

THE WEEK:

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The total existing assurances in force at 15th November, 1888, amounted to	101,258,149 14
Of which was re-assured with other offices	6,882,090 00
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The accumulated funds at same date amounted to	34,019,523 27
Being an increase during the year of	888,470 73

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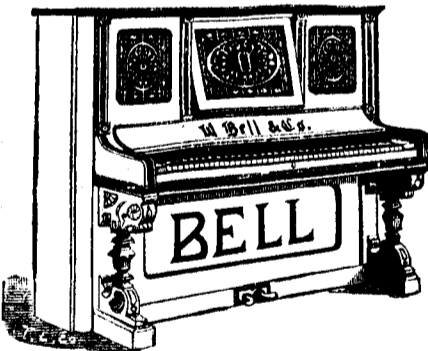
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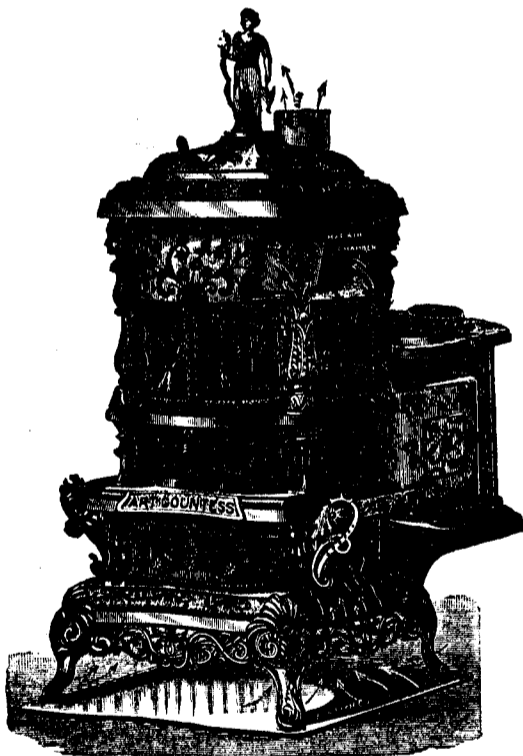
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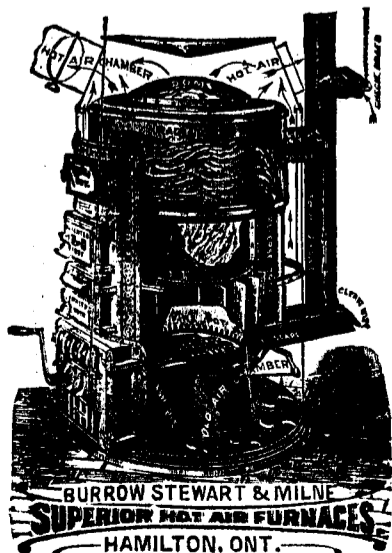
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THE election in Richelieu, to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons created by the death of Captain Labelle, was warmly contested. The Conservative candidate, Mr. Massue, has defeated his opponent, Mr. Beauchemin, by a majority of considerably more than three hundred. The majority of Mr. Labelle, the late member, who was also a Conservative, was but fifty-eight, in 1887. It is very difficult to estimate, with any degree of exactness, the political significance of this result. The most important question before the country is undoubtedly that of Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States, which is now avowedly the one plank of the Liberal platform. That this issue was put clearly before the electors we cannot doubt, as Mr. Laurier himself addressed the people of the constituency, and *La Patrie* put forward this clause of the Leader's programme as one which should, of itself, be sufficient to determine the decision of the electors, seeing that they are, geographically, in direct communication with the United States. If there were reason to believe that the attention of the voters had been largely occupied with this question, the inference which is being drawn by the Conservative press as to the attitude that will be taken by the French-Canadian farmers in regard to it at the next election would have much plausibility. As both candidates posed as "nationalists," it is scarcely probable that the race feeling can have had much to do with deciding the issue, though it is possible that Mr. Laurier's recent declaration that he does not wish to see a distinct French-Canadian nation on the banks of the St. Lawrence may have told against him. As usual, charges of wholesale bribery are being made by the representatives of the defeated party. Unhappily, there is reason to fear that there may be much truth in them. We have little doubt, however, that to that more subtle and even more dangerous form of corruption, to which we have referred on previous occasions, a form which only those in power can use, and which consists in promises, more or less vague, that large sums of money will be spent in public works and buildings within the constituency, was in this, as it has been in many other cases, the chief force employed in bringing to the Government its largely increased majority.

It is worthy of serious consideration whether the law should not declare it a corrupt act on the part of any candidate, or other person speaking on his behalf, to promise, or even hint, at such a use of public funds as a reward or result of the return of a certain candidate. No more effective agency for corrupting and demoralizing whole constituencies and undermining representative institutions can be conceived of. It should be added that, however wide of the mark may be the guess of an Opposition journal, not less than one thousand unregistered voters were deprived of their franchise in consequence of the election being held upon the unrevised lists, the fact itself was an injustice and a hardship, against which the disfranchised voters of both parties have a right to protest.

THE letter of Mr. F. Beverley Robertson in the last number of THE WEEK will serve to remove an erroneous impression which has widely prevailed with reference to the position of the Separate Schools in Manitoba. The mistake has arisen from neglecting to note the relative dates of the passing of the Manitoba Act and the establishment of the Public School system of that Province. Accepting, as we may no doubt safely do, Mr. Robertson's explanation of the state of affairs, it will be seen that the course of the Provincial Government and Legislature, touching the proposed reforms, is very clear and their right to deal with the matter indisputable. The only way, so far as appears, in which the Dominion Government or Parliament could interfere with the proposed action would be the disallowance by the former, or a resolution by the latter in favour of disallowance, of any legislation which may be passed by the Manitoba Legislature. But the clear precedents already established in the rejection of Col. O'Brien's motion, and, earlier, in the case of the New Brunswick School Bill, make any such action morally impossible. Not only are the constitutional positions of Manitoba and New Brunswick identically the same, as Mr. Robertson points out, but the argument against Dominion interference is even stronger in the case of the latter, in view of the fact that Catholic Schools, in some respects resembling Separate Schools, were *de facto* in existence in New Brunswick prior to the passing of the B. N. A. Act. Any Act that the Manitoba Legislature may pass for the re-modelling of its Public School System will, therefore, be practically unassailable. The real struggle, if there be one, in Parliament will take place over Mr. Dalton McCarthy's resolution to do away with the dual-language and Separate School systems in the Northwest Territory. But this Territory must very soon be organized as a province, and it would be intolerable that the new Province, or Provinces, to be created should be placed in a worse position than Manitoba, and saddled with a burden which the latter has found too heavy to bear.

THE announcement that Mr. Anderson, of London, has "cabled that his Company has been obliged to cancel the contract (for a swift Ocean Steamship Service) for certain reasons which would be communicated to the Government by letter," will have caused, we doubt not, a widespread feeling of disappointment throughout Canada. Pending the receipt of the communication promised it may be pretty safely assumed that the reasons alluded to are mainly financial. The Company has no doubt been unable to find the very large amount of capital necessary to enable it to go on with its stupendous undertaking. To what extent this result is attributable to the very high rate of speed stipulated for remains to be seen. It was urged during the Parliamentary debate that the general interests of the proposed service could be much better served by a class of steamships pledged to a considerable lower rate of speed, and capable, as they might in consequence be made, of carrying much larger cargoes. This is, to say the least, doubtful. The question is, we think, one of passengers rather than of freight, and if so, one of speed rather than of carrying capacity. Time is, in the calculations of many, the most important element in modern travel. The chief inducement Canada has to offer in favour of the new route is a saving of time. Let it be made clear that no important advantage is to be had in this particular, that the gain in shortness and directness is to be counterbalanced by a lower rate of speed, and the prospects of success in the effort to

divert any considerable part of the currents of travel between Europe and the East to the Canadian trans-continental line will be seriously diminished. The failure of the Messrs. Anderson to carry out their agreement need not, we suppose, preclude the Government from entering into agreement with some other Company, but it certainly will very greatly lessen the prospects of success. What one strong Company has failed to do others will be chary of attempting. Perhaps the Dominion will not be the loser in the end. It may be just as well and a little wiser to wait a while and see whereunto these strenuous attempts to increase speed on the ocean will grow, and what will be their outcome, especially as Canada has just now a good many uses for all her half-millions of dollars.

THE Minister of Education has lost no time in adopting measures for the correction of the defects and abuses found to exist in the French schools of the border townships. His instructions, based on the Report of the Special Commission, provide for the holding annually of Teachers' Institutes similar to the one held a few weeks ago, for the help of young and inexperienced teachers. Model Schools in counties where there is a scarcity of teachers qualified to teach English, are to have two sessions per year instead of one. A series of bi-lingual readers has been adopted for use in the lower forms. A rigid rule is laid down to secure the discontinuance of all unauthorized text-books, and to enforce the exclusive use of those prescribed by the Department, and Inspectors are specially instructed to enforce the regulations in this respect. On the whole, the Education Department is to be congratulated on the promptness it has displayed in dealing with the matter. It is not easy to see that much more could be done than is now proposed, in order to improve the character of the teaching, and especially of the teaching of English in the schools in question. A service has been rendered, both to the Department and to the public, by those journals which, with whatever motive, so persistently directed attention to the state of things which it is now sought to remedy. At the same time the Department has done well in avoiding the harsh and impracticable measures advocated by some extremists. Constant vigilance will be demanded for years to come, in order to ensure that the regulations now prescribed be honestly and persistently enforced.

IT has for some time past been understood that the Ontario Government had proceeded so far in the difficult and delicate task of deciding upon the relative merits of the large number of candidates for the chair of Metaphysics and Ethics in the University of Toronto, as to have reduced to two the names retained for special consideration. It is now announced that the question as between these two has been decided by the easy and agreeable method of appointing both. The extent and importance of the subjects are certainly sufficient to tax the energies of two of the very ablest instructors, and the friends of Toronto University will be delighted to infer that the state of the finances is such as to admit of the double appointment. The claims of Dr. Baldwin have already been referred to in these columns. He has achieved a reputation as teacher, as well as student and author, such as, if we may trust to testimonials, is amply sufficient to justify his choice for this very important position. In regard to the young gentleman who is to be his coadjutor, it can only be said that the Government could hardly have given ampler evidence of their confidence in his abilities. The appointment to so responsible a chair of one who, however distinguished as a student, has had no experience as a teacher, must, we feel sure, be interpreted as a special tribute to the qualities of the individual, and not as indicating any disposition on the part of the authorities concerned to undervalue pedagogical or professional as distinct from mere scholarly qualifications. The compliment paid to Mr. Hume is certainly a very high one, if it be not absolutely unique in some of its features. The fact must be very gratifying to him and his friends. It is, in our estimation, a merit rather than a defect in the proposed arrangement that the two professors are not unlikely to represent two contrasted if not antagonistic schools of thought. We are not sure that it might not be well if it were oftener the case that

the earnest student had mutually antidotal draughts set before him within the walls of the same intellectual refectory. In being compelled to make his choice between conflicting theories, or to compound for himself a new admixture, his mind will undergo one of the most healthful of educational processes.

THE paper or pamphlet containing a report of the interview with a representative of the *Chicago Tribune*, to which Mr. Erastus Wiman asks our attention, has not come to hand at the date of this writing. The other pamphlets kindly sent are before us. That entitled "The Greater Half of the Continent" received, if we mistake not, notice in these columns at the time of its original publication in the *North American Review*. It would be ungrateful in any Canadian periodical to refuse to recognize and appreciate the very able and elaborate presentation made by Mr. Wiman in that article of the extent, resources and possibilities of the Dominion of Canada. We should, indeed, like to prescribe a re-reading of it, at stated intervals, as an excellent antidote to the pessimistic tendencies of Canadians of a certain class whom one occasionally meets. Those who have no faith in the capacity of our own people to carve out a future for themselves, who seem to fancy that Canada can continue to exist only by perpetually shrinking from the responsibilities of nationality beneath the aegis of the Mother Country, on the one hand, or by taking refuge under the sheltering wings of the Great American Eagle, on the other, need some such reminder of the boundless capacities and possibilities of their own land and people. Why should five millions of Canadians, the equals in physique, in intellect, in morality and in capacity for self-government, disinterested and competent observers being judges, of any people under the sun, being, moreover, the rich possessors of the greater half of this grand continent, hesitate to prepare for the duties, to face the dangers, and to aspire to the rewards of a separate and self-directing career?

THE second pamphlet before us does not attempt to find one clear answer to the question it proposes, "What is the Destiny of Canada?" It commences with the statement which is very probably correct, that "eight men of every ten in the United States, who have thought upon the subject, have reached the conclusion that Canada ought to belong to that country." This statement needs, however, to be explained and offset by another equally true, to the effect that eight men out of every ten in the United States are profoundly ignorant of the extent and resources of Canada, and of the character and spirit of the great majority of its people. Mr. Wiman, indeed, hints as much when he refers to the "general belief that the United States comprises nearly all that is worth having on the continent." The value of the opinion is in pretty exact proportion to the truthfulness of the belief. When Mr. Wiman adds that "while the opinion that Canada should belong to the United States is general, no one proposes to achieve it (its possession) by other than peaceable means," he is, we doubt not, equally correct so far as the great majority of the respectable citizens of the Union are concerned. This assurance should be all that is needed to enable thoughtful Canadians to listen with calmness to what Mr. Wiman and others have to urge in favour of the policy they so strenuously advocate. It would of course be absurd to attempt to discuss a question so large as that policy in a paragraph. To that considerable part of Mr. Wiman's article which is devoted to a consideration of the various obstacles in the way of political union with the United States we should be disposed to give little attention. To our thinking the one all-sufficient and insuperable obstacle is that the people of Canada do not wish for political union. The opinion which Mr. Wiman ascribes to some observers, that if a secret ballot were taken in Canada a vast number of the voters would be found to favour it, is we are persuaded, very wide of the mark. The very fact, that the cry that the proposed Commercial Union is adapted and intended to pave the way for political union has proved a crushing argument against the movement with which Mr. Wiman's name is identified, is in itself the best refutation of such an opinion. It simply proves that Canadians prefer their own laws, institutions and modes of life and government. A free people need give no other reason for retaining them. For our own part we are not of the many who would fear Commercial Union because of its supposed tendency to annexation. On the contrary we quite agree with those who, knowing that whatever annexation sentiment exists in the country springs almost exclusively from a belief in the commercial

advantages such union would bring, hold that unrestricted intercourse would be the most effective means of eradicating all such sentiment. At the same time we cannot shut our eyes to the force of the arguments drawn from the mercenary selfishness and disregard of the obligations of loyalty and gratitude to the Mother Country which would be involved in such an arrangement. Moreover to shut in this continent by a high tariff wall against the outside world would be as contrary to all sound laws of political economy as to those loftier principles of national and international ethics which were supposed to have found their home in the New World. We should, too, fail in frankness did we not remind Mr. Wiman that the fact of his having, in his discussions of the question before citizens of the United States, claimed or admitted, if correctly reported, that he regarded Commercial Union as paving the way for political union at a future day, has both discredited the movement and disqualified him, in the eyes of loyal Canadians, from being accepted as a representative of Canadian thought and feeling in his advocacy of it.

