious genius. Keats might have done so, if he had lived and his later work had shown as steady a progress as that of Tennyson has done. Wordsworth would have done so, if his average work had been anything like as good as his best. But what poet is there at once so profound, so imaginative, so melodious, so strong, so sweet, so perfect in matter and in form as our great Laureate?

May these imperfect lines, written in great haste, be forgiven for the sake of the reverence and admiration which they feebly convey!

WILLIAM CLARK.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER.

THE people of British Columbia have recently learned in the school of experience that improved facilities for communication with the outside world have brought new dangers. The smallpox epidemic, which recently visited them, especially the city of Victoria, was clearly the result of the close connection with China and Japan, which the C. P. R. steamships has given them. The scourge was brought on one of these ships, and the inadequacy of the quarantine arrangements allowed it to come ashore, when it rapidly spread, causing not only considerable sacrifice of life, but a large direct and indirect pecuniary loss by interruption to business. One of the unpleasant features of the visitation was the intense ill-feeling which was created between the cities of Vancouver and Victoria. Ever since the former sprang into being there has been strong rivalry between the two places, just as there has existed for many years between the mainland and the island, of which these two cities form the focal points. There is no occasion for such. There is ample room for both, and instead of jealousy there should be mutual aid and co-operation. But Victoria's calamity seemed to be Vancouver's opportunity, at least many of the citizens of the latter, encouraged by the inflammatory articles in the press, seemed to think. Gressly exaggerated reports were circulated, and I am credibly informed travellers on the trains were waylaid and advised that it was dangerous to go to Victoria. This was, to say the least, ungenerous, for the epidemic was carried from Vancouver to Victoria, though it did not spread in the former city as in the latter.

While it was quite right and proper for the people of Vancouver to protect themselves, there was no reason for them to put an entire stop to traffic as they did. For some time no vessel from Victoria was allowed to land, and no one from Victoria was permitted under any circumstances to enter Vancouver. When the authority of the courts was invoked, and an injunction obtained, the order was evaded, and anyone who did land was arrested

and placed in quarantine for fourteen days, where they were kept under close surveillance and indifferently housed and fed. This was an unwarranted interference with the rights of innocent travellers who had simply passed through Victoria and had complied with all the precautions necessary to prevent infection. The city authorities will probably yet have to answer for this, in actions for damages before the courts. The Vancouverites assumed an unwarranted position when they undertook to put an entire stop to traffic. The city of Nanaimo allowed people to come and go, adopting strict precautions, and yet not a solitary case of smallpox made its appearance among them.

Another unpleasant feature of the affair was the collision of authority between the provincial authorities and the city council of Victoria. When the disease broke out the municipal authorities were taken unawares, and did not adopt the prompt measures which the impending danger called for. The Government took matters into their own hands, and with the assistance of the public hospital board, soon had the disease under control. But it so happens that the mayor is the leader of the Opposition in the Legislature, and the city medical health officer is one of his supporters in that body, so that there are not wanting those who believe that the Government was prompted by political motives to some extent in adopting the course they did, especially as the Premier's brother was appointed provincial medical officer with almost unlimited powers. But desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and the prompt action of the Government secured the desired result.

The extent of the epidemic has been greatly exaggerated. There were in Victoria only about 80 cases all told, and less than 20 deaths. In a population of about 20,000 this is not a large percentage. Vancouver had a dozen cases or thereabout, and New Westminster less, while there were only one or two all told outside the cities.

An impression has gone abroad that the disease was prevalent among the Chinese. This is a mistake. While the presence of somewhere like four thousand of that element, living crowded together in a Chinese quarter, not too cleanly in some of its surroundings, is doubtless a source of danger, it is simple justice to say that only one case made its appearance among them, and that one, long after the epidemic had spent its strength. Nor was a single case heard of among the Indians, who occupy a reserve of 140 acres within the city limits.

The outbreak has been a serious loss to the Province, but more especially to Victoria. Apart from the necessary outlay invested in suppressing it, the interruption to business has been very serious. Occurring during the tourist season it destroyed that trade on which Victoria depends so much. The hotels were the principal sufferers, but it is wonderful how soon, when the quarantine was raised, trade resumed its old channels.

Such calamities teach their lessons, and this has had its effect in impressing upon the people of this coast the importance of improving the quarantine arrangements. With the possibility of cholera coming, strong pressure will be brought to bear to compel the Government which has been too lax in the past, to guard the public interest better, in this respect, in the time to come.

The Behring Sea dispute has assumed fresh interest this season by the high-handed proceedings on the part of the United States and Russia in seizing a number of Canadian vessels when engaged in their legitimate calling on the high seas. The question is one of very great importance on this coast. Most of the sealing fleet is owned in Victoria, and Vancouver has a small interest in the business. Seizures in past years since the dispute began have caused much irritation and loss, but never before have our sealers been subjected to such high-handed interference. So far as I can learn, our vessels have studiously kept out of Behring Sea, pending the result of the arbitration, and being on the high seas was within their rights. First, the supply steamer, *Coquitlam*, which went up during the season to replenish their stores and bring back the skins so far secured, was seized by a United States revenue cutter and taken to Sitka, where she has been held for over three months. The result was that most of the vessels which had not been supplied had to return at once, instead of completing their season's work. Then the Russians, emboldened by the course of the United States, and assuming rights which they did not pretend to hold till this year, seized a number of vessels and turned their crews adrift to shift for themselves on the barren shores of Siberia, whence they were rescued by a passing vessel. Strong representations have been made to the Government, and the Imperial authorities have had the facts laid before them. Few people in Canada, and still fewer in England, fully realize all that is involved. In connection with the Behring Sea matter it has been said that England will not go to war for the sake of a few seals. But the sealing industry is a very important one, and the rights of a large number of British subjects are involved. England is bound to protect them, even to the extent of going to war with either the United States or Russia, though I do not believe such is involved in protecting the rights of our sealers. But their rights should be protected at all hazards.

A scheme for settling a large number of crofters in British Columbia has assumed shape, and next spring will witness the first arrival of these hardy colonists. The project is certain to be fruitful of good results for this

Province. They are expected to do much in developing the deep sea fisheries of the Pacific coast, which are very valuable, and which have not as yet been turned to much account. Their arrival will also help to solve the labour problem. The Chinese have hitherto almost monopolized the position of domestic servants, because no others were available. The daughters of the crofters will make domestics of the very best class.

There is every prospect that the Canadian Western Railway will shortly become a reality. This road will be built over the line of the Canadian Pacific as first located through the Yellowhead pass, and, crossing to Vancouver Island at Seymour Narrows, make Victoria its terminus. A strong American syndicate has the project in hand, and there is a well-grounded belief that one of their objects is to build to Alaska. Of course they will form a connection with some line from the East, and thus give us another transcontinental line through Canada.

Considerable attention has been directed this season to the Kootenay country by the discoveries of gold and silver ores, principally the latter, found there in connection with galena. The work so far has been principally prospecting, but some of the claims have passed into the hands of wealthy syndicates, which will, no doubt, develop them. The mining laws are not in a very satisfactory condition, and further railway communication is much required.

The necessity for further detailed surveys of this coast is shown by two mishaps which occurred this season. The Dominion Government steamer *Quadra*, while entering Rose harbour, struck a rock not shown on the chart and sank. Fortunately she was running at a low rate of speed, and there was time to beach her, but it cost well on to \$20,000 to raise and repair her. H.M.S. *Warspite*, while passing through Discovery passage, discovered a rock not marked, and did considerable damage to her keel. She is now in the dry dock at Esquimalt, and she may be ordered back to England in consequence of the accident, though her time of service on this station will not be completed for another year.

The people of Victoria have been in a state of mild excitement over the visit of the French flag-ship *Dabour-dieu*, the first French man-of-war which has visited this coast for a number of years. She is of the old wooden build, and presented a marked contrast to the *Warspite* as they rode at anchor near each other at Esquimalt harbour. Social amenities between the officers of the warships and the people of the city have been freely exchanged.

After a career of seven months, the *News*, a second morning newspaper in Victoria, has succumbed to the inevitable and been consolidated with the *Colonist*. One morning and one evening paper now monopolize the field. They are enough for the requirements of the place, but, while it lasted, the *News* was a vigorous journal.

J. JONES BELL.

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### TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER XX—(Continued).

THE morning saw Miss Carmichael in the sick room again, putting things to rights, purifying and beautifying it, as only a woman can, with the romantic and tearful, Shakespeare-loving Tryphosa in her train. Poor little neglected Marjorie, who had performed for her young self an art of heroic sacrifice in handing over her own Eugene to her unworthy cousin, was allowed, a great and hitherto unheard of reward, to bring the patient an armful of flowers from the garden, gathering any blossoms she chose, to fill vases and slender button-hole glasses in every corner. She was even permitted to kiss Eugene, although she protested against the removal of that lovely moustache. She offered to bring Felina to lick off the stubble on her friend's chin, but that friend, in a wheezy whistling voice, begged that Maguffin might be substituted for the cat, in case pussy might scratch him. Maguffin came with the colonel's razors, and Marjorie looked on, while he gave the author of his present fortunes a clean shave, and made ironical remarks about moustache trimming. "Guess the man what trimmed yoh mustash fought he was a bahbah, sah?" The patient smiled seraphically, and whistled in his throat. "Never want to have a better, Maguffin."

"It's awful, Guff, isn't it?" asked Miss Thomas, and continued, "it quite gives me the horrors!"

"Dey's bahbahs and dey's bahbahs," replied the coloured gentlemen, "and I doan want ter blame a gennelum as cayn't help hisself."

The barbering completed, Marjorie junior was dismissed with her ally Guff, and the senior lady of that name reigned supreme. The eyes of the feeble invalid, whose heart had been hungering and thirsting for love during a month that had seemed a lifetime, followed her all over the room, and almost stopped beating when she went near the door. But she came back, and held that hot fevered hand on which her modest ring glistened, and cooled his brow, and made him take his sloppy food, and answered back in soft but cheery tones his deprecating whispers. She had him now safe, and would tyrannize over him, she said; till, spite of the weakness and the sharp pains, his eye began to twinkle with something of the old happy light that seemed to be of so long ago, and, smilingly, he

murmured: "We are not ready for our graves yet." Miss Carmichael looked severe, and held up a warning finger. "Repeat that, Eugene, and I will send her to take care of you at once," she said; "that is, if she will leave her dear Mr. Douglas for a poor bed-ridden creature like you." As an affectionate salute followed these words, it may be presumed they were not so harsh as they sounded. The doctor came in time for breakfast, but, before partaking of that meal, he visited his patient, eased his bandages, looked to the wounds, and praised the nurse. "He could not be doing better," he said, as he cheerfully descended to the breakfast table.

The constable had respected the sanctity of the Sabbath, and was still in the kitchen, while his prisoners languished in the stables. Tryphena presided over the morning meal, at which Timotheus and Ben sat; and Tryphosa, who had just descended from her labours in the sick room, was giving them so touching and poetical an account of the invalid and his nurses that Timotheus began seriously to consider the propriety of having some frightful injury inflicted upon his own person. Mr. Toner related for the tenth time how the spurious doctor had cured him, and then proceeded to tell of Serlizer's wonderful skill in pulling through her shot-riddled old reprobate of a father, till "he was enamored as good as new and a mighty sight heavier 'n he was, along o' the lead in his old carkidg." Constable Rigby laughed at the wounds of the day, and characterized them as mere scratches, unworthy of mention in casualty despatches. "There was a man of ours, an acting corporal, called Brattles, in the melee at Inkerman, who broke the tip of his bagginet off in one Rooshian, and the butt of it in another. Then he had nothing to do but to club with what the French call the crosse. He forgot that he had not emptied his gun of the last charge, so, just as he had floored his fourth Rooshian, the piece went off into his left breast, and the bullet ran clear down him and came out of his boot under the hollow of the left foot. Captain Clarkson thought he was done for; but Brattles asked him for two champagne corks, plugged up the incoming and the outgoing wounds with them, and stuck to it till the Rooshian bugles sounded the retreat. That I call a wound to speak of." Tryphena, who had listened to this story of her elderly admirer with becoming gravity, ventured to ask: "Do officers carry champagne corks about with them on the battle-field, Corporal Rigby?"

"Not all officers, Miss Hill. I never heard that Lord Raglan or Sir Colin did. But the young fellows, of course. How else could they blacken each other's faces?"

"Do they do that?"

"Regular. There was a subaltern they called Baby Appleby, he was so white-skinned and light-haired. Well, one night we had to turn out for an alarm in the dark, and charged two miles up to the rifle pits of the first line. When we came back, the colonel halted us for inspection before dismissal. When he came to Mr. Appleby, he turns to his captain and says: 'Where did you get this nigger in uniform, Ford?' The captain looked at him and roared, for poor Mr. Appleby was as black as Maguffin. The gentlemen had amused themselves corking him when he was asleep."

"Yoh finds it mighty easy, consterble, ter say disrepspekshus remahks on cullud folks," said the temporary barber, entering at that moment. "Ef the Lawd made us dahk complected, I speeks the Lawd knowed what He was a doin', and didn't go foh ter set white folks a-sneezin' at 'em. I'se flissertaten myself ebervy day yoh cayn't cokh me inter a white folks."

"They's whitewaush, Maguffin," interpolated Ben. "A good heavy coat o' whitewaush 'ud make a gashly Corkashun of you."

"Yah! yah! yah! I'se got a brudder as perfesses whitewashin' an' colourin'. When he's done got a job, he looks moh like the consterble's brudder nor myuns, yah! yah! yah!"

The corporal frowned, and went on with his breakfast, while Mr. Maguffin gave an account of his shaving adventure, and of the sight of that poor man whose moustache had been trimmed by a non-professional.

