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editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to
any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

STRANGE as it may appear from the point of view of practical statesmanship, we were quite too fast in assuming last week that our Government had taken the precaution to ascertain unofficially that the promised withdrawal of the discrimination in canal tolls at the end of the season would be satisfactory to the Washington administration. The result is that the concession—we will not say humiliation, because if a thing is right there can be no real humiliation in doing it—goes for nothing and the retaliatory toll is to be imposed at the Sault canal. We refrain from comment upon the singular fact that the decision reached by the Canadian Executive was neither communicated to Mr. Herbert, Acting British Minister at Washington, who had been striving so energetically to effect a settlement of the difficulty, nor officially made known to the American Executive in any way. It is much more reasonable to assume that there is some explanation of the grave oversight, which will be made known presently, than that Sir John Abbott and his Cabinet could have purposely treated both the British representative and the American Government with rude discourtesy. As for the rest, while no doubt the exigencies of the coming struggle for the Presidency are responsible for the sudden energy which the American authorities have displayed, it is not easy to see that Canada has much to complain of. The President has taken care to make the Sault tolls correspond almost exactly in kind and in amount with those imposed at the Welland. The one discriminates against American, the other against Canadian, ports. If the former are not in violation of the treaty, the latter cannot be. Hence all angry denunciations and threats of "striking back" are unreasonable. Had the President used to the full the powers entrusted to him by Congress, our Government would have been probably compelled to again consider and amend their action. As it is, it will probably be thought best to submit to the comparatively slight discrimination, or meet it by recouping the losers from the public treasury, for the remainder of the season. Meanwhile the moderate and conciliatory spirit shown by the American Executive, who seem to have had no option in the matter, gives good reason

to hope that a friendly conference after the Presidential election may lead to a better understanding in regard to the whole business. None the less, he must be a partial critic who can conclude that our Government has played a statesmanlike part in the affair.

THE *Globe* had the other day a curious article appealing to everybody to leave the Government alone in the matter of choosing a President for the University. "No pressure," it pleads, "should be put upon the Executive on behalf of any candidate, in or out of the present Faculty, which will fetter the Executive in making the best possible appointment." The article is far from complimentary to the members of the Executive. It will scarcely raise them in the public estimation, or in their own, to have their chief supporter among the newspapers intimate thus broadly that there is danger that they may be swayed by improper pressure in so responsible a business as that of appointing a President for the Provincial University. It must be improper pressure which is referred to, for any body of trustees, anxious only to make the best possible selection, would be glad to get the benefit of opinions and suggestions from every quarter. In the article in question the *Globe* makes unintentionally a forcible arraignment of the Government method of retaining the appointing power so absolutely in its own hands. It is difficult to conceive of a body less fitted for the discharge of such a duty than a partisan Government. The fact that it is partisan, and as such represents but a part of the people to whom the institution belongs and for whose benefit it exists, is of itself a sufficient condemnation of the method. Then, again, a political administration naturally and almost necessarily lacks the essential qualifications for the direct management of such a trust. For what does the Senate of a university, supposed to be composed of a number of the best and most representative scholars and friends of education to be found in the country, exist, if it may not fittingly be entrusted with the selection of president and professors? Can there be any question as to which body should be the more competent for such a task? We shall be told, no doubt, that the duty of making such appointments is an outcome of the Ministerial responsibility, but surely the responsibility is better observed when the judgment of the best qualified men is followed in such matters. Another remark is invited. The *Globe* complains of the lack of liberality on the part of graduates and friends of the University in giving of their means for its better equipment and endowment, and contrasts them unfavourably in this respect with the friends of McGill and other institutions. Cannot the *Globe* see in this very fact of political management a sufficient reason for the paucity of such benefactions? Can it point to any instance in which any institution directly managed by a party Government has appealed successfully to the liberality of private individuals? Can it not see some very cogent reasons why such benefactions are withheld or bestowed elsewhere?

MOST of what we have read, in the animated discussion to which Sir Oliver Mowat's action in dismissing Mr. Myers from the office of County Attorney, because of his open and persistent advocacy of political union with the United States, ignores, it seems to us, an essential point in the controversy. Does, or does not, Canada, as a semi-independent colony of Great Britain, occupy in any respect an exceptional position, such as would warrant her citizens in discussing the question of her political future with a freedom which could not be claimed or permitted in the case of a province or a state forming an integral part of a national whole? Is it, or is it not, a natural and necessary consequence of the operation of the law of development that a country, great in natural resources and capable of containing and supporting a powerful nation, setting out from the position of a colony of such a Mother Land as Great Britain and gradually increasing in population, wealth and capacity for self-government, must sooner or later come to a parting of the ways, at which she must choose for herself her own future course? Is not the alternative notion, "once a colony, always a colony," unthinkable and absurd? Suppose, for example, that

Canada had now fifteen millions of people instead of five, is it conceivable that she would still be content with the position and powers of a colony? What means the earnest advocacy of Imperial Federation by some of our most loyal—we might almost say ultra-loyal—fellow-citizens, if it is not based upon the implied postulate that Canadians are at liberty and have a right to choose their own future course? The very idea of federation implies the freedom and political equality of all the contracting parties, otherwise any federation which might be formed would be little better than a farce, so far as the members who entered it on any other basis than that of complete freedom to choose between that and any other course was concerned. Then, again, Sir Oliver Mowat has argued publicly and at length against annexation, or political union with the United States, as its advocates prefer to call it. What is public discussion worth, if the person who argues one side of the question is to take advantage of his position to say to anyone who is of a different way of thinking: "Answer me at your peril!" How could an orator more completely stultify himself than by giving notice at the close of an elaborate argument, that anyone who should have the temerity to attempt to confute that argument would be accounted guilty of treason, in so far at least that if he occupied any official position he would be dismissed? But while we hold that as a self-governing colony on the verge of national adulthood Canada has a right to discuss freely her own political future, and that it borders on the farcical for a Premier to argue publicly against a political change, and then use his official authority to intimidate or punish the man who takes the opposite side of the question, we do not, of course, abate one jot from the position which we have always taken, viz., that annexation, by whatever name, would be political suicide for Canada. It would be but a sorry ending to all our cherished national hopes and aspirations, an ignoble surrender of the vantage ground won for us by the bravery of our fathers both on the battle-field and in the political arena, to suffer our country, in a moment of weakness and despair, to become submerged and lost in the immensity of the great Republic beside us. Surely we can do better than that.

MR. BLAKE'S speech before the Eighty Club naturally attracted a good deal of attention as being the first public address of the distinguished Canadian Home-Ruler in England. Pretty full accounts both of the speech and of the comments of the leading newspapers are now at hand. Of the carefully-written address, the *Star* says that "Step by step, with historical precision and irresistible argument, Mr. Blake demonstrated the advantages which Canada had reaped from self-government, the evils which self-government had allayed, and the far-reaching analogy between the evils and the only successful remedy in the case of Ireland and in the case of Canada." Opponents of Irish Home-Rule will, of course, demur touching the "irresistibility" of the argument. But while the press critics with great unanimity admit the ability and praise the statesman-like moderation of the speech, the Gladstonians, as was to be expected, admire its cogency as an argument, and the Tories and Unionists, as was to be expected, either fail to see the alleged analogy, or deny that the remedy has been so successful in Canada as to warrant a trial of its virtues in the Mother Country. Among the Unionists the *Spectator* makes, perhaps, the most effective point. Quoting Mr. Blake's remarks that "the difficulties which existed in the case of Canada with regard to home-rule did not exist in the case of Ireland," and that "Ireland was at our doors," the *Spectator* says: "Precisely, and that is just the key-stone of the difficulty. Canada we can let alone, because if Canada makes up her mind to leave us, we may reasonably make an act of resignation and shake hands with a sigh. That is just what we cannot do with Ireland." This sounds forcible and would unquestionably be so had the drift of Mr. Blake's argument been directed to show that the same difficulties beset the path of the British in giving home-rule to Canada, which now stand in the way of its granting home-rule to Ireland. But the force of the *Spectator's* remark, not as an argument against Home-Rule for

Ireland, but as a criticism of Mr. Blake's speech, vanishes when we remember that the analogy on which the argument of that speech was built was not so much that existing between the relations of Great Britain and Canada on the one hand, and those of Great Britain and Ireland on the other, as that existing between the relations of the English-speaking and Protestant Province of Ontario and the French-speaking and Catholic Province of Quebec on the one hand, and those of Great Britain and Ireland on the other. The gist of his argument, be it worth little or much, was that as home-rule had proved a remedy for the dissensions between the Canadian Provinces, dissensions arising out of differences in race and religion, so it was reasonable to believe that home-rule would prove a remedy for the dissensions between England and Ireland, arising from the same source.

SARCASM is not always logical in proportion to its keenness. If it were, the following from the *Saturday Review* would be as completely crushing as it is manifestly intended to be:—

Mr. Blake, who, on the eve of Parliament last Thursday, addressed the triumphant and middle-aged youths of the Eighty Club, the other day, on his retirement from another Parliament—the Canadian—after twenty years of public life and some years of leadership, addressed a long valedictory letter to his constituents. In that letter he described the actual results of the federal system in its application to Canada, as “disintegration instead of consolidation, a small population, a scanty immigration, an empty North-West, a debt enormous and increasing, an extravagant expenditure, an oppressive tariff, restricted markets, trade forced into unnatural channels, tariff walls frowning between us and our kinsmen; worst of all, lowered standards of public virtue, deathlike apathy in public opinion; racial, provincial and religious animosities rather inflamed than soothed; a subservient Parliament, an autocratic executive, debauched constituencies, increased dependence on the public chest, and diminished self-reliance, combined with a boastful jingo spirit alien to true manliness and incapable of facing real facts.” If Mr. Blake has brought with him the talisman by which such a shower of political blessings can be bestowed upon this country, his advent will, indeed, form an epoch, and he may even fulfil the hopes of enthusiastic friends, who predict that, when the horses and chariot of fire shall come for the prophet of Midlothian, his mantle will fall upon the prophet of Longford.

Fortunately for himself, Mr. Blake, probably, without anticipating assault from this point, had in his speech indicated the line of defence. He had admitted that the Canadian constitution “has its scamy side,” that “Canadians are deeply, sharply, roughly divided in opinion,” that “a large section of the people believes that the policy of the Government is wrong and injurious,” and even that “it is maintained in its position by the abusive employment, for party purposes, of the powers and resources of the State.” Nevertheless he avers with the greatest confidence, that “the attachment of the people to home-rule, to their powers of self-government,” exists strongly in the hearts of the political minorities as well as in those of the political majorities, that all would alike scorn and spurn any proposal to look elsewhere for government, to return to their former dependent position. Mr. Blake is doubtless right. Whatever may be the political evils from which we are at the moment suffering, no one thinks of attributing them in any way to home-rule, or falters in his faith in that as the only possible system for a colony when it has reached the stage of development at which we have now arrived. Hitherto our political difficulties have not been to any great extent the outcome of those racial and religious differences which it was the main object of Confederation to overcome. Whether we shall be able to say this a few years hence remains to be seen. It must be confessed that the sky is somewhat lowering just now. Perhaps it would be wiser not to point too confidently just yet to the Canadian experiment as an example of the success of home-rule in fusing diverse elements of temperament, race and creed. And yet a twenty-five years' trial, without serious explosion, should count for something.

MUCH has been said of the heterogeneous nature of the Gladstonian majority in the British Parliament, and prominent Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists do not hesitate to predict a speedy collapse of the new Government in consequence. This is of course quite possible. But the *Christian World* points out a fact which, obvious though it is, has scarcely been sufficiently considered by those who have been figuring upon the subject. This fact is the existence of a solid Nationalist party of eighty, in the House. Whatever opinion anyone may have of these, or

of their tactics, there they are and there they are certain to be until the Home-Rule question is disposed of in some way. No one has suggested any plan by which these eighty votes can be got rid of. No one is prepared to show how they can be made to count for less in a division than any other eighty votes. Suppose that by some accident or combination the Gladstonians could be placed in a minority at some early day and compelled to resign, what could an incoming administration do in the face of eighty members pledged to make Home-Rule take precedence of every other question? Should the House be dissolved and a fresh appeal be made to the electorate, what hope could Lord Salisbury have of obtaining the one hundred and sixty majority necessary to make him independent of this vote? The fact of this vote is full of suggestion for those Radical supporters of Mr. Gladstone who are said to demur at the prospect of deferring all other reforms until Home-Rule is placed well in the van. To shelve the Home-Rule question is manifestly impossible for any administration that can be considered possible in the near future. It is out of the question for Mr. Gladstone to refuse to give it precedence, were he ever so much disposed to do so. No Government can have a majority, under present conditions, apart from the Nationalist members, and whatever administration consents to accept their support, in so doing gives itself as a hostage for the settlement of the Irish question.

ONE of the most difficult, and perhaps from the party point of view most dangerous, of the questions of foreign policy with which the new British Government will have to deal, is that of the continuance or withdrawal of British control in Egypt. By certain speeches of Mr. Gladstone and other prominent men of the party, the Liberal Government is almost as good as pledged to an early withdrawal. On the other hand, there is no doubt a considerable number of Liberals who, in view both of the great and manifest benefits which have been conferred on Egypt itself by the British occupation, and of the alleged necessity of Egyptian control to the security of the British possessions in the East, would be strongly opposed to the withdrawal of the British forces. The Conservatives are probably a unit in favour of continued occupation. But the Conservatives do not make up the whole of the present Opposition, and it is by no means certain that the Liberal-Unionists would all support them in this matter. Lord Roseberry is understood to be resolutely in favour of prolonged or permanent occupation, but whether his acceptance of the office of Foreign Secretary means that his views on this matter are to prevail remains to be seen. Mr. Gladstone has a will that is not easily turned aside, especially in a matter of conscience, which this is very likely to become in his estimation. We do not suppose that he or any one else, save possibly a few ultra-Radicals of the Labouchere stamp, really doubt the beneficence of the work which has been done by the representatives of British authority in Egypt. It is doubtful if there are many of them who are not convinced that the time has not yet come when the guiding and controlling hand can be withdrawn without great risk of relapse into the state of misrule and bankruptcy from which the English occupation has so happily rescued the once wretched people. The main, if not the sole, question with most of those who advocate withdrawal is the question of honour. Can the period of occupation be indefinitely prolonged without a breach of faith, a gross violation of the distinct pledges on which the consent of the other Powers was given to the present arrangement? Great Britain cannot afford to give the French or any other jealous nation cause to point to her as “perfidious Albion” still. There can be little doubt that in view of the best interests of Egyptian development, and of their own financial interests as well, the Powers, with the single exception of France, would willingly give their consent to at least another term of British supremacy. Whether the refusal of such consent by a single Power would make it a point of honour to observe the original agreement, at all costs, is probably the question whose decision will turn the scale. In the meantime the Gladstone Ministry will probably try the effect of straightforward diplomacy, instead of the policy of holding on doggedly to the advantage gained, regardless of pledges and protests.

TWENTY thousand dollars a day, the cost of a militia force of eight or ten thousand men, to keep five hundred railway switchmen in order! Such is, if the press telegrams may be relied on, the state of affairs in Buffalo and

vicinity at the time these words are being written. Surely the situation as described approaches very nearly to a reduction to the absurd of the present methods of carrying on the transportation business of a great country. The railroads are in these days the arteries of commerce. The business life of every nation depends upon their being kept free from obstruction. And yet these great highways are left in the hands of private individuals, who are liable at any moment to become involved in disputes with their employees such as not only interrupt travel and traffic, to the annoyance and loss of thousands, or of the whole country, but also saddle the locality in which the “hitch” may chance to take place with the heavy costs of the support and movement of large constabulary and military forces. Surely the wisdom of our boasted age should be able to devise some better way of managing these vast concerns in the interests of the people who contribute largely to the railroads, suffer the losses and foot the bills. We do not presume to pass judgment in the case in question, for we have not the data on which to found an opinion, but it is obviously supposable that all the trouble may be brought about by the excessive greed of a single railway magnate, or by the wrong-headedness and obstinacy of a single railway official. It is all very well to say that the State is bound to defend the railway companies in the exercise of their right to supply the places of the men who go out on strike with others who may be willing to supply their places. But should not the State, then, have the corresponding right to enquire into the cause of the strike, with a view to ascertaining whether the company for whose behoof all the expense is to be incurred were to blame in the matter. “Why should not the law say that all corporations employing more than a specified number of men, should, under certain carefully defined conditions, be obliged to arbitrate points of difference arising between them and their workmen, and to accept the results of such arbitration?” This question, in an article by Mr. Albert Shaw, American editor of the *Review of Reviews*, in the last number of that magazine, caught our eyes after we had written what precedes it, and is so pertinent to the view we wished to express that we quote it in preference to the concluding remarks we were about to make. We are not sure that compulsory arbitration is the ideal solution of the problem which the struggle between capital and labour has created, and which seems to be becoming constantly more and more complex and dangerous. We have strong faith that a more excellent way will yet be found. But as a first step towards a complete solution, we question whether it is not the fairest and best thing which has yet been proposed.

A MANDATE which was received by Cardinal Gibbons from the Prefect of the Roman Propaganda, a week or two since, is fraught with much interest, not only for Roman Catholics, but for all classes of citizens in the United States. The Cardinal is instructed to require each Archbishop in the nation to direct the Bishops in his diocese to state individually their views in regard to the policy which should be pursued by the Catholic Church in the matter of the education of Roman Catholic children. At their next meeting after the reception of these reports, the Archbishops are expected to agree upon the policy which they will recommend for universal adoption throughout the Union. The question to be decided is really whether the Church shall seek the extension of the parochial school system, or shall accept the policy of the Republic by permitting the children to attend the public schools and arranging for their religious instruction after school hours on week days, and in Sunday schools. For some time past a great struggle has been in progress within the ranks of the Roman Catholic clergy in the Republic, between the Progressists, led by Archbishop Ireland, and the Reactionists, led by Archbishop Corrigan, in regard to this and other questions. The former party consists of those who deem it the true policy of the Church to make the best of circumstances by conforming to and utilizing the institutions of the country in which it is located. The Reactionists, on the other hand, would keep up the struggle against the democratic system, and for separate or parochial schools, and conservative methods generally. The Papal authorities are said to incline to the view of the Progressists, and the zeal of Archbishop Corrigan in opposition has led him to write letters to Rome which are said to have drawn upon him the displeasure of the Pope. As a matter of fact, the school question seems to have almost settled itself, for there are several times as many children of Roman Catholics in the public as in the parochial

schools. Under the circumstances it seems highly probable that the Archbishops will recommend making a virtue of necessity and patronizing the public schools, trusting to special Church agencies, such as those above mentioned, for the religious education of the children. Such a decision will but be in accordance with the traditional wisdom which marks the policy of the Church of Rome.