THE assembly of the Maritime Conference now in session at Washington is in several respects a somewhat remarkable event. The large number of nations represented is in itself a fact of great and hopeful significance. Never before, it may, we think, be safely said, in the history of the world, have so many delegates, representing so many different types of civilization and government, assembled in one place to discuss a matter of common and universal interest. This in itself indicates a tendency towards mutual confidence and good-will, which from its very nature is pretty sure to grow, and which may, in the near or remote future, develop into a practice which will prove of the greatest service in promoting the general peace and prosperity. That the nation taking the initiative should be the United States, and the place of meeting Washington, are also features of the occasion which are not without deep significance. They show clearly the position which the mighty Republic is rapidly acquiring amongst the great nations of the earth. Thanks to a fiscal policy which is in this respect thoroughly but mistakingly selfish, the United States falls far short of being the great maritime power which Nature seems to have intended her to be. It is her greatness by land rather than by sea which has put it in her power to become the centre of so influential a gathering. The main object of the Conference was very happily indicated by Secretary Blaine in his opening address: "The spoken languages of the world will continue to be many, but necessity commands that the unspoken language of the sea shall be one." To this point, viz., the meaning and use of marine signals, the attention of the delegates is being first of all directed. It is obviously a question not simply of national but of world-wide importance. The safety of any ocean-going craft and the lives of its crew and passengers are liable to be at any moment endangered by the want of a complete code of signals and a clear understanding of them. It is not unlikely that many a horrible collision has been brought about, either by a deficiency in the code, or by the want of a sufficiently accurate and ready knowledge of it, on the part of the man at the helm or even of the officer in charge. On this and related points it may be hoped and expected that the Conference will reach an agreement and formulate a simple and satisfactory system of signals, which will speedily be adopted as the unspoken, universal language of the maritime world.

IF reliance can be placed upon the reported interview had by a representative of the *New York Herald* with Sir Julian Pauncefote, there is some reason to hope that negotiations may shortly be resumed between the American Secretary of State and the British minister, looking to the settlement of all matters in dispute between the two nations. Sir Julian is represented as expressing his belief that the Government of the United States is "disposed to discuss and settle in an amicable and honourable way" all questions now pending between the two nations. He can "conceive of no reason why the discussion of the matters at issue should not proceed with the utmost friendliness and cordiality from the very beginning," and it is his earnest hope that he "may succeed in paving the way to an adjustment of these questions on a basis acceptable to the three parties concerned." When the minister comes down to particulars, however, it must be confessed that he gives us but vague and unsatisfactory reasons for his belief and hope. He denies that Mr. Blaine has intimated any desire for a discussion, formal or informal, of the questions referred to, or that he has any knowledge of the Secretary's wishes in the matter. The net inference

that can fairly be drawn from Sir Julian Pauncefote's remarks as reported is that he is personally desirous of reaching a satisfactory understanding with the United States Government on the matters in question, and that he has the requisite authority from the British Government to enable him to open negotiations. All this no one doubts. The misfortune is that the consent of two parties is necessary to any agreement, and that no sufficient evidence has yet been given that Mr. Blaine, or the Administration of which he is a member, has made any overtures in the desired direction. We shall be delighted to have our doubts dispelled by facts, but we confess that we have little faith in the existence of any real desire on the part of Mr. Blaine to come to any agreement that could be accepted as fair to Canada. Our scepticism is based partly upon the Secretary's character and record, partly upon the fact that the matter is a difficult and dangerous one for an Administration to handle. The U. S. Government has little to lose by delay. In view of the concessions that have already been made, both on the Atlantic Coast and in Behring's Sea, it is clear that the lapse of time but makes the case of the United States stronger and that of Great Britain and Canada weaker. In the case of Behring Sea in particular, possession virtually undisputed for an indefinite period cannot fail to create a presumption in favour of the claim thus apparently conceded. What Sir Julian Pauncefote is able to do should be done with the least possible delay. As, moreover, the questions are all distinctly Canadian, it is obvious that no discussion in which Canada is not directly represented is in the least likely to reach satisfactory results.

THE knowledge of most of us, it is to be feared, concerning the States of Central and South America consists largely in recollections of the geographical pursuits of our school days. While invention and enterprise are ever bringing Europe and America nearer together, news from the south travels slowly, and, except to the few, the lower half of our hemisphere remains an unknown land. The Pan-American Congress convened by Mr. Blaine, if it tends to increase popular knowledge of the Latin nations to whom has fallen so large a share of the natural wealth of the New World, will serve a most useful purpose. Although Canada's unfortunate colonial status has prevented her representation in the Congress, the delegates to that assembly will not depart without having learned something about the largest of the political divisions of this hemisphere. The somewhat audacious strategy displayed by Mr. Erastus Wiman in intercepting the delegates on their railway trip through the States, inviting them across the border, and banqueting them on Canadian soil, will no doubt be productive of good results. If Mr. Wiman has succeeded only in impressing his guests with an idea of the importance of Canada, and of the incompleteness of any continental legislation to which she should not be a party, he deserves the thanks of his countrymen. Should his remarks, and those of the other gentlemen who spoke for Canada at the luncheon, pave the way for closer commercial and political relations between the Dominion and the countries represented in the Congress, the result will be still more satisfactory. It is matter for regret, however, that Mr. Wiman should have thought himself excused or justified by the exigencies of travel in proffering his hospitality on a Sunday. Had the event taken place on any other day, not only would its moral effect have been far greater, but many of the prominent Canadians invited by the host would, no doubt, have gladly attended. It is no disparagement to the disinterested efforts and able speeches of Mr. Wiman and Mr. Goldwin Smith to say that neither can fairly be accepted as a representative Canadian. Both the New York capitalist and the brilliant English writer are, to a certain extent, disqualified for fully entering into Canadian sentiments and aspirations, and consequently for interpreting them to foreign inquirers. None the less, these gentlemen are to be congratulated on the public spirit displayed by them on this occasion. The example they have set in seizing so good an opportunity to make known the position and resources of the Dominion deserves to be copied—except in the disregard of the Canadian Sunday—by our politicians and public men.

THERE are, of course, degrees in the vagueness which we have spoken of as characterizing the knowledge possessed by North Americans of the other portions of the hemisphere. The Empire of Brazil, for instance, is more familiar ground than is Ecuador or Paraguay. The news of the abolition of slavery in that great country drew forth last year the plaudits of liberty-loving people everywhere.

It now appears that emancipation is not unlikely to be followed by the overthrow of the monarchical institutions to which Brazil, alone of the South American countries, still clings, and the establishment of a Republic. The sudden emancipation of the slaves, it is said, did not allow time for the substitution of voluntary for forced labour in the fields, and a large portion of the crops was in consequence lost. The emancipated negroes will not work, it is said, for their former masters, and other labourers are not to be had. The landed proprietors are, naturally enough, discontented and surly, and the whole country is in a condition of unrest. This state of affairs has gained for the Crown Princess, to whom the abolition of slavery was largely due, the enmity of landed proprietors and other classes of the people, and has served to stimulate and increase the latent Republicanism of the country. The general elections were held last month, and resulted in a decisive victory for the Liberal or Monarchist party—a victory due partly to their progressive programme, and partly, we are told, to judicious manipulation of patronage and to an impressive display of military force throughout the campaign. Despite this victory, however, Republicanism still lives and grows, and the days of the Empire are thought to be bound up with those of Dom Pedro II., who can scarcely add many years to the fifty-eight during which he has occupied the throne. A Republic founded by men opposed to, or at least not in strong sympathy with, the abolition of slavery, anomalous as it may seem, would not be without historic precedent on this continent.

IF it be true that Mr. Gladstone is about to formulate his new Home Rule scheme, his manifesto will be scanned with intense interest by all classes of British subjects. It would be useless to deny the grave significance of the series of Radical successes in the by-elections which have taken place during the last few months. There is no doubt some ground for Mr. Balfour's opinion that these successes indicate a growing tendency, not indeed towards socialism in the political sense of that word, but towards democracy. But, to those at a distance at least, it seems more probable that the result is mainly due to a growing impatience with the everlasting Irish Question, and a desperate resolve to have the matter settled in some way, and removed out of the path to much-needed legislation it has so long obstructed. Nothing, the common people may be supposed to persuade themselves, can be much worse than the present situation. It may be thought almost better to try any experiment, however hazardous, which has in it any chances of success, than to go on in an endless round of indecisive struggles in Parliament and in refractory Ireland. While Mr. Balfour, with characteristic firmness and tenacity of purpose, holds fast, apparently, his faith in the administrative policy to which his reputation is pledged, there are not wanting indications that other members of the Government may be beginning to look around for some place of compromise. Such seems at least a fair inference from the hint thrown out by one of them the other day, that there might be no objection to giving Ireland legislative control of purely local affairs, if that would satisfy her aspirations. Should the result of the electoral struggle in Brighton show that the Radical tide is still rising, it is not unlikely that Lord Salisbury may feel himself constrained to adopt some new or modified line of policy, with a view to avert a result which would seem otherwise inevitable.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THERE are few scholars, even the most conservative or reactionary, who would wish to go back to the old methods of university teaching in which the English language had no place. But there is a distinct danger connected with the manner in which this important work of the teaching of English—now deemed necessary—is being done; and we have pleasure in drawing attention to some timely warnings which have been offered by Professor Cappon, of Queen's University, in a lecture delivered at the beginning of the academical year, and published in the Kingston *British Whig*, of October 17.

If the advocates of the old order were bigoted and prejudiced against all innovations, it can hardly be denied that many of the modern school are self-satisfied and conceited, and, moreover, there is a very great danger that, under the new system of neglecting the classics for the study of English, there will not be as good English scholars as under the old system, in which our mother tongue seemed to be overlooked. This may sound paradoxical; but we believe it to be strictly true, and it is to this danger

principally that Professor Cappon draws attention in his lecture.

Mr. Cappon finds a foeman worthy of his steel in Dr. E. A. Freeman, author of the great work on the Norman Conquest and Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. At least, we suppose it is this Professor Freeman that he means, as we do not remember a "Professor Freeman, of Cambridge." But there may be such an one, and this is a point of no importance whatever. In the matter of controversy we are entirely with Professor Cappon. We agree with his opinions, and we highly commend his statement and illustration of them.

"Professor Freeman," he says, "thinks that English literature should not be taught at universities at all, because it does not deal with facts, but is a matter of pure taste and opinion in which there is no agreement; and again, because, in his opinion, it cannot be taught (especially because it cannot be crammed), and, lastly, because it cannot be examined upon. These are his own phrases, as they appeared in his own article on the subject, as they appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, for October, 1887."

Professor Cappon points out that such statements entirely ignore the practical importance of English literature in our ordinary life; and his remarks are of peculiar importance in reference to the state of things existing in this country. As regards the condition of education in England, Dr. Freeman may be practically right, although we hold him to be theoretically wrong. He argues that because our judgments about literature are very much a matter of taste, therefore it is of no use for one person to teach another what he is to think of certain writers. But surely this is far from the truth and common sense of the matter. It is not merely matters of fact that we can be taught, and are taught, it is matters of taste as well. Probably three persons out of four learn what they are to like or dislike from the good or bad examples of those by whom they are accustomed to be guided. This is true of language and of literature alike.

It is indeed not impossible, or even improbable, that Dr. Freeman may be nearly right in his practical judgments, although we hold him to be in error theoretically. In England, young men go up to Oxford and Cambridge with a practical knowledge of English and English literature which cannot be expected of, and which is not possessed by, the ordinary undergraduate of our Canadian universities. Most English university students come from educated families. Most of them are trained at one or other of the great public schools. The practical knowledge of English is like an instinct to them; and, although they are not beyond the need of guidance and instruction on the subject of English literature, and Professorships and Lectureships are now being founded in both of the ancient universities for that purpose, still no one can consider the need so pressing there as it is here.

But however this may be, looking at things as they are among ourselves, we may see the need of Professor Cappon's warning in various ways. In the first place, the old training in the classics, which constituted the liberal education of former times, is now falling into the background. In the second place, our University education is largely for "the people," and not merely for certain "classes." Lastly, the attempt to teach English philology is producing a number of students who are becoming quite clever at breaking up the language and reducing it to its elements, but who have no skill at all in putting its parts together.

Professor Cappon is by no means an enemy to the teaching of philology. Indeed it would be impossible for an intelligent student of any language to think lightly of the science which explained its origin and development, in short, its history. Whether we consider the language itself or the literature in which its progress is displayed, it is quite clear that our understanding of both will greatly depend upon our knowledge of the actual facts of its history. But, the Professor remarks, "It is a well-known fact that the philological knowledge of words contributes little or nothing to the power of using them." It is not easy to exaggerate the importance of this statement, considering how generally its truth is ignored. And, after all, what is language for but for using—for reading, and speaking, and writing? It exists that thought may exist and become precise and exact. It exists that we may gain a knowledge of the thoughts of others and convey our thoughts to them. The mere philologist who can crack the shells of words and can do no more with them gets little more good from them than the chemist who can analyze the food upon his table, but has no appetite for it and cannot eat it, gets from the repast prepared for him.