Ben was soon after called by the detective to re-engage in the hunt for Rawdon, who was now known to be wounded, and, therefore, to be lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Carmichael accompanied Mr. Errol on a visit to Matilda Nagle at the post office. The absence of the minister made the morning game of golf impossible, so that Mr. Perrowne had to surrender himself to the care of Miss Halbert, which he did with a fine grace of cheerful resignation. Mr. Douglas expressed a desire to take a walk in the surrounding country, and the dominie echoed it, with the condition that the ladies should share in the excursion. The Squire and Mrs. Carruthers were busy; the doctor had his patient to look after, and expected to be summoned to the other at the post office; and Mr. Terry occupied himself with the children. But Mrs. Du Plessis and her daughter, Miss Graves, Miss Halbert, and, of course, the colonel and Mr. Perrowne, were willing to be pedestrians, if the proposers of the tramp promised not to walk too fast. There was a pretty hillside, beyond Talfourds on the road towards the Beaver River, from which the timber had once been removed, and which was now covered, but not too thickly, with young second growth; and thither the party determined to wend their way. Marjorie had intended to stay at home, in the hope of being allowed to see Eugene again, but the doctor had begged her to leave him alone for a day or two, and now

the prospect of blackberry and thimbleberry picking on the hillside was too much for her to resist. Gaining permission from her aunt, she loaded Jim with baskets and little tin pails, and led him away to the road between herself and Miss Graves. The other gentlemen relieved the burdened Edinburghian of portions of his load, and fell into natural pairs with the ladies, Miss Du Plessis and Wilkinson bringing up the rear. There was a pleasant lake breeze to temper the heat of the fine August morning, which gave the dominie license to quote his favourite poet:—

And now I call the pathway by thy name,  
And love the fir-grove with a perfect love.  
Thither do I withdraw when cloudless suns  
Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome and strong.

Anticipating the thimbleberries, he recited:—

Thy luscious fruit the boy well knows,  
Wild bramble of the brake.

Miss Du Plessis liked that sort of thing. It was a blessed relief from type-written legal business letters. So she responded in the lines of Lamartine:—

Mon cœur à ce réveil du jour que Dieu renvoie,  
Vers un ciel qui sourit s'élève sur sa joie,  
Et de ces dons nouveaux rendant grâce au Seigneur,  
Murmure en s'éveillant son hymne intérieur,  
Demande un jour de paix, de bonheur, d'innocence,  
Un jour qui pèse entier dans la sainte balance,  
Quand la main qui les pèse à ses poids infinis  
Retranchera du temps ceux qu'il n'a pas bénis!

By this it will appear that the two were admirably suited to each other, finding in their companion peculiar excellences they might have vainly sought among a thousand on Canadian soil. "This is a morning of unalloyed happiness, Farquhar," remarked Miss Du Plessis in prose, and, in the same humble style of composition, he answered: "Thank God, Cecile! Think what it might have been had the worst happened to poor Corry!"

"As it is," replied that lady, archly, "the worst has turned out for the best."

"As it was with me," the dominie humbly responded, and relapsed into silence.

Meanwhile, Marjorie trotted on ahead, and, her eyes, made observant by former botanical expeditions on a small scale, found the purplish blue five-flowered Gentian by the open roadside, the tall orange Asclepias or Butterfly Weed, and the purple and yellow oak leaved Gerardias or False Foxgloves in grassy stretches among the second growth. These she bestowed on Jim, who begged to be allowed to present the most perfect specimens to Miss Graves. The walkers were now on the top of the hill, and strayed off into the overgrown clearing. A shout from Marjorie declared that the berries had been reached, and within five minutes the whole party was engaged in gathering, what Mr. Douglas hailed with delight as "brammles." Marjorie accused the colonel of picking for his own mouth, but this was a libel. He picked for Mrs. Du Plessis, whom he established under the shade of a straggling striped maple of tender growth. That lady received the tribute of brother Paul very gracefully, and darkened her lips with the ripe berries, much to the colonel's amusement and their mutual gratification. Miss Halbert stood over Basil, and so punished him with a sunshade, whenever he abstracted fruit for personal consumption, that the man became infatuated and persisted in his career of wrong doing, till he was deprived of his basket, which he only received back after an abject apology delivered on his knees, and a solemn promise to have regard to the general weal. Miss Du Plessis and the dominie would have done well, had not the worship of nature and human nature, in prose and in verse, withheld their hands from labour, and fortunately, as Mr. Perrowne remarked, from picking and stealing. Mr. Douglas was absorbed in admiration for Miss Graves, who, thinking nothing of the handsome picture she made, attended strictly to business, and roused him to emulation in basket filling. Marjorie, with her oft-replenished tin can, aided them time about impartially, as the only honest workers worthy of recognition. Steadily, they toiled away, until the rising sun and shortening shadows, to say nothing of stooped backs and flushed faces, warned them to cease their labours, and prepare to take their treasures home. Then they compared baskets, to the exultation of some and the confusion of others. Miss Graves and Mr. Douglas were bracketed first with a good six quarts a piece. Miss Halbert came next, with Mr. Perrowne a little behind. Miss Du Plessis and Mr. Wilkinson had not six quarts between them; and, when Marjorie saw the colonel's little pail only half full, she exclaimed: "O horrors!" and said it was a lasting disgrace. But Mrs. Du Plessis smiled sweetly with her empurpled lips, and the colonel did not mind the disgrace a particle. They all went home very merry and full of innocent jocularly.

"Cecile," said the dominie, "I trust you will excuse the adjective, but I should dearly love to hear Corry's jolly laugh just now. Poor fellow, I think I could almost bear a pun."

The audacious Mr. Perrowne overheard the last words, and, with great exuberance of feeling, propounded a conundrum.

"Mr. Wilkinson, why is a pun of our friend Coristine's like your sling? D'ye give it up? Because there's now arm in it now. Ha! ha!"

They had only been a few hours away, but, when they returned to Bridesdale, it did not require clever eyes to see that a great change had taken place. The people were in the house, even the children, but they were all very quiet. Neither the doctor nor the Squire was visible, and

instinctively the berry-pickers feared the worst. Mrs. Carruthers told them that excitement had been too much for the enfeebled patient. Happily, he was not strong enough to be delirious, but he seemed sinking, and had fallen into unconsciousness, only muttering little incoherences in his attenuated voice. Doctor Halbert hoped much from a strong constitution, but work and worry had reduced its vitality before the dreadful drain came on the life blood. Soon, he came down stairs with the Squire, both looking very solemn. "Let me go to my friend, Doctor," pleaded Wilkinson, and many other offers of service were made, but the doctor shook his head. "Miss Marjorie is there and will not leave him," he answered; "and, if she cannot pull him through, nobody else can. When she wants help, she will summon you." Then, turning to Mr. Errol, he said: "I will go with you now, and see to that poor woman at the post office." The minister took the good doctor's arm, and they went away dinnerless to attend to the wants of Matilda Nagle, suddenly smitten down with fever while on the way to obey the imperious infel summons of the unseen Rawdon. Mr. Newberry was with her, having been driven over by that strange mixture of humanity, Yankee Pawkins, and Mrs. Tibbs was acting as the soul of kindness. The woman's case was a remarkable combination of natural and mercuric causes, but presented no reason for serious apprehension. The doctor prescribed, and Pawkins drove off at breakneck speed to get the prescription filled by the medical student at his dispensary. Then, he and the minister returned to the sobered and melancholy company at Bridesdale. "Resting, but hardly breathing," was the bulletin that greeted them, when they enquired after the solitary battler for life in the upper chamber. Yet he was not alone; one sad stricken woman's heart was bound to that poor shadow of former vital wealth forever.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Matilda Free—The Constable Captured—The Thunderstorm—Rawdon Found—The Lawyer Revives—Inquest—Mr. Pawkins Again—Expeditions—Greek—Committee of the Whole—Miss Graves and Mr. Douglas—Weddings—The Colonel, Wilkinson and Perrowne Off—Arrival of Saul—Errol, Douglas and Coristine Wedded—Festivities in Hall and Kitchen—Europe—Home—Two Knapsacks—Envoi.

THAT was a dreary Monday afternoon inside Bridesdale, in spite of the beautiful weather without, for the shadow of death fell heavy and black on every heart. Those who had shared in the morning's merriment felt as if they had been guilty of sacrilege. Even Mr. Rigby exhibited his share in the general concern by being more than usually harsh towards his prisoners. About four o'clock there was an incident that made a little break in the monotony of waiting for the death warrant. Old Styles arrived, to say that the crazy woman was no longer crazy. Half an hour before she sat up in bed and cried "Free at last!" and since then, though the fever was still on her, her mind was quite clear. Doctor Halbert took a note of the time, and wondered what the sudden and beneficial change meant. Mrs. Carmichael and Mr. Errol sympathized with him, rejoicing for the poor woman's sake. The detective and Ben Toner came home, very tired and disgusted with their want of success. When night came, the dominie again offered to stay with his friend, and, in his anxiety, even forced himself into the sick room. Miss Carmichael was very pale, but very quiet and resolute. "He is your dear friend, I know," she said, calmly, "but he belongs to me as he does not to anybody else in the world. I may not have him long, so please don't grudge me the comfort of watching." Wilkinson had to go away, more pained at heart for the sad-eyed watcher awaiting the impending blow than for the unconscious friend on whom it was to fall more mercifully. Mr. Bangs took charge of the outside guard that night, in which the clergymen had volunteered to serve. Mr. Rigby took a grey blanket out to the stables, and lay down near his prisoners, with baton and pistol close at hand. About eleven o'clock Ben Toner, on guard before the house, saw a female figure approaching, and challenged. "Squit yer sojer foolins, Ben, and leave me pass," came from the well-known voice of Serlizer. "Is the gals up in the kitchen?"

"They is," replied Mr. Toner, humbly and laconically; and his ladylove proceeded thitherward. Miss Newcome looked in upon Tryphena, Tryphosa, and Timotheus, Mr. Maguffin being asleep, and, after a little conversation, guessed she'd go and see Ben. She had found out that the constable had two prisoners in charge, quite incidentally, and listened to the news as something that did not concern her. Instead of going to see Ben, however, she visited the stables. The corporal was evidently tired of lying in front of his captives, and probably proposed to himself an improving game of geography over a mug of cider in the kitchen, for he had risen and unlocked the door. Serlizer stood by it with a stout handkerchief in her hand, in the middle of which was knotted a somewhat soft and unsavoury potato. As Mr. Rigby slipped out, after a glance at his shackled charges, that potato went across his mouth, and was fastened in its place by the handkerchief, firmly, though quickly, knotted at the back of his neck. The terror of Russians and Sepoys struggled for liberty, but he was a child in the arms of the encampment cook. Halters, ropes, and chains of many kinds were hanging up, and with some of these the Amazon secured her prisoner in a stall. Then she searched him, retaliating upon the constable the indignities he had practised on his former victims. Handcuff and padlock keys were found

in his pockets, and with these she silently freed her venerable father, who, in his turn, delivered young Rawdon from his bonds. "Now, you two," said the rescuer, quietly, "go round the end of the stables, cross the road into the bush beyond, and leg out fast as ye can. I'm a-goin' ter foller, and, ef I see ye take a step 'campment way, I'll have ye both hung, sure pop." Mr. Newcome gave the prostrate constable two parting kicks in the ribs, and obeyed orders, while his affectionate daughter followed, until she saw the fugitives safely on the homeward road. Then she strayed back to the kitchen, and guessed, seeing Ben was all safe, she'd go home, as the night was fine. She put in half an hour's irrelevant talk with Mr. Toner after this, and, thereafter, left him, suggesting, as she departed, that, when his watch was over, he might look into the stables, where the horses seemed to be restless.

Simple-hearted Ben informed Mr. Bangs that he had heard noises in the stables, which was not true. Proceeding thither with a lantern he found only one prisoner, who, on examination, proved to be the constable. He had attacked the unsavoury potato with his teeth as far as the tightness of his gag allowed, and was now able to make an audible groan, which sounded slushy through the moist vegetable medium. When released, he was speechless with indignation, disappointment, and shame. Ben flashed the lantern on the handkerchief, and recognized it as the property of a young woman of his acquaintance, whereupon he registered an inward vow to throw off a Newcome and take on a Sullivan. Bridget was better looking than Serlizer anyway, and wasn't so powerful headstrong like. Mr. Bangs came to see the disconsolate corporal, and Mr. Terry sought in vain to comfort him. The detective was not sorry, save for the possibility of the fugitives effecting a junction with Rawdon, who would thus be at the head of a gang again. Otherwise, Newcome was not at all likely to leave the country, and could be had any time, if wanted. As for the unhappy lad, he had suffered enough, and if there were any chance of his amending his company, Mr. Bangs was not the man to put stumbling blocks in his way. But the demented constable, having recovered his baton, began searching. He explored the stables, the lofts, the coach-house, the sheds, examined every manger, and thrust a pitchfork into every truss of hay and heap of straw. He came outside and scrutinized the angle of every fence, poked every bush, peered under verandahs, and, according to the untruthful and unsympathetic Timotheus, rammed twigs down woodchucks' holes for fear the jail breakers had taken refuge in the bowels of the earth. Ben and Maguffin brought him in by force, lest in his despair he should do himself an injury, and sat him down in an easy chair with the wished-for cider mug before him. He had sense enough left to attach himself to the mug, and draw comfort from its depths. Then he murmured: "Thomas Rigby, eighteen years in service, promoted corporal for valour before the enemy, Crimean and Indian medals and clasps, captured by a female young woman, bound and imprisoned by the same, Attention! no, as you were!" Addressing Mr. Terry he continued: "Sergeant Major, that woman, unless I find her, will bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"Come, come, now, corporal dear! shure it isn't the first toime a foine lukin' owld sowljer has been captivated by the ladies. Honoria's blissed mother, rist her sowl in heaven, tuk me prishner wid a luk av her bright black eyes, an', iv she wor livin', she cud do it agin."