TO a people accustomed to full responsible government, the mixture of absolutism and constitutionalism that prevails in German politics is not a little puzzling. One of the latest developments is that in which the Emperor declares personally at a public banquet that the Government does not intend to adopt the proposal for a two-years' instead of a three-years' term of military service, though the two-years' term is approved and advocated by Chancellor Caprivi, the head of his Government and the man of his own appointment. And yet, it appears, the Chancellor, whose official authority is thus coolly set aside, does not feel called upon to tender his resignation, or to conclude that his usefulness is gone. The question itself, apart from the personal considerations thus introduced, cannot fail to be fraught with great interest for the long-suffering people. One can well understand how it is that every party in the Reichstag, with the single exception of the ultra Conservatives, favours the shorter term of service. The question will play an important part in the next elections. It can hardly be doubted that the Emperor will have to give way in the end, for with all his autocratic impetuosity he is too shrewd to persist in opposing the will of the great majority. Among other indications of the progress of democratic ideas is the strange spectacle of Prince Bismarck posing as the advocate of reform in regard to this and other questions. Autocracy evidently loses some of its charm when its former staunch defender is no longer in a position to direct the movements of the Royal arm, but rather finds its force exerted against himself and his views.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION—IV.

I HAVE pointed out in the past three numbers some of the evils which exist in the present political system of this country—the greatest of all and the origin of all being a lack of healthy public opinion. What is the remedy? This, indeed, opens up a fruitful theme, and one beset with difficulties.

Under a system of popular government it goes without saying that frequent changes of administration are necessary to a healthy development of public affairs. Party government may be good or may be bad, but we have it, and must make the best of it. Nearly all that is said against party government by such distinguished writers as Prof. Goldwin Smith is directed rather against the abuses of it than against the abstract principle. Under a proper condition of things each political party is bound to adopt principles and to make records that shall command the respect and favour of the people, and therefore, when each is making a ceaseless struggle for power, both are bound to be careful and circumspect in their actions. Of course all the checks and safeguards are destroyed when public opinion becomes dead. No politician has any motive to honourable and patriotic conduct whenever it is manifest that the people, or a majority of them, can be induced to support charlatans or allow corrupt or dishonest men to remain in office.

Frequent changes of government are obvious, as has been said in the public interest. It is impossible for any body of men to be in power for a continuous period without getting lax in their ideas of public duty. That is the innate tendency of mankind. Besides, long terms of office induce the members of government to get the notion that they not only have a divine right to rule, but that instead of being servants and trustees they are actually the masters, and all favours are to come from them. This is subversive of the whole theory of popular government, and it is in the interest of the people to have it clearly understood that Governments are not heaven-appointed rulers, but mere instruments of power subject to the will and control of the electorate.

Again, long terms of office tend to get public matters running in a rut. A department gets mouldy in time under one management, unless, indeed, the administrator is a man of more than ordinary wisdom and capacity, which is not too often the case. Frequent changes are necessary in order that new ideas and fresh energy be infused.

Once more; the civil service is enormously benefited by changes in the administration. The tendency of all administrations is in the direction of bureaucracy. Red tape grows in proportion to the length of the period of uninterrupted rule. The members composing the civil service are chosen by the political party in power, either solely for political services or with that an element in the appointment. In course of time the civil service thus becomes a

hive of partisans, gradually gaining the impression that the world was made for the saints, and that they are the saints. Nothing is to be done except according to the humour or caprice of a deputy or chief clerk. All the little favours of Government are reserved for their own favourites. A change of government makes a wonderful stir in this community of public servants. The partisanship and favouritism quickly disappear. Their own fate begins to loom up as a deeply interesting question, and they are instantly on their good behaviour. Useless men who have no political claims upon the new comers are quite sure to go to the wall, hence the struggle to be useful. The beaten path of routine has to be departed from under the influence of the radical spirit of the new head. So far as the civil service is concerned, and this means practically the machinery of Government, it is of enormous advantage to the public that changes in government should occur every five or ten years at least.

But there is yet another cogent reason for frequent change of government. Both political parties contain their quota of able and ambitious men, who exercise a wide and powerful influence upon their political followers. These men have ideas of government which would be useful to the public. They have also worked out policies which could with advantage be put to the test of experience. It is unfortunate for the country to be deprived of the advantages of the services of all its capable men. Besides, repeated defeats and a protracted term of opposition tend to make a party discontented, and this discontent will in time develop into pessimism. Nearly one-half of the people will become dissatisfied with the country and its institutions. The certain remedy for this is frequent changes of government. Then each party in turn takes the responsibility of government. Affairs are kept active by the changes which are constantly occurring, and both parties have a common interest in the good government of the country.

It is also to be remembered that the political arena is constantly developing men of radical tendencies, and these, if left out of office, may constitute a disturbing element in the nation—carrying their extreme views to such length as to breed disorder and mischief among the people. Nothing tends so much to bring these violent radicals into a reasonable frame as to throw upon them the responsibility of practical government. It is a misfortune to any country to have a large body of men in Parliament and a large body of the electorate permanently discontented, and this is bound to occur if one party is allowed to hold the reins too long.

If we turn to other countries where popular government is in full operation, we see almost invariably that changes of government take place every few years. In England it is rarely in modern times that any administration holds office for more than five or six years. The people in their collective capacity recognize the enormous advantages of frequent change. In the United States the same incidents prevail. We have a Republican President for a term and then a Democratic executive. We have a Republican House of Representatives for one term, and then a Democratic House. This constant change will inevitably occur under normal conditions in every country where the will of the people has full play.

In Canada the present Government has been in office continuously for fourteen years, and before the time for which the present Parliament was elected will have expired they will have been in power seventeen years. This is too long, and, unless a man is altogether blinded by partisanship, he must recognize that for a variety of reasons there is an absolute necessity for a change. The best interests of the country require it.

Such a change would have taken place before this if there had been a sound and healthy public opinion in Canada. In other words, it would have occurred if the popular will had been exercised with freedom. But the striking feature of the political system which Sir John A. Macdonald built up, and which is so well carried forward by the men whom he left behind, is that the power of the Government is exercised to the verge of absolutism for influencing the public to support the administration. Under the theory of popular government the people ought not to be in the slightest degree affected by supposed favours which the Government can bestow. Public works should be constructed solely in accordance with public need, and regardless of the political preferences of the people residing in the vicinity. For the Government to say directly or indirectly that the only way that railway facilities can be obtained is by voting for Government candidates is to strike down popular government, and offer the greatest insult that can be given a free people. If public opinion were right, this could not be done. It would not be tolerated for an hour. And yet no fair observer can doubt that the present Government has carried the last two general elections, and the preponderance of the bye-elections, almost entirely by dint of the power of patronage. They say in effect to the protected interests: "Rally round us and furnish us with campaign funds, and we will uphold and increase your monopolies." They say to individual constituencies: "Send men to support us, and we will build your wharves, improve your harbours, subsidize your railways and construct your public buildings." This is not government of the people and by the people. This is despotic government, whereby the Cabinet becomes the master, not the servant, of the people.

No one doubts that there is looseness and corruption in the present administration at Ottawa. No one can

venture to question that they have established a system of favouritism which menaces the free institutions of our land. They have the franchise under the control of a body of carefully-chosen partisans. They have carved up the constituencies to suit their exigencies. They have created a Senate almost exclusively of partisan adherents. They have the judiciary—the most vital institution in the State—constituted almost exclusively of political sympathizers. They have gathered about them great corporations, whose aim is personal profit and aggrandizement rather than the public good. Under these circumstances, it seems to me that the duty of the people—the majority of them—who are not especial recipients of Government favour, is to reflect seriously as to whither we are drifting. Popular government in Canada will become a travesty and a farce if a Government can by these means maintain themselves perpetually in power. I believe, quite irrespective of any questions of fiscal policy—which are, in this regard, only secondary—that the interests and well being of the country require a change of Government at the earliest possible moment. It is needed to purify the public service and to teach the men governing the country that the people, and not they, are the rulers.

J. W. LONGLEY.

FORCE AND ENERGY—III.

BUT it is sure to be objected to what I have written on the subject of Force, that Newton did not himself believe in gravitation. It was, indeed, on it as on a sure foundation that he reared and proved his immortal work, marshalling in orderly array suns and planets and satellites, and from whose rule of law no heavenly visitant, however wildly eccentric, has ever ventured to revolt; for they are all alike tethered to their several orbits by inexorable law. "Every particle of matter in the universe," he indeed wrote, "attracts every other particle of matter by a force directly as its mass and inversely as the square of the distance." But it is to-day denied by many that matter does attract matter at all (indeed, I quite lately read a whole work intended to disprove it), and that even Newton, when he said in so many formal words that it did so, did not believe that it did so actually, but that this seeming attraction, which the very relations of things appeared to demand absolutely, was owing to something else, he knew not what; for that, when writing in reply to Bentley, "the slashing Bentley," the great theologian and critic, who was not, perhaps, quite satisfied at the turn things were taking, he averred, "that gravity should be innate, inherent, and essential to matter, so that one body can act upon another at a distance through a vacuum without the mediation of anything else, by and through which their action and force may be conveyed from one to another, is a great absurdity." Now, whatever may be our estimate of this conclusion, the case as here stated is not the case with which Grant Allen has to do. His case is not at all that of one body acting upon another through a void, but the totally different case of a body acting upon another through the medium of the omnipresent ether, so that the verdict supposed to be implied in the declaration of this transcendently able man is scarcely relevant. The difference of the effect of a medium or no medium comes home to us, when we consider what would be the effect of trying to convey a message across the ocean (not to speak of conveying it through a wholly void space) without the medium of a conveying or, rather, a directing wire, "by and through which," as Sir Isaac Newton says, "action and force may be conveyed." And why may not the ubiquitous, elastic ether be such a medium?

Thus, it seems to me that the particular objection of Newton, far from being destructive of the statement that, under circumstances the exact opposite to those postulated by him, matter cannot influence matter at a distance (and we know, as in the case of the electric telegraph, that it can) is wholly nugatory. But, to speak scientifically, nothing can be said to be at a distance absolutely, but only relatively, if the universe is regarded, as it truly is, as a unit, and as having nothing, near or far, that is unrelated to, or not intimately connected with, everything else. "All are but parts of one stupendous whole." It must, indeed, be admitted that when Newton affirmed that "every particle in the universe attracts every other," he uses the words in only an accommodating sense, unless, indeed, he was subsequently swayed by adverse arguments, or by the consideration of supposed consequences; for that, while his after words affirm that no particle in sun or moon does really attract any particle on earth, yet the assumption that, in some inexplicable way, it does so, so fully and perfectly supplies the exact needed hypothesis to make everything work smoothly and harmoniously without a jar anywhere, that the statement had to be made though the explanation was not forthcoming. Everything seemed to necessitate such a formula as squares everything and leaves nothing to be accounted for, and, if so, surely such an affirmation must be somehow true.

Now, Newton, as I conceive, had a belief in an ether, but whether he thought of it as we do to-day, or whether his belief amounted to a settled conviction, I am not in a position to say. However, he did theorize on the subject of gravitation, supposing that it might be accounted for on the hypothesis that the ether within gross matter was less dense than elsewhere, and that the denser ether of space pressing on the more tenuous ether (but why should it press at all, unless we assume the prior existence of this

force itself of gravitation, *i.e.*, assuming the very thing to be accounted for?) caused the grosser ether to gravitate towards sun and moon and planets. But Fresnel maintains that the ether inside matter is, on the contrary, denser. I do not myself believe either statement, nor do I think that Newton's hypothesis satisfies anyone.

Again, writes Newton, "it is inconceivable that inanimate brute matter should without the mediation of something else which is *not material*, operate upon and affect other matter without mutual contact." Now, passing over the question of any real contact of matter with matter, and of the assumed effect of contact, I am not sure that I apprehend what was in the mind of this marvellous mathematician when writing thus. He could hardly have meant by "something not material," that some dynamis of the void, bodiless as the void, presides over matter and governs its movements, for there is no such thing as a dynamis, except as the dynamis of matter.

Again, says he, gravity must be "caused by an agent acting constantly according to certain laws, but whether the agent be material or immaterial I leave to the consideration of my readers." It might be *material*, then! Some effect of inert, brute matter, after all! But what was in his mind, when he used the words "immaterial agent," I do not know. Or had he, though his efforts had always been directed to the end of accounting for natural phenomena on the basis of their physical properties and laws—had he, baffled, slipped back into supernaturalism? Or does he mean, by "immaterial," some spiritual power of nature governing matter? But of such a power, science, as such, knows nothing. "*Nec Deus intersit.*" Indeed, no "*angeli rectores*" for science.

"Brute, inert matter, indeed! But in the whole wide universe of things this is a kind of matter that is wholly unknown. All the matter we know anything of, instead of being this, is penetrated through and through with forces and energies of all kinds, and only needs the right conditions to enable it to manifest them in all kinds of ways—in volcanoes and earthquakes, in mountain upheavals and mountain torrents, in lightning and tempests, in electricities and magnetisms, in our furnaces and fires, working and counterworking everywhere. This is what the potences of matter effect, and potence is never separable from matter. Indeed, what is there that is not matter, or a property of, or inseparable from, it? There is not anything that is not intimately blended with it, netting it and pervading it and of it. Indeed, Boscovich represents it to himself as so many points of force; and Grant Allen says, each "unit of force is rigidly bound up with each atom of matter." Force and energy are the force and energy of matter. They do not stand in dynamical isolation as things apart, but inhere in the matter of the Kosmos.

"Brute matter!" when a pinch of arsenic (more matter) would suffice to lay in ruins one of the most marvelously subtle and powerful brains the world has ever known—that of the great Newton himself—a mind that traced comets in their wayward courses, weighed suns and planets as in a balance, and bound worlds to their courses by the changeless power of law. And everything accomplished through the one theory of gravitation. But I do not represent the force of gravitation as the attraction of a particle in some star for a particle on earth, though that is true, but rather as a steady, equable, ever present, always persistent force, co-extensive with matter, embracing it in its folds, and permeating through and through all the systems of the stars, and every atom of their mass, never more and never less, but always manifesting itself according to the one normal law of mass and distance. You may have seen in the morning those beautiful and delicate spider-webs with dewdrops suspended all over—little worlds held together in liquid spheres by cohesive force, with their bounding lines and electric wires from every part. The drops are not isolated. There are the connecting threads that hold them, and the circumambient air that bathes them, and the great impalpable ocean of ether they are immersed in equally with the most distant stars. This ether ocean, in which swim all worlds, and of which we are beginning to learn so much, brings us into real contact with all the realms of space. We touch Sirius at every moment as I touch a stone with my stick, as a distant object strikes my eye through a pencil of rays, as the telegraph operator on this side is in (real) touch with the operator on the other side of the ocean. In this way all things touch everything, and influence everything. For space is not a vacuum, but an *ether-ocean*. And as the spider "feels in each thread and lives along the line," so force may be said to live along the line, too, and to act, as Laplace says, instantaneously, as water thrust aside by the hand falls immediately into its place; for an ever present force prevents the leaving a hole in it. In short, matter is one and *refuses to be separated*. It pulls against us with an elastic, India-rubber force.

But "brute matter!" when all matter from its centre to its circumference is so wholly dynamical, and bristles over with forces and energies. As Prof. Tyndall tells us, all matter is fraught with saturating potencies. Nitro-glycerine, a piece of matter, what fearful energies can it not display? Only supply the right conditions, and then speak of "inanimate brute matter."

I regard gravitation as due to the essential oneness and absolute inseparability of the whole matter of the universe. Let us imagine a globe of iron, of the size of an ordinary cannon-ball of the usual summer temperature. Its molecules cling together by cohesive force. Yet are they kept

apart, too, by the certain amount of temperature still present in the globe. Now as force acts here and in no other way essentially, so it acts everywhere; and as separating energy (the antagonist of force) acts here, so it, too, acts everywhere.

"The force," says Grant Allen, "which aggregates masses and resists the separation of masses, is known as gravitation." Energy, on the other hand, "separates masses, molecules, atoms and electrical units, and is that which keeps them separate," for "energy is separative power." Now "energy has two modes, the potential and the kinetic." "Any mass, molecule, atom, or electrical unit, in a state of separation, has potential energy." But potential energy is by some controverted. Still, the ablest writers maintain it as a verity. Amongst others, Sir William Thompson defines it as the ability to do work, while kinetic energy is the actual doing of it. But, to understand the whole subject thoroughly, the book itself needs careful study and will repay it.

The heat of the sun is due chiefly to the gravitating inrush of its particles (see Sir William Thompson and Prof. Langley here); or, as Nicola Tesla says, "all the force (energy) of the universe is due to the falling together of lifted weights, and the same result is produced, whether these weights have been lifted apart by chemical energy, and rest in the form of oxygen and hydrogen ready (potential energy) to combine chemically or in the form of mechanical energy."

May I be permitted a few words in conclusion? Energy resists aggregation, as may be seen when the motion of a falling body, instead of coming to absolute rest, is transmuted into the motions of its contained particles, *i.e.*, into separating heat. The pull of gravity of a great cube of iron 100 miles above the earth is less than its pull on the same cube of iron raised two inches above the earth. But let me suppose the force of gravity to be in each case equal. Yet how vast the difference of effect resulting from the fall of each! The potential energy of the cube of iron raised to the height of two inches is, when its potential energy of molar separation is transformed into molecular energy, sensibly and really almost nil; whereas the potential energy of the iron cube, fallen from the height of 100 miles, would be very great, indeed. To what, then, is this great difference due? Not to the force of gravity, surely. For the pull of gravity is really greatest where the effect is less—vastly less. And gravity was at no additional expense through the motion of the descending iron mass—lost nothing by it—the motion being necessitated, for it could not remain poised in mid-air, so that all that gravitation had to do was only what it had to do when it was at its greatest height before it began to fall. Its motion was simply incidental to its position. It was, in fact, the only way in which the potential energy of the iron mass at its greatest height could reach the kinetic molecular stage, or that molar separation could come to be molecular. Now, adds Grant Allen: "There is just as much separation at last as at first." "Accordingly," says he, "we are justified in regarding the motion as essentially a transitory form of separative power"; and again: "In short, the alternative modes of energy are actual separation, and motion which eventuates in separation."