Professor Cappon then was fully justified when he said, "I do not mean to disparage philology as a special form of scientific study, but I mean to say that it has no right to thrust itself into the place of the more important sides of an English education. I consider that a philological course of study, exhibiting the principal facts in the growth of the English language, is an essential part of the scholar's education, but I cannot admit that it is entitled to the sole, or even to the first, place in the teaching of English at our Universities. Such an idea could arise only in the minds of those who are ignorant where the true strength of culture lies."

A very remarkable testimony to the value of the older methods of education deserves special notice, from the fact that a vast number of our modern educationalists are ignorant of the truth to which witness is borne, or even deny it to be a truth altogether. "In former days," says the Professor, "this liberal culture used to be derived mainly from the study of Latin and Greek at the Universities, and these languages, with their literature, formed a very effective and admirable means of culture as long as the attention of the student was concentrated upon them from his first year at the Grammar School to his last year at the University. Those were the days when an English statesman could quote to the House of Commons a passage from Juvenal or Horace, and the quotation would go to the hearts of three-fourths of the members. But in these days of ours, with optional courses, in which the study of classics is reduced to a minimum, or, at most, carried on for two or three years, this fine ideal of classical culture has become, for many of our students, impracticable." We are sorry that we cannot quote the whole passage of which these sentences form a part. It is weighty and valuable.

Such culture as is here referred to, is for most men, impossible. The classics can never be in the future what they have been in the past; and we must make up our minds to supplement our imperfect knowledge of them, or to make up for our ignorance of them, by some other method of study and training.

Professor Cappon illustrates the kind of work which he desires to have done by some remarks on the study of Wordsworth. It is very likely that many of his hearers and readers may refuse to place that great poet on so high a pedestal as that which is erected by the Professor. But no one can deny that the critics of his poetry were, to a great extent, blind leaders of the blind. No one can deny that Wordsworth was the exponent of ideas then in the air which were "caviare to the general"; or that these ideas are now, if not exactly daily bread, yet very widely "learned and inwardly digested" by a large number of the educated men and women of the present day.

Professor Cappon thus illustrates the work of a teacher of English literature in regard to what he calls the *biographical problem*. "How," he asks, "did the writer—or let us take Wordsworth again as an example—how did Wordsworth come to accomplish this great work of giving men a new and profounder conception of things? What evidences are there in his writings, or in other records of the growth of his conceptions, of the struggle of the whole discipline both of character and intellect, which he underwent before he could systematize the new thoughts stirring within him, and bring them before the world in a clear shape. And here all the subtle relations which exist between character and intellect, between the moral nature of the man and the modes of thought and speech which he has developed become the subject of the student's research." Here is a very noble conception of the work of the teacher of literature. We imagine that very few persons who read these lines will agree with Professor Freeman's judgment that such things cannot be taught. It reminds us that Aristotle held, in a manner, that morals could not be taught, and for all that, wrote a treatise on the subject, which, without laying claim to any special powers of prophecy, we may safely pronounce immortal. Whether students can be examined on such things seems to us a matter of very small importance. We certainly have examining enough, and it will not hurt us to learn some things out of which we can make no capital for an examination.

We hope to hear of, and from, Professor Cappon again, and we congratulate Queen's on the possession of a teacher of a vision so clear, and with lips so eloquent to tell the vision.

The smallest circular saw in practical use is a tiny disc about the size of a shilling, which is employed in cutting the slits in gold pens. These saws are about as thick as ordinary paper, and revolve some 4,000 times per minute.

LONDON LETTER.

NOTES BY THE WAY: ON CHRIST CHURCH MEADOWS.

WE were rowed across the strip of water to the spit of land near Hengistbury Head by a brown-faced, blue-eyed, long-legged girl, who occasionally rested on her oars and allowed the boat to be drifted sideways by the current in order to devote her whole attention to asking questions of the great world from which we had come. There was something of Little Em'ly in her face (the Little Em'ly who runs along the breakwater with her hair flying while David looks on with wonder at her courage) which made her very familiar. Backed by three or four small friends, allowed after a deal of cuffling to scramble into the bows just as we were starting, and who crouched about her, their round eyes fixed on the strangers, the eager girl, in her picturesque attitude and with her quick, intelligent tongue, was a contrast indeed to the others gathered round who did no work and were cumberers merely. She could write and read a little, accomplishments painfully learnt at night when the boys were asleep; and she was past fifteen and wanted to go out to service. She must go away soon, she said, with a quick look of dislike at the four or five cottages with the inn in their midst which we had left on the mainland. Even in fine weather when they could paddle in the sea it was dull, but in wet when they had to bide in she didn't know what to do sometimes. There were plenty of children to play with if one wanted them, for "there are ten in under we" she said in her peculiar vernacular, meaning that so large a family occupied the ground floor of the cottage in which she lived; but she was tired of playing; she would like some work to do. It was difficult to arrive at any part of her history for she wished to hear our experience and not tell her own, and it was amidst a hailstorm of questions that our boat reached the shore, and was nearly tipped over, by the way, in consequence of the rapid and awkward disembarkment of most of our crew. At last, all danger passed, we stood firm on the sandy beach, and turned to watch our conductress pull fast across the water back to the group of squalid cottages she calls Home.

How can I best describe this rough bleak spot on the Hampshire coast? Figure to yourself a grey lake, formed by the meeting of the Avon and the Stour. On the left rise low melancholy hills on which here and there stands a solitary house. On the right a broken chain of small villas runs along the water-edge from Christ Church to Mudeford. In front, across the weird still lake over which the sea-birds hover, is the beautiful Priory Church, planted among pleasant heather lands, and which wonderful building has been a part of the landscape for these six hundred years. At our back are low drives, effectual barriers for the most part between lake and sea, except in the one place over which we have just been rowed, and where the rivers, having broken through the sand wall, ripple briskly straight to the salt waves.

And it was on this dismal spot, that unfolding my paper (for like the Old Soldier I am a poor creature without news) I read of the death of Wilkie Collins.

On ahead my companion, a tremendous naturalist, had wandered off with eyes bent on the ground, spying all sorts of treasures in the short grass and low bushes. The loss of a writer more or less would be as nothing I know to the fact that on the mead yonder quantities of gulls were feeding and that against that ledge of sand were a heap of empty crab shells, each of which had to be examined separately. So I sat on alone, looking into the lake (an occasional shout informing me of the wonders I was ignoring), and thinking of the days that are no more.

And what good days they were! The water, the hills, and the far-stretching meadow-land disappears, and, instead, in the light of a great north window, I see an easel laden with a many-coloured canvas. In place of the scent of the bog-myrtle, I smell the delightful odours of turpentine and cigar smoke, and, instead of the scream of the curlews, I hear the voice of the painter of the Derby Day as, working busily the while, he describes a recent visit to Gadshill, where also was Wilkie Collins, and tells me what a charming, delightful creature is the author of the "Moonstone"—"the best of all his books to me" says Frith, a remark to which I cry, Hear, hear. Often though I have lounged by the side of the easel I yet never heard anything that interests me more than the vivid little sketches of Dickens and his friends (are not these things written in the Reminiscences?); and it was here that first I listened with a vague wonder as "The Woman in White" was discussed (do you remember Leech's drawing and Walker's poster?), and later, "No Name," in which Edward Fitzgerald delighted, and later still the incomparable story, with the thrilling epilogue, of the "Indian Jewel." Is the present generation of critics just to the novelist whose pages their fathers read so attentively? It isn't proposed, no one could seriously propose, to put Wilkie Collins on a level with such a giant as Thackeray, with the great Dickens, or even with one or two of his men and women contemporaries—I am thinking of Mrs. Gaskell and of certain careful, excellent work of Trollope's—but are the papers in the right to give the author of the "Moonstone," of "Armada," of "The New Magdalen," such scant praise, and treat so many of his later books with contempt? Gentle, kindly, modest Wilkie Collins, who spoke evil of none, and of whom everybody, however hard and worldly, had something affectionate to say, how little you would care for the opinion of the present-day young gentlemen of the press when in the past you possessed an enthusiastic, friendly

critic in the person of Dickens himself! To-day we are told you were an imitator of the author of David Copperfield; an absurd accusation—never were two manners so dissimilar. To-day they want us to believe your method was all wrong; they insist you had no power of reproducing nature in your characters; they cry out at the melodramatic element in all your books. Personally I think it is the critics who are in the wrong and not your method, and I think most of us will still keep well within reach the "All the Year Rounds" in which so many of your delightful stories appeared, and when we want amusement—I won't say instruction—will go to them sooner than to certain well-puffed, modern volumes which I could name if I chose.

And before my companion has time to wander back to me I read in another sad little paragraph of the death of Miss Amy Terry, who wrote the "Romance of a Shop," and "Reuben Sachs." "Of all who pass us in Life's drear descent," says Landor, "we grieve the most for those who wished to die," amongst whom we must reckon the clever Jewish young lady who was in such delicate health that life was a burden to her. Rapidly become blind and deaf, they say, she was not strong enough to fight against such fearful odds. I remember the interest with which in "Reuben Sachs" I read of a society of people of whom till then I had known nothing. How I read of their dances and dinners, and listened to their conversations, and felt at the end of the third volume as if I had known them all my life. These are real people, these women, flippant, empty-headed, over-eating, and over-dressing for want of some other way to make the days pass, these men with their heads filled with the ambition of money-making. The book has no plot—it is too like a bit of life to have a plot—and no distinctive style, and is to be recommended only for its extraordinary air of truth. These are by no means the Jews that George Eliot drew—those grand natures ever dreaming of their religion, their race, yearning for the coming of the Messiah, for Jerusalem. They are portraits of the under-sized, ill-bred, middle-class Hebrew inhabitants of the Maida Vale Terraces that lie near to the Bayswater Synagogue; or of the richer class about Porchester Terrace, of the very rich set in Portland Place, all so alike in spite of their money. They are most of them rapacious, narrow-minded, greedy, hard, and if one met them in society one would give them a wide berth. Miss Levy, with her clear, direct manner of repeating this episode in the life of an ambitious Jew, this catastrophe in the life of a young Jewess, has made of her unpromising material something so uncommonly good that one feels regretful indeed that the author of "Reuben Sachs" will never tell us any more about these men and women whom she knew so well. No one will take her place, I think. It is impossible, they say, to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; but it is a feat that Miss Levy has certainly accomplished.

The Naturalist came strolling back with hands full of rare flowers, with bits of weed, and shining shells. The deaths of neither the young girl or old man had, as I imagined, much effect on a person who does not touch a novel if she can help it, and finds the wonders of that unseen world so absorbing that she can think of nothing else. "See," she said, as she laid a small closed shell on my hand, "do you remember that Frank Buckland declared that He who had been so good to the fish would be good, too, to the fisherman"—which was all the answer I could get from this placid philosopher when I lamented the absence of all knowledge of that bourne into which these two, friends of all the reading world, have just turned their tired steps.

WALTER POWELL.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

AND now the ripened fruitage of the year
Is garnered ere the icy winds come forth;
Which lurk around the grim fields of the north,
And long to crisp the leaves now brown and sere.
See where the lordly maple spreads its shade!
No kingly robe of richest Tyrian dye,
Or queenly gem resplendent to the eye,
But pales before this monarch of the glade.
The fierce wind sweeps across the arid lea,
The grey clouds flit along the pallid sky,
The foaming billows surge upon the sea.
Swift is the southward flight of birds, and high,
Afar they seek on strong unwearied wing
For warmth, and rest, until returning spring.

Toronto, October, 1889.

T. E. MOBERLY.

TWO CANADIAN POETS.*

THOSE patriotically constituted people—a little "off," if we are to believe some pessimistic critics of the day—who from time to time declare a faith in the poetical future of their country will read with pleasure the "Voices and Undertones" of William P. McKenzie and "Lake Lyrics" by William Wilfred Campbell. And, indeed, these verses will be read, not only with pleasure but with something more, something infinitely higher and more improving than the mere sensuous gratification at easy correct rhyming and hackneyed pictures of life and nature which require very little trouble to be understood and appreciated. Those who desire to become acquainted with the verse—nay, the poetry recently offered to the public

* "Voices and Undertones." By William P. McKenzie. New York: Equity Publishing Co.; Toronto: Hart & Co. "Lake Lyrics and Other Poems." By William Wilfred Campbell. St. John, N.B.: J. & A. McMillan.

by these two comparatively young writers, must bring something more with them than the mere habit of reading, than the mere grasping of facts presented. To quote Mr. McKenzie's excellent motto "All this time and all times wait the words of true poems—the words of true poems do not simply please." This is a truth too much neglected by the average reader and the average critic alike.

In reviewing these two volumes together, it may be said that it was suggested by the character of the verse itself, and was not done simply because the volumes "came in" at the same time. Indeed, in the work of all the rising Canadian poets there is a striking *vraisemblance* in three or four essential particulars. Thus, Mr. Lampman, Mr. Duncan Scott, Bliss Carman, and the two writers whose works are at present under discussion, possess in common that absence of personality, for one thing, which is sometimes the hall-mark of the truest genius. Again, all these writers lean to an intense objectivity. They are, in their realization of what Nature is and of what she does for them, almost Pantheistic, certainly a little—Pagan. And they are all wisely conspicuous because they avoid the narrative or epic form. They have all, very likely, composed blank-verse epics, new Iliads, potential Childe Harolds, but they sensibly refrain from putting them on exhibition, for which we cannot be too thankful. A fine restraint, a sensitive judgment is revealed at least in these two new works, as well as great literary instinct.