With the morning came a thunderstorm, altogether unexpected, for Monday's north-western breeze had promised fine and cooler weather. But the south wind had conquered for a time, and now the two blasts were contending in the clouds above and on the waters of the distant great lake below. The rain fell in torrents, like hail upon the shingled roof; the blue-forked lightning flashed viciously, followed instantaneously by peals of thunder that rattled every casement, and made the dishes dance on the breakfast table. The doctor had been with his patient; and as the clergymen were about to conduct family worship, he whispered to them that the soul might slip away during the terrors of the storm, as he had often seen before. It was a very solemn and awful time. In vain Mrs. Carmichael, aided by the other ladies, sought to make her daughter rest or even partake of food. How could she? The storm outside was nothing to that which raged in her own breast, calm as was her outward demeanour. Marjorie crouched on the mat outside the bed-room door, and quietly sobbed herself to sleep amid the crash of the elements. But, when another sad dinner was over, the colonel and Mr. Terry bethought them of asking the detective if he knew of the inner lake on the shore of which Tillycot stood. He did not, but saw the importance of searching there. As the last of the rain had ceased, he proposed to explore it, but told the Squire, with whom he communicated, that the skiff his informants had mentioned was not at the place where first found, or anywhere on that lake. Therefore Mr. Perrowne and Mr. Douglas proposed to go with Ben Toner to get the Richards' scow, and meet Mr. Bangs with the colonel and Mr. Terry at the encampment. The two parties armed and drove away. One of the Richards boys, namely Bill, joined the three watermen, and together they propelled the punt to the extent of a punt's travelling capacity; but it was between four and five when the explorers of Tillycot, leaving Ben, Timotheus and Richards on the shore, entered with difficulty through the veiled channel, into the beautiful hidden

lake. They saw the skiff on the shore near the house, and soon perceived the numerous blood stains in it. They ran up the bank, entered the chalet, and, at last, in the library, beheld him whom they sought, extended upon the floor. He had died by his own hand, his fingers being still upon the pistol whose bullet had pierced his brain. Mr. Bangs seized a scrap of writing lying on the table, which ran thus:—

"Curse you, Tilly, for leaving me to die like a rat in a hole. I have stood the pains of hell for thirty-eight hours, and can't stand them any longer. They shan't take me alive. Box and that hound Carruthers' papers are covered with brush and leaves under the last birch in the bush, where I finished that meddling fool of a lawyer. You know why you ought to give a lot to Regy's boy. It's all over. Curse the lot of you. Here goes, but mind you kill that damnable Squire, or I'll come when I'm dead and torture the life out of you."

No compassion could follow the reading of this document. There was nothing of legal importance in the chalet, so Mr. Bangs, aided by Mr. Terry and Mr. Douglas, carried the dead man to the punt, and the party in it and in the skiff returned to the Encampment lake. Richards, Ben Toner, and Timotheus carried the body up the hill to the waggon on the masked road. Then they returned to the scow, while Mr. Bangs drove to the post office annex, with the colonel and Mr. Terry, Mr. Perrowne and Mr. Douglas. Ben Toner and Timotheus arrived in the other waggon, soon after the ghastly burden had been deposited in the unfinished hall, and were left in charge, while the others went home to inform the Squire and the doctor. Having done this, the detective took the former to the little wood, and, after a little searching, found the concealed box, which held the incriminating papers as well as the original treasure. But for Coristine's fatal shot, these would have been carried away. On their return, Doctor Halbert said, after consulting Mr. Bang's paper: "He took his life the very hour Matilda exclaimed 'Free at last.' The neighbourhood and the whole country may breathe more freely now that he is gone. Your poor friend upstairs, John, has not died in vain."

"But he's not dead, Halbert!" almost sobbed the Squire.

"Not yet," replied the doctor, gravely.

Coristine had survived the thunderstorm and the finding of Rawdon's remains; and, now that all sympathy in the latter was forfeited, many a one would gladly have gone to the sinking man who fired the shot to tell him, in his own vernacular, that Grinstuns had ceased from troubling. But few dared intrude upon the stillness of his chamber, from the door of which Marjorie had to be carried bodily away. The villain dead, the treasure and papers recovered, Matilda Nagle in her right mind, confidence was restored in Bridesdale, and only one absorbing thought filled all minds. Yet, while the colonel shared his cigar case with Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Terry smoked his duceen, Mr. Bangs wrote to Toronto an account of the escaped prisoner's death, Miss Du Plessis resigned her type writership to Messrs. Tylor, Woodruff, and White, Mr. Wilkinson sent in to the Board of School Trustees his resignation of the Sacheverell Street School, and the Squire, on behalf of his niece, signified that her position in the same was vacant, and informed the legal firm of the serious illness of their junior partner. The clergymen returned to their lodgings and their duties, and the constable, having no living criminal to watch over, relieved Timotheus and Ben Toner of their care of the dead. Maguffin had summoned Messrs. Newberry, Pawkins, and Johnson for the coroner's jury in the morning, and no excitement was left at Bridesdale. When night came, all retired to rest, except the one watcher by the bedside of despair. Early in the morning, when the sun began to shine upon the night dews and peep through the casements, a tap came to the dominie's door. He was awake, he had not even undressed, and, therefore, answered it at once. He knew the pale figure in the dressing gown. "Put on your pedestrian suit," she said with eagerness, "and bring your knapsack with you as quickly as possible." He put it on, although the arms of coat and shirt were ripped up for former surgical reasons, and he objected to the blood marks on the sleeves. Then he took up his knapsack, and went hastily to the sick room. His friend was lying on his side, and looking very deathly, but he was speaking, and a wan smile flitted over his lips. "Two knapsacks," he murmured, and, "Dear old Wilks," and, "rum start." Miss Carmichael said: "Put yours here on the table above his, where he can see them," and he obeyed. "Now, stand beside them, and say 'Corry, gently.'" The dominie could hardly do it for a queer choking in his throat, but at last he succeeded in pronouncing the abbreviation in an interrogative tone. "Wilks," wheezed the sick man, "O Wilks, she called them pads!" and his eyes rested on the knapsacks. "Stay with him," the nurse whispered, "while I call Fanny." Soon Miss Halbert came, and, walking boldly but quietly up to the bedside, asked: "Who are you calling she, you naughty boy that want to leave us all?" With an effort, he answered: "I beg your pardon, Miss Halbert, but you know you did call them pads." "Well, so they are, you poor dear," she replied, bending over and kissing the white forehead, for which it is to be hoped Mr. Perrowne absolved her; "but you must stay here, for see, I have brought Marjorie to nurse you till you are fit to carry a knapsack again." Then Miss Carmichael came forward, and the patient became ceremoniously polite in a wheezing way,

and was ashamed of himself to be ill and give so much trouble; but he allowed himself to be shaken up and receive his strengthening mixtures, and behaved like a very feeble rational man with a little, but real, hold on life. That was the turning point in the lawyer's career; and, when the doctor descended from seeing him later in the morning, he announced that the crisis was past, and that, with proper care, the Squire's prospective nephew would live. Joy reigned once more in Bridesdale, from Mr. Terry to Marjorie, and from the stately Mrs. Du Plessis to Maguffin in the kitchen.

The only thing to mar the pleasure of that day was the inquest, and even that brought an agreeable surprise. When Matilda Nagle was called, she refused to acknowledge the name, insisting that she was Matilda Rawdon, and producing from her pocket a much crumpled marriage certificate, bearing the signature of a well-known clergyman who had exercised his sacred office in a town within thirty miles of Toronto. This she had taken from the library on the occasion of her last visit to Tillycot. Old Mr. Newberry's face beamed with delight, and that of Mr. Bangs was a curious study, revealing a mind which had joyfully come to a decision it had been struggling after in the face of serious difficulties. When the verdict of suicide was given, the jury dismissed, and he prepared, along with the constable, to deliver over the body of the escaped prisoner into the gaoler's hands, he bade Mrs. Rawdon an almost affectionate goodbye, and made touching enquiries after the welfare of her son Monty. As an honourable woman, she was received, in spite of her late husband's character, and her own unconscious crimes, into the Bridesdale circle, which, however, she soon left in the company of her benevolent host. The Squire informed her that he had a large sum of money in keeping for her and her son, and that Miss Du Plessis would either send her all the furniture of Tillycot, when she was prepared to receive it, or take it from her at an equitable valuation, to either alternative of which she strongly objected. Before Mr. Rigby finished his midday meal, without which it was impossible that he, at his age, could travel, Mr. Pawkins twisted the British lion's tail several times, to which the corporal replied sadly: "Had I still been in the British army, sir, I should have been degraded for losing prisoners committed to my guard, but any man who allows himself to speak as you do, sir, of what you are too ignorant to judge of, is degraded already." The cautious Yankee was equally unsuccessful with Ben, who met him with: "Don't give me no more lip about Serlizer and old man Newcome, but jist you tell 'em I've waushed the bilin' of 'em clear off'n my hands for a gayul as Serlizer ain't a patch on." Then Mr. Pawkins amused himself asking Tryphosa if it was Maguffin or Timotheus was her young man, giving as his private opinion that the nigger was the smarter man of the two. When Tryphena playfully ordered him out of the house, he expressed intense sorrow for Sylvanus' future, but was glad to hear he was getting a present rest, padding his mud barge round the Simcoe pond. Mr. Pawkins was offensively personal, but kept the table lively, and parted with them, regretting that, having left his catechism at home, he was unable to favour his dear children with a little much-needed religious instruction. The door was slammed behind him, and Mr. Rigby remarked with animation: "Very properly done, Miss Hill, a very timely rebuke of unpardonable American insolence!"

(To be continued.)

#### PARIS LETTER.

AS there are angels and archangels, so are there socialists and arch-socialists. The latter have communist blood in their veins, at least, and have just inaugurated their own meeting house, named "Maison du Peuple," after its prototypes at Ghent, Brussels and Liege. The People's Palace at London is too rich a relative to recognize kinship with the humble institution at the foot of Montmartre and under the shadow of the Sacre Cœur. The Maison du Peuple is situated in a blind alley off the Rue Ramey. It was once a factory. The four old walls have been left standing, the floor has been levelled, and the roof is of wood. It was to possess a shelter of its own that the Reds primarily aimed at, and it is only the first step that is costly. A few working men formed a society, with a capital of 2,500 francs, in shares of 25 francs each, and it was only by dint, as the Secretary related to me, of positive privations that the shares were paid up. Not less difficult was the securing of premises, as none liked the vicinity of the revolutionary socialists. As a matter of prudence it is better to have the Mother Carey's chickens in a coop of their own than forcing their way into forbidden sanctuaries. The "Maison" will prove an additional safety valve to allow these extreme socialists to vapour on whom and what they please. The children have their coveted sugar stick.

As the question of socialism is progressing by leaps and bounds, seeming like Aaron's rod to have a swallowing-up-all-the-rest power, the working objects of the "Maison" merit examination. Its supporters are terribly in earnest, and their stern, stoic resolution entirely replaces enthusiasm. They desire to supersede the régime of capital by placing in the hands of society the ownership of the soil, of mines, machinery, implements, railways, etc., and so end the struggle between employer and employed; to emancipate the labour classes by the labour classes alone; and to

unite internationally "the serfs of capitol" without distinction of race or sect. The "Maison" ignores political parties, and every member is free to vote for what political credo he pleases at the elections. A shareholder can purchase a share by weekly instalments of 5 sous: he cannot have more than five shares; and never more than one vote. The shareholder must make a testament declaring his wish to have a civil funeral; and if he rats on the question of labour principles he will be expelled and his shares become the property of the "Maison." All the executive officers are unpaid; but the others will be selected from among the victims of employers and of the bourgeoisie. There is a co-operative store attached to the "Maison." Five per cent. of the profits are divided among the members, five carried to a reserved fund, and ninety for the extension of the institution. The shareholders receive no interest. All the officers are elected for one year, by moiety every six months, and the administrative body is controlled by a commission of five members directly elected by the members.

It was impossible not to be profoundly struck with the sincerity, the affection, and the quiet-matter-of-course interest displayed by the audience at the inauguration. As there was a divided cry for two candidates for the chairmanship, both were at once appointed, and the Siamese arrangement worked well. M. Clovis Hugues, the political Beranger, delivered a wonderfully fluent speech—that whipped his friends into a seventh heaven of delight—on the humanizing effects of revolutionary socialism. A witty play of his was acted, and later he recited poetry, also specially composed for the occasion. He is a low-sized gentleman, is a journalist-poet, was a deputy for Marseilles but preferred the Muses to legislators. He has a very prominent forehead that over-arches the rest of his features; his silvery dark hair bushes up and then falls over his neck; his face is fringed with white, full, horse-shoe whiskers. He is a terrible foe, but would go into mourning if he hurt a fly. It was his lady, a talented writer and sculptress, who, disgusted with the law's delay in punishing some man who defamed her, shot him dead in the portico of the Courts. The jury rendered a "served right" verdict. Among the selections of Jacobin music, the "Carmagnole" was sung as a solo, with modern additions, and a full chorus of 1,500 spectators. It is a rattling, jiggy, relentlessly good-humoured song. The "Salvationists" ought to include it in their repertoire, but for home use only. If tried in Paris, la Maréehale and her army would receive, in a few hours, quick marching orders for Calais.

The cholera question, not superior in importance to that of Socialism, if it does not come home to every man's bosom, does to his stomach—for it is by the latter organ the bacilli family enter into possession of our system. People are able to treat the intruder testily, an indication of feeling between defiance and contempt. They are becoming so bold as even to scoff at laying in remedies and to spurn prescribed invaluable preventatives. A medical authority has changed himself into a roving commissioner to ascertain how far the poor have acted on the recommendation to employ solely cold boiled water for drinking purposes. Millionaires only employ water in that shape for bathing and culinary purposes. He was laughed to scorn. The poor prefer wine to water, and the dealer only employs too much of that. The sole complaint the work people made was that the wine sold was too much adulterated with water, and that kind of blending often gave them the colic. They had no means, they said, of "cooking" water, and were consequently unable to have it boiled or cooled.