But to any who may wish to study without prejudice the theory of force and energy, by me so inadequately presented, I say, get the work itself. But I am not at all sure that the author would approve of much of which I have taken upon myself the responsibility, and he knows nothing at all of my attempt. J. A. ALLEN.

A BACCHANALIAN.

WHAT'S ambition's hated strife?
What are all the cares of life?
What are honour, birth and pride?
Wavelets, drifting with the tide.
No deceiver of the soul
Is the bright, convivial bowl.

Quaff the measure while ye may,—
Banish care,—be ever gay,—
Though ye dwell in fancy's bowers,
Soon will fade life's fairest flowers;
God of wine and flashing eyes,
Bring us pleasure though it flies.

—A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

A CURIOUS effect of the wear and tear to which the earth's crust is ever being subjected is exhibited in the singularly capped pinnacles existing on South River, in the Wahsatch Mountains, says the *St. Louis Republic*. There are hundreds of these slender pillars ranging in height from forty to four hundred feet, most of them crowned by large caps of stones. They are not works of human art, as might be supposed, but are the memorial monuments of the hill from which they have been cut by the action of air and water. Those pinnacles alone remain of many square miles of solid rocks, which have been washed away to a depth of some four hundred feet. The greater hardness of the surface has caused it to resist corrosion more than the under-lying rock, thus leaving huge caps of stone perched high in the air on the points of their column. One double column, capped by a single stone, forms a natural bridge both unique and picturesque.

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TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued).

THERE was trouble in the kitchen. Timotheus and Maguffin had each a Sunday suit of clothes, which they had donned. Sylvanus and Rufus having special claims on Tryphena, she had put their wet garments in a favourable place, and, being quite dry, handed them in to her befriended brother, early in the morning, through a half-open doorway. The constable, attired in the garb presented to him by Sylvanus, having fastened his prisoner securely with a second stall chain, entered the house, and politely but stiffly wished the cook and housemaid "Good morning." Breakfast was ready, and then the trouble began. Ben had no clothes, and the boys enjoyed the joke. The company was again a large one, for Serlizer and Matilda Nagle were added to the feminine part of it, and the constable and the boy brought its male members up to six, exclusive of the prostrate Ben. Mr. Terry had temporarily deserted the kitchen. Mr. Toner's voice could be heard three doors off calling for Sylvanus, Timotheus, Rufus, Mr. Rigby and Mr. Maguffin. These people were all smilingly deaf, enjoying their hot breakfast. Then, in despair, he called Serlizer.

"What's the racket, Ben?"

"My close is sto-ul, Serlizer."

"They's some duds hangin' up here and in the back kitchen to dry. Praps yourn's there."

"No, Serlizer, myuns never got wayt. You don't think I was sech a blame fool as to go out in that there rainu do you?"

"Didn't know but what yer might."

"Why's them close, anyway?"

"I don't know nuthun 'bout yer clothes. Most men as ain't marrd looks after they own clothes."

"Is that you Ben?" asked the more refined voice of Tryphena, in a tone of surprise.

"Yaas, Trypheeney, that's jest who it is. Saay, ken you tayl me what's come o' my close?"

"They are here, Ben, close to the table;" whereupon all the company glanced at Mr. Rigby, and choked.

"Cayn't you take 'em off what they're on, and saynd one of the boys in with 'em, Trypheeney?"

The cook coloured up, and laughter could no longer be restrained. The constable laughed, and the contagion spread to Matilda and her boy.

"Dod rot it?" cried Mr. Toner, indignantly; "what are you fools and eejays a screechin' and yellin' at? Gimme my close, or, s'hay!p me, I'll come right out and bust some low down loafer's thinkin' mill."

"Now, be quiet, Ben," answered Tryphena, "and I will send Rufus in with your breakfast. You shall have your clothes when they are ready."

So, Rufus took in a plentiful breakfast to his friend Toner, who sat up in the big bed to enjoy it. "I'm powerful sorry for you, Ben," remarked the Baby. "You don't think Serlizer could ha' come in and taken your clothes out into the rain, do you?"

"Hev they been out in the rain, Rufus?"

"Why yes, didn't you know that much? If it hadn't been for the constable, they might ha' been out there yet. I'd say thank ye to him if I was you, Ben."

"Consterble Rigby!" shouted Toner.

"At your service, sir," replied the pensioner.

"I'm awful obligated to you, consterble, fer bringin' in my wayt close."

"Do not speak of it, sir," replied Mr. Rigby, with a large piece of toast apparently in his mouth; "I am proud to do you a service, sir."

Ben was a big man, and somewhat erratic in his ways, so the constable retired, and came back in his own garb, which he had carried out with him. "I think, Miss Hill," he said, "that Mr. Toner's clothes are now dry enough for him to wear them with safety. What do you think, Miss Newcome?"

"Guess we kin take them off now," answered Serlizer.

"Serlizer," growled Ben, "you're an old cat, a desprit spiteful chessacat, to go skylarkin' on yer own feller as never did yer no harm. Gerlong with yer!"

Rufus came in for the breakfast things, and deposited Ben's clothes on the bed. "It wasn't Serlizer, Ben, sure; if I was you I'd try the nigger. Them darkies are always up to tricks."

Mr. Toner got into his clothes, resolved to have it out with somebody, even if Rufus himself should prove to be the traitor. When, a few minutes later, Mr. Terry, smoking his morning pipe, foregathered with Ben in the stable yard, and asked him what he was after now, the answer he gave was: "Lookin' 'raoun' for s'ebody to whayul!" to which the veteran replied: "Bin, my lad, it's aisy talkin'."

When the men were out of the kitchen, Mrs. Carruthers and her sister-in-law came in to see the mad woman and her boy. The boy they knew already, and had always been kind to, giving him toys and other little presents, as well as occasional food and shelter. They were much taken with the mother's quiet manners, and, having heard that she had been a milliner, invited her to join them in the workroom. But, when they unitedly arrived at the door of that apartment, they speedily retired to the parlour, and there engaged in conversation. Mrs. Du Plessis

was upstairs, with the colonel to play propriety, sponging the dominie's face and hands, and brushing his hair, as if he were her own son. Every now and again Colonel Morton came up to the bedside, saying: "Be kind to him, my dear Tehesa, and remember that he saved the life of your dear sister Cecilia's widow." So the stately Spanish lady shook up the wounded man's pillows, while the colonel put his arm around him and held him up; and then, as he sank back again, she asked: "Are you strong enough to have Cecile come up and read to you?" Wilkinson, sly dog, as the Captain called him, said it was too much trouble to put Miss Du Plessis to; but his objections were overruled. Soon a beatific vision came once more on the scene, and Wordsworth was enthroned as the king of poets. Miss Halbert and Mr. Perrowne were in the garden, and the clergyman had a rose in his button hole which he had not plucked himself. If he had not been in holy orders, he would have thought Miss Fanny was awfully jolly. Then he said to himself, that holy orders don't hinder a man being a man, and Miss Fanny was, really was, awfully jolly, and boarding in the houses of uncultivated farmers was an awful bore. But this was nothing to what was going on in the studiously avoided work room. The lawyer's hands were being washed, because a voice from an arch-looking face said that he was a big baby, and didn't know how to wash himself. It was quite a big baby in size and aspect that was soaped and glycerined, and had some other stuff rubbed into his hands by other pretty hands, one of which wore the victim's ring. Corry felt that he could stand it, even to the putting on of the minister's gloves. When she had finished her work, the hospital nurse said, "that silly little Marjorie, angry because Cecile would not allow her to read fairy stories to Mr. Wilkinson, surrendered you to me."

"O Marjorie, my darlin', and would you throw your lovely self away on a poor, stupid, worthless thing like me?"

CHAPTER XV.

Miss Carmichael Snubs and Thinks—The Constable and the Prisoner—Matilda and the Doctor—The Children Botanize—Pressing Specimens—Nomenclature—The Colonel Makes a Discovery—Miss Carmichael Does Not Fancy Wilks—Mr. Newberry Takes Matilda—Mr. Pawkins Makes Mischief and is Punished—Rounds on Sylvanus—Preparations for Inquest.

"MR. CRISTINE, I never gave you permission to call me by my Christian name, much less to think that I accepted Marjorie's foolish little charge. I am sorry if I have led you to believe that I acted so bold, so shameless a part."

"Oh, Miss Carmichael, forgive me. I'm stupid, as I said, but, as the Bible has it, I'll try and keep a watch on the door of my lips in future. And you such an angel of mercy, too! Please, Miss Carmichael, pardon a blundering Irishman."

"Nonsense," she answered. "I have nothing to pardon; only, I did not want you to misunderstand me." The gloves were on, and she shook hands with him, and laughed a comical little insincere laugh in his face, and ran away to her own room to have a foolish little cry. She heard her friend Cecile reading poetry to the wounded Wilkinson, and, looking out of her window, saw Mr. Perrowne helping her uncle to lift the doctor's chair out into the garden, and her mother, freed from conversation with the madwoman, plucking a flower for Mr. Errol's coat. There, too, was a young man, his hands encased in black kid gloves, sitting down on a bench with Mr. Terry, and with difficulty filling a meerschaum pipe. She thought he had a quiet, disappointed look, like a man's whose warm, generous impulses have been checked, and she felt guilty. It was true they had not known one another long, but what was she, a teacher in a common school, that was what people called them, to put on airs before such a man as that? If it had been Mr. Wilkinson, now; but, no; she was afraid of Mr. Wilkinson, the distant, the irreproachable, the autocratic great Mogul. She looked down again, through the blinds of course. Marjorie Thomas was on the lawyer's knee, and Marjorie Carruthers on the veteran's. The Captain's daughter was combing Cristine's brown hair with her fingers, and pointing the ends of his moustache, much to the other Marjorie's amusement and the lawyer's evident satisfaction. Miss Carmichael inwardly called her cousin a saucy little minx, resenting her familiarities with a man who was, of course, nothing to her, in a way that startled herself. Why had he not saved somebody's life and been wounded, instead of that poetic fossil of a Wilkinson? But, no; it was better not, for, had he saved the colonel's life, Cecile would have been with him, and that she could not bear to think of. Then, she remembered what Corry had told her of the advertisement to the next of kin. Perhaps she would be wealthy yet, and more than his equal socially, and then she could condescend, as a great lady, and put a treasure in those poor gloved hands. Where would they all have been without these hands, all scarred and blistered to save them from death? Everybody was very unkind to little Marjorie's Eugene, and failed to recognize his claims upon their gratitude. Oh, that saucy little minx, with her grand assumptions of proprietorship, as if she owned him, forsooth!

Mr. Bangs called the justices to business. There was a prisoner to examine, and two charred masses of humanity for the coroner to sit upon. So a messenger was sent off to summon the long-suffering Johnson, Newberry, and Pawkins, for the coroner's inquest, and the doctor was car-

ried back into the office for the examination of the prisoner, Mark Davis. The two Squires sat in appropriate chairs behind an official table, at one side of which Mr. Bangs took his seat as clerk. Constable Rigby produced his prisoner, loaded with fetters. "Has this man had his breakfast, Rigby?" asked the Squire. "Certainly not, Squire," replied the constable. "Then take him at once to the kitchen, take off these chains and handcuffs, and let him have all that he can eat," replied the J. P., sternly. The corporal's sense of rectitude was offended. The idea of feeding criminals and releasing them from irons! The next thing would be to present them with a medal and a clasp for each new offence against society. But, orders were orders, and, however iniquitous, had to be obeyed; so Davis was allowed to stretch his limbs, and partake of a bountiful, if somewhat late, morning meal. "To trespass upon your kindness, Miss Hill, with such as this," said the apologetic constable, pointing to his prisoner, "is no act of mine; Squire Carruthers, who, no doubt, thinks he knows best, has given orders that it has to be, and my duty is to carry out his orders to the letter." Breakfast seemed to infuse courage into the dissipated farmer. When it was over, he arose, and, without a note of warning, doubled up the stiff guardian of the peace, and made for the door, where he fell into the arms of the incoming Serlizer. She evidently thought that Mark Davis, smitten with her charms, was about to salute her, for, with the words "Scuse me!" and a double turn of her powerful wrists, she deposited the assailant upon the floor. Sadly, but officially, the constable crawled over and sat upon the prostrate form of the would-be fugitive from justice. The prisoner squirmed, and even struck the doubled-up corporal, but the entrance of Ben Toner put an end to that nonsense, so that, handcuffed and chained once more, the desperate villain was hauled into the presence of the magistrates. In dignified, but subordinate, language, Mr. Rigby related the prisoner's escapade, and, by implication, more than by actual statement, gave the J. P.s to understand that they knew nothing about the management of offenders against the law. They were, therefore, compelled to allow the handcuffs to remain, but summoned sufficient courage to insist on the removal of the stable chains.

"What is your name, prisoner?" asked Squire Carruthers.

"Samuel Wilson," answered the man.

"Oh! kem now," interposed Mr. Bangs, "that's a lie, you know; yore name is Merk Devis, and yore a brether of Metthew Devis of the Peskiwenchow tevern, and you were Rawdon's right hend men. We know you, my led, so down't you try any alias games on us."

"Ef you know my name so mighty well, what do you want askin' for't?"

"To see if you can speak the truth," replied Carruthers.

"What other prisoners hev you got asides me?"

"That is none of your business," said the Squire.

"If I might be allowed to seggest, Squire," whispered the detective, "I think I'd tell him. Whet do you sey?"

"Go on, Mr. Bangs."

"Well, my fine fellow, the Squire allows me to sey that the others are Newcome, the stowne kettlers, and the women."

The name of Newcome disconcerted Mark, but he asked, "Whar's Rawdon and old Flower?"

"Didn't you see?" asked Mr. Bangs.

"I seen the fire all right, but they wasn't such blame fools as to stay there when there was a way out up atop."

"The epper wey wes clowded," said the detective.

"Was they burned alive then?"

"Yes, they were burned to ashes."

"O Lord!" ejaculated the prisoner, and then, wildly: "What do you want along of me anyway?"

The magistrates and Mr. Bangs consulted, after which the doctor answered: "We want information from you on three points: first, as to the attempt of Rawdon's gang to burn this house; second, as to the murder of Detective Nash; and, third, as to the whole secret of Rawdon's business at the Select Encampment. You are not bound to incriminate yourself, as every word of this preliminary examination may be used against you, but, on the other hand, if you make a clean breast of what you know on these questions, your confession will go a long way in your favour with judge and jury."

"Suppose'n I don't confess not a syllabub?"

"Then, we shall commit you, all the same, to the County Gaol, to stand your trial at the assizes."

"That's all right, I'll stand my durned trile. You don't get nawthin out'n me, you misable, interferin', ornary, bushwhackin' judges!"

"Don't strike him, Rigby!" commanded Carruthers; for the constable, shocked and outraged by such indecorous language in a court of justice, was about to club his man. Then he added: "The colonel's servant, Maguffin, is going to town on business, and will drive you so far, and help to guard your prisoner. You can tie him up as tight as you like, without being cruel or doing him an injury. We shall have to do without you at the inquest."

Accordingly, while Mr. Maguffin brought round a suitable vehicle, and received his commissions from the colonel, the commitment papers were made out, and Constable Rigby securely fastened the worst criminal that had ever come into his hands. The said criminal did a little hard swearing, which called the long unused baton into active service. Davis was quiet and sullen when the buggy, under the pensioner's command, wheeled away in search of connections for the County Gaol.

The two bodies were still lying in their shells, with ice about them, in the unfinished annex of the post office. It was, therefore, decided to hold the new inquest in the Bridesdale coach-house, as also more convenient for the doctor, whose sprain might have been aggravated by driving. While Ben Toner was sent with a waggon to the Richards, to bring the ghastly remains snatched from the flames out of the punt, and to convey three members of that family to the coroner's jury, Mr. Bangs explained to Doctor Halbert his and the lawyer's thought regarding Matilda Nagle. The doctor consented, and the detective went to find the patient, who was busy and cheerful in the sewing-room with Mrs. Carruthers. He told her that she was not looking well, and had better come with him to see the doctor; but, with all the cunning of insanity, she refused to go. He had to go after Cristine in the garden, and take him away from Marjorie. With the lawyer she went at once, identifying him, as she did not the detective, with her brother Stevy. Mechanically, she sat down by the kind doctor's chair, and seemed to recognize him, although he did not remember her. After a few enquiries as to her health, he took one of her hands in his, and, with the other, made passes over her face, until she fell into the mesmeric sleep. "Your husband, Mr. Rawdon, is dead," he said; "you remember that he died by his own hand, and left you free." The woman gave a start, and seemed to listen more intently. "You will kill nobody, hurt nobody, not even a fly," he continued. "Do you remember?" Another start of comprehension was made, but nothing more; so he went on: "You will read your Bible and go to church on Sundays, and take care of your boy, and be just the same to everybody as you were in the old days." Then, with a few counter passes, he released her hand, and the poor woman told him all that he had enjoined upon her, as if they were the resolutions of her own will. She was not sane, but she was free from the vile slavery in which her inhuman keeper had held her. Moreover, she understood perfectly that Rawdon was dead, yet without manifesting either joy or grief in the knowledge. The lawyer led her back to the work-room, where she confided her new state of mind to Mrs. Carruthers, greatly to that tender-hearted lady's delight. The doctor did not think it necessary to practise his art upon the lad Monty, in whom the power of Rawdon's will was already broken, and upon whom his changed mother would, doubtless, exert a salutary influence.