Nature, then, is the chief inspiration which appears to have guided Mr. McKenzie in his choice of subjects, and his best efforts are those in which minute observation of natural phenomena occurs, amounting almost to scientific correctness, almost taking up descriptive work where Tennyson and Wordsworth left it off. For it will be conceded that the advanced modern poets, Morris, Swinburne and Rossetti, and the society-verse songbirds, Dobson and Lang, have done very little towards swelling the record of painstaking observers of natural phenomena. This is always to be deplored, for we have it on the very highest authority that scientific poetry—a veritable contradiction of terms to many minds—is to be the poetry of the future. To Wordsworth first—speaking of this century only—we owe that "harvest of a quiet eye" and those thoughts that often lie too deep for tears, which turned our attention to the beautiful sights of Nature as a whole, and to Tennyson in the second place, who taught us how to reconcile the miraculous mechanism existing in the smallest object, or most commonplace or trivial with all that is divine and magical in life. The late Professor Shairp quotes from the learned and estimable Stopford Brooke when he remarks that if on the scientific insight of a Faraday could be engrafted the poetic genius of Byron, the result would be a poem of the kind "for which the world waits." Further, he says, that "to write on the universal ideas of science, through the emotions which they excite, will be part of the work of future poets of Nature."

Therefore, in recognizing the ability of our rising writers in this one direction of interpreters of Nature, we not only do them an honour, but lift Canadian verse—as yet only in its infancy—into a position of something very much like dignity and value.

Let no one, however, rush to the conclusion that Mr. Campbell and Mr. McKenzie are in the habit of concocting Lucretian verse which sets forth doctrines, either of atomism or of evolution, and of ornamenting their pages with hard scientific terms—

Stony names
Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff,
Amygdaloid and trachyte,

such as beat the life from out young pages, fresh with youth and spirits. The science is only suggested. An instance of what is meant may here be given. A Canadian poet, Mr. George Martin, of Montreal, causes his heroine Marguerite, niece of Roberval, to say that her lover on the Isle of Demons has twined her a bridal braid of pale yellow lilies, river buds and pinks, modest snow-drops pearly white, and lilies of the vale. Now, some of these flowers do not grow in Canada at all, and certainly they could not have been growing ever in the locality pictured by the poet. But because snowdrops, lilies of the vale *et hoc genus omne* are factors in poetry—that of the old world and a rapidly-decaying type, they are used on the occasion referred to. It is altogether likely that the poet hardly stopped to think about the matter at all, as very many, perhaps, more famous poets have done too in their time. Such *properties* as occasional trees and flowers and clouds and birds do not matter to some minds. But note the difference when, as in a poem entitled "October Wind," Mr. McKenzie has evidently been careful as to minute facts, and his crystallization of the same afterwards in verse:

He rushes through the poplar trees
Whose quivering leaves no longer dance in green
But, blotched like parchment old, are seen
To flutter sad and yellow in the breeze.

O'er broad, brown hills the wind-waves pass,
Bowling on withered stem the seed-filled head.

In "The Homeless Sea" occurs a fine presentation of the idea of the tides:

The moon is far, her light is cold
To her my being floats away,
Then backward sinks defectively;
Thus forth and hither from of old.

I joy in grapple with the winds,
With fierce delight I fling my spray,
And crash my shores in lordly play;
No longer pain my spirit binds.

My soul to leave the earth is fain
To float unchained in upper air
But wings of cloud when I prepare
The winds do shred them into rain.

Fine also is that allusion to the vacant soul :

More blank than is the tideless weed-strewn waste ;
But where my billowy joys in sunlight raced
A fragrance yet remaineth of the sea.

These few extracts, being all that space admits, will serve to show the use Mr. McKenzie makes of his excellent gift of observation, for it is clear that this gift alone would end in mere categorical exposition of appearances—the application is everything. The various sonnets scattered throughout the book are well conceived and constructed, but it will be by the simple lyrical pieces referring to Nature and by certain Browningsque elements in two or three of the longer poems that Mr. McKenzie will attract his readers. A note of Browning is new in Canadian verse, but it is impossible to misconstrue

Iran—how was it, a blow, or a fall ?
O weathercock brain that the wild thoughts twirl !
Why, this is the church ; but where are they all ?
Ho, sexton, need you a louder call ?
What more than myself 'gainst the door to hurl !

'Twas enough to make any true man rave,
They had made a cage, but it lacked a bar,
And this my friend in her letter gave ;
So they made my queen of the world a slave—
I could climb, to save her, from star to star !

“Love Letters” is the title of a lengthy and fluent sequence of poems recalling in tenderness and loftiness of aim the “House of Life.” “An Expostulator Overhead” reveals the inner workings of a mind much given to theological disquisitions and is probably the most ambitious flight of the writer. Here and there are poems which contain very little of interest or melody and perhaps the pruning process might have been applied with wise results, but many young writers prefer to follow evolutionary principles, confident that the fittest will survive.

But considering the volume as a whole, we believe Mr. McKenzie to be gifted in no ordinary degree with many of the attributes of a sweet and strong singer, and capable of even better work than he has yet given us. The following sonnet is a fair example of his best manner :

APOLOGIA.

Glad tidings of relief the lame may bring
To some beleaguered city, and the blind
From midnight ambush the path may find ;
On high the bird may sail with measured wing
And yet no song ecstatic downward fling ;
What rhythmic law the rushing breeze can bind
With flight as eager (critic, yet be kind)
'The song that gushes from the heart I sing.
I hasten with good will though I be halt,
And visions I have seen if I be blind ;
The voice may quaver, call it not the fault
Of perfect music singing in the mind ;
I do my highest, this my song commend
To all who have a Lover or a Friend.

When we turn to “Lake Lyrics and Other Poems,” by William Wilfred Campbell, the impression made by the reiteration of natural objects and places is strengthened. The poet has caught, as few have ever caught better, the vastness, the desolation, the positive and awful monotony of a Canadian waterscape. To him there may be streaks of colour, hints of happiness along the shore, high overhead in the sky, shrieks and cries of life from gull or quail, loon or plover, but for the most part it is a wide and lifeless waste that lies around him. This impression is the sole one many others beside the poet have caught as they traverse the monotonous wastes of Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, and the persistence with which Mr. Campbell sounds this one note speaks well for the beginning of a Canadian School. Since Longfellow and Whittier, no writer of verse has pictured in such glowing, accurate and impassioned language the peculiar scenery of the western lakes, and while the younger American contingent turning its back upon its own country has essayed society-verse, ballades, rondeaux and Gautier-like miniatures of individual phases, the Canadian writers have slowly, but surely, been noting with careful enthusiasm the characteristics of a continent as yet only partially immortalized in verse. The “Legend of Restless River” and the varied songs and odes to the great lakes are beautiful poems, instinct with melody and bearing each a unique and powerful charm. There are occasional hints of human sentiment which show that Mr. Campbell is not devoid of the gentle sympathies which mark the true poet, and the “Ode to Tennyson” is capable of thrilling those admirers of the Laureate who cannot possibly love him any better than does the author of “Lake Lyrics.” As one of the most complete and picturesque of his delineations we extract “Dawn in the Island Camp” in which the poet reaches an almost inspired height :

Red in the mists of the morning,
Angry, coloured with fire,
Beats the great lake in its beauty,
Rocks the wild lake in its ire.

Tossing from headland to headland,
Tipped with the glories of dawn,
With gleaming, wide reaches of beaches
That stretch out far, wind-swept and wan.

Behind, the wild tangle of island,
Swept and drenched by the gales of the night ;
In front, lone stretches of water
Flame-bathed by the incoming light.

Dim the dark reels and dips under,
Night wavers and ceases to be ;
As God sends the manifold mystery
Of the morning and lake round to me.

In taking leave of Mr. Campbell's little volume we feel that it is hardly possible to estimate too highly the promise it contains. Swinburnian in swing and rhythm but intensely Canadian in the aspects of nature depicted, his poems satisfy the most fastidious mind while they testify to the power of our Canadian landscapes to fire the imagination of the poet. Crudities there are, and here

and there a hasty rhyme or a redundant line, but the impression of the book as an entity leaves little to be desired, and since the publication of Mr. Lampman's volume, nothing in the direction of verse of so much importance has appeared from the pen of a Canadian as “Lake Lyrics and Other Poems.”

ON THE MARSHES AT SUNDOWN.

A WAVING sea of grass, a thousand shades
Of green, of deepest and of brightest hue,
And spread with thousand, thousand yellow flowers
And daisies, bending all unto the wind
Like waves of sea—the warm wind of the west
Be-laden with the breath of blowing roses,
And rich with the odours of the growing grain,
Sweeping the brown top and yellow buds
Into the half light, turning green to blue
And white to grey-green ; wave on wave again,
Onward and onward and a sunset sky,
Golden, and flaming with a brighter gold
Ever and ever, where the setting sun
Shines in full-flooded glory, stream on stream
Of brightness shooting upward from the horizon
Into the farthest sky, until it blends
With the wide stretch of heaven and a river
Winding, a stream of silver in the shade,
And golden with the glory of the sky
Reflected in the broad light far away.
Among the hayfields—winding round and round,
Until its waters mingle with the tide
A mile to westward !

Silently I gaze
In quiet consciousness of perfect joy
And reverence of glory. Heaven and earth,
United in the last embrace of day,
Unveil their beauty to the weary world
In harmony of quietude and peace !

Deeper and deeper sinks the sun in heaven,
Redder and redder flushes the rose-red sky ;
And the blue shadows of the wind-waves darken
More and more upon the grass. I gaze
Long on the last light shooting heavenward ;
Seems the sun dwindled to a single star ;
One pure bright star, of steadier, steadiest light,
Not bickering, but constant in decline,
And ceasing !

And the long, low, level line
Of hayfields rises against the golden sky ;
And all the land leads up in rising plains
Of darkening shadow.

And the flickering light
That glows to westward, and the fiery red
Above, and pure white clouds that hover o'er
Th' horizon, gilded with the sunlight, seem
Far off—no longer near. The world is left
To darkness ; and the eerie twilight creeps
Upon the marshes.

Now the daylight dims,
And waves the grass more wearily, all wet
With dew ; and shadows deepen ; and the river
Shines like a mirror, black, and with the stars
Reflected. And the sky above is dark
And purple to the westward ; and the wind
Falls to an echo ; and the echo dies.

Ottawa.

A. CAMPBELL.

PARIS LETTER.

It is with a “thank goodness” sigh of relief that every person expresses their satisfaction that the elections are over, and that the internecine war between those for and against the Republic is henceforth shorn of its sharp and feverish traits. The rival fevers are rapidly descending into the cooler stage, and so coming within range of practical treatment. It was, indeed, a painful period France has passed through, but, thanks to the native shrewdness of the masses, she is herself again, and can select a new departure under the most favourable conditions.

In ordinary times the election of a new parliament would not be a subject of serious comment. It is not so now. The deputies just elected will really have the fate of the country between their hands, so far as they will have to deal with European complications. Outside Bedlam, there is no one who believes that the present state of the Continent—maintaining peace in a straight-jacket—can be continued. The nervousness of statesmen to uphold peace by augmenting their formidable armaments is the best proof of the weakness of its duration. Then, on home questions, there is a vast amount of legislative work to be dealt with, and there is, above all, the financial position of the country to be prescribed for. Hence the importance of the French elections for the world at large.

What is the composition of the new House? what the salient features of its politics? what the chances that it will not drift or degenerate into the dissolving errors of its predecessor? Of the 576 deputies who compose the future Chamber, 366 are avowed Republicans of various shades ; the balance, 210, or avowed Opposition, consists of 104 Royalists, 59 Bonapartists and 47 Boulangists. The 366 Republicans comprise 239 Moderates and 127 Radicals of the Floquet-Clemenceau type. Of the total, 576, deputies elected, 281 are new men. Of the eighty-seven departments into which France is divided, fifteen are wholly represented by Republicans, and four by

Royalists and Bonapartists. Of the forty-five deputies elected for Paris and its department, the Seine, eighteen are Boulangists.

There is a solid kernel of 200 deputies of moderate opinions. Can it become the centre and the attractive power of a working, a lasting and a governmental majority? Two of its most distinguished members are Messrs. Leon Say and Henri Germain, the best financial heads in France. Any recasting of the cabinet which leaves these gentlemen out in the cold will be the signal for an immediate cleavage in the Republican ranks. Leon Say has a personal following of about fifty deputies. When the House meets next month the first test of party republicanism will be over the election of the speaker. Two candidates are in presence : Messrs. Brisson and Floquet. The latter would be the right man in the right place, but he is a Radical, and, politically, has been humiliated by having to undergo the second ballotage—a Caudine-forkism that M. Brisson was not subjected to. Both men have a perfectly clean political past.

If a majority of moderate men cannot be cemented, then the age of coteries again will set in, when the future will be at the mercy of the intrigues of each hour. These evils will not be apparent during what may be called the honeymoon of the new session. Time must be given for the new members to be shaped and measured by events ; to allow all their fantastical little ambitions and self-inflated importance to evaporate ; to see how they will appear under the indifference of the Chamber and the snubs of committees, and the inertia of functionaryism to their virgin zeal to reform all that is reformable. Then again, the classifications at present formed are based on the hustings' credos of the elected. These declarations of political fidelity are as fickle and as capricious as woman's love.

It is at the Home Office that the results of the elections all over France are concentrated. The residence of the Home Minister is situated in front of the Palace de l'Elysée, Place Beauvean. The pavilion on the left was devoted to the election results, outside the courtyard were gathered the best “flys” in Paris to reach the city newspaper offices and the telegraphic bureau. Passing through lines of sentries and of policemen, the first outer chamber is reached, where the scouts rest awaiting the despatches to be handed them from the representatives of the press inside. A second chamber is devoted to editors, who come to write short notices for their friends at home and abroad on the features of the result as they become developed.