Prince Henri d'Orleans, nephew of the Comte de Paris, has made a specialty of Tonkin. He has twice visited the country, and now states that the possession is full of natural and profit-reaping riches, but lacks development. The population of Tonkin is 12,000,000, garrisoned by 3,000 soldiers, a force totally inadequate to govern the country or to repress piracy or dacoity, which has its hundred heads and arms supplied from China. This explains why the French are "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" to the narrow belt of land, the Delta. The Prince alleges that Tonkin is better than Japan coal and equal to the best Cardiff. Warm partisan of the Russian alliance, he urges the completion of a grand arsenal-port at Kébao—then, with Vladivostok, the allies would be masters of the keys of the Far East. The Prince forgets that the latter port, which means "Dominion in the East," is unavailable during winter, and that both ports would have to count with the new and powerful Australian fleet. There is a struggle between France and England for the trade of Western China, but the latter is likely to win the market through Burmah and Siam. It seems it has taken France two years to construct fourteen miles of a twenty-four inch gauge railway, while England has constructed in Upper Burmah one hundred and forty miles of a forty inch gauge within twelve months. The Prince deplors that France cannot follow up demands for redress against China and Siam. As to the progress of French commerce, etc., in the Western regions of Indo-China, everywhere the Prince received the reply that French goods were "too nice and too dear," and, unlike the imports of England and Germany, unsuitable for the market.

The fête of the 22nd of September honoured alike the centenary of the battle of Valmy and the official proclamation of the First Republic. Parisians are more annoyed than delighted at the two centennials rolled into one. All the excursion trains have been suddenly countermanded to

avoid the possibility of spreading the cholera epidemic. This naturally annoys hotel and shop keepers. On the other hand, citizens are displeased at the havoc the city architects and engineers have made with the boulevards by cutting the out-stretching arms of the trees and taking down the electric lamps so as to allow the Juggernaut cars sixty feet high, with their historical symbols of 1792, to pass along. As nearly one million of francs have been voted to meet these cavalcade expenses, feeding the poor and entertaining the soldiers, some extra money will thus find its way into circulation. The free thinkers lament that the time is too short to allow of the cross to be removed from the dome of the Pantheon, which is now a secular, not a religious, structure. In 1871 the Germans shot the cross away. Twenty-two thousand francs is the sum to be paid for erecting the scaffolding to take down the cross. The materialists also resent the Sacre Cœur Cathedral displaying, as part of its illumination, a fiery cross; how warm the anger would be if no lights were shown at that great pilgrim's rest!

The French sympathize perhaps more with the centenary of the battle of Valmy than with the declaration of the republican régime. That battle was part of a movement in the Austro-Prussian invasion, but was fought exclusively between the French and Prussians. It was rather an artillery duel, where the former had 40 and the latter 58 pieces, winding up with a furious infantry charge on the part of the hastily gathered troops—sans culottes—of the French, and led by Kellermann. This General secured all the credit for the artillery success, but it was really General Aboville who directed the batteries. Valmy was not a "big affair." The French had 400 killed and wounded, and the Prussians 200. But the consequences were important. It compelled the foreigners to withdraw from France, and cost Louis XVI. and his queen their heads for inviting them into the country. The French, too, had to improvise an army, as the officers being all royalists threw up their commissions and left France when the King was arrested six weeks previously. Alone the artillery officers stood by their guns, and this explains why that branch of the service is ever most honoured for its democratic antecedents.

Louis XVIII. was urged by his Ministers to sign a decree suppressing a satirical journal of a forty mosquito stinging power: "Gentlemen," said His Majesty, "wait at least till my subscription expires." Z.

#### THE KEERLESS PARD.

No, I'm a disappointed man,  
Tho' I've acted for the best;  
But I tell ye, stranger, what it is—  
The Occident's not the West.

Have I got the hang of the dialect?  
Ye're nearer New York ner I:  
An' ye've seen th' latest litteracher  
This lingo's laid down by.

What is Bret Harte now givin' us!  
How's the Colorado tongue?  
Bret wuz the pard that run the West  
When I wuz East—and young;—

That is to say, three months ago.  
But now I must be grey,  
Fer I've been out here so long I've lost  
The hang o' the Western way.

Way down thar in the State o' Maine,  
In mild Skowhegan town,  
I pastured as a tenderfoot  
An' the clerk o' Storeclothes Brown.

Till I got to readin' *Roarin' Camp*  
An' about that Truthful James,  
Buffalo Bill an' Bloody Gulch,  
An' pistol-an'-poker games,

An' the pleasures o' shootin' justices  
An' sheriff's deputies  
An' the oncomplaining' public  
An' the general mob likewise.

Then I—wich my name is Dangerous Jake—  
(Leastwise when took that way)  
Sloped unappreciative Brown  
An' follered the wake o' day.

An' here I am in Bismarck Jug!  
Fer an inoffensive spree—  
Puttin' some buckshot inter the leg  
Of a pagan-tail Chinese.

Wot is the good of our churches  
Ef the Mongol's goin' ter rule?  
An' how kin ye shoot a redskin  
When they're givin' him beef and school?

What are the Rockies comin' to?  
Well, I've acted for the best.  
But the only remark I've got to make, is—  
The Occident's not the West.

ALCHEMIST.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

ROBERT H. LAWDER ON THE COMMERCE OF CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In your issue of the 16th ultimo Mr. R. H. Lawder (whom I have not the honour of knowing, I regret to say) reviewed an article on the commerce between Canada and the States, contributed by Mr. Erastus Wiman to the *Contemporary Review*. At the outset Mr. Lawder referred to Mr. Wiman as "affording in his writings and speeches unquestionable evidence of sincere affection for the land of his birth, and a warm interest in its prosperity." This eulogium is well merited, while at the same time it does honour to the head and heart of Mr. Lawder. This by the way.

Mr. Lawder meets Mr. Wiman's contention that a free entrance to a near market, having sixty millions of consumers, would prove of incalculable advantage to Canadian commerce, by the assertion that statistics show that hitherto the Canadian market of five million consumers has been a greater boon to the Americans than their market of sixty millions has been to Canada, and that presumably at least unrestricted reciprocity would aggravate and not alleviate the burden of this discrepancy. The statistics relied upon by Mr. Lawder are the official returns of both countries, which exhibit Canadian imports (purchases) from the States as exceeding its exports (sales) to the republic by twenty million dollars a year. It is not my present purpose to analyze the statistics (although the elimination of the items, coal, cotton, wool, tobacco and Indian corn would leave them somewhat gagged for Mr. Lawder's argument); on the contrary, I am willing to assume that our imports from the States have exceeded our exports to the extent he mentions, or to any other extent he may determine as probable in the future. It suits the individual to get as much, and part with as little as possible, and what suits the individual seems to me a safe policy to be adopted by the nation.

Mr. Lawder assumes as a postulate that it is more profitable to "sell" than to "buy," that as between seller and buyer the former receives an advantage which the latter confers. I find no such doctrine recognized in any rudimentary or advanced work on political economy. I deny that there can be a "sale" without a corresponding and concurrent "purchase." The fallacies of protection would have been discovered ages ago but for the delusion created by the introduction of "money" (gold) into the system of "barter." Remove from barter, or the commercial exchange of commodities, the mechanical intervention or "medium" of "money," and what would become of the "balance of trade"? How, then, could it be said or determined that a country's imports exceeded its exports, or vice versa? And yet "money" has only affected the *modus operandi*, not the principles of "barter." The delusion that money is more precious than "money's worth" is deeply rooted, and hard to combat, off-hand. The farmer's wife sells her eggs to the village grocer for "money," and when paid says "thanks." A minute later she buys from the grocer an equal value in sugar, when he, being paid (with the money he gave for the eggs), says "thanks." But if the woman merely negotiates thus—"here are six dozen eggs, give me their equivalent in value of sugar," then the truck exchange being effected, neither party will thank the other. The retail dealer who sells his customer a hat for five dollars is as much a purchaser of a five-dollar bill as the customer is of a five-dollar hat. Keeping these rudimentary and fundamental axioms of political economy steadily in mind, it will be instructive to scrutinize closely the protectionist heresy as it appears in the orthodoxy of Mr. Lawder.

Canada, says Mr. Lawder, has bought, during the last ten years, two hundred million dollars' worth of commodities from the United States in excess of what the United States bought from Canada; therefore (?) the latter, with its population of five millions, has been of more commercial advantage (a more profitable market) to the former, than it, with a market of sixty millions, has been to the other. In this proposition Mr. Lawder has to face and accept one or other of these alternatives: (1) that Canada paid in "money" for this excess of \$200,000,000, or (2) that the small Canadian exports paid for the large imports—that is, that each \$100,000,000 of Canadian products exported, purchased \$120,000,000 of American products imported. Assuming that he will accept the first, I am sure he will reject the second alternative; he will find, to begin with, a statistical obstacle of formidable proportions to overcome. Canada has not paid away—"could not if she had tried"—two hundred millions in "money" (gold) to the United States, or anywhere else, during the last ten, or probably during the last thirty, years. How then, unless by shipments (sales) of commodities, could Canada have squared her commercial indebtedness of \$200,000,000 to the Republic? Money, gold, unless used as "currency," is quite as much a commodity as iron, tin, wheat or barley. Statistics are conclusive that Canada has not liquidated her American or European indebtedness by exports of yellow metal (gold) and I doubt not that the blue books, if examined, will show that instead of exporting to, the Dominion has during the last ten years been an importer from, the United States, of the precious metals.

But, for the sake of argument, I will assume that the



\$20,000,000 yearly excess of our imports over exports, from and to the States, did actually drain our supply of gold during the past ten years to the extent of \$200,000,000. What of that? Is it more injurious to be drained of gold, than of wheat, barley, horses, iron, coal, timber or fish? A banker reduces his gold reserves to the lowest practical point, for every dollar of it in his vaults, in excess of needs, becomes a factor in reducing dividends. Can the country as a whole profit by a policy which to the individual would prove hurtful, if not ruinous? Would Canadian commerce expand and become more profitable if, in exchange for exports, we graded our imports of commodities manufactured or raw, as distinguished from gold and silver metal, in bars or coin, as minimum and maximum in the ratio of one to ten? Or assume—in fact, the legitimate sequence—that Canada as a territory and nation is independent of the world beyond; possessing natural products and raw material of all kinds, with skilled labour in abundance, and that its annual surplus production over consumption is, say, \$10,000,000 (a modest margin). On the protectionist theory the industrial welfare of the country would be best served were that ten millions annually exported to foreign lands, and nothing except money (gold) accepted in payment. Were such a policy pursued, say for ten years, it would be instructive to learn how we were to dispose of the \$100,000,000 of yellow metal, coin or bars, which we would then have "in stock." What would we do with it, holding fast by our policy of selling everything and buying nothing outside our national boundaries? One thing is certain, it would be a loss to keep it, and absolutely ruinous to increase it. If it be sound doctrine to export more than we import, getting gold money for the difference, what are we to do with that money?

From the blue books of the United States I find (speaking now from memory) that their exports have exceeded their imports, in the last ten years, nearly if not over a thousand million dollars, but curiously enough (?) during the same period the Government has exported in gold (money), coin and bullion, from twenty up to fifty millions dollars a year. If their excessive exports over imports represented more sales than purchases, how comes it that instead of getting back the difference in money, they have annually sold more money than they received?

Another problem is suggested by the blue books. According to commercial statisticians, there are only forty commercial Nations or States possessing reliable data exhibiting their respective export and import trade. These I divide into two classes, (1) such as, for ten successive years at least, have imported (bought) more than they exported (sold), and (2) those which for the same period exported (sold) more than they imported (bought). Assuming, as the truth is, that these States embrace the commerce of the world, it is manifest that class 1, who have bought in the aggregate, more than they sold, must have so bought (the excess) from class 2, who have sold more than they bought. If the excess bought represents a debt owing by the buyers, and the excess sold a debt due to the sellers (the protectionist theory) then the sum total owing by class 1 must be precisely that due to class 2; in other words, class 1 are the debtors and class 2 the creditors, and except class 2 no other creditors for the import debts of class 1 are possible.

I find by statistics published in 1887 (those of later date are not for the moment available) that of the forty commercial States I have referred to, twenty-five imported (or bought) more than they exported (or sold), while the remaining fifteen were the other way about. The twenty-five were therefore in debt the difference between their foreign sales and purchases, and in round numbers that difference amounted, in 1886, to \$1,418,000,000. These twenty-five States had bought from, more than they sold to, foreign countries, products to the value of the above sum, and that aggregate debt they therefore owed to the remaining fifteen States, because there could be no other State or States to owe it to. Now the same table shows that the aggregate value of the exports (sales) over the imports (purchases) of these fifteen States was, in 1886, \$370,000,000. This singular result follows. After the twenty-five over importing States paid this \$370,000,000, they still owed \$1,048,000,000, with no one to claim it. These statistics seem to me rather startling to the devotees who contend that the difference between exports and imports represent a debt due to be "paid in gold."

But the above unclaimed balance sheet applies to one year, whereas for ten years pretty much the same figures prevail. During ten years, therefore, prior to 1887, assuming the protectionist theory to be correct, these twenty-five commercial States must have paid away in money, to supplement their sales of commodities, in payment of imports, not less than \$14,180,000,000 in GOLD. The aggregate gold coin in christendom is about \$3,000,000,000, hence it is manifest that metal bars and bullion must have poured pretty freely into the fifteen States above mentioned. It is scarcely necessary to remark that nothing of the kind occurred or ever will occur, even were the surplusses and shortages indicated by the above figures respectively increased a hundred fold.