Cristine had nothing to do, and almost dreaded meeting Miss Carmichael, which he probably would do if he remained about the house and grounds. Therefore he got out the improvised vasculum, and invited Marjorie and the older Carruthers children to come with him down to the brook to look for wild flowers. This met with the full approval of the young people, and they prepared at once for the botanizing party. The Captain saw Marjorie putting on her broad-brimmed straw hat, and enquired where she was going. She answered that she was going buttonizing with Eugene, and he said that he guessed he would button too, whatever that was. A very merry little group frisked about the steps of the two seniors, one of whom was explaining to the older, nautical party that he was on the hunt for wild flowers.

"Is it yarbs you're after?" asked the Captain.

"Well, not exactly, although I want to get a specimen of every kind of plant."

"You don't want to make medicine of 'em, Mandrake, Snakeroot, Wild Sassyperilly, Ginseng, Bearberry, Gentian, Cohosh and all that sort o' stuff, eh?"

"No; I want to find out their names, dry and mount them, and classify them according to their kinds."

"What good are they agoin' to do you?"

"They will help me to know Nature better and to admire God's works and His plan."

"Keep on there, mate; fair sailin' and a good wind to you. No pay in it, though?"

"Not a cent in money, but lots of pleasure and health."

"Like collectin' post stamps and old pennies, and butterflies, and bugs."

"Something, but you see scenery and get healthy exercise, which you don't in stamp and coin collecting, and you inflict no suffering, as you do in entomologizing."

"I can tell trees when they're a growin' and timber when its cut, but I don't know the name of one flower from another, except it's garden ones and common at that. Hullo, little puss, what have you got there?"

Marjorie, who had run on in advance and was not by any means ignorant of the flora of the neighbourhood, had secured three specimens, a late Valerian, an early spotted Touch-me-not, and a little bunch of Blue-eyed-grass. Cristine took them from her with thanks, told her their names and stowed them away in his candle box. The zeal to discover and add to the collection grew upon all the party, the Captain included. Near the water, where the Valerian and the Touch-me-not grew, Marjorie Carruthers found the Snake-head, with its large white flowers on a spike. Another little Carruthers brought to the botanist the purple Monkey-flower, but the Captain excelled his youthful nephew by adding to the collection the rarer and smaller yellow one. Then the lawyer himself discovered another yellow flower, the Gratiola or Hedge Hyssop, at the moment when Marjorie rejoiced in the modest little Speedwell. Once more, the Captain distinguished himself by finding in the grass the yellow Wood-Sorrel, with its Shamrock leaves, which, when Marjorie saw, she seemed to recognize in part. Then, crossing the stepping stones of the brook, she ran, far up the hill on the other side, to a patch of shady bush, from which

she soon returned victorious, with a bunch of the larger Wood-Sorrel in her hand, to exhibit the identity of its leaves, and its delicate white blossoms with their pinky-purple veins. By the time the other juveniles brought in the blue Vervain, pink Fireweed and tall yellow Mullein, the botanist thought it about time to go home and press his specimens.

Miss Carmichael met the scientists at the door, looking, of course, for the children and Uncle Thomas, who was never called by his Christian name, Ezekiel. Learning the nature of the work in hand, she volunteered the use of the breakfast-room table. The lawyer brought down his strap press, and, carefully placing oiled paper between the dried specimens and the semi-porous sheets that were to receive the new ones, proceeded to lay them out. The new specimens had all to be examined by the addition to the botanical party, their botanical and vulgar names to be recited to her, and, then, the arranging began. This was too monotonous work for the Captain, who carried the children off for a romp on the verandah. Marjorie stayed for a minute or so after they were gone, and then remembered that she had not given papa his morning button-hole. Coristine was clumsy with the flowers, owing to the gloves he said, so Miss Carmichael had to spread them out on the paper under his direction, and hold them in their place, while he carefully and gradually pressed another sheet over them. Of course his fingers could not help coming into contact with hers. "Confound those gloves!" he thought aloud.

"Mr. Coristine, if you are going to use such language, and to speak so ungratefully of Mr. Errol's gloves, which I put on your hands, I shall have to leave you to put up your specimens the best way you can."

"O Miss Carmichael, now, please let me off this once, and I'll never do it again. You know it's so hard working in gloves. Understand me as saying that botanically, in a Pickwickian sense as it were, and not really at all."

"You must not say that, either botanically or any other way."

"To hear the faintest whisper of your slightest command is to obey."

It was delicate work arranging these little Speedwells, and Gratiolas, the Wood-Sorrels, and the smaller Monkey-flower. Hands had to follow very close on one another, and heads to be bent to examine, and sometimes there was just a little brush of brown and golden hair that, strange to say, sent responsive tingles along the nerves, and warm flushes to cheek and brow. What a hopeless idiot he was not to have foreseen the possibility of this, and to have brought home twice the number of specimens! Alas! they were all in the press. But, a happy thought struck him: would Miss Carmichael care to look at the dried ones, some of which had kept their colour very well? Yes, she had a few minutes to spare. So, he brought chairs up to the table, and they sat down, side by side, and he told her all about the flowers and how he got them, and the poetry Wilks and he quoted over them. Then the specimens had to be critically examined, so as to let Miss Carmichael learn the distinctive characteristics of the various orders, and this brought the heads close together again, when suddenly their owners were started by the unexpected clang of the dinner gong. "Thank you so much, Mr. Coristine," said the lady, frankly; "you have given me a very pleasant half hour." The lawyer bowed his acknowledgment, but said, beneath his moustache: "Half an hour is it? I thought it was a lifetime rolled up in two minutes, no, one."

(To be continued.)

THE ARCHIC MAN—VII.

OTTAWA becomes unbearably hot during July and August. Even when coming back from the early morning walk, McKnom was fain to open his umbrella, a regular Mrs. Gamp of an article, cotton, crumpled, corpulent, which, when not shading his head, he carries under his left arm. The Senator has gone to the seaside, or to the Peace River, or, for ought known to the historic muse, to Jericho. One evening Madame Lalage proposed to McKnom that he should be her guest at the Arlington, in Cobourg, saying that Gwendolen and Irene and their respective husbands, Rectus and Helpsam, would meet us there. She added: "The Cobourg people are delightful; the air is cool, bracing, sleep-compelling; the walk on the pier in the evening as good as a stroll on a salt sea beach; the garden villas will please your æsthetic eye." Madame has great influence over that prophetic soul, and our guide, philosopher and friend in the highest things, she easily subordinates in matters purely mundane. He at once accepted the invitation. Another member of the party had a long standing engagement to visit some hospitable friends there.

The Arlington was filled with Americans, the ladies preponderating; nice, pleasant people, some of whom come to Cobourg from the farthest South; the young girls careering about on bicycles, expert jockeys; but the first great attraction of Cobourg is the people themselves; next the air; next the beautiful garden residences, with green level lawns and tall shade-throwing trees, pine, maple, elm, beach; next, lawn tennis, healthy to play, interesting to watch.

"Should not my dear Mr. McKnom," asked Madame Lalage, as we all strolled down to the pier, "the archic man, amuse himself?"

"Oui Madame," replied McKnom, "the wise archic man, *se'amuse*. He should attend to his health. In the language of the horseman, he must have plenty of grit, go, wind and bottom, else he never can do anything great. When he eats he should feel as an engine-driver when about to coal his engine. His object to get the maximum of power. He must eat, not to live, but to achieve, and he must have rest and exercise. Look at Gladstone in his 83rd year—if he had not played the woodman and plied his axe so well and so often he never could have got through this late trying campaign."

"Then," said Madame Lalage, "a truce now to philosophy and parliaments; peace to Plato and politics; we will amuse ourselves while here; we will drive, picnic, bathe, act charades, make nonsense verses, and give our perturbed spirits rest."

"With all my heart," said McKnom. Glaucus threw up his cap and said agreed! and Gwendolen flung a tennis-racket in the air, and, catching it as it came down, echoed "agreed." It would take up too much space to tell of the drives through wooded hills; impossible to recount the conversations; the glad laughter; the wit which caused it, if wit it was; the philosophy which even in the sunshine of a holiday haunted McKnom like that shadow which for the thoughtful eternity flings across the gayest passages of time. Helpsam and Rectus seemed different men, and boyish laughter flickered under gray hairs. Among the ladies whom we met and who shared in our holiday enterprises was one named Norah, tall, graceful, with hair of yellow gold; another named Anna, with tresses dark as a raven's wing, and brown eyes filled with electric fire—she also a good height, but not so tall as Miss Norah; both statuesque; and what with the grace of each and the contrast they made, one would have said, if to say so did not savour of irreverence—a capital team.

One afternoon we lunched with Messalla, whose garden would rival that of Lucullus—acres sloping to Lake Ontario, and profuse in every flower, and tree, and shrub which can afford delight to sense. Messalla, who is not like his namesake, a great soldier, but is like him an orator, a scholar and jurist, is very fond of children, and he insisted that two of his guests should take their little daughter of three and a-half years old with them, for he said children and flowers never look so nice as when they are together. The child has yellow hair and dark brown eyes, shaded with long jet black lashes—very remarkable and pretty.

When, as the reporters say, we had done full justice to the edibles, which reflected credit on everybody by the way they were provided and the way they were devoured, we strolled into the garden. "Noctes cœneque deum—nights and suppers of the gods indeed give me," said one of the party, "a lurch with sprightly men and sprightly women fair to see and debonaire."

"Oh! the climbing roses! the roses in the beds! the flowers which one can admire and scent but cannot name—everything speaking the skill and care of the gardener; and the sigh of the waves of the restless lake on the shore making music whose very sadness set off rather than discounted the gaiety and beauty of the scene and hour."

We all sat down on a wide semicircular seat, built for such a party as this. "In such a scene," said McKnom, "that great archic woman, Elizabeth, used to cap Latin verses with Burleigh and Raleigh."

Messalla quoted Horace, and Glaucus capped his verse, but that game belongs to the past. None of us could continue it, whereupon Helpsam proposed that one should make verses on the ladies.

One of the party, with presumptuous rashness, tried his hand on Miss Nora, but his reluctant muse would carry him no farther than

O dimpled beauty, with golden crown,
Happy is the man who wins.

One step farther the stubborn jade—like some balky mule—would not go, so Helpsam said he would try, if Irene would not be angry, whereupon Mrs. Helpsam said: "I am like Lady Palmerston. She used to say, when anyone told her of her old lord's flirtations, that nothing gave her more pleasure than that her dear Pam should amuse himself. I say the same of my dear Sam."

We laughed, and a little bird on the tree overhead poured fourth a note which seemed to say: "Very wise—you may as well—very wise, indeed, indeed." Miss Norah said she wanted a poem with her name in it, and we were all ready to bet that, after Flora, he would not get a rhyme for Norah, and Helpsam was equally sanguine he could get several rhymes for that name, which Moore in one of the most beautiful of his melodies has given to the ideal Irish girl—Norah Creena—whose dress floats free as mountain breezes, whose modest glances charm with an unexpected light, with which Lesbia had naught that could compare.

Glaucus said he would try his hand on Ella, the little three-year-old child who ran about among the flowers, herself, as Milton says of our great-grandmother Eve, the fairest flower. Though his ponderous, jealous spouse was not there, he was afraid to attempt a verse on an older subject. Rectus took up the little child in his arms, and spoke baby language with her, and she wishing to go to see the "waxies," he said: "Gwendolen, you won't be jealous of this little rival," and ran off with her and was lost among the trees.

"And who," said Miss Anna, "is to immortalize me?" McKnom said: "The great Arnold of Rugby used to write verses, and thought it humanizing; Gladstone writes

verse, and some of his translations of Tennyson into Latin are very good; the great Chief Justice Cockburn used to write verses, and his Latin translation of 'Gray's Elegy' would have evoked praise from Milton, or, better still, from Virgil; that serious philosopher, Goldwin Smith, has made some happy translations from Horace; Macaulay was a jurist, a historian, a statesman, an orator, a philosopher, but perhaps his poems, slight as they are, will outlive his history and the memory of his statesmanship. Dante, one of the five greatest poets of the world, was a diplomatist and a statesman; Chaucer, the fountain-head of English song, a man versed in public employment; Milton, Secretary to the Commonwealth and a great political force; Lord Lytton *père*, novelist, essayist, orator, statesman, poet, the greatest Colonial Secretary the Empire has had; Lord Lytton *fils*, successful Governor-General of India and a thorough diplomatist, the author of 'Lucile'; Canning, one of the greatest of English statesmen, an inveterate verse writer." On he went in this style until I thought he would tell us how Solon, the great law-giver of Athens, was a poet. He evidently felt it necessary to apologize for verse-making. At last he concluded, and said: "Miss Anna (doffing with an old-time courtly grace his straw hat),

Old though I am, for lady's love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet,

as Dryden says; in my young days I sometimes essayed to 'build the lofty rhyme,' and, if you will accept that little courtesy at my hands, I will be your laureate."

The young lady blushed, and said how delighted she would be. We all looked at each other in surprise. We had never seen McKnom in this mood before. But what cannot a bright, happy, beautiful girl effect?

Away went those knight errants of song, each to seek some leafy shade, for the muse is modest and will not be wooed in a crowd. While they were away, Messalla and the writer, to the disgust, it is to be feared, of the ladies, discussed protection and free trade, the position of Canada; Blake as an Imperial statesman.

"I never," said one of the party, no other than Dr. Facile, "understood Blake's conduct last election until he went over to be one of Justin McCarthy's following. That explains it. He had arranged with McCarthy to go into the Imperial Parliament as a home ruler at this election. It would never have done had he been a member of Parliament to forsake Canadian politics and his duty here, and join the home rulers in Ireland. He is fond of mystery and fond too of *finesse*. He, therefore, determined not to run in 1891. He also writes a letter which, whatever it meant, cut him away for the time from practical politics. He became a statesman out of business so far as Canada was concerned. He had a drive at Cartwright and indeed at our party, at his own party once, and at the Tories, and he was free."

"I believe," said Hale, "he meant annexation."

"He said he did not," replied Messalla, "and we must believe him."

It was clear, Messalla thought Blake did well to cut Canadian politics.

"He ought," said one, "to make a great impression on the Imperial Parliament, and without expressing an opinion as to his cause, I hope, for the honour of Canada, he will be a success."

"He may," said another, "have his head broken some day in Ireland."

"If they do that," laughed a third, "the man who defends the assaulter will undoubtedly plead that no man should venture into Irish politics with a skin and skull so thin—"

We laughed at this joke, and, ere we could continue the discussion, Glaucus, Helpsam and McKnom appeared.

Priority at Madame Lalage's suggestion was given to the philosopher who somewhat bashfully began: "Remember," he said, "this is an echo from other years, ere I gave my days and nights to Plato, ere these feet had trod the streets of Jerusalem and the shores of the Galilean lake."

Madame Lalage: "Peace to apologies. Appear in your true light now of a lover. I saw how much you enjoyed yourself in the democrat sitting near Anna as we drove on the Port Hope road."

McKnom was blushing through his wrinkled swarthy cheeks and looked greatly embarrassed.

"You had little eye for field or tree," continued Madame, "and little ear for anything I spoke back to you—for you know I was chaperone."

We all laughed.

McKnom: "Now, Madame Lalage, pray—pray—"

Madame Lalage: "Well, let us have the verses," and she beat the floor imperiously with her right foot.

McKnom, in a voice rich, modulant, expressive, read:—

That sad sweet soul surcharged with Grecian song
Declared "a thing of beauty is a joy forever,"
And now however space and time may sever,
Though life stretch out my years to span as long
As Gladstone's, you might make a heavy bet
This Cobourg visit and this Cobourg weather,
And that glad drive we two did have together,
I never, never can forget.

By those black eyes and by that hair of jet,
And by your sunny smile, dear maid, I swear,
And your frank bearing free as mountain air,
That form that with the marble may compare,
That tact full of Hibernian "comheter,"
I never, never can forget
The happy drive we two did have together.

McKnom was blushing; so was Miss Anna, who cried: "Oh! Mr. McKnom, it is just lovely! how nice of you!"

All praised his effort except one, who was in a mocking mood, and who sang out:—

"O Annabellar!
O my gingham umbrellar!
By the skies above,
Whether sunny or stellar,
We are all from Sir Godfrey Kneller,
Down to Samivil Weller,
Proned to lapse into love,
Whether in garret or drawing-room,
In parlour or cellar,
When the true she appears,
Though at first we repel her,
By want of courage to tell her,
How clearly we spell her
Attractions: how great are our fears,
That her mother will sell her,
Or that in some wise,
We may live to knell her
Demise.

Forget you! Miss Anna," he went on. "Ponder what Byron says of poets:—

They are such liars,
And take all colours, like the hands of dyers,

And now we know the fly has bitton our philosopher."

Madame Lalage said: "I think, Anna, Mr. McKnom deserves a reward for that," but the philosopher had turned away. Here was a light on a side of the great neo-Platonist we had never suspected. But love, like death and sorrow, comes to all.

Madame Lalage: "Now, Mr. Helpsam, let us see what you have done for Norah."

Helpsam: "I have only succeeded indifferently, though with a little polishing something may be made of it." With none of the diffidence of McKnom, he proceeded:—

"The ancients had a goddess
Who presided over flowers,
She never wore a bodice,
But all the artist showers
On some ideal form
Was hers: the dimpled cheek;
Glad, bright blue eyes; thick golden hair
In massive coils untwistable;
A snowy neck; a noble air
Fulfilled of graces irresistible;
A voice would haunt you for a week
Of years; in fine a storm
Of charms; a look now bold, now meek;
And with a smile she'd floor a
Poor fellow just like Norah."

Madame Lalage: "Capital! capital!"

Miss Norah's turn to blush had come.

Messalla: "That's a good rhyme, Helpsam, quite worthy of Byron," added the polished complaisant humbug. All were again laughing: laughter comes easy when we are happy.

Helpsam: "But I have not finished."

Madame Lalage: "Go on, then."

Helpsam:

"The Irish have an ideal,
Sometimes they make it real,
Which in the most delicious concrete
May be seen
On meadows green,
Or on a mound of bog peat,
Her skirt succinct and bare the little feet,
And the shawl a little tore, a
Fault you must not blame on Nora."

"First rate!" cried Glaucus, applauding this nonsense. Helpsam went on:—

"Or in a Dublin drawing-room,
When music's all abroad,
And the fiddle's
Twiddles
And loud the band's hilarious boom
Make young feet deftly shod,
Mad, and instinct with delight,
Move like Easter sunbeams bright,
Or like their owners' eyes,
On a lightning swivel, meant
The male heart to surprise
With the most bewitching divlement."