The chamber where the results are called out is an immense apartment, gorgeously fitted up, as all official rooms are. Down the room is a very large table, covered with green cloth, round which the journalists sit ; round the room is another row of editors and correspondents ; while valets perpetually promenade in the open spaces, depositing slips of writing paper and pens where such are needed ; another valet is charged with the winding up of the thirty-six moderate lamps ; while two other domestics march with boxes of the choicest Havana cigars—corruption of the Fourth Estate in *flagrante delicto*, Minister Constans. The telegraph alarm bell sounds ; every one rushes to his chair ; to your tents, O Israel, is the *mot d'ordre*. Up pops an iup, or a messenger forces his way down the room, with a roll of despatches that have arrived within the last ten minutes from the most distant voting centres of France—some over 700 miles away. The despatches are handed to the Director of the Press department of the Home Office, a most courteous and obliging gentleman. He is seated at a rostrum, on an *estrade*. On each side of him, at separate tables, are his four secretaries. I had been very lucky to obtain a seat at one of these high places in the synagogue. The Director commences : “Gentlemen, such a department, say the Nord, Monsieur So and So, Republican, Radical, Boulangist, Royalist, etc., has obtained so many votes and is elected ;” then the number of votes recorded for his antagonist is read out. The unexpected return or defeat of some well-known politician is accompanied by ohs ! or ahs ! or laughter, following partizans.

As the bundle of despatches are read off, there is a pause till the tinkle, tinkle of the alarm bell announces the arrival of a fresh batch of results. In the meantime a pair of folding-doors open and a valet invites the gentlemen to visit a well-stored buffet. Corruption of the press again, Minister Constans. The room is as hot as the stake for a martyr. Some journalists are sick from the furnace atmosphere ; they attempt to open some of the twenty-foot high windows ; they cannot. It is suggested to call in Eiffel. An editor protests against letting in cold air, as asserting it is another Boulangist conspiracy to kill off his opponents. A witty journalist delivers an impromptu lecture on the advantages of a white heat on the development of intellect ; hearing the Director's “Gentlemen,” he disappears. And such was how Sunday evening of the 6th was spent, from ten o'clock till two on Monday morning.

In the courtyard—for it was a lovely night—of the ministerial residence was a crowd of all the political big wigs, who dropped in as they knew they were victorious. Many had a Medusa-rapt look ; others looked as serene as cherubim and seraphim. M. Constans was as cool as the side wall of the Home Office ; Lockery and Floquet smiled triumphantly. Yves Guyot had a thank-offering expression. The only minister who was all mercury and spring-wire was M. Spuller, Foreign Secretary ; he was here and there, and everywhere. He is sixteen stones weight ; twice he trod on my foot, till I begged he would remain foreign to my corns, which he promised to do, while expressing repentance.

MONTREAL LETTER.

SUNDAY the thirteenth instant was a red-letter day in the calendar of a Church which suffers from no great poverty of red-letter days. The fact that it was the feast of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin, and also that of the patron saint of His Grace Archbishop Fabre, lent to the ceremonies of the occasion less of pomp and solemnity than the fact that a special service of Thanksgiving was to be held to commemorate the amalgamation of the two Catholic Schools of Medicine, Laval and Victoria. An imposing procession of bishops, clergy, professors and students followed His Grace from the Seminary to the Church of Notre Dame, and took their appointed seats in presence of an enormous multitude of spectators. His Grace ascended the throne of state; High Mass was performed; sermons and addresses were delivered, whose burden was the new constitution recently granted for Montreal by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.; and the expected attitude of the faithful was clearly announced. A formal declaration of Roman Catholic principles and doctrines with their relation and application to science was read, His Grace signifying his allegiance to it by reverently placing his lips upon the paper. The Professors in turn then followed the holy example of the Archbishop, and the sacred benediction of the Church was breathed upon the united schools.

In the schools, however, all had not gone so smoothly. The Papal decree which bade the schools be united had omitted to add the word *fused*. The arrangements for the inauguration of the union of the two Faculties had but fanned the embers of opposition, and although the ceremony was graced by the presence of the Archbishop, Abbés, Superiors, and officials of high and low degree, the flame insisted upon flickering into active combustion. In spite of the episcopal blessing, and notwithstanding a few venerable tears in the eyes of His Grace, the students of Victoria rose in the midst of the proceedings, and with unflattering shouts and unruly song marched out of the hall, cheering for their own *Alma Mater*. Next day as a Laval professor made for his class-room in Victoria he was met by a representative of the students who asked him to desist from his intention. The gentleman showed no immediate acquiescence in the request of the students, and the representative of the sons of *Esculapius* then warned him that the students within were armed with weapons which should most certainly convert them into sons of Mars. Thereupon the professor produced from an interior pocket of his mantle of learning what is popularly known as a "seven-shooter," and added to the threat of the revolver the assurance that it, too, should most certainly be put to a practical test if the circumstances should demand, or even justify it. Entering his class-room, the learned gentleman proceeded to his desk, and, amidst the most terrific shouting and rhythmic accompaniment of heavy boots, delivered himself, if not of his lecture, at least of his intention to lecture.

In the evening the Staff of Laval held a conference on the situation, at which it was agreed to request the Staff of Victoria to take such steps as should control their students and reconcile them to a more peaceful attitude. In the Victoria class-rooms the students demanded of their professors an explanation of the arrangement entered into between the two Schools. The information given was couched in words of advice to stand up for their privileges and vindicate their rights by petition. Lecture rooms were barricaded. Professors were accosted with hisses, hootings, and other insulting and threatening demeanour. Students smoked, sang, beat the dust out of the learned floors, and unanimously declined to be present at High Mass when the blessing of Heaven was invoked upon the auspicious amalgamation. The students of Laval met in righteous disgust, and passed a resolution requesting that they might have their lectures in their own quarters. The two Faculties held a midnight conference, and agreed that the joint Secretaries should attend, and inscribe the names of all students willing to be enrolled in the register of Laval University as composed of the two amalgamated schools, and decided that only such students as should provide themselves with authority for admission were to be permitted to enter the halls. A small number enrolled their names, and the Faculties, proceeding upon the assumption that non-enrollment was actual withdrawal from the University, charged the janitors of the College to be guided accordingly.

The majority of the students, resolving that they would accept no card of admission which bore the stamp of Laval, marched in a body to the college, struck terror into the hearts of all opposing janitors, and declared themselves masters of the situation. Lectures of Laval professors were declined with thanks. Those from Victorians were received with cheers. An announcement from the Vice-Rector that the lectures would be resumed in the old quarters of Laval brought the public interest to white heat. At the appointed hour the first lecturers, instead of appearing at the old quarters, proceeded to Victoria where the students were assembled, justifying their action upon the persuasion that their character would be infringed by their lecturing outside their own walls. An official explanation made to the students reminded them that the Victoria School had always declared its readiness to unite with Laval provided its own charter were preserved, and as the present arrangement secured all that the Victorians had fought for, and as the Montreal Laval is practically independent of the one in Quebec, it was now the duty of the professors and students of Victoria to accept the union.

Meetings and counter-meetings have been held, faculties, professors, and students are equally exercised. A short delay has been granted for a study of the situation, and it is confidently expected that all obstacles to complete union, if not to perfect fusion, may be overcome. The new university cannot be self-supporting, and it remains to be seen which of the Catholic corporations will come to its aid, and, of course, to its control. The probability lies between the Sulpicians and the Jesuits, with, perhaps, a turn in favour of the former on account of its superior wealth.

VILLE MARIE.

PERDITA.

"If a maiden's fame be lost
Mother, will the fear it cost,
And the sorrow and the pain,
Buy her honour back again?"
"Ah no, my dear,
Not here, not here!"

"Will no penance she can do
Make her spirit white all through,
With the purity she had
Ere her sinning made her sad?"
"Ah no, my dear,
Not here, not here!"

"In the earth-mould at her side
Will not death her sorrow hide,
'Till the children lisp her name
And the world forget her shame?"
"Ah no, my dear,
Not here, not here!"

"If she sorrow till she die
Will the angels pass her by,
Mother, mother, have I none
Who will think the deed undone?"
"Ah yes, my dear,
One here, one here!"
F. G. SCOTT.

A NOTABLE HYMNIST.

THERE has recently passed away at his quiet country home in Nova Scotia, full of years and honours, if not of more tangible rewards, a man in many respects one of the most remarkable this country has produced. It seems only fitting that some mention should be made in these columns of one whose position in our literature was as unique as his personality was striking and distinct. In my school-boy days I was wont to attend many missionary meetings, not because I felt any profound personal interest in such religious functions, but because my mother desired my services as escort. As a rule, they seemed in my crude judgment a rather dull form of entertainment. There were occasional bright cases, however, when I felt rewarded for the performance of filial duty by something more than the sweet satisfaction one is supposed always to derive from being virtuous. Of such a gratification I was made sure, if among those upon the platform I observed a form and face that could hardly fail to attract attention anywhere. The form was tall and spare, but sinewy and vigorous, while the marked stoop of the broad shoulders spoke unmistakably of long vigils at the student's desk. The face was that of one who had lived and toiled through three-score years at least, until the abundant hair was whitening fast and the furrows were ploughed in deep. From behind gold-bowed glasses two brilliant eyes looked keenly about them, and the mobile, expressive lips moved often, as though impatient to deliver their message. When the time to speak came there was no hesitation, no long-drawn introduction, but a sudden rush of words that commanded your attention at once, and thenceforward there was no fear of its wandering from the speaker. Shrewd mother-wit, unhackneyed pathos, unforced eloquence, profound erudition, thrilling dramatic fervour, these were the qualities that made Silas T. Rand, the Mic-mac missionary of Nova Scotia, an ever-welcome figure at the missionary meeting.

A few lines of biography will help to a better understanding of this remarkable man. Born in a log cabin in the year 1810, the fifth in a double family of twenty-two children, his father a poor farmer, his mother dead when he was but two years old, the early outlook could hardly have seemed more unpromising. Yet there were moments of hope. The mother had been a woman of extraordinary mental vigour, and, considering her circumstances, of surprising general intelligence. She had eagerly devoured all the best literature to which she could gain access. Pope, Young, Gray, Milton, Addison, Steele and Johnson were well known to her. She had even tried her hand at poetry, and shrunk not from essaying the stately hexameter. These tastes and talents were transmitted to her boy, and soon as he could read his passion for books was insatiable. The cross-roads school is his only source of education until he reaches manhood, but he makes the most of it, and studies hard at night, although the day is full of toilsome tasks. At twenty-three he begins the study of Latin at the Wolfville Academy, but can only spare one month for it, and has to resume the mason's hammer and trowel he had so lately laid aside. That is his last experience of schooling. Thenceforward he is self-taught. But just consider his record. Having discovered that he could master Latin without a teacher, he determined to attack

other languages. In one week from the day that he took up the Syriac alphabet he could with little difficulty translate the New Testament in that difficult tongue. His next victory was over Hebrew. Then followed, in astonishing succession, Greek, both ancient and modern, French, German, Italian, Spanish and others to the number of thirteen in all. Moreover, this knowledge was no mere superficial smattering. It was critical and thorough, as the acceptance of articles in the French language by leading Paris periodicals abundantly proves.

But his greatest achievement in this direction remains yet to be mentioned. His heart was moved by the spiritual destitution of the Mic-mac Indians of Nova Scotia. Mainly at his own risk and expense he went among them as a missionary some forty years ago. Not only did he seek to save their souls from perdition, but to rescue their language from oblivion. Enduring every possible form of privation, persevering in the face of every imaginable obstacle, he toiled away with the zeal of a Judson for souls and of a John Eliot for words. The success of the spiritual side of his work can hardly be measured here, but of the philological side there is sufficient evidence in a collection of no less than 40,000 Mic-mac words, from which a dictionary is now being prepared and printed at the cost of the Government of Canada.

Remarkable as this record is it does not exhaust Dr. Rand's (for the universities conferred upon him both D.D. and LL.D.) achievements. There is another phase yet, and it is of this I desire to write more particularly. Latin was his first love, and it remained his favourite tongue. Of mediæval Latin hymnology he made a thorough study. About twenty years ago he made his first attempt at translating hymns into Latin, beginning with Lyte's beautiful "Abide with me," which he sought to render into the measure of classical hexameter. "Then," to quote his own words, "I studied the hymnology of the earlier and middle ages of the Christian Church. I learned the reasons why the writers of Gospel hymns deserted the old heathen masters of song. New hopes, new thoughts and aspirations could not be shackled by the arbitrary and unnatural restraints of heathen classics. The new wine could not be confined in the old, worn-out bottles. It burst the bottles without being itself lost, but gaining much by the change. Charmed as I had always been by the majesty and splendour of the Latin tongue, I was enraptured on reading it when it rolled forth the music and the melody of Jehovah's praise. Claiming to be somewhat of a poet, and having seen attempts at the translation of some of our beautiful evangelical hymns into Latin, according to the rules of English prosody, I made several attempts of the same kind. The exercise affording me much pleasure, and receiving commendation from those whose judgment I had cause to esteem, I have continued the work from time to time as opportunities could be obtained, occasionally sending one to the press, until my present collection amounts to over a hundred."

This collection, put forth in a tiny brown-covered volume entitled "Hymni Recentes Latini: Translationes et Originales," and published by S. Selden, Halifax, Nova Scotia, is now before me, and I shall try my best to convey some idea of the richness of its contents, albeit its appearance is so modest. To take first that hymn which he tells us was his first essay, viz.: "Abide With Me." His version in classical hexameter form begins thus:

Mecum habita, Domine! ultima labitur hora diei:
Quam tenebrae condensantur! Tu mecum habitato!
Deficiunt adiutores; atque omnia grata;
Tu, qui non spernes inopes, O mecum habitato!

The version after the method of modern prosody runs much more easily, and commends itself more quickly to the ear on that account, although the quality of the work is the same. This is the first verse:

Maneto mecum, vespere proferat,
Maneto Domine, tenebrescat:
Absint auxilia, et dulcia;
Tu, Soter inopum, O mecum sta!

It will be noticed in this second version, as also in the other examples that follow, that in both rhyme and rhythm there is an unerring correspondence between the original and the translation, so that one may sing the Latin words to the same music as the English. Here is "Nearer, my God, to Thee":

Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te.
Etiam si crux erit quae tollat me:
Canam continue—
Mi Deus, prope Te;
Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te.