This subject presents a boundless field for discussion and instruction, but I have already occupied sufficient of your valuable space. As I understand it, economic science aims at teaching mankind how to procure, at the least expenditure of labour, the objects of utility and desire; and not, as protectionists contend, how to get rid of the surplus products which may be dispensed with. How to get (buy),

not how to get rid of (sell), is the true economic desideratum. The National Policy which prevents the citizen from buying what he needs or desires to have, whenever and wherever he chooses, is a barbarous policy which the bigotry infatuation and tyranny of party politics, only, has rendered possible in Anglo-Saxon communities. Mr. Lawder's argument is open to a score of other replies than I have embraced in this short article. Some other contributor may see fit to apply his adverse trade balance theory to the trade relations between Detroit and Windsor; between Brockville or Port Hope and Oswego; between Toronto and Bowmanville or Whitby, or for that matter between Toronto and Yorkville or between Hamilton and Dundas. The principle of commercial exchanges is little affected by national boundary lines as by cross streets or municipal dividing lines separating centres of population in the same country. Unfortunately for Canada the trade question has become a political and not an economical problem. Were the Abbott Government to appeal to the country on the platform of free trade, it would sweep the constituencies from Quebec to Vancouver; the same platform, pressed by the Opposition, met with a different fate. When Canadians awake from their political partisan stupor, the economic views of Mr. Lawder will be scrutinized on their merits; as the matter now stands, anything he may say, or I may say, or THE WEEK may say, will utterly fail to prevail against the party machine. "Party first" weighs like an incubus upon the material development and prosperity of this fair Dominion. JOHN CRERAR.

Hamilton, October 10, 1892.

#### TARIFF DISCRIMINATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Referring to British preferential duties in your last issue, you assert that "tariff discrimination against a particular nation would be everywhere regarded as a studied offence, if not an act of downright hostility, and would be resented accordingly." The only inference to be drawn is that we must not grant Britain a preference, or vice versa, because the United States would not like it. May I enquire if the United States has not already set us a very clear example in this respect? The McKinley Bill forces Brazil to admit specified American articles twenty-five per cent. lower than similar British goods; it obliges Cuba to discriminate against Spain; it invited the British West Indies to do the same against Britain, but failed. If the United States can ask foreign countries (and recently Canada also) to discriminate in its favour, surely this Dominion can invite other portions of the same empire to do so? In 1867 the British American colonies commenced to discriminate in favour of each other and against the Republic; twenty years ago the Australasian Colonies were given the right to discriminate in favour of each other against all the world, though New Zealand is no more politically united with the Continent 1,000 miles away, than Canada is with England. Similarly the countries of South Africa are endeavouring now with a tacit British permission to form a customs union including discrimination in favour of each other against all countries, even that kind, generous, friendly American Republic, of whose susceptibilities THE WEEK and some other Canadian papers seem to be so morbidly afraid. J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

Toronto, Oct. 10.

#### "FAIRPLAY RADICAL."

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—As an Irish Protestant I have sometimes thought I should like to plead humbly for fair play with your correspondent of the above title; but then came the realization that his instincts were different from mine, and that instincts and feelings guide him as they do me, and that arguments are mostly useless because we do not agree about the premises.

However, I beg you to allow me to have some of my little say as to what I feel; if I convince no reader, I may comfort some, and at least one.

That Irish Catholics, by race and by religion, ought to be what your correspondent feels they are, may be very true; but then, have they been felt to be so by all or by most fairplay Protestants who have passed their lives among them, as some of us have? Why be angry with people with whom you disagree, and say they ought all on their own principles, and according to the act of certain individuals, be as bad as you feel that they are? But again, there it is, feeling "not common justice, common sense, nor common honesty," as Burke expresses it.

Instead of this irritated sense that the Irish have a double dose of original sins, is it possibly better to err—even to err—on the other side with Burke and with Sydney Smith, and to believe generally, that large majorities of a people have some cause for a continued demand as to grievances, and with Carlyle, that a continued state of antagonism to authority is not natural to any people; rather that human beings are too easily contented with society, if they themselves are at all comfortable. "Conservez moi, je suis conservateur" is human and Irish.

This sense of a double dose of original sin has been felt about others, of course. May I illustrate by the personality of a Toronto Protestant sailing up the St. Law-

rence, and pointing out to his fellow ocean travellers the French villages with the prominent churches? It made him sick, he said, to see the latter; and indeed his irritation was great. Was he, in his indignation, as well able to judge rightly of the life of French Canada or to form just opinions of our French-English question as another Toronto Protestant, an English Canadian and a gentleman, who protested against his fellow citizen's lack of sympathy? But what was the use of protesting? Minds like that cannot be taught.

And now, as to facts in Ireland. An Irish-Canadian officer, once in the regular army, was describing the other day how when he went "home" to county Limerick some of the people on the estate, who had known him when younger, fell on their knees, with raised hands, thanking heaven they had lived to see Master G . . . again. They were Catholics, he a Protestant. I appeal to others in his position whether this act was not an expression of certain relations existing there between people of different religions, relations which were the very atmosphere we were brought up in; we never—I speak of the decently intelligent, sympathetic people, whom one would take the opinion of anywhere—we never so much as thought of the poorer people making any difference because of religion. Of course there are Lord George Gordon's to whom some approach, and Burke's to whom others try to approach.

Take the same part of Ireland at the present time; and you find constituencies with hardly a Protestant nationalist voter electing Protestant M.P.'s—electing them as Protestants, perhaps only too readily. Because they agree with them in politics, you will say. Quite so—in politics. But turn to the north; and in the constituencies chiefly Protestant, who has seen the election of a Catholic Conservative because of agreement in politics? Who has seen that? Or a Catholic mayor of Belfast; or a Catholic bank director; or a Catholic scavenger, one might add, under the Belfast corporation? Who could see one? But the Lord Mayor elect of Dublin is a Protestant, elected by Catholics.\*

I repeat again as a Protestant that to talk in Ireland or concerning Ireland of Catholic religious intolerance rather than of Protestant religious intolerance seems, in the face of history, to be monstrous insolence. And when we come to the present, as facts like those above given show, the people that are unfortunate enough to be ready to shrink again into "the mercileless policy of fear," and to adopt again the vigorous measures of intolerance—not vigour, but as Sydney Smith stigmatized it "the sloth of cruelty and ignorance"—are the extreme Protestants rather than the extreme Catholics. They have the excuses of a pampered, betrayed, befuddled minority, it is true; but they have the failings of such.

It is in the north of Ireland, in the places where the two religions are nearly equal, that most of the intolerance that exists is shown—the disease becoming acute at the time of certain anniversaries—and I can assure your readers that Protestant Conservative anti-Home-Rule clergymen have repeatedly told me that the intolerance even there would be reduced to a minimum were it not for the Orangemen.

Perhaps I too am going over to the double dose belief, so I shall conclude with the repeated assurance to all men of fair play that the facts are against anyone who states that Catholic intolerance in Ireland is a danger. But yet again, who could argue with Sir John when "he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon"?

W. F. STOCKLEY.

University of New Brunswick, Sept. 30.

P.S.—I want to say another word for truth. In the face of the persistent misleading abuse of the word "Ulster," the fact cannot too often be stated that half the Ulster M.P.'s are Nationalists—or perhaps now, as lately, a little more than half. And yet another word: that Ulster, with all its excellence, is far from being, in the matter of money at least, the richest of the four Irish provinces.

#### THE CENTENNIAL OF PARLIAMENT IN UPPER CANADA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In your issue of Sept. 23, in commenting upon the celebration of the Centennial of the first Parliament of Upper Canada, you remark "that it may be hoped that a monument to the memory of Upper Canada's first Governor may be carried out." . . . "We are not sure to whom we are indebted for the first suggestion of the Centennial celebration." Under the circumstances, perhaps, it will not be out of place for me to state that the idea originated with myself. By consulting the "U. E. Memorial Volume," it will be seen that at the semi-centennial celebration of Toronto in 1884, in compliance with my request, ex-Mayor W. B. McMurrich had set apart one day of the week of celebration for the U. E. Loyalist celebration. On the nomination of Lieut.-Governor Robinson, I had the honour to preside on that occasion. Not only was there a celebration in Toronto, but, growing out of it, two others, one at Adolphustown and one at Niagara. From that period I took occasion from time to time, at the meetings of the York Pioneers, to keep before them the importance

\* By the way, one has to offer to some of your correspondents sympathy on the appointment of a Catholic Lord Mayor of London. No doubt they would sympathize with a Parisian Catholic outburst against a Protestant *Préfet*. But somehow M. Guizot and M. de Freycinet and such like have not many English Catholic Premiers to match them.

of commemorating the organization of the Government of Upper Canada, and finally moved the appointment of a committee to confer with the Government to carry out the scheme. And although some two thousand miles away, I have observed with profound gratification the success of the celebration.

With respect to the proposed monument movement to the memory of Simcoe, allow me to refer you to my work on "The Settlement of Upper Canada" (published 1869), where on page 532 is found the following: In speaking of Toronto, "The wisdom in the choice of selecting this situation upon which to found the capital for Upper Canada cannot be questioned. The proof is found in the handsome and richly circumstanced city of Toronto. (This was twenty-three years ago.) Should not Toronto, the capital of Ontario, the seat of learning, of magnificent universities, the home of refinement, the abode of wealth, erect a monument to the memory of its founder, the illustrious first Governor of the colony?"

Such as are sufficiently interested in the matter may find on the pages of "The Settlement of Upper Canada," much relating to the advent of Simcoe as Governor, particularly from page 505 to page 542. W.M. CANNIFF.

Sept. 29, 1892.

## ART NOTES.

MR. H. M. MATTHEWS.

THE WEEK intends giving an occasional personal mention of Canadian artists of merit at home and abroad. To the artist holding the highest place in the gift of his brethren of the palette, the chief executive officer of the Ontario Society of Artists, we naturally look first. And we find there a man of pronounced personality, among the fifties, to judge his years, quite above average height, erect and manly. Mr. Matthews is a native Englishman, and has brought to his art life in Canada many of the qualities peculiar to his people. For years the influence of Hawthorne, hedgerow and meadow and sycamore was apparent in his work. His woodland and field pictures, while Canadian in character, were seen through a lens tinted with the verdure of his native climate. Of late years, however, his colour has been growing more clear and warm, enhancing at once the beauty of his landscapes and the popularity of his work. The new field in our western mountains, opened by the Canadian Pacific Railway, has been well utilized by him, in cultivating which his own nature has been expanded and strengthened. His former work was naturally robust, but it now manifests a strength that is winning him a continental reputation. The little cluster of his water-colour pieces sent with the Canadian work to Detroit last year was the centre of interest among American painters, and their unanimous verdict declared that for daring brush-sweep, emphasis in his tone work, and yet faithful record of natural effects, their author possessed exceptional power. "The Fraser Canyon," purchased in this city, the "Valley of the Bow," "Mount Stephen," and the "Heart of the Sierras" are examples of rare skill in this usually delicate medium. It is a question if any of our artists has, in the last ten years of marked progress all round, marched forward with a quicker and firmer pace.

THE history of the development of German art, which, since the great French Revolution of 1788, has been similar to that of France, will perhaps furnish for all time one of the most interesting chapters in the collected history of art. In this single period all great currents of art, for the last two thousand years, find themselves reflected. The motive force of the point of view of each different epoch emerges suddenly, as if an instinctive pressure of artistic work existed; the new epoch, with its quickly changing social conditions, full of promising seeds, presses forward for future development, renouncing the ideals of the quiet past. The Hellenic antique, formerly the purest flowering of humanity's spring, became the first point of divergence of such clever artists as Koch, Karstens, Overbeck, who, following the strong example of Winckelmann, cast aside the stiff imitation of the Romans in order to renew a native method of art through the Hellenic worship of form. Nevertheless these pioneers stood entirely confused under the immediate influence of their predecessors, for the modern spirit had so suddenly shown itself; a strong need of belief pressed upon the ruling national mind and matured that art of the "Nazarenes," which presented the pictorial world of the New Testament in the form of the antique, a period of art which to-day has received an entirely unmerited scorn, in spite of its great chief, Cornelius, who, in majesty and depth of perception, energy and significance of representation, richness of thought and development, is of equal worth with the great masters of the Italian Renaissance. At the beginning of this century the national movement in opposition to this religious art was the romantic movement; it sought to displace the foreign element of form and the idea of the material world by the national idea of the race as the basis of all artistic creation. If this romantic idea, with its hold on the naive creatures of the Middle Ages, from which the principal peculiarities of our present condition have descended almost unmingled, could succeed as one of the most noteworthy points of development, one very important thing was wanting: they did not know how to develop the present from the suggestions

of the art methods of the German middle ages; in that lay the seeds of its death, for the art which does not spring freshly from the spirit of the times has not the capacity for life, it is mummified from the very beginning. Then Italian and Belgian influence determined the Düsseldorf and Munich school of historic art. But while this healthy romantic art has produced, up to the present, a single splendid flower which, in time to come, will bear the fruit of deepest national feeling, this entire school languished until the mental storm, which broke about the year 1848, with its promise of free citizenship, lent energy to the movement and breathed into it new life. The pictures of the customs and manners of the Düsseldorf and Munich schools developed in a most wonderful manner and reached a great height in such masters as Knaus, Defregger and Bautier, and was also well suited to the Netherland School, as one perceives from Rembrandt. Herein we find expressed that familiar idea that, in the development of ranks, that which has a social preponderance determines the character of the art of the period: The clergy, the art of the early Middle Ages; the knights, the love song and the heroic period; the South German Burgher state, strengthened by the reformation, the national figures of Dürer; the rise of the Dutch Republic, the representations of burghers and peasants. With the development, in the course of time, from rest to motion, from subjective observation to objective knowledge and consequently to the rapid advance of technic, the social life during the last thirty years has experienced a great change; a class which formerly led only a sporadic life in art, is changed into the working class, in which one formerly classified all the poor and oppressed; and this fourth class is increasing with the strength of an avalanche, while that of a comfortable citizenship decreases in proportion. The increasing force of the battle of destiny weakens the "burgher" condition, to whom the old ideal is not suited and the naturalistic in art and knowledge tells nothing. The masses, on the other hand, in their lack of culture, do not strive to attain content through modern mankind, still stiff and dumb, turn again to nature (to which the fourth rank stands nearest): the mystic view of the world, poor in the clear eyes of reason, rich in ecstatic emotion, which will plunge into the secrets of the world, feels itself secure on such ground. The Berlin painter, Max Liebermann, has modernized this art of the growing fourth class, which had fresh life breathed into it after the great war against France.—Translated for Public Opinion from Westermann's *Deutsche Monatshefte*.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

A CHORAL class has been formed at this institution for the study of part singing, which meets every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, and is free to the students. Non-students of the College may enter upon payment of a fee. This new feature of the College work will be an invaluable helper to all who desire to learn the art of singing any vocal part at sight. Part songs and operatic choruses will be studied under Mr. Webster, who is himself an accomplished vocalist as well as teacher. A special class for young men meets on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in the College hall. In connection with this class, a scholarship, one year's free tuition under Mr. Webster, is offered to young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one years. At the West-end branch, corner Spadina and College Street, there is also a choral class, which meets every Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. Particulars of scholarships, classes, etc., may be obtained at the College, Pembroke Street, or at the branch college, Spadina Avenue and College Street.