Messalla, who, like one or two of our eminent native Canadians, was educated at "Old Trinity," clapped his hands and laughed and echoed: "Most bewitching divlement; that's it; I often saw it when I was in 'dear, dirty Dublin.' Is there more of it?"

Helpsam said "yes," and we all cried "encore!"

Helpsam:

"And one or other or both,
Nothing loath,
With a single glance—"

Messalla: "A bull! a bull! A single glance from both—"

Madame Lalage: "Order, Mr. Messalla—go on, Mr. Helpsam."

Helpsam:

"With a single glance will pore a
Wild stream of madness in the blood,
By no counter charm to be withstood,
You ask their name,
'Tis known to fame,
And of associations sweet a store,
Burden of bright dreams galore, a
Word to muse on—Norah."

"And in a Cobourg garden,
Gently sloping to the mere,
With of roses profusion,
You may see with confusion,
A lady appear,
Dare to look! then, beg pardon—
Note her smile, her frank glance—
That bright as, this strong as the sun;
Gaze on—all her loveliness explore, a
Sweet task, and, as you advance,
'I'll take my 'sweet davy'
(This is short for affidavit)
You will find 'the lord save ye,'
If you think you can brave it,
A Flora and Norah
By the powers! all in one."

Miss Norah (taking the verses): "Oh, Mr. Helpsam, I will prize these so much. Oh! thank you!"

Madame Lalage: "You may well thank him. Are you not—oh! I forgot Irene is here."

Irene: "It is well, Norah, I'm not jealous—"

Madame Lalage: "Never mind, Irene; your black eyes will not allow him to long remember the blue, and now for Mr. Glaucus—"

But the verses which Glaucus made on his little friend must be reserved for another chapter of the Archie Man.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

OLD ENGLAND'S UNION JACK.

(Dedicated to the working classes of the United Kingdom.)

SHALL we haul down the flag that wav'd
O'er countless lands and seas,
That for a thousand years has braved
The battle and the breeze?
Shall we, by coward fears dismayed,
Disgrace that glorious name,
That all the world in arms arrayed,
Could never bring to shame?

Not so! the heroes who have bled,
Staining the fields and waves,
With all our scattered English dead
Would turn them in their graves.
Maimed Nelson still would lead the van,
And signal forth anew,
England expects that every man
Will now his duty do.

Dead foes would jeer at our disgrace,
Napoleon's shade would mock;
"Is this the dogged English race
That chained me to the rock?"
Proud Russia's despot would deride,
Though conquer'd in the fight;
"This shame will salve my wounded pride,
For Alma's bloody height."

Oh! Englishmen, stand back to back
For what your fathers won;
And o'er our glorious Union Jack
Shall never set the sun.
In every clime, on every sea,
It still shall fly unfurled;
And still our morning gun shall be
A salvo round the world.

Our children—spreading like the surge—
Shall bless their sires so true;
While infamy and scorn shall scourge
The Separatist crew.
Till all shall share a common grave
In this world's final wrack;
O'er our united land shall wave
Old England's Union Jack.

Dublin.

W. PRYCE MAUNSELL.

SHORT STUDIES IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE—II.

IF Gogol may be called the founder of Russian realism, there is between him and Ivan Turgénieff a gulf which can hardly be said to have been bridged over by Herzen, the only distinguished novelist between Gogol and the author of "The Annals of a Sportsman." Gogol's was the crude picture of life as he saw it, that is to say, twisted and quivering with the vibrations of his own heart; Turgénieff's picture is that of the supreme artist, the man who conceives the picture as it is and presents it to the world in all the naked glory of truth. Turgénieff is *par excellence* a classic; there is something in his passionate restraint and ironical simplicity which will appeal to all those who love artistic literature *per se*. In the "Annals of a Sportsman" he shows us the Russian serf as he was in his silence and utter hopelessness; there is no powerful appeal, no attempt at Demosthenic oratory, no angry protests or tender bewailings; he tells his story coldly, almost indifferently, and yet the most sonorous and eloquent appeals against tyranny and injustice, the most passionate protests against injury and infamy, could never have produced the electrical effect of this one small volume. Turgénieff's mission in life was to raise the muzhik, but he never transformed him, as did some of his successors, into an idol. No! he takes us with him into the isba, and we look at the "little man" and see him as he is, so human and so miserable, scorn dies away under the close contact with wretchedness, and in this book the author has brought the Russian peasant very near to us; this is the secret of his marvellous success.

The muzhik is not ready for the voice of a Rousseau; he is waiting with oriental stoicism until fate shall draw from the infinite womb of time that which is to be. In "Virgin Soil" Turgénieff sketches a futile effort to arouse the muzhik from his long slumber. The hero of the book is a Russian "Hamlet," who has taken upon himself the rôle of Jean Jaques. He wears the peasants' dress, mingles with them, swallows their vodka till his brain reels and his limbs totter, and finally, convinced of the uselessness of his efforts, shoots himself in a spirit of almost mystic calm. Turgénieff's great object in life is conspicuous in

all his books; we see it in "Dimitri Roudine," in "Smoke," and in "Fathers and Sons," as well as in "Virgin Soil" and the "Annals of a Sportsman." In "The Diary of a Superfluous Man" we see an illustration of the great principle—*ex nihilo nihil fit*, that hard fact which produces in some hearts deep sorrow for the past, in others, scepticism as to the future, but which to Turgénieff means only the harsh, unalterable lesson of fact.

In "Fathers and Sons" the novelist has shown us two generations, the one clinging blindly to the past, the other struggling equally blindly towards the future. Reverence is stifled in positivism, just as senility is electrified by motion. The old régime cry out for peace, the new for action. The one is anxious to preserve, the other to tear down. The arch-type of Conservatism is filled with vague uneasiness, while Bazaroff, the champion of "the new," the nihilist, dies with but one mocking answer to all his hopes—nihil. "And what is the moral? On which side is the author?" one asks oneself when one has perused it from the first line to the last. As a matter of fact each generation found the other admirably portrayed, but neither admired their own reflection.

Turgénieff is not a pessimist, he is too restrained; it is said that in him was the origin of that terrible, modern word "nihilism," but M. de Vogüé has ably shown that it was in Tolstoi that the real spirit of the "nihil" had its life. The book in which this restraint is most visible, and which is, perhaps, the most charming of all Turgénieff's novels, is "Liza or the Nest of Nobles." It is a simple story: A Russian proprietor is betrayed by his wife, and, after living some time in Southern Europe, returns to his native land. Here he meets a young girl, his cousin, and finally falls in love with her. A rumour of his wife's death has reached him, and there seems to be nothing to hinder his own happiness and that of the girl who loves him. This, however, is not to be, his wife returns with a French maid—repentant; the girl goes to a convent and so the story ends. The subordinate characters are clear cut from Lavretsky, the hero of the book, down to the cringing Sergius Petrovich Gedeonovsky; from Panshine, who speaks "with an air of great modesty, but without saying a single word about the sources of his information;" to the sprightly Marfa Timofeevna, of whom even Maria Dinitriovna (the heroine's aunt) is a little afraid. One of the most interesting characters of the book is an old German music-teacher, Christoph Theodor Gottlier Lemm; an exile, who knows that he will die in a foreign land, old and embittered, this German is beset with one haunting ideal, which he can never express. One night the hero of the book is standing outside Lemm's window—it is the supreme moment of the music-teacher's life and we will describe it in the novelist's own words:—

"Lavretsky had heard nothing like it for a long time, indeed. A sweet, passionate melody spoke to the heart with its very first notes. It seemed all thoroughly replete with sparkling light, fraught with inspiration, with beauty and with joy. As it rose and sank it seemed to speak of all that is dear, and secret, and holy, on earth. It spoke too of a sorrow that can never end, and then it went to die away in the distant heaven."

It was a moment in which the man had nothing to ask of heaven, nothing to fear from time or space.

"It is I," he exclaims, "who wrote that, for I am a great musician," and then we remember; he is old; he is an exile, and the pity of the wise and the kindly begins to mingle with the *à quoi bon* of the sneerer and the skeptic, still for one brief flash of time both had been forgotten.

The description of Lavretsky's coming home reminds us a little of Tolstoi, but only when speculation peeps in, for in descriptions of nature Turgénieff stands alone.

"Nothing stirred, not a sound was audible. The wind did not move the leaves. The swallows skimmed along the ground one after another without a cry, and their silent flight made a sad impression upon the heart of the looker-on. 'Here I am, then, at the bottom of the river,' again thought Lavretsky, and here life is always sluggish and still; whoever enters its circle must resign himself to his fate?"

It would be an interesting attempt to draw a comparison between Lavretsky and Levin in "Anna Karénina;" at first sight the similarity of character is obvious, but when we look into them we see that they are treated from points of view so entirely opposed to each other, that any comparison must be of the most superficial nature. Levin is an illustration of a psychological problem, Lavretsky is the picture of a man. One is so to speak the production of Science, the other of Art. Still Turgénieff never quite loses sight of his main purpose—the raising of the peasantry by natural processes.

"But here are you," exclaims Panshine, "just returned to Russia; what do you intend to do?"

"To cultivate the soil," replied Lavretsky; "and to cultivate it as well as possible."

There is something almost cold and indifferent in the way that Turgénieff tells his stories of misery and failure, but we feel that he is so, only because life itself is pitiless. He holds us entranced under the spell of his art. He keeps us, so to speak, suspended in the air, watching the beings of his creation, hearing their laughter and catching the echo of their laments, and as we watch from above these fellow-beings toiling upon the journey of life, we sympathize with them, for to us they are no longer phantoms but realities. We see before them the goal towards which each is unconsciously striving, and we long with a human longing that virtue may triumph over vice, that self-

sacrifice may not immolate itself before the altar of egoism. We gaze upon this crowd of shadowy figures, each moving silently but ever pressing forward, and we say to ourselves with a sigh of relief, "See! they are nearing the goal, it is the end, it is as it should be." When suddenly we stop short, amazed, a dark cloud has spread itself around us, we see no more, and only a lingering echo of laughter and pain rings mocking in our ears. And then the voice of the artist calls to us, seeming to tell us that life is not a thing to be lightly fashioned according to the dictates of generosity and hope. That these Titanic creations of virtue and of vice are the monstrosities and not the masterpieces of art. That man is not the puppet of an artist dream, but the exemplifier of those eternal laws which govern the comedy which we call life. That the end for the most part, as far as *this* life is concerned, is the *néant* of chaos.

In the last page of this book one sees in its fulness the beauty of Turgéniéff's genius. The wife has come back with the tears of mock repentance trickling down over her rouge-stained cheeks, the girl has gone to a convent and this is how Lavretsky meets her, perhaps for the last time.

"Only an almost imperceptible tremor was seen to move the eye-lashes of the eye which was visible to him; only still lower did she bend her emaciated face; and the fingers of her clasped hands, enlaced with her rosary, still more closely compressed each other.

"Of what did they both think? What did they both feel? Who can know? Who shall tell? Life has its moments—has its feelings—to which we may be allowed to allude, but on which it is not good to dwell."

It is said that the Russian novel at its best belongs to the school of Thackeray and Dickens. I can understand if not appreciate a comparison between Turgéniéff and the former, but Dickens and the author of "Liza" seem to me as far apart as the poles. M. Daudet has been called the French Dickens, but he could no more have written the "Pickwick Papers" than Dickens would have written "Sappho."

On the whole, if *any* comparison is to be drawn between Turgéniéff and a novelist of this century, it seems to me that in method at any rate the Russian novelist is nearest to Gustave Flaubert. In restraint, in impartiality and above all in his "unsatisfactory conclusions" Turgéniéff may well be said to resemble, so far at least, the author of "Madame Bovary."

Generally speaking, such pithy criticisms as for instance "Racine est le Virgile des ignorants" are acceptable, but if we regard the matter closely we shall find that such analogies are neither valuable in themselves nor capable of bearing inspection.

If a Gogol or a Turgéniéff is to be called an English Dickens or a French Mérimée we ignore the *raison d'être* of the novelist—nationality. For if the great novelists produce a lasting influence upon the people, there is also, as Mme. Bazan remarks, a reacting influence from the people upon the novelist. The novelist who would be national, must of necessity sympathize with his fellow-countrymen; for is it not his duty to tell them the very thoughts that are dormant in their own souls, to show them their possibilities and their limitations, to paint the picture of their lives?

And Turgéniéff loved his country; the occident may have given him the polished culture of his style, but it never tore from him in exchange his Russian heart. It was always to Russia he looked—often without hope, but never with bitterness; and if this western scholar consecrated his life to any object divine or human, it was to the muzhik, the "little man" of the steppe.

J. A. T. L.

PARIS LETTER.

THE celebrated Dr. Charcot has gone over to the "Shakers." This is how it occurred: Surgeon de la Tourette observed that people suffering from paralysis, the form generally known as palsy, after a rattling railway journey of some hours were better on alighting from the train. Could not the jolting be done at home, thought the two gentlemen; of course, and hence the invention of the "trepidation chair," where the palsied reposes during the day, and the shakings more or less seismic fortify and calm the nervous system. Over some of the tramways of Paris a car could be set apart for the palsied; their dose of jolts could be regulated by the hour, and at the end of a day's trepidation, they would be able to "take up their bed and walk." That utilization of the ramshackle trams would perhaps enable a dividend to be paid, and so make the shareholders stare. The trepidation cure has also been applied successfully in the treatment of melancholy, headache and sleeplessness, surpassing "raw onion" in the removal of the latter. The "Vibration Cap" covers the skull to the temples; the upper part of the cap contains an ordinary electric pile that produces a perpetual buzz, as somniferous as a Dutch top; the melody induces balmy sleep. A "bee in a bonnet" does not produce the necessary steeping of the senses in forgetfulness. Bismarck, in his official days, was a martyr to insomnia; William II. or General Von Caprivi might do worse than fit up the pickelhaube of the ex-chancellor with a buzzing pile, or connect him with a sewing machine or a saw mill. Dr. Brown-Sequard's elixir vitæ is also being drummed up as the best of remedies for nervous debility. Is your stomach deranged, your liver out of order, or your kidneys rebellious, he injects a few drops, cutaneously, of

an essence prepared from the sound livers, stomach, etc., of animals, and Richard is himself again. He would make his fortune did he apply his perfect cure to corns and toothache.

The elections over all France, less Paris, for the councils general, or county councils, reveal two significant facts: the sweeping away of the debris of Boulangism and the cessation or discomforture of any dynastic opposition to the Republic. Home parties must now be recast, and the consequences no one can predict. The "Papal Republicans," as those monarchists are called who adhered to the present constitution following the commands of the Pope, were vigorously rejected by universal suffrage wherever they set up as candidate councillors. M. Wilson, son-in-law of the late M. Grevy, is coming up smiling again into public life; he has topped the list for a councillorship; he will certainly become a deputy at the October, 1893, general elections, and his vote will nullify that of a Bayard *sans reproche* representative.

Tourists ought on no account to omit visiting the "Arts de la Femme" exhibition in the Palace of Industry just inaugurated, and which will remain open until next November. It is at once a contemporary and retrospective show of all that art and industry contribute to make woman "beautiful forever," and created by woman herself. Fashion is capricious, and feminine taste variable; the picturesque collection of exhibits illustrates the fantasies of the fair sex; in all countries from the earliest ages down to the present day, the toilette of a Hottentot Venus is side by side with that of an opera belle or a professional beauty. When the Prince de Joinville returned from the South Pacific Seas, he created, one afternoon, a sensation at his father's court, by displaying the entire costume of a native queen that he packed up in a snuff-box, and that her tawny majesty divested herself of as a mode of welcome, and handed it to the Admiral Prince. M. Poilpot, who painted the legend of the *Vengeur* for a panorama, has depicted, in seven tableaux, the history of ladies' dresses, from the Federation Fete of July 14, 1890, on the Champ-de-Mars, down to 1867, the era of horrible Crinolines and Benoiton robes. Do you wish to know how a lady dresses herself, makes up her hair, how perfumes herself, how utilizes the thousand frivolities for decorating herself? Consult the twenty-two yards of wall hung by paintings and engravings, the loan collection of M. Faucou; there are no Free Mason secrets now about the toilettes of ladies—and they claim to have always said so.

The collection of made up linen from the Continental Professional Schools, those of Austro-Hungary and Belgium especially, are marvels of needle skill and design. France cannot approach that style of work, besides, she is behind all other countries respecting industrial schools. The collections of laces, stuffs and jewellery are magnificent. And on glancing at the lapsed fashions and the superseded materials and patterns, one sighs to think that, like the dead, they will never return. M. Klotz exhibits quite an arsenal of toilette necessities, where beauty not only "draws with a single hair," but with no hair at all. There is one work-box containing not only needles, etc., and a knife which is natural, but also a "fork"; a scissors has a motto, "I seek my chain." The collection of fans is interesting—one belonging to Ninon de Lenclos, who was a professional beauty at four score; there are shown a pair of ear-rings, said to be the first love token of Napoleon to Josephine, and a "spectacle case" belonging to Marie Antoinette; since her first confinement the "lovely queen" had no hair—of her own, so that it could easily turn white in a night, or any other colour if desired. She was a notorious gambler, and "at heart a rake;" with all these one could be reconciled; but to have to wear spectacles like an old granny! Even Burke himself would admit that was a douche on enthusiasm.

An authoritative writer in the *Figaro* asserts that the relations between France and England were never, since the Spanish marriages trick of Louis Philippe, so strained as now. If true, that would be regrettable. In the Morocco affair, England is not considered by the French to have said her last word. She is free now to recognize any leader that promises to keep Muley-Hassan at bay, obtaining from him all the concessions she requires, then backing him, leaving to other European nations to paddle their own canoe. This would imply a rush of all the powers for a slice of the Morocco cake; that form of "collectivism" is the last thing France could desire.

It is some 110 years since balloons were invented; if they cannot yet be navigated, astronomer Janssen asserts that discovery is reserved for the ensuing century; no one blames the Greeks and Romans for being ignorant of the steamboat; and they "did not know everything down in Judée," according to "J. P. Robinson, he;" relying on the virtues of the guide rope and the cone anchor, a very serious savant proposes a French balloon expedition, to plane over Mt. Etna, take notes of the eruption, of the form of the crater, and all other phlegeton novelties.