It is of course impossible in an article of this kind to do more than present a few brief illustrations of the doctor's work, but so faithful, spirited and musical is his rendering of Newman's incomparable "Lead kindly light," that I cannot refrain from giving it in full:

Per tenebras, O care Lux, me duc,
Dirige me;
Procul ab domo sum, O tu illuc
Me conduce,
Tu pedes tene, nollem videre,
Quae procul sint; gradatim duce me.

Olim non fui sic; non vellem tum
Ut duceres;
Vellem eligere propositum
Nunc Ductor es;
Amavi lucem tum, et, improbus,
Speravi te; nunc esto Dominus.

Huc me conducebas, ad terminum
Me diriges;
Per paludes, per saxa, fluvium
In splendores,
Et mane angelos quos deligo,
Videbo? licet nunc non video.

A peculiar interest attaches to the version of "Rock of Ages," because of the circumstances connected with it.

In 1861 the Hon. W. E. Gladstone gave to the world the Latin version of this immortal hymn which he had composed some thirteen years previously. When it came in Dr. Rand's way he was so delighted with it that he determined to try his own hand on the same hymn. With unstinted care the work was done, and a copy sent to the scholar statesman. Promptly came back a cordial letter containing a frank confession that the Mic-mac missionary's version was much superior to his own. To enable the readers of THE WEEK to form their own judgment in the matter I will give the first two verses of each version :

Jesu pro me perforatus,
Condar intra tuum latus ;
Tu per lympham profluentem
Tu per sanguinem tepentem,
In peccata mi redunda
Tolla culpam, sordes munda.

Coram te nec justus forem,
Quamvis tota vi laborem ;
Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
Fletu stillam indefensum :
Tibi soli tantum munus,
Salva me, Salvator unus !

Thus runs the version of the ex-Premier. Dr. Rand's is as follows :—

Rupes Sascolorum, te,
Pro me fissa, condam me !
Aque Fons et sanguinis
Duplex tui lateris,
Scelerum purgatio
Sit, et expiatio.

Nunquam possim exsequi
Tua lex quae mandet mi ;
Quamvis strenuus semper sim,
Atque semper fleverim,
Hoc nil expiaverit
In te solo salus sit.

Among the hundred translations are many precious favourites, such as "All people that on earth do dwell," "Come Thou fount of every blessing," "Come ye disconsolate," "I heard the voice of Jesus say," "Jesus, lover of my soul," "My faith looks up to Thee," and even such dear old nursery hymns as "Hush, my dear, be still and slumber," "How doth the little busy bee," and "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," rendered with unflinching skill and beauty.

In addition to the translation are several original compositions, which, to quote the author's words, "were thought out as well as written at first in Latin," but as in order to their proper appreciation they would have to be presented in full, the mere mention of them must suffice. They are strong symmetrical compositions, full of faith and fervour, and are accompanied by excellent English versions prepared by the Rev. W. S. McKenzie, D.D., of Boston.

Unpretentious as this little volume is, it is a veritable casket of jewels that should be in the hands of every lover and student of hymnology, and it seems a safe prediction that it will serve to keep the learned Doctor's memory green long after his Mic-mac dictionary has been forgotten.

Ottawa.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

THREE FRENCH-CANADIAN BOOKS.*

NO native Canadian author is better or more agreeably known than J. M. LeMoine, F.R.S.C. Since 1862 he has been constantly at work unravelling the historical and traditional lore of the beautiful Province of Quebec, and immortalizing in flowing prose the scenery and folklore of the Lower St. Lawrence. That his efforts will be appreciated outside that district is certain to be only a matter of time. "Maple Leaves" is perhaps the best known of his books, four series of these pleasant sketches having already appeared. This latest addition, "Jonathan Oldbuck," recalls the delightful mélange of a Haliburton or a Washington Irving, and will be read with keen delight by all who enjoy a rambling sketch of rippling river, ruined manor-house, a *souçon* of sport and a bewildering assortment of annals—thrown in quite by hazard it seems sometimes to the innocent reader, but carefully prepared and adjusted in such a manner that one is never permitted to grow tired of them. The Parish of Deschambault, the old Beauport Manor, *La Canardière*, the quaint farmhouse of the Quebec Seminary, the first beginnings of Cacouna and Rivière du Loup, the weird desolation of the Magdalen Islands—all these picturesque places find eloquent and vivid grouping in Mr. LeMoine's stirring pages. Edward, Duke of Kent; the zealous and gifted botanist, Kalm, the friend of Linnaeus; old Giffard, the eccentric seigneur of ancient Beauport; lords and ladies, priests and laymen, the gentle *habitant*, the dashing *voyageur*, are a few of the characters which the author loves to depict and with which our more prosaic Western minds are equally surprised and delighted. The book is dedicated to Mr. George M. Fairchild, of New York, who, although usually regarded as a prosperous commercial light, is also a seigneur of the beautiful old manor and estate of Deschambault, forty five miles from Quebec. Thus, in that most alluring slice of Canada, do romance and reality meet as in few other places on the American continent. We predict for Mr. LeMoine's book a large and enthusiastic sale.

M. Beaupré is very well known indeed as a citizen, and it is pleasant to extend our acquaintance with him further as an author. The present volume is an itinerary of travel through France, Spain and Italy, and across to

* "The Explorations of Jonathan Oldbuck." By J. M. LeMoine. Quebec: Demers et Frère. "Lettres de Voyage." By H. Beaupré. Montreal: Des Presses de *La Patrie*. "General Sketch of the Province of Quebec." By the Hon. Honoré Mercier, Premier of the Province. Quebec.

Tunis and Algiers, and an outgrowth of some letters which appeared originally in *La Patrie*. The author disclaims any idea of offering original criticism upon works of art or upon the famous cities and palaces that he visited, but it may safely be said that no two persons ever see exactly the same features in anything, whether picture, or cathedral, or crowded quay, and so M. Beaupré's descriptions come out sometimes as freshly as even he himself could desire. He shows every evidence of trained critical perceptions, and of a cultured mind, while, it is almost superfluous to state, an intense devotion to everything and everybody *Canadien* prevails throughout its pages. Among other pleasant episodes of a stay in Paris, M. Beaupré relates the details of a banquet given at the Continental Hotel by the club or society known as the *Marmite*, the chief toast at which was "French Canada." M. Goblet, the president, in proposing the toast, said: "I drink to the French-Canadians, as faithful in their hearts to their dear mother-land as they are politically true to the flag which protects them." The speeches which followed reflected the enthusiastic nature of Frenchmen both at home and abroad, and it is over-modesty on M. Beaupré's part which has refrained from making us acquainted with what he was pleased to say himself on the occasion. That Canada and Germany alone were conspicuous by their absence at the Paris Exposition the author does well to lament—*briller par absence*, as he satirically puts it. M. Beaupré has in preparation a tale of New France in 1728.

Premier Mercier's little pamphlet concerns itself mostly with the statistics of the Province with which he is so strongly identified. A statement on page 5, that the galaxy of illustrious patriots led by Bedard, Blanchet, Parent, Papineau and Duvernay is "entitled to the honour of having introduced into America, in all its fulness, the system of responsible government," will scarcely be relished by some readers, particularly those across the line. M. Mercier estimates that in fifty years hence there will be, at the present rate of going, in the United States and Canada from fifteen to eighteen millions of French-Canadians, and he predicts a brilliant future for his countrymen, concluding an eloquent peroration with the motto, "Gesta Dei per Francos."

TINTERN ABBEY.

To wear its image—sealed—fixed mentally,
Pinn'd to my heart's eyes—old, smooth-worn, gray stone,
Rough-lichen'd, ivy-curtained, blossom-grown
In stray sweet crevices—this is fealty !
O, I could never look enough, but see
Some new divinity each second, blown
By the potent centuries, guardians. There, alone,
Girdled by hills it rested, and to me
The great east window formed a glorious fane,
Mightier than other I had ever seen,
And when I lifted awed eyes, finite brain
To the blue space, where once a roof had been,
I knew from innumerable, awful winnowings
There was more room for our great God's wide wings.
SERANUS.

ELIZA COOK.

ON September 25th there passed away in England, at the ripe age of seventy-one, one whose name had become a household word, because associated with noble thoughts, generous sympathies, and with those manifestations of the heart's sentiments which link us in love to home. Eliza Cook has woven the joys and sorrows of our actual daily life into noble songs, and by the elements of a lofty faith—a faith in kindness, hopefulness, and mutual trust—with which these songs are full to the brim, they won themselves a place in every expansive heart; and her name has hence become a jewel of the household treasury. For many years have the poems of Eliza Cook been read with keen interest by thousands. From their first appearance to the present time, the circle of their influence has widened unceasingly, and now there is scarcely an English fireside where they are not read and appreciated.

Eliza Cook, one of the most successful writers on country scenes and subjects, was born, among the monotony of bricks and mortar, in London. She was the youngest of a family of eleven children; and, like Mrs. Hemans and many other writers, she owes much of her refinement of feeling and poetic power of appreciating natural beauty, and the refined distinctions of human feeling and sentiment, to her mother. Like Cowley and Chatterton, Miss Cook at an early age gave indications of the poetic soul within her, though all manifestations of literary enthusiasm were met with disapprobation by her father, who sought to chill her budding heart by burning her books, and checking her in the progress of her studies. On one of these occasions we are told that the young poetess met the parental authority with the outburst—

Burn, burn them all, it matters not! there's earth, and sky, and sea;
And those three volumes—Nature's works—are quite enough for me.

As a child, she possessed an indomitable will, but to this was added a spirit of searching enquiry and a love of solitude. In her eighth year she left London and went to reside at Horsham, in Sussex, where her father had taken a farm. Here the germs of her poetic enthusiasm was nourished and developed by the delightful scenery and poetic associations of the place. It was here that she met with most of those scenes which she has so successfully transferred to the canvas of her verse, and which, in a

literary point of view, some of the truest word-paintings extant. Here she drew inspiration from the objects of her daily walks—the "Old Water-Mill" and the "Old Mill-Stream" being themes just suited to her graphic pen:

Here was the miller's house—peaceful abode!
Where the flower-twined porch drew all eyes from the road,
Where roses and jasmine embowered a door
That never was closed to the wayworn or poor.

In the same vicinity were the "Old Barn" and the "Farm Gate"; and it was in the daily contemplation of these scenes that the earnest love for simple things was nurtured in her heart, and that relish for the true and beautiful engendered which gives such life and vigour to her Saxon verse.

The poems of Eliza Cook attained their first share of popularity in the columns of the *Despatch* newspaper. At the time, the literary notices in that journal were written with great taste and judgment; and Miss Cook, attracted by the ability displayed in them, made an effort for public fame by sending a song to the editor, anonymously. The result of this was a flattering notice and a request for further contributions. She sent also a poem each to the *Literary Gazette*, the *Metropolitan*, and the *New Monthly*, and was written to by each of the respective editors, who, from the style of her writings, judged her to be one of their own sex. So much, indeed, were they thought to be from a masculine hand, that William Jerdan, of the *Literary Gazette*, praised them highly in that magazine as the productions of a gentleman who reminded him of the "style and power of Robert Burns."

Afterwards many of her pieces appeared in the *Christmas Holly*, which was first issued in 1836. They were then signed "O," and afterwards "E," till, in the September following, they bore the signature of "E. C." Many of these poems were written prior to her attaining the age of sixteen; and so delighted were both editors and readers with them that the proprietors of the *Despatch* sent her a handsome present, and expressed a desire to see the author. Great, indeed, was their astonishment when a lady presented herself, and they learned that to her they were indebted for the vigorous poetry which had already lent so much beauty to their columns, and increased so largely the circle of their readers. From September, 1837, the date of this occurrence, Miss Cook signed her full name to all contributions.

Her love for her mother is the feature of her poetry which most closely links itself with her own inner life. The breathings of filial love, the devotion, reverence, and gratitude with which she breathes a name so hallowed, and embodies the recollection of one so dear to her own confiding heart, form the most delightful trait of her poetry, and gives it a plaintive beauty and a ripeness of the affections which can only be equalled by the high moral of its teachings. The devout breathings of her affection may be seen in many of her most admired works. "Stanzas to a Bereaved One," "The Old Arm-Chair," and "Mother, Come Back," all tell the tale of a mother's love and the mental anguish of the bereaved child:

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear,
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide,
With Truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

Of her works, the story of "Melaia" is the chief. It is an Eastern tale of the attachment of a dog to his master; and, beside the generous love and kindly feeling of the story, it abounds in fine passages of poetic power and noble sentiment. The tale is told with a simple dignity which accomplishes much more than its homely rhymes seem at first to promise.

Romance, however, is not her forte. She is too full of the beauty of every-day things, and when she sings of "Buttercups and Daisies," "Old Story Books," and "The Room of the Household," and things of the home and the experiences of domestic life, she rises into her full power of thought and freshness of expression. Beyond this, Miss Cook was English to her heart's core; her love of her native land beams forth most sweetly in her poem, "England":

My heart is pledged in wedded faith to England's merry isle,
I love each low and straggling cot, each famed ancestral pile;
I'm happy when my steps are free upon the sunny glade,
I'm glad and proud amid the crowd that throng its marts of trade;
I gaze upon an open port, where Commerce mounts her throne,
Where every flag that comes, ere now, has lowered to our own;
Look around the globe, and tell me, can ye find more blazon'd names
Among its cities and its streams than London and the Thames.

I'd own a brother in the good and brave of any land,
Nor would I ask his clime or creed before I gave my hand,
Let but his deeds be ever such that all the world may know,
And little reck the "place of birth" or colour of the brow;
Yet, though I'd hail a foreign name among the first and best,
Our own transcendent stars of Fame would rise within my breast;
I'd point to hundreds who have done the best e'er done by man,
And cry, "There's England's glory-scroll, show brighter if ye can."

Her song, "The Englishman," also, is full of patriotic fire, and her praise of English scenery is ever present:

I'd freely rove through Tempe's vale, or scale the giant Alp,
Where roses list the bulbul's tale, or snow-wreath crowns the scalp;
I'd pause to hear soft Venice streams splash back to boatman's oar,
Or harken to the Western flood in wild and falling roar;
I'd tread the vast of mountain range, or spot serene and flower'd;
I ne'er could see too many of the wonders that are shower'd;
Yet, though I stood on fairest earth, beneath the bluest heaven,
Could I forget our summer sky, our Windermere and Devon?