THE Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers Association have just issued a new composition by a Toronto musician, Miss Victoria A. A. Mason. It is entitled "Government House Waltz," and is graceful in movement, rhythmic and harmonious in effect. It deserves to take rank with popular dance music favourites.

AN amusing anecdote is told of Malibran, which, simple as it may seem beside the grandeur of her professional character, serves to show what a thorough musician she was. She had been asked at a private party to bestow a contribution on the company, and seating herself at the piano played with solemn force and effect a magnificent march. All were impressed and delighted; then, preserving the same melody, she simply changed the time and the key, and the air assumed an entirely different aspect; proceeding on this principle, gradually it became a jig, and ultimately turned out to be neither more nor less than "Polly, Put the Kettle On," as she ended by adding the words to the music.

THE *London Musical News* has the following extracts from "The Gossip of the Century": "A droll incident, showing the spontaneity of Lablache's humour, occurred on the occasion of his having been sent for by the king of Naples. Awaiting in the anteroom his turn to be admitted into the Royal presence, he perceived a draught in the room, and, fearing the consequences, begged to be allowed to remain covered. A moment or two after he was beckoned by the usher, and forgetting that he wore his hat, took up one he found near him, and with one hat on his head and another in his hand, entered the room in which was His Majesty. The King at once perceived the mis-

take, and was so mightily amused at it that he received the great basso with a hearty laugh, which so startled the object of it that he soon discovered what had happened, and with his prompt wit exclaimed: 'Sire, your Majesty is quite right, one hat would be already too much for a fellow who has no head.'"

AN instance of how widely different are the varied ideas suggested by music is seen in the following excerpt from Mr. Augusta Sala's "Journal" in his gossiping recollections of Regent Street. "Paganini I remember well," says Mr. Sala, "not in Regent Street but at Brighton about 1836, a gaunt, weird man with long black hair and hollow cheeks and flashing eyes. I never see Henry Irving without recalling Paganini to my mind. I can remember vividly the impression created within me by his playing. It was that he had got inside his violin a devil, and that the imprisoned fiend-demon was now shrieking, now menacing, now supplicating, and now seeking by caressing endearments to obtain his liberty from the magician with the fiddlestick, who was grasping his fiend-tenanted fiddle so firmly by the throat. Paganini played a fantasia on the violin at a concert given by my mother at Brighton, at which the prima donna was the enchanting Marie Malibran; and the illustrious violinist gave me next day, small boy as I was, in a very large frill and a 'skeleton' suit, a bank note for £50."—*London Musical News*.

"GRISI, we are told, without possessing much sense of humour, often said droll things, and the quaintness of her Italianized English, abounding with literally translated Italian idiom, was amusing, not only to others, but even to herself. However, she, like the others, took kindly to English customs, and I remember one day in the *foyer des artistes*, during a concert at the Bijou Theatre (when various views were being expressed as to the beverage least pernicious to the voice), all agreed in condemning tea as *détestable*; coffee allowable only if taken *noir*; champagne admissible; and *Madère* only doubtful. Grisi confessed that for her part she was very partial to 'arf-an-arf,' and Malibran revealed that in the desert scene in Balfe's operas, where she has to drink from a gourd, she always had it filled with . . . bottled stout! In fact, this stimulant seemed absolutely necessary to supply the dash and spirit needed in a *bravura* song, or in any scene requiring energy near the end of a performance. It is known that she once fainted on the stage after singing 'Ah non giunge,' the *finale* to the 'Sonnambula,' just as if she had been the real Amina."

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

DORA DARLING. By Jane G. Austin. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

This is a tale of the American War, and is written from a decided Northern point of view. All the Confederates are mean and vicious and cowardly; all the Federals are noble and pious and brave. The heroine, a girl of ten, the daughter of a New England mother and a Southern father, is, at her mother's death, handed over to the care of a cruel aunt, with whom she finds life intolerable. In company with a wonderfully intelligent and philosophical contraband, she makes her way, after many adventures, and difficulties to the Northern army, and falls in with an Ohio regiment, an officer of which had been assisted to escape by her mother when he was wounded and in hiding after a skirmish. The colonel appoints her *vivandière*, and she accompanies the regiment for several years on its toilsome marches, and is present in several engagements. At the close of the war she accidentally discovers the young officer whom she had helped to escape is her cousin, and with his mother, her dead mother's sister, she finds a home.

MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER: A STORY OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS. By Agnes Maule Machar. Boston: D. Lothrop Company; Toronto: The Williamson Book Company.

It is always a pleasure to read a well-written story for the young which gives a true picture of life, cherishes the spirit of enlightened patriotism and appeals by its noble precepts and sterling examples to readers young or old, while their interest is sustained from cover to cover. Such a story is that above mentioned. Marjorie Fleming is the bright, sympathetic and only daughter of a New York editor; she was motherless, and her affectionate and clever father sought to interest her in her studies, gradually to develop her mind, and to impart to her sound and broad views of spiritual truths as well as judicious mental discipline. Early in the tale Mr. Fleming reads to Marjorie an impressive and graceful allegorical "Story of the Northern Lights," in which a shy and sensitive spirit receives a mission from "The Great King of Light" to be a "light shining in darkness," and the "light spirit" was called by men "The Aurora Borealis." This was the king's direction to the spirit: "For thee, my purest and strongest child, I have reserved this noblest task, to go where light is most needed. Fear not, but depend on me for the power to fulfil thy mission. When thou feelest thyself weakest and most afraid I will strengthen thee and make thee brightest. Not in thyself shall be thy light, but in constant communication with me." This same spirit becomes Marjorie's guiding light in life. As the early winter advances, Mr. Fleming's health

fails and he is ordered by his doctor to go south until the cold season has passed by, and Marjorie receives an invitation from her aunt Mary, the wife of Dr. Ramsay, of Montreal, to visit her. Soon after, Marjorie is on her way to that city and her father is speeding south to the West Indies. On the train our little heroine meets in Ada West an acquaintance, who, with her mother, is journeying in the same direction. The Wests are Montreal people of fashion and wealth, and they figure largely in the after story. Arriving at her destination Marjorie is most heartily welcomed to Dr. Ramsay's delightful home, a home pervaded by an earnest yet cheery Christianity. The Canadian winter soon yet a continued round of employment, improvement and enjoyment. The stories of Professor Duncan, the friend and visitor of the Ramsays, from early Canadian history; the hospitality of the Wests, and the temptations and trials which dog the footsteps of fashion and wealth—as exemplified by their lives; the reverse of the picture as shown by the good Miss Mostyn and her invalid sister; the sweet charity shown by the Ramsays and their little guest to the unfortunate Louis Girard; the festivities and delights of the Ice Palace, the tobogganing, skating and sleighing, and finally the summer spent at Murray Bay and the re-union there with her father, who returns with health restored, are some of the phases of Marjorie's memorable Canadian visit. Miss Machar has given to United States readers a capital picture of Canadian life and character, and for all her readers she has provided a charming story—full of lessons of deep meaning for old as well as for young, rich in illustrative allegory and apt historical narrative. Pure and wholesome, entertaining and instructive, this noble story enhances the enviable reputation of its author, and cannot fail to leave its every reader the purer and better for its perusal.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XXXI. Kennett-Lambert. Price \$3.75. New York: Macmillan; London: Smith, Elder and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1892.

With praiseworthy regularity appears the thirty-first volume of this great work, neither hastening nor lingering, every successive instalment arriving at its appointed time, yet without the least indication of the work being hurried or "scamped." The first name is neither common nor well known, yet Bishop White Kennett, of Peterborough, was a man of mark in his day, and there may possibly be still some classical scholars who remember his younger brother Basil's "Antiquities of Rome," published in 1696, superseded by the work of Adam, which in its turn was dislodged by Dr. William Smith's famous Dictionary. A number of Kennetts are commemorated, and there is a good article on the Hebrew scholar Kennicott, by Mr. W. P. Courtney. Among the Kenricks we have John, a well-known editor of classical books, and William, the critic of Johnson and the author of a dictionary which is still quoted as an authority. "Though a speculative scoundrel he was clever, and especially proud of the rapidity of his writing." In his later years he "seldom wrote without a bottle of brandy at his elbows," so says Mr. Gordon Goodwin.

Passing by Kents, a Kentish, etc., we come to the name of Keppel, under which we have quite a number of very charming biographical sketches, chief among them, of course, that of Admiral Augustus, Viscount Keppel, but there are others of the name who are worthy of commemoration, and who are here worthily commemorated. Then come Kers—among them Earls and Dukes of Roxburgh, some of them men of note—and Kerrs, some of these Earls and Marquises of Lothian, chief among them, perhaps, William, third Earl, who had his trials and difficulties, like lesser men.

One of the memoirs that will attract notice is that of Louise de Kéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth, the ancestress of the present ducal family of Richmond. There is not much that is new in Dr. A. W. Ward's article, and there was no need for more. In fact all that was necessary to be known about the light lady who became a penitent was already known. We think that we leave the present sketch with rather a lower opinion of her character than the one current. Many readers of this volume will learn, for the first time, that John Ketch was actually a hangman who died in the year 1686, the second in succession to the executioner of Charles I. It was he who made such a mangling of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth. Perhaps he was more expert with the rope than with the axe. It is probable that his bungling at the execution of Lord W. Russell, as at Monmouth's, gave him prominence, and led to his name being applied as a designation to all his successors.

There is a good article on Kettlewell, the nonjuror, by Mr. Gordon Goodwin, a brief but good one on Mr. T. H. Key, who will be remembered as having advanced in England the scientific treatment of Latin Grammar, whilst a number of Kidde, among whom we find a preacher, a physician, a painter, a missionary, a Greek scholar, a pirate, and a naturalist, are duly commemorated. Bishop Kidder deserved to be noticed on his own account, and he is here sympathetically noticed by Mr. Overton; but we fear he will be remembered in his old diocese as the prelate who succeeded to the throne from which the saintly Ken had been thrust out because he would not take the oath to William III., and who, together with his wife, was killed in bed in the palace at Wells by the falling of a stack of chimneys in the great tempest of Nov. 26, 1703.

An article of some length reminds us of a dramatist of whom most people have never even heard, Thomas Killigrew. We may judge that, in the opinion of his contemporaries, his conversation was superior to his composition, by the lines of Denham:—

Had Cowley ne'er spoke, Killigrew ne'er writ,  
Combined in one, they'd make a matchless wit.

There are a great many Kings, several of them men of considerable eminence, and among them Bishops of Chester, London, and Bath and Wales; but perhaps the most distinguished is William King, Archbishop of Dublin, author of a good many publications, but especially of the famous work in Latin on the "Origin of Evil," which had the honour of being criticized by the great Leibnitz, and was translated into English by Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle. There is an excellent account of King in the Dictionary.

From King we pass to Kinglake, author of the "History of the Crimean War," of whom we have a brief but excellent account by Mr. Leslie Stephen. Of this great writer the biographer remarks: "The literary ability in any case is remarkable; the spirit of the writing is never quenched by the masses of diplomatic and military information; the occasional portraits of remarkable men are admirably incisive; the style is invariably polished to the last degree, and the narrative as lucid as it is animated." Mr. Stephen remarks of "Eothen," the book which first brought Mr. Kinglake into notice: "It showed Kinglake to be a master of a most refined style and subtle humour." It is indeed one of the most exquisite books of later times, in the English language, and such of our readers as may, on this recommendation, make their first acquaintance with "Eothen" will have reason for gratitude to us for the same.

The same writer deals with Charles Kingsley, of whose life and work he gives an excellent account and with a degree of sympathy which will be grateful to Kingsley's admirers. "No one surpassed him," says Mr. Stephen, "in first-hand descriptions of the scenery that he loved." "He was," says Mr. Matthew Arnold, "the most generous men I have ever known; the most forward to praise what he thought good, the most willing to admire, the most free from all thought of himself, in praising and in admiring, and the most incapable of being made ill-natured or even indifferent by having to support ill-natured attacks upon himself."