In 1720 it was impossible to obtain a letter of credit in Paris on Rome, except at a cost of twenty-five per cent. of the sum demanded; now the expense is but twenty-five centimes, the simple postage of the letter. It is to the Rothschilds this bringing down these rates of interest in Venice is due. Viscomte d'Avenel has authority for stating that in 1868, when the Baron Jos de Rothschild died, he left a cash fortune of only 800,000,000 frs., not counting furniture, jewellery and *objets d'art*; he states also that

Prince Esterhazy pays annually 836,000 frs. taxes for his landed estates in Hungary—all "ground rents."

Paris is not so distant from the Far East as many persons think; you can drive in twenty minutes to the Rue de la Chine; then, if you so desire, you can promenade in the Rue du Japon; at the end of the street commences the Rue de Siam, which is less than a Sabbath day's journey from the Rue du Tonkin.

While England transacts with South Africa a total annual import and export trade estimated at 491,000,000 frs., the total of French commercial transactions is but 240,000 frs. In order to secure the betterment of this state of business, the Government intends to organize a monthly packet service from Bordeaux to the West of Africa, and down the coast to the Cape of Good Hope to Madagascar and Réunion.

It is very difficult to get up a "boom" for anything connected with the Panama Canal; yet efforts are being made to galvanize money-lenders to put cash still into the venture. There are two motives in view: to save the directors, with M. de Lesseps at the head, from being indicted for swindling; the Public Prosecutor has the charge now in hand; second, to prevent the canal concession from lapsing to the Colombian Government next February, if the completion of the work be not seriously resumed; 500,000,000 frs. is required to set the works re-going, but no combination has yet been found to plank down the money. The liquidator estimates assets at 230,000,000 frs.; the offices of the company were valued at 1,875,000 frs., but realized on sale only 600,000 frs. The lands and buildings figure for 38,000,000 frs., but if the concession lapses the value is nil; the material is put down at 90,000,000 frs., but would be worthless if the works be definitely closed. At the worst, only 50,000,000 frs. could be saved, which would represent the obligations at 4.88 frs. each, out of which law expenses must be deducted. This means total and final ruin to shareholders.

Russianizing the Duke of Edinburgh; the most fashionable rose in the city gardens is called the "Duke 'off' Edinburgh."

Better late than never; a doctor has just been decorated with the Legion of Honour for his splendid conduct "during the cholera plague of 1854"—even M. Wilson ignored that worthy, and he claimed to obtain decorations for overlooked merit.

Hincelin is only twenty years of age and has been sentenced eleven times; a few days ago, at the Bordeaux assizes, he was tried for robbery; he told the judge his justice was a filthy comedy; requested to withdraw the insolence, he replied he "would not demean himself by doing so." Impertinence is the badge of the recedivist tribe.

Cardinal Maury when he entered the pulpit was said to make a conference, not to deliver a sermon. "If the Abbé Maury," observed Louis XVI., "had spoken to us a little about religion, he would have spoken to us about everything."

Z.

GENIUS AND PATRIOTISM.

IN the world of literature there are no nations. True genius transcends nationality. The sterility of Canadian literature to-day is due not to deficiency but to an excess of patriotism. Genius is measured by its thought and not its dialect. The true author writes not for any particular time or people, but for all peoples and all ages. High above the mouldering walls which feudalism and folly have reared, there is a pure and a rarefied atmosphere where thinkers meet and mingle. The greatest authors have not written for the particular tribe or nation with which the accident of birth had associated them, but have penned their message for humanity. Earth itself was too small for Milton, too shallow for Dante and too narrow for Plato. Canadians fail because they confine their work to a too limited range. The great problems of the age are not national problems. They are issues common to all men. Those who have studied the social and economic tendencies of several nations have keenly realized the fact that by a universal and inevitable synthesis the issues of national debate are broadening into issues of human import. The study of the novelist is human nature, not national nature. The study of the poet is human emotion, and intellect, and passion, and love, and truth, and that impartial nature which no nation can fence in. These things are common to the men of every country. "The sun sends its message of light with just impartiality to the watchers in every tribe."

Patriotism is a limited altruism. It is an attribute of nationality, and must vanish with nationality. But when it vanishes it will vanish not by death but by growth, or if it dies it will die as the caterpillar dies, and at its death it will take wings, and soar to the lofty altitude of a golden and glorious altruism. The author who aspires to rank with the Plato's and Dante's and Goethe's must rise as they have risen, above all national prejudices, and speak the language of men instead of stuttering in the dialect of any peculiar tribe or nation. The grandeur of the Athenians lay in the breadth of their genius. While the citizens of other cities or nations were wrangling over local issues, these men walked in their groves and gardens discussing things eternal. The problems that occupied their minds were problems of human destiny, of human conduct and of human nature. Diogenes lived in his tub and discussed the universe. Aristotle, Plato,

Zeno, Socrates, Epicurus, are remembered to-day because they spoke of issues which every age could appreciate. The civil wars and broils in Florence were never deemed by Dante of sufficient import to distract his attention from that inspired vision which he has bequeathed to all nations and all ages.

The author who aspires to be read through the mists of the ages must write in letters of fire. The work of Canadian authors will not be less honourable in the eyes of posterity if it be found that instead of bending their eyes to the dust they turned them to the universal stars. If kings and politicians have taken upon themselves the responsibility of dividing the race into clans and nations, the author is under no compulsion to confine his thought to the boundaries which their folly has prescribed. Genius should not be an accessory to the crime of nationality. The Romans chained the slave Epictetus, but they could not chain the philosopher. It is the peculiar function of genius to create from its mind an ideal universe whose only citizen is man. While the politicians of the various nations are howling their national anthems, or dancing a frantic war dance to music of tradition, the poets and the philosophers stand as old Plato stood in god-like grandeur beneath vaults of the universe listening to the music of the spheres, and feeling that even the world itself is too narrow a home for that imprisoned soul whose thoughts are as wide as the infinite and as deep as God.

There are problems in art, in psychology and in sociology which the average Canadian author never touches on. It is idle to assert a deficiency of subjects. There are mysteries of mind, of conduct and of nature to be revealed. The miracle of life is yet to be explained, and the oracle of being asks from the thinkers of this country, as it has asked of all others, an answer to the question, "from whence and whither?" Science and literature are closely correlated, and must soon go on their journey to the depths hand in hand. There are promethean depths as yet unsounded in every department of thought. There are oracles still unread, there are oceans yet unsounded, there are cities yet unbuilt. Indeed, when we compare the things unknown with the things we know, and see the supreme mystery that encompasses us on every side, and how the esoteric shrouds the exoteric like the night prevailing over the day, we cannot but think that we are indeed upon the surface of a world, and the past voices that have spoken, grand as they were, were but the lisps of an infant who some day shall rise to manhood and rend aside the veil of ether, and in no wavering voice demand an answer to the question "Why." Within the depths of the human mind there linger anthems which the gods might chant, songs of such subtle music that seraphs might becomingly sing them. The greatest songs are yet unsung, the wisest sayings are yet unsaid. Far below the seen rests the mighty unseen, and behind the spoken are the unspoken things. Beethoven recorded the most subtle chords of music as yet revealed to man, but these only seem like the echoes, faint and feeble, of some mighty choir whose wildest and grandest melodies are yet unheard. Mozart and Handel each caught and recorded marvellous melodies which, glorious as they are, yet seem like only the overture of an opera, whose most glorious anthems are yet unsung. Spinoza, Fichte and Schelling passed through the portico of the infinite, but seemed to drop their pens before recording the things beyond. Bohme, Swedenborg and Blavatsky, borne on the wings of a subtle mysticism, seem to have penetrated into that occult universe where the causes sit in state, and yet the light they have given us seems merely a feeble candle, which burns feebly and nervously in the midst of a dense, dark inscrutable universe. Tyndell, Crooks and Tesla, having indicated the identity of the forces in ether have paused for a moment to tell us that they are only beginning to learn. Herbert Spencer, in the very inception of his philosophy speaks of a great "unknown." Political Economy for two centuries has been seeking a remedy for social discontent, and in its latest utterance tells us that it has sought in vain.

Meanwhile the authors of Canada are discussing the Fenian Raid. They tell in thrilling tones of the genesis of the 'squaw and the decline and fall of the papoose. They expatiate in glowing periods on the criminality of Sunday street cars. The columns of an Ottawa journal were recently occupied by a prolonged discussion between two aspiring Canadian writers, on the correct and proper spelling of the word "honour," and another great man, "the mightiest Roman of them all," with a genius as unique as it is rare, with a fervid patriotism that would put a Regulus to shame, and an erudition which is unrivalled and profound, discusses the heroic achievements of the York pioneers.

Even assuming that the history of Canada were prolific of those incidents which form a fitting theme for genius, and display in activity the more subtle qualities of the mind, it does not follow that the Canadian author should reject the whole of the world for a part, or confine his studies of human nature to its manifestations in one particular district. It must also be borne in mind that the work of the author is not purely historical. The most important departments of human thought are those whose greatest development may be looked for in the future. There are depths below depths and heights above heights. The realms of nature are yet unread. Even to those authors who do not aspire to deal with the more subtle problems of the universe, or to go beyond the world in which they dwell, there is ample material for thought and

authorship in the great social and economic issues of the day. The evils of land monopoly, of unequal division of wealth, of poverty, of vice, of crime, of superstition, all form a fitting subject for the pen as well as for the voice. Ten million poverty-stricken people on this continent alone cry in agonized tones to the men of thought as well as of action to consecrate their powers to the destruction of monopoly, the organization of industry and the emancipation of the masses. Surely when the rifle is beginning to speak on the question of labour and capital, the pen should not be silent, and surely when these great and weighty issues, issues of life and of death, issues of time and eternity, are awaiting a solution, the authors of Canada have not far to seek to find a sterner and worthier subject for their genius than the decline of the bison, or the beauty of Muskoka lakes.

A nation is made honourable by the honour of its men, and its greatness is measured by the capacities of its people. Had the authors of Athens never arisen above the barriers of nationality, Athens would be forgotten to-day. If the authors of Canada content themselves with the discussion of local issues, obscurity will be their reward. It behooves them to turn their eyes from the shallows to the depths, to recognize the fact that national divisions in no sense represent mental distinctions, and to lend that genius which they possess in no less degree than any other people or era, to the elucidation of those profound problems of race and intellect and society which form the common heritage of every people. Let it be said of this Canada of ours that it produced men whose minds were broad, whose aspirations were lofty and who standing on this spot of mother earth looked higher than the walls that men have built and saw inspired visions in the skies. Let it be said that wide as their country is their minds are wider, that while Canadians in name they are god-like in nature, and are elevated by the power of an aspiration which nationality can never cripple and tradition can never stain.

But if on the other hand the authors of this country continue to cower behind the walls of nationality, to tune their souls to the harmonies of the party machine, and to mumble in the dialect of a tribe instead of speaking the language of humanity, we cannot but think it altogether fitting and proper that their reward should be proportioned to their ambition and their work be paid for in a coin as visionary as the feudal phantoms they adore.

ETHELBERT F. H. CROSS.

STAINED WINDOWS.

IN minster aisles, when rosy dusk invades
The mute companionship of marble men,
I love to dream and conjure to my ken,
Warm moods, while down Ionian facades
Rain dappled shreds of indigo brocades,
White surplises and stoles carnelian,
Hot saffron mitres, cowls and coifs sienn—
As fine archaic fashioning pervades.
These chrome-impressioned ether globes through which
Sun-freshets flood, suggest a simile
Of fancy dight with several pigments rich—
Art essences—romance and poesy—
The ever-freshening looms of thought unroll,
Eternal, from that sun of suns—the soul!

JOS. NEVIN DOYLE.

THE CRITIC.

TWO books, in character different as the poles, and alike only in the stimulating nature of their contents, were recently recommended to my notice; and as it is not every day that one lights upon a book with stimulating contents, perhaps a service may be done by handing on as well as may be some of the stimulus. One was a little yellow-coloured edition of M. Camille Flammarion's "Rêves Etoilés." M. Flammarion is perhaps the most sensational astronomer alive; Richard A. Proctor was staid beside him. That is to say, he intermingles with his astronomical knowledge romances of a highly sensational kind. And indeed these Dreams were no exception, as such titles as "Georges Spero," "Idée d'une Communication entre les Mondes," "Ame vêtue d'Air," sufficiently showed. However, it was not the sensation that was the stimulus, rather it was the huge astronomical facts and theories with which the author delighted to dazzle his reader; such, for example, as the immensity of the universe, its unimaginable duration in time—both anterior and posterior to our own, the vastness of the forces at work and the infinite multiplicity of its manifestations, the problem of the origin and end of organic life—especially that perplexing problem that, according to rigid physical laws, all organic life (on our planet at least) must some day come to a dead stop, the "wherefore" of the struggle of life, if life is to end in sheer nihilism, the apparently necessary connection between what we call "mind" and "matter," the question of the possibility of a continuance of mind without matter when terrestrial matter becomes dead and inert, and the sun itself is a dark, cold, rolling mass. One can more than lose one's self in such riddles; in fact, as M. Flammarion says, one cannot think of them without some degree of fear, and without acquiescing in our ignorance to solve them: *Je ne puis songer sans terreur à l'innombrable quantité d'êtres qui ont vécu sur tous les mondes aujourd'hui disparus, à tous les esprits supérieurs qui ont pensé,*

qui ont agi, qui ont guidé les humanités dans la voie du progrès, de la lumière et de la liberté . . . sans me demander ce qu'ils sont devenus. Il est très facile de répondre qu'il n'en reste rien, qu'ils sont morts comme ils étaient nés, que tout est poussière et retourne à la poussière; c'est la une réponse facile mais peu satisfaisante. Certes, je n'ai pas la naïve prétention de résoudre le grand mystère.

The other was a curious little book, quite recently published, and called "Mathematical Recreations and Problems of Past and Present Times," by W. W. Rouse Ball. But it was only in the concluding chapters of this that there were any large and speculative physical conceptions, analogous to those in "Rêves Etoilés;" those, namely, entitled "Hyper-space" and "The Constitution of Matter." In the former may be found one of the clearest and simplest expositions of the theories that have been advanced concerning the possibility of the existence of space of more than three dimensions. One extremely novel idea, first propounded by C. H. Hinton, is here mentioned to the effect that "the birth, growth, life and death of animals may be explained. . . as the passage of finite four-dimensional bodies through our three-dimensional space." The analogical reasoning by which this is reached is as simple as it is ingenious: "If a finite solid was passed slowly through flatland, the inhabitants would be conscious only of that part of it which was in their plane. Thus they would see the shape of the object gradually change and ultimately vanish. In the same way, if a body of four dimensions was passed through our space, we should be conscious of it only as a solid body (namely, the section of the body by our space) whose form and appearance gradually changed and perhaps ultimately vanished."

Such speculations lead to thoughts as puzzling as do M. Flammarion's large generalizations. For example, what a puerile and inadequate conception of the cosmos is this which the world has got hold of when regarded in the light of these theories of time and space. To most people the universe consists of what is called "matter" of some sixty-five component elemental sorts, existing in time of one and space of three dimensions, the whole mixed up with an utterly unknown thing denominated "force" and regulated by a still less known thing called "law." Where is there any *locus standi* for such conception if we grant that matter is a mere phenomenon that time and space are mere modes of thought, that "force" is an unintelligible figment of the mind, and the most firmly established "law" nothing but an incomplete induction? In very truth neither science nor mathematics can rede for us the riddle of the universe.

It is interesting to note how in some points mathematics verges upon the fringe of metaphysics. It is interesting also to note that not a few metaphysicians were at the same time eminent in mathematics: Sir William Hamilton is a salient example; Descartes too is as well known for his purely metaphysical dictum, *cogito ergo sum*, as for the mathematical "axes" called by his name; Spinoza's "Ethics" are in form entirely mathematical, being composed of theorems with enunciations, hypotheses, proofs, lemmas, and corollaries as elaborate as Euclid; the late esteemed Professor of Metaphysics at University College, too, was well known to be an enthusiastic and learned mathematician—as witness his published and accepted solution of quadratic equations of the fifth power; and to these names may be perhaps added those of J. B. Stallo and W. Kingdon Clifford.

Science and mathematics have for so long, so far at all events as the general reader is concerned, confined themselves to relatively rigid and narrow limits, that it is highly refreshing to find easily accessible and easily intelligible books dealing in a popular manner with subjects which, though within their respective spheres, yet touch larger, if perhaps less "exact," realms of thought; and for really stimulating reading the two books here mentioned, despite their dissimilarity, may be heartily commended.

ART NOTES.