In "Our Native Song" we find the same sentiment :

Self-exiled from our place of birth,
To climes more fragrant, bright and gay ;
The memory of our own fair earth
May chance awhile to fade away ;
But should some minstrel-echo fall,
Of chords that breathe Old England's fame,
Our souls will turn, our spirits yearn,
True to the land we love and claim.
The high, the low—in weal or woe,
Be sure there's something coldly wrong
About the heart that does not glow
To hear its own, its Native Song !

In the short obituary notices which have been given, there have been several misstatements. Says one, "Her first volume of poetry was published in 1838, under the title of 'Melaia and other Poems.' The fact is, an earlier volume, entitled "Lays from a Wild Harp" was published in 1834, "I think," says another, "Miss Cook wrote a lot of short poems, some fairly able but many of only varied ability. Her verse was always radical, some people might call it incendiary." How radical and how incendiary has been shown in the foregoing quotations ! One notice says, "The news of the death of Eliza Cook will be a surprise to many people who thought her dead long ago, her decease having been several times by some curious accident announced, in various journals." I call to mind that on one occasion the death of Eliza Cook was announced, and the funeral was attended by a vast crowd, estimated at the time to be upwards of three thousand people, and the deceased proved to be another female bearing the same name. This would serve to show that the "radical" poetess was very popular, to say the least of it.

Then, too, we have some disparaging remarks about her poetry belonging to a "past generation." Are we quite sure that we have improved enough in our style of poetry to warrant such a sneer—in the words of General Grant, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead !" The poetess belonged to a school which may be regarded as the "Poets of the Affections," and she may be classed with Mrs Hemans, Mrs. Norton, Miss Landon (L. E. L.), and Joanna Baillie. England may point with pride to the teachings of these female authors, and high up on the scroll of honour may be recorded the name of Eliza Cook.

Montreal.

HENRY MOTT.

ECLIPSES.

A LITTLE cloud

May hide worlds shining in the midnight sky,
And for a moment seem to be their shroud
Unto the gazer's eye.

A skiff's small sail

May from its owner screen a glorious view,
May curtain half the heavens, and be a veil
Unto the ocean blue.

The little moon

Can cover up sometimes the Source of Light,
And turn the brightness of a world too soon
Into untimely night.

An infant's hand

Can shut day's glories from its darkened eye—
So Self or Care before the Soul may stand
To hide Eternity.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

HOLLAND HOUSE.

THE death of Lady Holland at the ripe but not great age of seventy-eight will be lamented by a large assemblage of friends and acquaintances. For thirty years she has made Holland House a centre of London society. Her garden parties were epochs of each successive season. They diversified the gaieties of the town with a breath as if of country life. They were an Arcadian interlude in which the charms of rural associations were sufficiently toned down to allow the guests to resume their ordinary pursuits without too rough a sense of contrast. Watteau might almost have pictured the scene, and the subjects of his brush have started from the frame to join it, and found their place there. Without such a home in such a position no command of wealth, or force of will and character, could have impressed on Lady Holland's entertainments their peculiar stamp. Without their hostess, and her corresponding qualities, it may be doubted if Holland House itself could have exerted anything like its remarkable social power. Her personality had nothing singular or exceptional about it. Its strength was in the sympathy between it and the resources of which she had the disposal. With no effort, and with the most spontaneous good-will, she belonged to her beautiful abode, and felt that it was a social trust. It was her supreme pleasure to guard and dispense its attractions for the benefit of a circle of which the lists were never closed. As years go on, the most hospitable hearts tend to find the entrance doors to their kindness turn on more reluctant hinges. For the owner of Holland House the capital account of her intimacies was always open. Her visitors' book, if it could be printed, would serve for a roll of most of the names illustrious in a hundred different ways in both hemispheres during the reign of Queen Victoria.

It was a happy chance which put the possession of Holland House into hands so excellently fitted to enjoy and use it aright. No London house has been more fortunate in its owners and reminiscences ; and its last can vie

with its earlier stages. Now, when nobody is aware what may be its fate, there is a melancholy interest in noting how wide a space it occupies in literary, political and social history. Seldom has it been the lot of bricks and mortar to have so visible an influence as it has maintained for generations. It was honoured by being the home of Addison, and was stately enough to overcome the degradation of having for a subsequent tenant a trickster and jobber like Henry Fox. But in the days of his grandson its real career opened, and it became a power. To the lovers of Jacobean architecture it is a delightful building, though Sir Walter Scott with all his taste, described it as a tumble-down specimen of bastard-Gothic. Its gardens and park form a green oasis in the London wilderness, of which even a distant glimpse through iron railings invigorates the tired townsman. For the student of the progress of English Liberalism it is a shrine and a Mecca. Difficult as it is to realize, at the commencement of the present century it was not perfectly clear whether the kingdom was destined to be governed on the principles of Metternich or on those of Edmund Burke. Consternation at the extremities to which freedom had led on the Continent fostered an inclination towards a repressive and inquisitorial policy of most dangerous example. With the English national character the attempt at administrative despotism was sure finally to fail. There was a contingency that it might succeed first in overawing resistance, and converting Conservatism and Liberalism into a mere question of caste. Holland House stood in the way, and courageously protested. Its lord was the nephew and pupil of Charles James Fox, and inherited both his doctrines and his tenacity. With his wife to second him he carried aloft at Kensington the standard of Whiggism. He offered a rendezvous for politicians who could be at once Liberals and in society. His intellectual gifts do not appear to have been extraordinary ; and he frequently manifested the fervour of his creed in ways which were somewhat ridiculous. He was, however, constant and faithful and generous ; and views which Holland House represented could not be altogether unfashionable or vulgar. Added, moreover, to the political camp permanently established at Holland House was a literary movement, which, if it did not emanate thence, was ever bountifully nursed there and encouraged. Holland House, under the impulse particularly of its mistress, grew to be the headquarters of poets, novelists, philosophers, wits, and historians, as well as of statesmen, lawyers, and orators. Talents of every kind had in it a common patron, with more than the benevolence of patronage of the old type, and without the taint of humiliating inferiority. If they had to bear occasionally a sharp stroke from their hostess's tongue, they knew they shared the liability in the consolatory company of mighty party leaders and the masters of many acres. Though genius was not necessarily excluded by its Toryism, in general it was expected to assume a Whiggish dye ; and the combination within the same precincts of the powers of statesmanship and authorship rendered Holland House as potent a contributory to the triumph of Reform in 1832 as the Parliamentary eloquence of its champions, or even the blunders of its opponents.

The Holland House coterie is a curious and conspicuous feature in the domestic history of the century. Many diverse causes united to give it its importance. There was the memory of Charles James Fox. There were the restlessness, the wealth, the generosity, the eccentricities of the host and hostess. There was the contemporary burst of genius throughout the kingdom, literary and political, eager to discover careers, and grateful for the countenance of rank and fortune. There were, above all, the exquisite material circumstances of the lordly house, just near enough to London not to be beyond its whispers and mental atmosphere, and just far enough off not to be absorbed into and lost in it. In the aspect it wore for Brougham, Mackintosh, Rogers, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, and a host of other luminaries, Holland House was a natural result of the circumstances of the Regency and the reign which followed. It was impossible that it should in that character have survived them. Under its latest occupant it developed another and as intimate relation to London society, which it has as faithfully supported. That phase, too, is at an end, and the town will look anxiously, and in some trepidation, to learn whether it be capable of another as gracious. Miserable as is the prospect, it is even conceivable that the fair turf and venerable groves may be doomed to the usual fate of such joys within the bills of mortality. Should the structure itself be spared, it would be robbed of its nobility by deprivation of its verdant woodland setting. Sixty years ago Scott anticipated sadly a near future when both park and house were to "give way to rows and crescents." The calamity has happily been averted for a lifetime. Shorn only of outlying acres, the house remains essentially what it was in the days of King James, of Addison, of Fox, of Sydney Smith and Macaulay. It is to be hoped that the spirit of the place will be too majestic for the irreverent speculative builder himself to venture to try to lay it. That society should have a new lease of Holland House, and that the next owners should regard their domain as its playground, it is perhaps unreasonable to expect. But all Londoners, though they have never entered or thought of entering its gates, will have a right to grieve if any change comes over it of a kind to rob them of the satisfaction of remembering that there it stands in its beauty, and promises to continue to stand.—*London Mail.*

Two ancient aqueducts have just been discovered at Athens. Near one have been found several tombs in marble and fragments of inscriptions.

CARNIVAL TIME.

CARNIVAL time again ! not amidst the tobogganing and sleigh drives of the Canadian season—not on the crowded Paris boulevards, or in that child of old France, New Orleans, but in a small Breton village, in the heart of that gray old land, where the sons of the soil make holiday in the same costumes, and with the same customs that their fathers have done for generations.

Our windows look out on the triangular *Place*, where any village excitement always concentrates, and early on Tuesday morning we see signs that this day is not quite like other days.

The children, freed from school, are out in force ; the boys playing the ceaseless, national game of "buchon" in the mud—a few bolder spirits running about in masques, regardless of the awe-inspiring ballad of how the devil ran away with the Rosporden tailor—a ballad which in moments of less exhilaration they will repeat to one with such solemn belief. The girls, looking in their bunchy cloth skirts and white-winged caps, like miniature editions of their mothers, stand about in groups, waiting for the fun to begin.

And they have not long to wait, for soon a stray mask or two appear, looking as yet rather solemn and sheepish, as is the way with such merry-makers in the first stage of proceedings.

But soon the shrill sound of the "binons"—that small but no less ear-piercing form of the Gaelic bag-pipes—is heard, and those important factors in every Breton festival, the two players, appear crossing the bridge, in the midst of a triumphal procession of the *jeunesse dorée* of the commune.

How fearful and wonderful is the attire of these youths ; the tightness of their dove-coloured trousers ; the height and stiffness of their open collars. How resplendent the colours of the embroidery on their short jackets and waistcoats, and of the peacock's feather or paper flowers that are stuck in the side of their broad-brimmed hats. Behind these elegants come a group of maskers, as many of their number as possible perched on a rickety cart—driven by Cayenne, the carrier, the wild picturesque leader in all village revels.

To-day he wears a woman's dress, and his handsome, excited face looks out strangely from the stiff white wings of his cap. Decked thus, his figure brings to one's mind some terrible virago of the Revolution, indeed, it is not the first time that in watching him a vision has crossed my fancy of faces like his, crowned with the "bonnet rouge," dark with the passions of that darkest of dates, 1793. There must have been many a village hero, like him the best dancer and wrestler of the commune, who in those days led on their followers to firing of *chateaux* and slaughter of women as they had before led them to the dance. It was probably some such fancy as to his ultimate end which caused his fellow villagers to give him the nickname "Cayenne," by which he is universally known.

Beside him stands the shoemaker Ivon, very far from sober, banging furiously on the town carrier's drum, while the inevitable tri-colour is waved by a yellow and black harlequin.

The rest of the disguises are simple matters enough—one or two dominoes of bright tinted calico—a sailor, a miller—but by far the greater number of maskers are in woman's dress. Some with only the work-a-day black cloth bodice and skirt, the broad fluted linen collar and winged cap, though one or two more distinguished appear in the embroidered bodice, the lace cap and collar—one peculiarly lucky individual, in the black woollen gloves of Sundays.

But as the cart follows the curve of the *Place* and comes towards the hotel, a sudden laugh breaks out from the group of English and American artists gathered on the steps.

These villagers have played again a favourite joke of theirs against the artist folk who every summer swarm down from Paris and the studio. There, enthroned behind Cayenne, in the seat of honour, appears in all the amplitude of her mature charms, the representation of an American lady artist, "fair, fat and forty," as she was familiar to our eyes last summer. There is the same coffee-coloured form, the same broad-brimmed rush hat.

"By Jove ! It was a shame in Joseph to let them have it !" says one fellow-Bostonian, perhaps moved by a sense of patriotism towards the Hub of the Universe ; but after all, the lady is absent, and who does not enjoy a joke against absent friends.

The motley procession stops in front of the hotel door, and we must all pay a few sous tribute to the Carnival, before it passes on its erratic way to the market-house.

This is only an open shed, consisting of a low roof supported on heavy stone pillars, and with a low wall of stone work surrounding the floor of beaten earth, and which serves as a seat to the lookers on. A dark and gloomy enough place to us, but to these peasants used to a merry-making which includes none of our ideas of pleasure, it is all that is to be desired, and the binon players are quickly mounted on the two barrels which form their perch, and the maids and matrons flock in, in all their splendours of silk aprons and silver braided skirts, and soon the thud of the sabots is heard in the rhythmic movement of the old time gavotte, which young and old dance with a tireless solemnity.

There are so many country folk in from the farms to-day that the market-house soon cannot hold all the dancers, and they spread to the *Place*, and under the cold grey

February sky, the mud around their feet, they dance on, quite unaware of the touch of pathos which we feel in this humble merry-making of the children of the soil. Unaware too, that with the quaintness of their old-world attire, the stateliness of their old-world dance, they are, as they pass in and out in the intricate curves, providing a sort of amateur opera for our benefit, to which there could be no fitter back-ground than the low black and white stone houses, the old inn on one side, with its little table for the hero to sit drinking, and talking to the landlord, when the heroine runs out from the old grey turreted house opposite, the bridge that ends the *Place* across which the chorus will presently troop singing, the pepperpot turret beyond against the sky, to suggest the abode of the wicked lord, persecutor of innocence—all are there.

But we are too accustomed to this operatic element around us for it to keep our fancy long, and presently as the noise and crowd grow greater we are glad to turn away, and climbing one of the short steep paths, to wander away down one of the deep Breton lanes in search of early primroses.

However, we are not so easily done with the crowd and noise, for the mirth is kept up all through Ash Wednesday, indeed, culminates when at high tide that afternoon the body of King Carnival is to be committed to the river. There is no sign that to-day is a fast instead of a feast of the Church save that now the women are not among the dancers, which is a decided loss to the picturesque.