Many names must be passed with or without mere mention. A number of Kinnairds, some of them of real distinction, are given. The same may be said of Kirby, Kirk, Kirkley, Kirkpatrick and others. John Kitto, once well known as the editor of the "Pictorial Bible," and other useful works, is kindly dealt with; there is a good notice of the eminent painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and an excellent one of Charles Knight, who rendered such great services to the cause of popular education, and also that of Shakespearean criticism—not to mention a number of other Knights of greater or less distinction.

We are sorry that we cannot pause over the Knollys and Knowles, both of which have a good many eminent names—everyone will think of Sheridan Knowles, but there are others. But we must hasten to the Knoxes, and, although students of the Tractarian movement will linger over Alexander Knox, most readers will pass on to that which is perhaps the greatest name in the present volume, the Scottish Reformer, John Knox. To this name Dr. Aeneas McKay very properly gives no fewer than forty columns. The writer seems to us to have admirably understood the character of this great Scotchman—its greatness and its limitations. "He was narrow, fierce, with regard to some subjects coarse, and with regard to some persons unforgiving. At his best he resembled a prophet of the Old Testament, not an evangelist of the New. At his worst he was a political partisan and ecclesiastical bigot, who could see no merit in an opponent, and could overlook any faults in a follower. Yet he was unselfish in a time of self-seeking, straightforward in an age of deceit. A strain of humour saved him from pedantry, and his severity was occasionally exchanged for a tenderness more valued because so rare."

There are many other names of note in this volume, but there is one which we cannot leave unmentioned, that of "dear" Charles Lamb. There is an excellent notice of him by Canon Alfred Ainger, than whom no one is better qualified to write on this subject.

The October issue of the *Californian Illustrated Magazine* has several well-illustrated articles. "On a Coral Reef" is one and "Among the Basket-Makers" another, both being very interesting. "Ranching for Feathers" is a graphic sketch of ostrich farming in the Golden State. "Can a Chinaman Become a Christian?" "Jimmy the Guide" and "New Los Angeles" are other features of the number.

MRS. CHARLES F. HARTT commences the October number of the *St. Nicholas* with an interesting contribution entitled "Volcanoes and Earthquakes." "My Betty," by Laura E. Richards, contains some charming children's verses. "A Page of Fun," by Malcolm Douglas, is hardly up to the standard of Lewis Carroll, but is by no means bad. "Two Girls and a Boy" is continued in this number. Frank W. Sage contributes a good story, "How Michael's Bullet Spoiled Tommy's Picnic." The October number is as merry and lively as usual.

PROFESSOR OSCAR L. TRIGGS opens the October *Post Lore* with "Robert Browning as the Poet of Democracy," in which, in rather abstract and transcendental terms, he seeks to prove that Browning expresses the democratic idea most fully. Samuel D. Davies makes an onslaught upon "Dante's Claim to Poetic Eminence." Jakub Arbes' romanetto, "Newton's Brain," is continued. Other articles are "The Essence of Goethe's Faust" and "The Ethics of 'As You Like it.'"

"SOME Phases of Contemporary Journalism," by John A. Cockerill, of the *New York Advertiser*, is one of the most interesting features of the October *Cosmopolitan*. It is a vigorous indictment of the sensational, irreverent and heartless methods of news-collecting of the modern paper. H. B. Plant, president of the Southern Express Company, contributes a valuable paper upon the South Atlantic and adjacent railways of the United States. Other articles of interest are "An Old Southern School," "A Persian's Praise of Persian Ladies," by Dr. Ruel B. Karib, and "Liberal Tendencies in Europe," by Murat Halstead.

KATE JORDAN contributes an excellent story in the October *Lippincott's* entitled "The Kiss of Gold." George Alfred Townsend follows with the journalist series, entitled "Hearing My Requiem." "The Prayer-Cure in the Pines" is the name of a poem from the pen of Clarence H. Pearson. Robert N. Stephens tells a most dramatic tale, entitled "At the Stage Door." Margaret J. Preston writes some pretty verses under the appropriate title, "Unconscious Service." Sigmund J. Cauffman contributes a most interesting descriptive paper on "Old Paris." The October issue is in every way a most readable number.

H. C. BUNNER commences the October number of *Scribner's* with a paper entitled "The Making of the White City"; the writer concludes with some interesting statistical notes of the World's Fair buildings. Bliss Perry commences "Salem Kittredge, Theologian," a very readable story, to judge from Part I. W. C. Brownell contributes "French Art—II., Romantic Paintings." "It is temptingly simple," observes this writer, "to deny all importance to painters who are not poetic painters." We cannot overrate the value of this suggestion in art criticism in general, and in French art criticism in particular. Edmund R. Spearman contributes a good paper on "A School for Street Arabs." "Wood Songs," by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, is a very pretty little poem. The October issue is a good number.

"THROUGH DARKEST AMERICA" is the opening article of *Outing* for October, and details the adventures of an adventurous couple who explored with canoe and shotgun the wild region at the head of Lake Superior. The football season is on now, and Walter Camp begins a series of football sketches. This one is entitled "A Review of the Football Season." Two Canadian ladies, Mrs. Denison and Miss Pauline Johnson, contribute articles on "Bicycling for Women" and "Outdoor Pastimes for Women" respectively. "A South American Lion Hunt" is an interesting account of the deadly effect of the native's blow gun and poisoned arrows. Other important articles are "Throwing the 56-pound Weight," "The New Jersey National Guard," "Around the World with Wheel and Camera," and "Lacrosse," the last by the veteran player Ross Mackenzie.

A TRANSLATION by Mr. Charles Whibley of Maurice de Guérin's magnificent "Centaur," with illustrations by Arthur Lemon, is the principal literary feature of the October *Magazine of Art*. A most interesting sketch is that headed "Burmese Art and Burmese Artists." "The workmen of Burma," says the writer, Mr. Harry L. Tilley, "although they have little idea of composition, are wonderfully fertile designers of details. They can draw with freedom and grace; their legends are full of stirring incidents, and deal with a varied range of characters, from the puny human infant to the grotesque man-eating monster."

Without the insight and delicate refinement of the Japanese, they are free from the extravagance of the Chinese, and there is nothing in their art so debased as the representations of Hindu gods." The illustrations Mr. Tilley reproduces show these characteristics admirably. "Niccolo Barabino" is the subject of the biographical and critical notice of the issue, a photogravure of that painter's "Archimedes" being the frontispiece. The other details of the issue are up to the mark.

MR. STEAD'S article, "Mr. Gladstone's New Cabinet," is the most conspicuous feature of the October number of the *Review of Reviews*. It is a full and outspoken account and criticism charged with Mr. Stead's irrepressible personality. Portraits are given; Lord Herschell's is accompanied by the legend, "Another 'Old Stager'"; Mr. Stanfeld's is labelled "An 'Old Stager' Shelved." The geographical distribution, religious persuasion, physique, debating powers, financial standing, social proclivities, travels, good looks and capacity of its members are discussed; the question as to whether Mr. Gladstone will be Prime Minister or Irish Minister is mooted, and a brief biography of each member given. The article is full of information and readable, and on both grounds valuable. George William Curtis and John Greenleaf Whittier are treated under the heading, "Two Great Americans." "Religious Co-operation, Local, National and International" is the subject of a collection of articles by the Reverends Josiah Strong, D.D., M. McG. Dana, D.D., and

others, there being in all nine articles. "The World's Congresses of 1893" is the remaining article of importance. The editorial comments, book and magazine reviews, and collection of caricatures are of the usual description.

"THE Present Position of Canada," as stated in the September *Westminster* by Mr. Lawrence Irwell, appears to be singularly disheartening. Mr. Irwell prophesies that unless we "open our eyes" and make "a distinct move," our country "will continue to sink until she reaches the level of a South American Republic." Now that Mr. Irwell has presented what may fairly be styled a pessimistic view of his subject, we trust he will in a subsequent article favour us with just a little optimism. Mlle. Mary Negreonte has an appreciative contribution on "Francois Coppée." The writer says: "His style is rough-hewn, his words rudely pieced together, and his vocabulary is purposely prosaic, the sort of vocabulary used by the man in the street, redeemed, however, by a steady intentional pulse of spirituality which throbs in every line he has written." "A New Phase of Art" is interesting. In it Mr. Stoddard Dewey eulogizes the work of Arnold Boecklin, a Swiss artist. Mr. C. Godfrey Gumpel favours Dr. Theodor Hertzka's proposition for the solution of the Social Problem as presented in "Free Land: A Social Anticipation."

IN "Cavour as a Journalist" in the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly* there is an interesting account of the great Italian's contributions to the editorial columns of Italian papers. One section of his writings is of peculiar interest to us, his views of the state of Irish politics. Describing Irish politics and needs fifty years ago, Cavour has, the writer of the article assures us, given an account that could in nearly every particular be a Unionist campaign tract to-day. The alien church establishment and the agrarian laws are indicated as the chief grievances, and the course by which the former grievance has been removed is indicated. The second wrong Cavour pronounces is to be cured by "slow and careful legislation"; the "just requirements of the Irish peasants" are five: public unsectarian schools; development of manufacture and commerce; a railway system; emigration and a poor rate, and a reform of land laws, accompanied by no violence by obligatory division of real estate among all heirs, the simplification of all legal processes regarding land, and longer leases and betterment clauses. And for the accomplishment of these objects he pronounces strongly against a national Parliament—in other words, against Home-Rule. The other articles of the issue are valuable and timely. "Mr. Tilden," by Jas. C. Carter, the opening paper, is a political sketch. "The Betterment of our Highways" is a valuable article by Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, an article that should be carefully studied in this country. "The College for Women" is an interesting paper by Mary A. Jordan. "Curzon's Persia" and "The Naulahka and the Wrecker" are good bits of literary criticism. The usual amount of fiction and poetry is given.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

A THIRD series of "Horæ Sabbaticæ," by Sir James Stephen, is in the press.

THE first volume of Dr. Craik's "English Prose Writers" will be ready in October.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH's new book of verse is called "The Empty Purse and Other Poems."

MR. WALTER LOCK, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, has written "The Life of John Keble."

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK's new illustrated book is called "The Beauties of Nature, and the Wonders of the World We Live In."

MRS. RITCHIE's new book, "Records of Tennyson, Ruskin and Browning," is to be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

A BIOGRAPHY of Charles Kingsley, by M. Kaufmann, announced by Messrs. Methuen, will deal with him especially as a social reformer.

MR. HOWELLS has given the title of "The Coast of Bohemia" to his new novel of American girl life which is about to be published in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

THE Hon. James G. Blaine has promised to contribute to the November number of the *North American Review* an article on the political issues of the presidential campaign.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON's illness is a matter of concern to all Canadians. It is to be hoped that the life of her distinguished scientist, educator and scholar may be spared to his country.

MR. T. B. BROWNING, whose name is familiar to many of our readers, has become engaged in literary work in London, England. Mr. Browning is visiting his old home, Toronto, for a short time.

MR. STOPFORD A. BROOKE's "History of Early English Literature" will be in two volumes, and is announced as "a history of English poetry from its beginning to the accession of King Ælfred."

MRS. J. K. LAWSON, of Toronto, an old contributor of THE WEEK, who has been visiting Scotland for some time, has returned to town. Mrs. Lawson has joined the Authors' Society, recently founded in London by Mr. Walter Besant, and of which Lord Tennyson was the first president.

THE Hon. C. A. Boulton has favoured us with a reply to Mr. Lawder's letter, which we regret to say was received too late for this, but will appear in our next issue, as will also a letter from our esteemed contributor, "W."

MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH, who is now in Venice, completed, just before his departure from New York, the text of his book on "American Illustrators," which Charles Scribner's Sons will publish in a Japan Edition de Luxe in a few days.

WORTHINGTON Co., of New York, announce for immediate publication as No. 18 in their Rose Library: "Money," by Emile Zola. They also announce "With Columbus in America," by C. Falkenhorst, adapted by Elsie L. Lathrop, with photogravures.

PROFESSOR SCARTAZZINI's "Handbook to Dante" has been translated by Mr. A. J. Butler and will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., who also announce Mr. C. L. Shadwell's text and translation of "The Purgatory," with introductory essay by Mr. Walter Pater.

SARAH JEANNETTE DUNCAN contributes the opening article in the *Popular Science Monthly* for November. It is a study of the mixed race of India, which she calls Eurasia, in the author's most delightful vein, and affords a most vivid picture of life in the great East Indian cities.

THE *Century* magazine will take up the Bible and Science controversy. In the November *Century*, Professor Charles W. Shields, of Princeton, answers the question "Does the Bible contain Scientific Errors?" with an emphatic *no*. He says: "Literary and textual obscurities there may be upon the surface of Holy Writ, like spots upon the sun, or rather like motes in the eye; but scientific error in its divine purport would be the sun itself extinguished at noon. Such a Bible could not live in this epoch."

THE Messrs. Macmillan and Co. announce among their fall issues a new play by Henry Arthur Jones with an introduction by Mr. William Archer. "The Reminiscences of Charles Santley," soon to be issued by Macmillan and Co., embodies the recollections of the foremost baritone of the day. Lovers of birds and flowers will delight in Miss Yonge's new book announced by Macmillan and Co., under the title of "An Old Woman's Outlook." "Round London, Down East and Up West" is the self-explaining title of a new book by Monatgu Williams, barrister.

THE London *Literary World* says that Lord Tennyson's new volume is announced under the title "Akbar's Dream and other Poems." The greatest of the Mogul emperors, the wise, gentle, and tolerant Akbar, who planned the noble city of Fatehpur Sikri, whose ruins still survive, in singular preservation, to excite the admiration of the Western traveller, was a great dreamer who, among other things, fancied himself entitled to Divine honours. He was also not free from superstition. The subject is one of great possibilities, and we shall look forward with unusual interest to see how the poet-laureate has treated it.