THE Royal Academy of 1892 has come to an end, writes an English correspondent, and now the pictures are sinking through the floor to the basement, and the news-vendor at the top of the lane that bounds Burlington House has removed his papers to allow the carts laden with canvases to pass out into Piccadilly. For better or worse the exhibition is over, and, Pan not being dead as some have said, the landscape men are all away in the country. The Hogarth Club is closed for cleaning; the Arts is silent, and portrait painters are praying to be forgiven for the sin of telling their rich acquaintances that they were good-looking enough to have their portraits painted. . . Many of the pictures will go to the provincial autumn exhibitions, where further chances of selling will be vouchsafed to them—where perhaps they will be bought for the permanent collection—a very satisfactory fate. From a hasty glance at the well-thumbed catalogue of sales that lies on a table in the Academy vestibule, it appears that rather more than 150 oil-pictures out of 1,044 have found purchasers, the aggregate price being hardly more than, if as much as, was paid for Raphael's "Crucifixion" at the Dudley sale. A good many small pictures have sold at prices from ten to thirty guineas, but thousand guinea cheques have been few and far between this season. . . Among the high-priced pictures against

which, in the priced catalogue, the word "sold" was written were: "Perfect Weather for a Cruise," H. Moore, A.R.A.; "The Home Light," G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.; "Spring Time," H. W. B. Davis, R.A.; "Given Back," G. E. Hicks; "Scandal and Tea," W. Dendy Sadler; "Leaving the Hills," J. Farquharson; "A Wedding Morning," J. F. Bacon. These, with the commissions, such as Sir Frederick Leighton's "And the Sea gave up its Dead," Mr. Orchardson's "Napoleon," and the Chantry purchases, about represent the sales that ran into hundreds. . . . The bust of the Queen upon which the Princess Louise has been engaged for some months, and which her Royal Highness has, with her Majesty's consent, promised to send to Chicago for exhibition at the World's Fair, is now complete (says the London correspondent of the *Birmingham Post*). It is a notable example of the Princess' skill, and, standing in the Queen's boudoir at Osborne, it has attracted much attention among members of the Royal Family. The Princess has also been at work upon some pictures which are intended for Chicago, and these, it is said, will, after the exhibition, be sold, the proceeds being given to some of the charitable institutions in this country in which she takes so much interest. Of all the daughters of the Queen, Princess Louise is the best artist, though she is closely run by Princess Beatrice.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MR. EDMOND L. ROBERTS communicated to the *Musical Courier*, of New York, the following notes on Toronto musical topics:—

The very latest *on dit* is that Mr. W. L. Tomlins, of Chicago, was here recently for the express purpose of arranging with the Philharmonic Society for representation at the World's Fair. Mr. John Earls, president, and Mr. F. H. Torrington, conductor, were requested to invite their society to provide a chorus of 250 carefully-picked representative singers; these to be trained for an oratorio performance under Mr. Torrington's baton during the exposition. This body also to join the great mass chorus, over which aggregation Mr. Torrington's stick will also wave, but to what extent is not yet defined. Toronto bands, orchestras and soloists, to say nothing of composers, have been omitted in this call for representation, and I imagine that this omission will cause some heartburning. The compliment paid to Mr. Torrington is an obvious distinction which adds another big feather to the bundle in that gentleman's cap. It's top heavy now. The position sought him; not he it. Good! But it would have given greater satisfaction down here if—as follows: Mr. John Bayley had also been invited to take over his Queen's Own Rifles Band, Mr. Arthur E. Fisher had been requested to write a musical work on some Canadian theme, and a chance given to representative Canadian soloists, vocal and instrumental.

The matter of a much proposed Toronto orchestra seems in a fair way of settlement. Mr. d'Auria, as I told you in my last, was out with a newspaper appeal for a cash subsidy of \$5,000. I have not heard that anything practical has "eventuated" from that. Let us hope that something will, as Mr. d'Auria is an excellent conductor. But while our papers have been overflowing with all kinds of fighting letters about orchestras, a gracious and generous American lady, Mrs. Cameron, now residing here, has come to the front with a substantial cash guarantee for three seasons. Her first subscription has been \$1,000. To this, liberal additions have been made by Mr. S. Nordheimer, Mr. J. Herbert Mason, Mr. J. C. Smith, Mr. Andrew Darling and other prominent gentlemen. The "Toronto Permanent Orchestra," Mr. F. H. Torrington, conductor, will accordingly be in the field next season. Reading between the lines one sees in this matter an apt illustration of the difference between the practical and the theoretical man. The man who works and the man who—well, goes a-fishing.

The Canadian composer, as a rule, has no more honour paid him in his own country, than has the proverbial prophet. Exceptions prove the rule. Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac., of Toronto, is a case in point. He is now writing a cantata on a well-known (but to me at this moment forgotten) subject, for performance by the Toronto Ladies' Choral Club, Miss Hillary, conductress. Mr. Fisher's skill as a musical theorist is well established, and his appearance as the composer of an ambitious work will be interesting.

The paper war between the lovers of oratio and the alleged deprecators of the same, *i. e.*, as represented here by Mr. Torrington and Mr. A. S. Vogt, drifted from Canada to the *Musical Courier*, thence to Europe, and I suppose they'll next "carry the war into Africa." If old Umslopogaas would only get after both of them with his famous battle axe, in Kosi-Kass, it would be a good thing all round.

We gather from *Musical News* that Her Majesty has graciously bestowed some honours on music. Mr. W. G. Cusins, Mr. J. Barnby, and Mr. W. Parratt are to be knighted. The English world of music will heartily congratulate these gentlemen, and feel gratified at the Queen's consideration for those professing our art, whose merits are well known, and services thus recognized.

Mr. William George Cusins was born in London in 1833, and, like so many good musicians before him, was a Chapel Royal chorister. Subsequently he was a pupil of Fétis, at Brussels, and then a student at the R. A. M.,

where he gained the King's scholarship. On leaving Tenterden Street, he was appointed private organist to the Queen, and in 1867 conductor of the Philharmonic Society. Three years after he was made "Master of Music to the Queen." His works are numerous, and all written in a classic and elevated style. He is an excellent pianist, and has played with much success abroad, as well as at home.

Mr. Joseph Barnby was born at York, 1838. He has had a most active career, and it would not be easy to find a harder worker. As organist, composer, conductor, he has for many years done good notable service to the art. He has directed several important musical bodies, especially the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. His services at Eton, his notable performances of Bach at St. Ann's, Soho, indeed, entitled him to the well-earned honour.

Mr. Walter Parratt was born at Huddersfield in 1841. He was a parish organist at eleven years of age. In London he studied under George Cooper, and is distinguished for his intimate knowledge of the organ, and his masterly playing. After holding several appointments he went to Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1872, and to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in 1882. He took his Bachelor of Music degree at Oxford in 1873, and on the opening of the Royal College was nominated Professor of the Organ. Mr. Parratt has written a good deal of music, and is an accomplished *litterateur*. He possesses many gifts, and is a very skilful chess player.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE BULL CALF, AND OTHER TALES. By A. B. Frost. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

These stories, told almost entirely by pictures, are very humorous and entertaining. The drawings may be described as broad caricature, while not overstepping the line dividing good taste from vulgarity. A book more calculated to produce mirth it would be hard to find, yet it must be admitted that Mr. Frost's keen humour extends far beyond the bounds of all probability.

LOYALTY. By Edwin H. Burgess. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph and Company.

This volume is a collection of three sermons, all bearing upon the same subject. Passing from loyalty to country to loyalty to God, Mr. Burgess observes: "Were all politicians true, 'out-and-out-for-Christ' men, we would not have to lament political trickery and public corruption. Instead of catering to the rabble for party or selfish interests, they would make *Duty* their watchword." The rev. gentleman does not speak in bitterness or with any suspicion of racial prejudice, "Because I love the dear old Union Jack, I urge you, as Americans, to be true to these Stars and Stripes. Being of the same mighty race from which you have sprung, I hail you as brothers." Mr. Burgess is very bitter against "liquor-selling;" in fact the second and third sermons might be called eloquent polemics on this subject. To appreciate these sermons, one must read them; a précis can give not even a faint idea of the earnest sincerity which distinguishes them.

RES JUDICATÆ: Papers and Essays. By Augustine Birrell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

In this volume the author of "Obiter Dicta" has given us his opinions on some well-known names in literature; and, apart altogether from the value of his criticism, his humour and the delightful facility of his style make this in every way a most readable book. What, for instance, can be a more humorous and at the same time a more critical insight into the first of Richardson's heroines than this: "She, honest girl that she was, was always ready to marry anybody's son, only she must have the marriage lines to keep in her desk and show to her dear parents?" Speaking of Gibbons' "Decline and Fall," Mr. Birrell observes: "Had he attempted to know the ultimate causes of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, he must have failed, egregiously, childishly. He abated his pretensions as a philosopher, was content to attempt some picture of the thing acted—of the great pageant of history—and succeeded." The two great characteristics of "Res Judicatæ" are fearlessness and sympathy. The author does not scruple to allude to "that rowdy Philistine, the *Daily Telegraph*," he does not lower his voice when he speaks of the *Times* or passes judgment upon the characteristics of *John Bull*, but he never shows us a great man in his worst light, and whether he is writing of Matthew Arnold or Sainte-Beuve, Edward Gibbon or Cardinal Newman, his tone is always that of unprejudiced appreciation. This genuine kindly feeling is perhaps best shown in the chapter on William Cowper, and we cannot help regretting that Mr. Birrell has not given us just such a paper on La Fontaine. Perhaps the most notable paper in the book in some respects is that on "George Borrow." Instinctively we find ourselves wondering (some of us) why we have never read "The Bible in Spain." The paper on "Nationality" is rather disappointing; Mr. Birrell has cited the names of many great Scotchmen in this chapter on racial differences, but has he forgotten that "the silent sister" can claim a Congreve, a Sheridan, a Berkley and a Burke? The paper on Sainte-Beuve leaves us only one thing to regret—its shortness. In conclusion we would most cordially recommend to our readers a book

that carries its own recommendation with it upon every page.

THE SPANISH STORY OF THE ARMADA, and Other Essays. By James Anthony Froude. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Rev. W. Briggs. 1892.

It is always with some doubt and hesitation that we follow Mr. Froude's historical narrations, but we never have any doubt as to the literary merits of his writings. The contents of the present volume do not, on the face of them, present any appearance of misrepresentation, and so far as we are acquainted with the subjects treated, we are in accord with Mr. Froude. As an example, we may instance the essay or lecture on the Templars. The late Dr. Dollinger, one of the most trustworthy of historical investigators, declared that there was no evidence whatever of the alleged criminality of this great order, and that they were simply destroyed because they could not be made tools of. Mr. Froude tells the horrid story in a very animated manner. Perhaps the fling at bishops generally, in the last sentence of the paper, is not in very good taste.

The longest, as well as the most interesting of the essays, however, is the first, which gives its name to the volume. We have all read the story of the Armada, and there is not much to be added to our knowledge of the broad facts of the story. But, here and there, there is light thrown upon certain incidents which were formerly less comprehensible. From these pages we gain a higher opinion of the leaders under Medina Sidonia, and a much lower opinion of the Spanish Admiral himself. That he was neither a soldier nor a sailor he declared when Philip forced him to take the command; and he fully demonstrated the truth of his words during his conduct of the great expedition. We might also say, he must have been a coward, but it is certain that he sometimes showed courage, and it is not quite safe to accept the adverse testimony of his companions and fellow-countrymen. The splendid seamanship of his English sailors strikes us afresh as we read this Spanish testimony.

All the other essays are worth reading. The one on Antonio Percy gives us a fresh view of the government of Philip II., to whom Mr. Froude tries to do justice. There is a very good biographical sketch of S. Teresa, with an account of her work. The two papers on the Norway Fjords give an account of Mr. Froude's visits to spots which are becoming better known to travellers than they once were.

PAUPERISM A PICTURE; AND THE ENDOWMENT OF OLD AGE AN ARGUMENT. By Charles Booth. Price, \$1.25. London and New York: Macmillan; Toronto: Williamson. 1892.

A recent article in our brilliant contemporary, *Saturday Review*, announces the discovery that there was in Canada no legal provision for the relief of the indigent. The writer said he had examined carefully the documents before him; and, although he could scarcely credit the conclusion at which he had arrived, he could not see his way to any other. Anyone here in Canada could have told him that there was no other. The only door which the dying pauper can demand to have opened to him in this privileged community is the door of the prison.

It is hardly possible that this state of things should continue; and it is of importance that we should look ahead and prepare ourselves for dealing with the problem of pauperism in such a manner as to avoid the evils of the old English poor law, and to learn how to meet the needs arising in our own instances. It will probably be a very long time before even the largest of our cities will have anything like the same conditions of existence as are found in the English metropolis; but we cannot be sure, and, moreover, the subject is of intrinsic interest and importance.

Mr. Charles Booth (not the General of that name) is acknowledged to be an authority on the subject of pauperism. The fulness of his facts, the carefulness of his generalizations, and the modesty of his suggestions all tend to give his reader a large amount of confidence in his conclusions; and the present volume will certainly increase the confidence with which those who are interested in the subject will follow his guidance.

The volume falls into two divisions, the first giving a picture of pauperism, and the second advocating the Endowment of Old Age. The picture is derived principally from the Stepney Union, which consists of the parishes of Limehouse, Shadwell, and Wapping, and the hamlet of Ratcliff, containing an area of 462 acres and a population (in 1891) of 57,599. His view of city pauperism is supplemented by observations made in the large Parish of St. Pancras, with a population of 235,000 and a rateable value of £1,556,980, and further by an account of the rural union of Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Mr. Booth classifies the paupers, and gives his views as to the causes from which pauperism has its origin, mentioning crime, vice and immorality, drink, laziness, pauper association and heredity, early marriage and large family, extravagance, death of husband or father, sickness or accident, old age. It will be seen that the author has left very little out in his summary of causes; but the tentative manner in which he announces his conclusions will still more powerfully influence the reader in following the author's guidance. Every sentence of his book deserves careful consideration.

The same may be said of his advocacy of the endow-

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ment of old age. "It is not in the name of the people," he says, "but to the people, that I would speak, in advocating the endowment of old age as at once a practical and possible means of giving a surer footing to those who now, trying to stand, too often fall and sometimes sink together." We can say no more here, but everyone who cares to grapple with the serious problem here discussed will do well to study Mr. Booth's facts and arguments.

MARK TWAIN: THE STORY OF HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Will M. Clemens. San Francisco: The Clemens Publishing Company. 1892.

In this volume, the lovers of American humour in general, and of Mark Twain in particular, will find much to amuse and not a little to interest them. "The career of Mark Twain," says Mr. Clemens, "is a romance," and then he takes us *in medias res* into this "curious medley of pathos and poverty, with an occasional laugh to help along over the rough places." He shows us the school-boy truant, the printer's apprentice, the aspiring pilot, the newspaper reporter, the world-famed humourist, the scholar and the millionaire without any expressions of wonder, without notes of exclamation or hysterics, for, as he remarks, all this is natural enough "typical of America, of American life and of American character." Here is a description of the *Weekly Courier* in the humourist's own words: "Life was easy with us; if we pined a form we suspended till next week, and we always suspended every now and then when the fishing was good, and explained it by the illness of the editor, a paltry excuse, because that kind of a paper was just as well off with a sick editor as a well one, and better off with a dead one than with either of them." Speaking of the time when Samuel L. Clemens was serving upon the western rivers, the author observes: "When the line man draws up the lead and finds the water down two feet, he sings 'by the Mark Twain,' or as it is more frequently the case, simply 'Mark Twain,'" and this is how the author of "The Innocents Abroad" obtained his famous *nom de plume*. We shall not attempt to follow the author in all his details of this chequered career, but will conclude by repeating that all that large body of the reading public to whom "Mark Twain" is a power and a reality, will find in this unpretentious volume, written as it is in a spirit of genuine sympathy, much that will have lost its interest only when "The Tramp Abroad" has been forgotten.

The August number of *Werner's Voice Magazine* contains a good deal that will be acceptable to those interested in vocal culture. This issue contains amongst other interesting contributions "The Characteristics of Classical Music," by A. J. Goodrich, and "Speech for the Silent," from the pen of Elsie M. Wilbor.

JEROME K. JEROME continues his sparkling "Novel Notes" in the July number of the *Idler*. A Conan Doyle writes an interesting paper, entitled "The Glamour of the Arctic." Archie Fairbairn contributes a most amusing, if not quite "Olympian," idyl, "Two in a Gondola." James Payn continues "My First Book," "An Old Letter," by Zeimburg, and "The Memory-Clearing House," by I. Zangwill, are both most readable. The eleventh and twelfth chapters of Mark Twain's "The American Claimant" appear in this number, which, it is no exaggeration to say, is an excellent one.

The *Expository Times* (August) begins with notes of recent expositions in which the controversy as to the relations of the Old Testament to the New is continued. Miss Woods continues her stories in the *Paradise Lost* by a paper on Milton's Angels. A series of five papers are contributed by eminent theologians on the alleged "failure" of the Revised Version, most of them strenuously denying the fact. Professor Kyle continues his valuable papers on the Early Narratives of Genesis. All the other papers are worthy of their place in this most useful magazine.

"AN ASCENT OF FUJI THE PEERLESS" is the name of the opening paper in the August *Century* from the pens of Mabel Loomis and David P. Todd. Thomas Bailey Aldrich contributes some vigorous lines entitled "Sea Longings," from which we quote the following:—

My cradle-song was this
Strange, inarticulate sorrows of the sea,
Blithe rhythms upgathered from the sirens' caves,
So have I coastwise longings evermore.

"La Chasse-Galerie," by Honoré Beaugrand, is a bright, readable yarn. R. H. Stoddart sings "A Sorvian Song." The August issue is well up to the mark.

The *Review of Reviews* for August contains for its frontispiece the portrait of Ex-President Grover Cleveland, of whom George F. Parker gives an interesting character sketch. The number contains a vigorous paper on "University Education for Women," from which we quote the following statement: "There is not at the present moment in the whole length and breadth of the German Fatherland a university which admits women as a matter of right to its lectures." The now familiar subject, "How to Learn a Language," is discussed by Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh. Amongst the "leading articles of the month" are mentioned "The Labour Movement in England," by M. Gilbert-Boucher, in the *Nouvelle Revue*; "The Truth About the Salvation Army," by Mr. Arnold White, in the *Fortnightly*; "Thomas Hardy and His Novels," by Mr. William Sharp, in the *Forum*.

WE are promised a "History of Unitarianism" from the pen of Mr. Leslie Stephen.

MR. EDWARD ARNOLD will issue the volume of reminiscences which Mr. Charles Santley is writing.

THE "special" letters now appearing in the *Times* from South Africa are said to be from the pen of Miss Flora Shaw.

THE celebrated painter, Leopold Mueller, died in Vienna on Thursday, August 4. Many of his pictures have been brought to America.

MR. PATCHETT MARTIN has for some time been engaged upon a "Life of Viscount Sherbrook," which will be published shortly by Messrs. Longmans.

FATHER MORRIS, of the Society of Jesus, once the secretary of Cardinal Wiseman, has been selected to write the Cardinal's biography by the Archbishop of Westminster.

IT is said of the late Edward A. Freeman that he was one of the few Englishmen who could address a Greek audience in their own tongue. Mr. Gladstone is mentioned as another.

LORD TENNYSON celebrated his eighty-third birthday on Aug. 6 in his house at Aldworth, near Haslemere, Surrey. He received several congratulatory cable messages from America.

MISS OLIVE SCHREINER has sent to London, from South Africa, the manuscript of a new novel, besides enough other material to make an additional volume of South African sketches.