IN the announcement of new books and new editions for the Holiday season of 1892 the eight volume set of "The Lives of the Queens of England," by Agnes Strickland, is foremost in J. B. Lippincott Company's list. The work is a reprint of the author's latest revised edition and contains portraits of the Queens of England and numerous other illustrations especially prepared for this edition. The same firm announces "Tales from the Dramatists," by Charles Morris, and among other holiday juveniles, "An Affair of Honour," "Axel Ebersen," "Told After Tea," "The Treasury of Pleasure Books," and "Fairy Tales," all profusely illustrated.

IN the death of Tennyson the world of letters has sustained an irreparable loss. On the 6th of October, surrounded by his loved ones, at the advanced age of eighty-three years, the spirit of the great laureate returned to Him who gave it. No more shall that gifted brain conceive and hand pen noble and exquisite verse such as that which has charmed and inspired so many, not only of his own but other races—uniting in himself the culture of the scholar, the wisdom of the philosopher, the imagination of the poet and the tenderness of the true gentleman to a remarkable degree. Tennyson has voiced the spirit of his age in matchless verse, which with his noble life and spotless character make for him an imperishable memory as dear to English men and women as are his sweetest songs.

THE three-page poem by John G. Whittier, which will appear in the November *St. Nicholas* magazine, commemorates the visit of a party of young girls to the poet's home. It contains the following lines, which have a peculiar significance now that the good Quaker poet has passed away:—

I would not if I could repeat  
A life which still is good and sweet;  
I keep in age, as in my prime,  
A not uncheerful step with time,  
And grateful for all blessings sent,  
I go the common way, content  
To make no new experiment.  
On easy terms with law and fate,  
For what must be I calmly wait,  
And trust the path I cannot see,—  
That God is good sufficeth me,  
And when at last upon life's play  
The curtain falls, I only pray  
That hope may lose itself in truth,  
And age in Heaven's immortal youth,  
And all our loves and longings prove  
The foretaste of diviner love!

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Buckingham, Wm.; Ross, Hon. G. W., LL.D. The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie: His Life and Times. Toronto: The Rose Publishing Co.
- Case, Mary Emily. The Love of the World. \$1.00. New York: The Century Co.
- Davis, Rebecca Harding. Silhouettes of American Life. \$1.00. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Davis, Rebecca Harding. Kent Hampden. \$1.00. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Eaton, Arthur Wentworth; Betts, Craven Langstroth. Tales of a Garrison Town. \$1.25. St. Paul, Minn.: D. D. Merrill & Co.
- Johnson, Rossiter. The End of a Rainbow. \$1.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Lummis, Chas. F. Some Strange Corners of Our Country. \$1.50. New York: The Century Co.
- Stoddard, Chas. Warren. South-Sea Idyls. \$1.00. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Stoddard, Chas. Warren. Spanish Cities. \$1.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Stevenson, Robt. Louis. A Footnote to History. \$1.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

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## SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

THE number of deaths from cholera in Russia, up to September 1, has been officially placed at about 160,000. Adding to this upward of 40,000 deaths in other parts of the continent, we obtain a total of 200,000 victims in Europe alone. There is no doubt that these figures are much below the actual number, for the official returns are universally acknowledged to be incorrect. How many have perished in Central Asia will never be known.—*New York Medical Record.*

MR. R. L. GARNER, who is on his way to continue his studies of guerilla and chimpanzee speech in Africa, is going to do the whole thing electrically. The cage in which he is to live is capable of being heavily charged by induction cells, telephones are to be run to the gathering places of the apes and connected to phonographs in the cage, and by flash-lights he is to obtain nocturnal pictures of the great African jungle and forests at evening, together with views of their various inhabitants.—*New York World.*

THE "Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin" recently received some observations by A. C. Abbott upon the bacteria found in the interior of large hailstones which fell during the storm of April 26, 1890. Care was taken to exclude all organisms except those brought down from the altitude where the hail was formed. The number of organisms observed ranged from 400 to 700 to the cubic centimeter. The majority represented only a single species—a short, thin, oval bacillus—though several other undetermined species were observed.—*Scientific American.*

SOME valuable information comes from St. Petersburg as the result of close study of the cholera. One investigator writes: "A great many post-mortem examinations having been made on cholera patients in St. Petersburg, and I believe I am right in saying that in every case signs of chronic or acute indigestion were present, but generally chronic. Certainly they were present in all the post-mortems which I saw myself. This condition, it must be understood, had nothing to do with the cholera, but was of old standing, according to certain infallible signs, which need not be particularized here. This is an explanation of many things about cholera, its preference for the workingman, for the habitual drinker, whose stomach is in a state of chronic catarrh, and for the foul feeder. It often occurs immediately after indulgence in large quantities of irritating substances, such as fruit, cold water, spirits and so on. It is perhaps hardly too much to say that a healthy stomach is cholera proof."—*New York Sun.*

## "August Flower"

"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used

**Relieved In** your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class. I am never

**Two Days.** without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system.

**Constipation** While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken

**Life of Misery** with judgment. A. M. Weed, 229 Bellefontaine St., Indianapolis, Ind." ●

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

THE *Philadelphia Record* says that among the recent novelties of interest to the cyclist is an ice velocipede. In place of the front wheel is a pivoted runner for steering purposes, and another runner is connected with the rear braces. The propelling wheel is provided with a series of pawls pivoted to the circumference, and a series of flat springs bearing against the intermediate pivots of these projections. By this method a sufficient grip is secured on the ice to force the rider along at a rapid rate.

THE Sargasso Sea, that weedy area of ocean near the West Indies in which the keels of Columbus became entangled, has been accounted for in various ways. A German scientist, who has recently investigated the subject, believes that the seaweeds come from the shore regions of the Gulf of Mexico, the Antilles, Florida and the Bahamas, and not from the bottom of the sea, as was formerly supposed, and is in this supported by observations of the Gulf Stream. The seaweeds reach the Sargasso region in about fifteen days after they enter the Gulf Stream. They are carried slowly onward toward the Azores till they become water-logged and sink, to give place to others.

ART has been as inaccurate in its representation of the snake in motion as of the horse. The snake does not literally "go upon his belly, Scripture to the contrary notwithstanding, but upon his side, and his motion results from the use of the intercostal muscles in such a way as to contract the ribs on one side at a time. By this process and in this position the snake can run very rapidly, but only for a short time. He is quite unable to glide upon a perfectly smooth surface, nor is he able, as most persons suppose, to propel his whole body forward and in air when striking."—*New York Sun.*

AMOS LANE, of Amandee, Cal., is at work on a device which will be one of the attractions of the town when completed. It is a large clock, the figures on which can be seen from the hotel, and the motive power for which will be the geyser. The clock will be erected at a point where it will be prominent. The geyser bubbles and rises every thirty-eight seconds as regularly as clockwork would require, and every time it rises it will raise a lever that will move the hands exactly thirty-eight seconds. Thus the clock can be made to keep perfect time, and will be the only one of its kind in the world.—*Jewellers' Weekly.*

IN previous epidemics the value of sulphuric and sulphurous acids as preventatives was demonstrated, and when Koch discovered his comma bacillus he also noted that its cultivation was possible only in alkaline media, and that acids destroyed it. In corroboration of these findings, Niemeyer, who wrote long before anything of this nature was known, records that the ileum, or lower small intestine, is the main seat of the pathological changes caused by cholera. This lower small intestine is the most alkaline and the farthest from the normally acid stomach. The large intestine, being acid, does not suffer.—*Science.*

SCIENTISTS have measured the thickness of the envelope of soapy water enclosing the air of a bubble when it becomes so thin as to produce rainbow tints. At the appearance of the shade of violet it was one-fourth the thickness of the length of an ordinary violet wave of light—1-60,000 of an inch—thus making the thickness equal to 1-240,000 of an inch. As the bubble continued to expand, a black patch formed adjacent to the pipe from which the bubble was being blown, and the thickness of such patch has been found to be only 1-40 of the thickness of the violet section, or about 1-1,000,000 of an inch.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

AT the recent session of the International Congress of Psychology, held in London, Professor Gruber read a paper on "Coloured Audition," in which he declared that he has found in the persons whom he has made a study a number of mysterious associations, not only between sounds and colours, but between sight and smell, sound and taste, sight and taste, and even an association between colour and temperature. His "subjects" think that some sounds are red or yellow, and also that some tastes correspond to a special degree of muscular exertion. And he thinks that some day it may be possible to hear as well as see colours.—*New York Tribune.*

THE probable existence of a new element, which has been named masrium, is reported by a German chemical journal. It occurs in a mineral which was discovered in 1890 by Johnson Pasha in the bed of one of the dried-up old rivers of upper Egypt—a fibrous variety of a mixed aluminum and iron alum containing ferrous, manganous and cobaltous oxides, in addition to which is a small quantity of the oxide of another element having properties different from any yet known.

SEVERAL futile efforts were made last year on the part of French engineers to build an observatory on the extreme summit of Mount Blanc, but the elements interfered in every instance. It was essential above all things to determine the density of the stratas of snow and ice which covered the rocks. Eiffel, of Eiffel Tower fame, and Imfeld, the noted Swiss engineer, in order to achieve success, began to erect a horizontal gallery about thirty-eight feet below the summit. More than seventy feet had been traversed by this shaft-like structure in its downward course to strike rock bottom, and, although the snow was found to be exceedingly hard and compact, not even ice was reached. Engineer Janssen then began to erect a second similar gallery on the side opposite from Chamounix, where the first was started with the same result. No rock was struck. In view of this fact, Janssen conceived the idea of erecting the building on the hardened snow, and after mature consideration of every possible factor of importance, particularly the instability of the frozen snow itself, he constructed the wooden building from the designs of which this cut is copied. The house is so constructed that it will defy not only the dangers of the shifting snow foundation, but the violent storms of the winter as well. The house has two storeys, the lower storey and part of the upper one being buried under the snow. The sub-storey receives its light through thick panes of glass in the floor above. The sleeping chambers and store rooms are located in the sub-storey. Engineer Janssen feels confident that it is possible to spend the winter season in that lofty quarter, and the coming winter will undoubtedly demonstrate the feasibility of the scheme.—*Chamounix letter in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

**No Other Sarsaparilla** possesses the Combination, Proportion, and Process which make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself.

THE size and shape of rain drops has been the subject of special investigation by E. J. Lowe. The size of the drop ranges, he finds, from an almost invisible point to at least two inches in diameter. Occasionally large drops fall that must be more or less hollow, as they fail to wet the whole surface inclosed within the drop.—*Springfield Republican.*

HAVE YOU READ how Mr. W. D. Wentz, of Geneva, N.Y., was cured of the severest form of dyspepsia? He says everything he ate seemed like pouring melted lead into his stomach. Hood's Sarsaparilla effected a perfect cure. Full particulars will be sent if you write C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy, yet efficient action.

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GENTS.—I took a severe cold, which settled in my throat and lungs and caused me to entirely lose my voice. For six weeks I suffered great pain. My wife advised me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT and the effect was magical, for after only three doses and an outward application, my voice returned and I was able to speak in the Army that night, a privilege I had been unable to enjoy for six weeks. Yarmouth. CHARLES PLUMMER.

THE GREAT FAMILY MEDICINE OF THE AGE.—There is probably no family medicine so favourably and so widely known as Davis' PAIN KILLER. It is extensively used in India, China, Turkey—and, in every civilized country on earth, not only to counteract the climatic influences, but for the cure of bowel troubles, Cholera and Fevers. It is used internally for all diseases of the bowels, and externally for wounds, burns, bruises, etc. Sold by druggists generally. 25c. for a big bottle.



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for two years. We had three physicians in that time, but neither of them succeeded in curing them or even in giving them a little relief. At last we tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a month both children were perfectly cured. We recommend

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as a standard family medicine, and would not be without it." Mr. and Mrs. M. M. SOLLER, 1112 2nd Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

DR. CHAPMAN has been making a study of the brain of the guerilla, and finds it of a low type and less convoluted than in the higher apes and man. If it were permissible, in the absence of living links or sufficient fossil remains, to speculate upon the development of man and the anthropoids from lower forms of simian life, Dr. Chapman thinks it might be inferred from the character of the brain that the gorilla had descended from some extinct baboon, the chimpanzee and orang from extinct macaque and gibbon-like forms, and man from some generalized simian form combining in itself the characteristics of existing anthropoids.—*Springfield Republican.*

UNIFORM standard time, based on the meridian of Greenwich, has made, says the *Popular Science News*, another great advance in Europe. Belgium has established Greenwich time as standard for railway use, and is likely to do so for all uses. Germany and Austria-Hungary have done the same for the hour meridian east of Greenwich. Holland is likely to follow. France will not long delay, it is reasonable to believe, but even without her it seems likely that more than half of the European railway mileage may be operated on standard time within a year. It seems reasonable to expect that within a few years Greenwich time and hour intervals therefrom will become standard for the whole civilized world.

Two of the largest tugs in the United States are now ready for delivery to the Reading Railroad Company by the Neafie and Levy Shipbuilding Company. They were built originally to the order of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company. Both vessels have been planned and constructed to withstand the heaviest weather necessarily incident to outside coast towing, and nothing essential has been spared to make them seaworthy and strong enough to live in the wildest gale. Each vessel is a duplicate of the other in general construction and machinery. They have compound engines of the most powerful and economic type. Fire apparatus has been put on board, which can throw a stream farther than any fire engine in existence, and when laid up at night they will always be ready at a moment's notice to respond to a fire-alarm and protect property along the river front and amongst shipping. Each has a length of 135 feet, 27 feet beam and 15 feet depth of hold. The engines are of the triple expansion type. The steam is supplied from Scotch boilers. The tugs are entirely of iron, and have been named the *Honeybrook* and *Plymouth*. The Reading Railroad Company's fleet now numbers ten steamers and nineteen barges, exclusively engaged in the coasting coal trade.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.