DR. EDWARD EGGLESTON has been appointed associate professor at Columbia College, and will begin next autumn a series of lectures on colonial life and literature. He is also at work upon a new novel.

DR. W. J. ROLFE, of Cambridge, sailed from Boston for England on the 30th ult. He has been invited to repeat his visit of last year to Lord Tennyson at Aldworth, and will probably do so this month.

MR. THOMAS J. WISE, Hon. Secretary of the Shelley Society, is preparing a volume of Mr. Ruskin's unpublished letters. It will be for private circulation, and not more than thirty-three copies will be printed.

THE new editions of "Chambers' Encyclopædia" is rapidly nearing completion. The ninth volume has just been issued. Volume X. will be issued in the fall. J. B. Lippincott Company are the American publishers.

"BEGGARS ALL," a novel which is already in its fifth edition in England, is from the pen of Miss L. Dougall, a Canadian lady resident in Montreal, a relative of the well-known proprietors and editors of the *Montreal Witness*.

MRS. MARY COWDEN CLARKE still lives, "eighty-two years young," at her villa in Genoa, and continues to write with early enthusiasm. Her "Concordance to Shakespeare" was published in 1845, after the labour of sixteen years.

ALTHOUGH Frenchmen everywhere are denouncing M. Zola as a traitor for having written "La Débacle," 100,000 copies have been sold within a month, which shows that a charge of lack of patriotism may be anything but ruinous to an author in France.

RICHARD DAVEY and Walter Pollock's drama, "Holy-rood," which deals with the earlier and most dramatic episode of the life of Mary Stuart, has been submitted to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who has commissioned M. Paul Bertou to adapt the piece in French for her.

MR. WHITTIER has gathered the poems he has written since the publication of "Saint Gregory's Guest" in 1886, and they will appear early in the autumn under the appropriate title, "At Sundown." Some of these poems, if not all, appeared in a privately printed book under the same title a year or two ago.

A STORY is told among American booksellers of a man who ordered from Chicago, with other volumes, a copy of Canon Farrar's book, "Seekers after God," just then issued. In a short time the other volumes came to hand, but the Canon's book being out of stock, the publishers wrote at the foot of the invoice "No seekers after God in Chicago."

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN writes to the *London Times* that the subscription has been opened for the Lowell memorial. He says that the committee having the matter in charge has already received more than sufficient support to ensure the insertion of the windows, as planned, in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. The character of the commemorative tablet to be placed under the windows, he adds, depends upon the amount of the subscriptions.

THE tenth edition of "Everybody's Pocket Cyclopædia" has just been issued by Messrs. Saxon and Company. The book purports "to surpass all previous issues both in size and usefulness, while retaining the original price of publication, viz., sixpence." Maps showing the African and Polar expeditions have been added, likewise fresh contributions from special writers in order to render the little book truly a "multum in parvo" for the general reader.

AMONGST the noteworthy volumes to appear during the coming autumn, the autobiography of George Augustus Sala will occupy a unique place. There is also to appear Mr. George Howell's "Life of Ernest Jones." Simultaneously with its publication we are to have the literary

works and speeches of that ardent reformer, edited by W. E. A. Axon, of Manchester. The two volumes of the "Life of Marlborough" which Lord Wolseley intends to issue in the autumn terminate only with the death of William of Orange.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING is fast becoming a classic. In the *Times* Mr. Littler, Q.C., quotes from one of his ballads in connection with Mr. Gladstone's majority, and in the *Spectator* of the same date two lines of another ballad are adapted to illustrate the real spirit that permeates and sanctifies the labour movement all the world over. "As long as the labourer has exactly his own way—

It's peace, and love, and brothers all, and do just what you like;
But—it's curse the blackleg, cut his throat, when he won't go out on strike,

as Mr. Rudyard Kipling might express it."

IN a book just published by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Company we notice an innovation that should commend itself warmly to librarians, and will also be of service to private individuals. It consists of including "catalogue or order slips" among the advertisements at the end of the volume, and also inserting some loose ones in the book. "It is hoped," observes the publishers, "that these slips, which have been drawn up and printed strictly in accordance with the British Museum catalogue rules, will prove a convenience to booksellers, librarians, cataloguers, and book buyers generally."

"It is sometimes thought that English humour is not appreciated in America," says the *Publisher's Circular*, "but the idea appears to be a fallacy. We hear of continued successes of English humourists in the land of Mark Twain. Mr. R. C. Lehmann's volume of parodies, 'Mr. Punch's Prize Novelists,' which appeared originally in *Punch*, will be issued in the middle of August simultaneously in England and America. The American edition will be published by the John W. Lovell Company, who are also issuing Mr. Anstey's 'Music Hall Sketches,' Mr. Grossmith's 'Diary of a Nobody,' Mr. Salaman's 'Woman Through a Man's Eyeglass,' and Mr. Zangwill's 'An Old Maid's Club.' Further volumes of a similar kind are announced by the same house for publication shortly."

PERMANENT additions to current fiction may be expected by the promised publication of the following new novels and stories: "The Equal Woman," by Walter Besant; "Under the Great Seal," by Joseph Hatton; "A Mediæval Romance," by William Morris; "Nurse Elisia," by George Manville Fenn; "Times Revenges," by D. Christie Murray; "The Pearl Fisher," by R. L. Stevenson; "The Convict Ship," by W. Clark Russell; "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," by A. Conan Doyle; "A Little Savage," by G. M. Glynn; "Maid Marian and Robin Hood," by J. E. Muddock; "Mistress Branican," by Jules Verne; "Fra Senola e Casa," by Edmund De Amicis; an English version of Louis Couperu's new novel, "Extaze"; "The Sorceress," by Mrs. M. O. Oliphant; "Half Brothers," by Hesba Stretton; "The Slowly Grinding Mills," by Mrs. G. Linnoras Banks; "Catherine," by Frances M. Peard; "A Modern Judith," by Mary Angela Dickens; "The Guinea Stamp," by Annie S. Swann; "The Squire," by Mrs. Parr; "The Last Signal," by Dora Russell; "The O'Connors of Ballinahinch," by Mrs. Hungerford; "White Heron," by Miss M. G. McClelland; and "The Old Maid's Sweetheart," by Alan St. Aubyn. New novels will also come from the pens of Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. B. M. Croker, and Mrs. W. K. Clifford. There will also appear shortly an elaborate library edition, in two volumes, of Urquhart and Motteux's translation of "Rabelais," issued under the editorship of Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, to which M. Anatole de Montaignon will contribute an introduction. A series of drawings illustrative of the text, prepared by M. J. Chalon, is to be produced for the purpose of this edition by M. Dujardin.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Bonney, G. E. Induction Coils. London: Whittaker & Co.
- Cobb, Augustus G. Earth-Burial and Cremation. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Crawford, F. Marion. A Tale of a Lonely Parish. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Hague, John B., Ph.D. The Odes and Epodes of Horace. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Lee, Sidney. Dictionary of National Biography, Vol. XXXI. \$3.75. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Mayflower Tales. New York: John A. Taylor & Co.

THE Industrial Christian Alliance is attacking the "tramp" question "on the lines of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, allied with the gospel of honest labour and the gospel of cleanliness." The Alliance announces in its prospectus: "We will establish homes where we will receive, bathe, feed, lodge and clothe all who desire to reform and are able and willing to work. We believe that every such man is entitled to a chance and we want to give it to him. We want you to help us to help him to help himself. We cannot and we will not attempt to help men who are able to work and will not. Certain simple industries will be started, and reasonable labour will be required for reasonable compensation. We do not intend to furnish men with a permanent home. We desire to help them back to self-respect and self-support, and to restore them to the ranks of regular labour."

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

SIR BENJAMIN BAKER has recently shown that a crack or nick on the surface or edge of a bar of steel does not always indicate its liability to fail by the gradual spreading of the nick and a probable breaking under a very much smaller load than a sound bar.

RATS are natives of Asia and their raids westward belong to comparative modern times. From the fact that it is not mentioned by any of the early Europeans, it is surmised that it was unknown west of the Ganges in ancient times. The black rat first came from Asia to Europe in the sixteenth century—along with the plague—and was first known as the "Graveyard Spectre," because it preyed on the flesh of those who died during that awful visitation.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

FALLING BODIES.—Some interesting experiments on falling bodies and the resistance of the air have been recently made by MM. L. Cailletet and E. Colardeau at the Eiffel Tower, and the results have been communicated to the Paris Academy of Science. Spheres of metal were allowed to fall from the second platform of the tower, and the exact time of falling certain distances was measured to the hundredth of a second by an electric chronograph. Care was taken to eliminate any source of error, and the authors find (1) that the resistance of the air is proportional to the area of the resisting surface, but independent of its form; (2) that it is proportional to the square of the velocity is not strictly true, as the resistance increased rather more rapidly; (3) the amount of fall after which the velocity of the weights employed became uniform ranged from sixty to 100 metres.—*English Mechanic*.

NEITHER a piano nor an organ should be left open at night or habitually when not in use. The changes of temperature are very hurtful to the tone of any instrument, and especially the gathering of dampness, which not only interferes with the tone and quality of the strings and reeds, but is very likely seriously to affect the works. Pianos in particular should be kept in as even a temperature as possible, since they are much affected by alterations of heat and cold, dryness and moisture; if thus exposed they require very frequent tuning, and are not satisfactory in action or tone. Care is also equally desirable in regard to other stringed instruments—the violin family, banjos, guitars, and the like. In all of these the strings are much affected by exposure to dampness and great changes of temperature. All fine instruments should be habitually kept in cases lined with baize or flannel.—*New York Courier*.

"German Syrup"

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly

appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it. ●

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

WHEN seeds are at their best, and the conditions for germination good, it is surprising how long a way a little weight will go. As many as 5,000 plants have been obtained from a single ounce of onion seed.—*Meehan's Monthly*.

THE centrifugal force developed by the earth's rotation tends to throw bodies off its surface as a stone is propelled by a sling, and in consequence of this fact 1-1,298th of the weight of every particle of matter lying along the equator is employed in keeping it on the earth.

AFTER all, science can scarcely explain the why of anything. It merely points out the order in which natural processes occur. Preyer holds that sleep is caused by the products of decomposition, lactic acid and creatin taking up the oxygen in the blood. The functions of the gray matter of the cortex cannot be exercised without a plentiful supply of arterial blood any more than the zinc and copper of a voltaic pile will evolve electricity without sulphuric acid. Thus the blood conveys a stimulus or imparts a capacity to the nerve tissues during waking, while during sleep it has a separate and distinct function—that of repairing waste. Apparently these two processes cannot go on in the brain at once, or at least only to a degree too limited to prevent a speedy exhaustion of the vital powers if sleep be withheld.—*British Medical Journal*.

IN order to ensure some safety in ropes used for scaffolding purposes, particularly in localities where the atmosphere is destructive of hemp fibre, such ropes should be dipped when dry into a bath containing twenty grains of sulphate of copper per litre of water, and kept in soak in this solution some four days, afterwards being dried; the ropes will thus have absorbed a certain quantity of sulphate of copper, which will preserve them for some time both from the attacks of animal parasite and from rot. The copper salt may be fixed in the fibres of a coating of tar or by soapy water, and in order to do this it may be passed through a bath of boiled tar, hot, drawing it through a thimble to press back the excess of tar, and suspending it afterwards on a stazing to dry and harden. In a second method the rope is soaked in a solution of one hundred grammes of soap per litre of water.—*English Mechanic*.

ANOTHER NEW OZONE APPARATUS.—The electrical arrangement of apparatus for producing ozone on a large scale has hitherto, or for the most part, consisted in interposing between two conducting coatings charged with electricity of "opposite sign," one of two dielectric layers, and the layer of gas to be ozonized. According to a method proposed by Messrs. Siemens and Halske, both the electric coatings are situated on the same side of the dielectric layer and separated by a shield of insulating material, while at a small distance from the other side of the dielectric layer is situated an insulated conducting plate. Thus currents will pass from the part of the dielectric layer below the one electric coating, through the narrow space in which the gas to be treated is situated, to the insulated plate, and from this back again through the gas to the part of the dielectric layer beneath the second coating.—*Electrical Review*.

THE EFFECT OF ELECTRIC LIGHT ON PLANTS.—The action exercised by the electric light on plants varies according to the species, and, to solve the problem, numerous researches are still necessary. The only points (says the *Horticultural Times*, in the course of an article describing curious experiments) which seem to be decided are the following: (1) The electric light accelerates assimilation, and often hastens growth and maturation; (2) in some cases it intensifies the colouration of flowers, and sometimes increases the production; (3) nocturnal repose is not absolutely necessary for the growth and development of all the plants; (4) the direct rays produced by the electric arc without a globe have a very injurious effect on flowers too close to the lamp; (5) the intervention between the arc and plants of a globe of ordinary glass arrests all hurtful effects, which are exclusively attributable to violet and ultra-violet rays, and not, as was first supposed, to the production of nitrous acid.

ICEBERGS AND THEIR JOURNEY FROM THE NORTH.—It does not seem likely that more than one or two hundred large icebergs make their way each year in the only practicable path that can take them beyond the Arctic Circle—that which is afforded by the current which sets out of Davis Strait, and down the Labrador shore, and then eastward into the Atlantic. Although we have as yet but little decided information concerning this ocean-stream, save that afforded by the movements of the berg and floe, we can readily see how it affects the journey of these wandering fragments from the vast Greenland glaciers. Though somewhat inconstant, this current is a tolerably steady stream, setting south through the wide channel which separates the shores of Greenland from those of the many islands which beset the north-east coast of the American continent. By this southward-moving water the ice is propelled out into the open sea. The stream continues to the south, but widens and diminishes in the energy of its flow. It shortly comes in contact with the Gulf Stream, which it somewhat affects, and by which it is much affected. A part of the southward-setting current passes down along the shore of Labrador as a superficial stream of no great width or speed. Another, and perhaps the larger one, flows beneath the Gulf Stream, and in time joins the great, slow-moving procession of Arctic waters which, following the bottom of the deep sea, in the end attain the equatorial district. For a considerable distance south-east of Greenland there are thus two distinct currents in the ocean waters—a lower, moving southwardly, and an upper or superficial stratum, creeping toward the north. The thin floe-ice, floating altogether within a hundred feet of the surface, is beaten back against the Labrador shore by the surface stream; but the icebergs, because of their greater depth, are driven forward by the under-current in a southwardly direction. Owing to this peculiarity we sometimes may observe the bergs ploughing their way through vast fields of floe-ice as steadfastly as a steamship when it breaks its way in the new-formed ice of a harbour.—*From Icebergs, by Prof. N. S. Shaler, in the August Scribner*.

PEOPLE who give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial realize its great merit and are glad to say a good word for it. Have you tried it?

THE complicated condition of storage battery litigation has been further entangled by a recent decision of the German courts upholding the Faure patents.

THREE THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has the most MERIT. Hood's Sarsaparilla has won unequalled SUCCESS.

Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes the greatest CURES.

Is it not the medicine for you?

CONSTIPATION is caused by loss of the peristaltic action of the bowels. Hood's Pills restore this action and invigorate the liver.

A MAN of science in Germany maintains that it is from meteors that all our diamonds come.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family for some years and believe it the best medicine in the market, as it does all it is recommended to do.

Canaan Forks, N. B. DANIEL KIERSTAD.

John Mader, Mahone Bay, informs us that he was cured of a very severe attack of rheumatism by using MINARD'S LINIMENT.

HOW THEY COME UPON US.—During the green apple season, cramps come upon us like a thief in the night, and remain with us until the nearest physician is called in, or the pain is driven away by a dose or two of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER, the celebrated cure for all summer complaints, from simple cramps to the most aggravated forms of cholera morbus or dysentery. No household should be without the PAIN KILLER, unless there is a drug store next door. Every reputable druggist sells the medicine. Only 25c. New large size.



Mr. R. J. Brundage

No Wonder

People Speak Well of HOOD'S. "For a long time I was troubled with weak stomach, Indigestion and Dyspepsia. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and have not felt so well all over for years. My food seldom troubles me now. My sister also took Hood's Sarsaparilla with very pleasing results. I don't wonder people speak well of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Don't see how they can help it." R. J. BRUNDAGE, Norwalk, Ct.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels.

AMERICAN lifeboats are to be furnished with an electric motor and propeller, which will provide not only power but a search light.

CAREFUL scientific investigations show that the average speed of the transmission of earthquake shocks is nearly 16,000 feet per second.

FLOODS AND THEIR CAUSES.—It is not necessary to control all the rainfall of a basin in order to control the floods of its river. Again, the river will normally take care of the greater part of its discharge. The channel itself is adequate to the task of carrying away the water of any ordinary rain. Every destructive flood is caused by the comparatively small excess of a storm which is of unusual magnitude. Thus while the quantity of water which appears in any great flood is vast, yet that which brings destruction is only the excess over the carrying capacity of the channel. The destructive waters, therefore, are but a very small percentage of the rainfall, and but a small percentage of the river-flow. The quantities of water to be controlled and the powers to be mastered are so nearly within the conditions where human effort may be available that hydraulic engineers and geologists have again and again considered this problem, not without hope of its solution. Let us see what the problem is, how it varies from region to region, and to what extent it is affected by the operations of man. The rivers of the earth may be divided into two classes, namely, flood-plain rivers and canyon rivers. In flood-plain rivers under conditions of great precipitation the waters rise above the channel banks to overflow the plain which descends seaward or towards the mouth of the river. In canyon streams the channels are cut so deep that the highest flood never reaches the brink of the canyon walls. There are many rivers which are flood-plain streams along parts of their courses, and canyon streams along other parts of their courses. In canyon channels it is evident that human habitations and property are safe when above the flood-line, and this flood-line is always easily discernible, so that little excuse is found for those who suffer from floods under such conditions. But a great majority of rivers are flood-plain streams, and here the conditions of safety are not so readily discovered. A great river ramifies into small rivers, and these ramify into creeks, and the creeks into brooks. Along the course of such a tree-of-rivers all those parts which are not canyon-reaches have flood-plains—that is, comparatively level stretches, back from the river, on either side to the foot of the hill.—*From "Our Recent Floods," by Major J. W. Powell, in North American Review for August.*

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.