But altogether, before his death King Carnival has grown a somewhat disreputable, and far from sober, object, and we will be glad indeed to see the last of him, which we accomplish about three in the afternoon, by following the river bank down until, opposite the quay, we perch ourselves as comfortably as possible among the gorse and the boulders to behold the tragedy.

The tide is high, brimming high, lifting the sand boats that are unloading, and the one schooner that lies there, to a level with the quay. One or two men are out in boats setting salmon nets. Everywhere there are dark, white-capped groups of women.

A great blue-grey bank of clouds that is rising from the south gives us steely light on the ripples of the water, except over there where they are green with the reflection of the fields sloping down in shadow. It is a pretty scene. But there is the sound of the binons and the players appear marching down past the white houses to the quay; then come a crowd of stragglers and masquers, and borne high above their heads the stuffed figure of King Carnival.

One of these new white houses is an *auberge*, and there is more drinking, and then some wild dancing,—very weird it looks to see the winding, twisting figures through the crowd that encircles them.

One or two masks have already taken to boats, notably one black and yellow domino, who drifts about, forming a charming note of colour against the nearly white water. The crowd has swarmed into the one schooner where the binons are stationed, as a central point of view.

Cayenne now creates a diversion by tumbling into the water and being hauled out dripping, but, regardless of such a trifle, he proceeds to lift the stuffed figure into a boat, and to cast off, the shoemaker drummer in the bow. A born actor that Cayenne! with wild gestures of sorrow he laments over the prostrate figure, flinging himself upon it, hiding his face in his hands. But in spite of these prolongings, a little trail of blue smoke tells that the funeral pyre is lit, and then comes a deep splash as the figure is flopped into the water, while a wake-like cry is raised from the shore.

Then there are a few moments' wild sport, when Cayenne dashes in and brings the figure to shore, only to have it wrested from him, and hoisted to the mast head of the schooner, which ignoble process results in the gradual dismemberment into straw and rags of his late Majesty.

At last the binon players march away followed by the crowd, and the river banks are left to their usual peace and stillness. King Carnival is dead; peace to his ashes.

KATE TREADWAY.

A SCIENTIFIC VIEW OF SOCIAL INEQUALITY.

AT Newcastle recently, the Trades Council having presented an address to Professor Flower as President of the British Association, that gentleman made a very remarkable reply, in the course of which, having referred to the gratification it gave the Association to find their work so highly appreciated, he said: "It is, however, particularly gratifying to us to find such a recognition—where, perhaps, at first sight, we might hardly have expected it—of the advantages of pure or abstract science, apart from its practical application to the material welfare of mankind. You have recognized what is certainly known to those who have followed most closely the history of science, but what is not generally known or appreciated by the multitude—namely, that nearly all the marvellous benefits which have been conferred on man by the application of scientific discovery or scientific knowledge have been the result of the discoveries of philosophers who are pursuing knowledge solely for its own sake—without any hope of reward, without any hope of its benefiting, perhaps, themselves or others, and very often amid the indifference, the neglect, and even the scorn of their contemporaries. The particular branch of science which I have the honour of representing is, at first sight, very little specially connected with the general welfare of man, and is looked upon by many

as little more than idle speculation or curiosity. I well remember—it is certainly many years ago now—one who, more than anyone else living in this country, has advanced that branch of science, Professor Huxley, in a lecture which he delivered at the Royal Institution, saying the common idea of a naturalist was 'That dirty man poking about the seashore, with a net in one hand and a bottle in the other, a perfectly innocent and harmless individual, but a very useless one.' Well, I may say that the description was made some thirty years ago, before Professor Huxley himself had done so much to raise the character of naturalists and natural history in this country, yet it still holds good with many at the present time. But you may recollect that the researches of naturalists have produced already marvellous results upon the happiness and welfare of mankind. Through researches of this kind we are getting only now to the causes and prevention of diseases which, when further advanced, will, I have no doubt, lead to an enormous saving of health and of life. Moreover, through the researches of such naturalists greater results still have been produced. They have produced effects upon our mode of thinking on many subjects on our relations to each other and to the universe—effects the end of which we hardly see at present. And they have taught us one great lesson—one that I alluded to in the address which I had the honour of giving here the other night—namely, that it is a great principle of nature that progress in living—in animal and plant nature at all events—has been due in great measure to the principle which Darwin most popularised, if he did not first enunciate—which he, at all events, brought into the condition in which we now know it—that of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. Now, it is a law in nature that there should be a certain amount of individual differences or variations in the different animals and plants, and that the progress from the lower to the higher forms of animals and plants has been due to the opportunity of those individuals who are a little superior in some respects to their fellows of asserting that superiority of continuing to live, and of propagating as an inheritance that superiority. The law established in nature is, I believe, equally applicable to ourselves, and this is the message which pure and abstract biological research has sent to help us on in some of the commonest problems of human life. The lesson of it is this—that there is always a certain amount of variability, that there is no such thing as equality—equality in powers of work, equality in powers of endurance, or equality in the powers of men for doing great things in the world; and that progress depends on giving full liberty to that superiority, wherever it asserts itself, having full swing. Now, supposing this law did not exist in the animal kingdom, instead of the world being filled with all the diversity and beauty which it now possesses, everything would have been in the condition of slimy polyps at the bottom of the sea, and we should all still be in the condition of flint-chipping savages. I will leave it to you to make to yourselves in your own social condition and social life the application of that law. I will not press it any further at present, but leave you to think it out afterwards. It means that there should be no attempt whatever to keep down the capacities of the superior to the level of the inferior. Any man who gets a little rise above his fellows helps on the progress of the world and brings all the others on with him."—*Public Opinion.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Here is a new "note" sounding in the fields of poetry; fresh, natural, pastoral in its simplicity—intensely American, and Western!

Washington, D.C.

C. E. B.

GOLDEN SONGS AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE WRITER.

The Golden Songs of the Nineteenth Century,
They before the world have come;
Composed they were by a young Steam Boatman,
Horace D. Jones the seventh son.
He was born in West Virginia.
The year of Eighteen Sixty-four
In the land of right and freedom,
On the fair American shore.
By the care and noble treatment,
Of a mother kind and true;
He was raised to care for Jesus,
And to help the needy poor.
He was taken when a boy
On the boats his father owned,
There he learned to love the river,
And upon it he did roam.
He spent some years on the Western Waters,
Running as a Tow Boat man;
From the Northern Pittsburgh City
To the sunny Southern Clime.
On the steam boat, Whale and Boaz:
And the grand Dick Fulton too,
Like wise the Hope and other steamers,
Horace D. Jones, was part the crew.
Now from this work he's retired
And for heaven he is bound,
He's launched his Bark on the gospel river,
Aboard the Vessel old ship Zion.

THE GREAT POWER OF ART.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

DEAR SIR,—May I be permitted to express the opinion that the first paragraph in the Art Notes of 11th October is one of the most interesting announcements that has ever been made? It tells us that "half of the proceeds of the sale of Millet's 'Angelus' have been given to the artist's widow." This generous gift amounts to over fifty thousand dollars." This is not the finest thing of the kind that has ever

been done, for the simple reason that it is the only one. At last—at last, then, we have here the noble result of the belief that the hand which has spread broadcast the benefits of genius, exclusively its own work, upon mankind, has a claim to have some share in their money-proceeds. The general application and graduation of this principle might be very difficult, but greater difficulties than that have been overcome, and here at least, it has been surmounted. The wedge has entered; drive it home, my friends.

Millet had been languishing in poverty for twenty years, or more, while other people had been fattening on repeated sales of a picture (always at an increased price) for which he had with difficulty obtained four hundred dollars, but which has, now, since his death, been sold for more than a hundred thousand. If only such a recognition as that, of which we have spoken, could become general, how much good would be done, and how much good feeling created. How many sore hearts—such as may have been poor Millet's, on his death-bed, with nothing to leave to his wife and children but his blessing and his poverty—might have their bitterness sweetened. We have no desire to manufacture an *ad captandum* tale about the painter. A peasant he was born, as little more than a peasant he lived, and in that degree his life closed. He produced a work for which he was paid four hundred dollars, a good round sum for a peasant painter. So much he had of success. And, doubtless, the inner life of his art was one of pure enjoyment. The fact remains that not he but other men have gathered in the profits of his work. He was considerably underpaid, miserably undervalued, for all that he got himself. Think of the gulf that yawns between four hundred dollars and a hundred thousand. And if this can be said of one of his pictures (exceptional perhaps) what would it amount to on all of them.

According to a history of the "Angelus" given in the *Magazine of Art*, the whole of the profit on the last purchase previous to the recent one (the cost to the former owner having been \$50,000) has been handed over to Madame Millet, so that it is an act of great, unsparing and most admirable generosity. May its shadow never be less!

The picture may possibly have been somewhat over-estimated. Let us imagine that a traveller, passing at close of day along a high road near Barbizon, where Millet lived, sees in the distance a church-spire whence the ringing of the Angelus bell can be heard. Two peasants, a man and a woman, near at hand, have been at work, getting potatoes out of the ground. Their implements have been laid aside. They stand, he with his head bared and bowed, holding his cap in his hands; she clasping her hands over her bosom, her head bent low. They are uttering some prescribed daily form of prayer or praise, or both; but in their thoughts we may look for thanks to heaven that the earth has yielded its produce, and that the toil of the day is done. The traveller is deeply touched, he is open to impressions, and this one comes more home to his heart than anything he has seen or heard, that day, or for many a long day. He bids the driver stop, and so check the noise of the carriage, and drinks in his full of the scene. All is in keeping. The sun has sunk below the horizon, leaving a broad trail of pale, warm light behind; a twilight tranquility settles down on the landscape; it is a transition time—from light to darkness, from day to night, from toil to rest. The whole story is told. The traveller is rich; he can afford to give full play to the indulgence of his sensibilities, but does it occur to him, do you think, that he would not have missed that scene for a hundred thousand dollars? Yet that sum is given for its reproduction—say its perpetuation, if you will—in canvas and paint. Such is the extraordinary power of art; such is its wonderful fascination for those who can appreciate and feel it. Nay, you may buy a donkey, watch its instincts and its actions, hear it bray, and possibly get some use out of it, and all this for, say, ten dollars. Painted by a Sir Edwin Landseer it would quite possibly be worth a thousand. Describe and explain it who can.

As usual, there are different opinions, says the *Magazine of Art*. "In respect to the 'Angelus' it is interesting to know that it is accepted on all hands as well-nigh the technical apogee of French Art, and hailed by Gambetta, the agnostic—as it was intended by Millet the painter—as the essence of religious sentiment and unquestioning faith. It is true that one of the most eminent painters on the Continent has asserted that, were its title unknown, the picture would express no definite idea to the spectator; that the man and woman are no more praying than deploring the rottenness of their potatoes. But Millet believed, and the world confirms the belief, that he had produced one of the most intensely religious pictures that ever had been painted, more fitted to the general drift of modern ideas than the 'Virgins' and 'Adorations' of a bygone age." It is Gambetta and Millet that are right—incontestably right. It is difficult to believe that such an opinion as that of an "eminent painter" could ever have been given. It was not worthy of repetition. One can only suppose that it was inspired by malice. Everything in the picture is purposely subordinated to the prevailing sentiment, which there can be no mistaking. The design is all in all. The composition is one of severe simplicity. The outlines of the figures, with the space between them, form an almost exact square, equi-distant from either side of the picture. The drawing is good, broad and strong, without the least taint of dash or dexterity. The light and shadow—as doubtless the colour also—is in a low tone. There is nothing to distract the mind through the eye. The figures stand upright, only with bowed heads. Their lines are slightly, but sufficiently relieved, by a digging fork stuck in the ground, by a

basket partly filled at their feet, and by a wheelbarrow only partly loaded, all indicating that they have paused in their work at a particular moment. The background is a flat, unbroken expanse of a great level field, with the church-spire on the farther verge of it. All is grave and solemn. And that is all; all that there was. We see more in it now—plenty and comfort for the poor old widow in her declining years, all that she can desire or enjoy, and a patrimony for her children. We see in it the great power of art, represented by fifty thousand dollars, its great power happily directed. We see in it justice associated with generosity. What could we wish to see more?

D. FOWLER.

TRUE TALE.

LAVATER SIMMS is a peculiar name, and it belonged to a peculiar specimen of that interesting professional class known as phrenologists. These gentlemen are hard workers, correct livers, good men of business, usually well-read and well-bred (in fact, they sometimes err in being almost too well-bred, a little antique and formal, so to speak), and they are great travellers. It is amazing how many places the average phrenologist visits, and for what short a time he remains in any one place. Butterfly-like, he flits from town to town, from village to village, leaving in his wake a pleasant gleam of the supernatural, more than a gleam of abnormal excitement developed amongst the aboriginal population. It is divided between the very old and the very young—this fever, this emotion.

"My Sam—he's agoin' to be a lawyer. I tell ye—yon chap makes him out terrible clever at debatin'. My man—but we'll see him in Parliament yet."

Or else it is young Sam himself, *ætat.* eighteen, shock-headed, open-mouthed, dull, and big-boned; capable of but one idea at a time—and just now it is Lavater Simms and the "meetins." Crowded? Rather. The evangelist of last year, the lecturer (first-class elocutionist and all that), the talented Boyle family, father and seven sons, the panorama—nowhere. Lavater Simms, in a white waistcoat, gold-rimmed eye-glasses, tall hat, rubbed a little rough but otherwise new enough, hooked nose, engaging smile, and very fat, white hands, was billed for a week at the Town Hall in Springville. The placards were inviting, maps of a yellow head colossal size upon a crimson ground, divided up into shires and counties by black lines. "Your fortune, your profession, your wife, your family, your destiny. Come right along."

And many of the inhabitants did come right along. The professor was in splendid spirits.

If he did as well as this in every town, he should soon be able to rent a flat or floor in some good-sized city, where the custom would flow in regularly and naturally without this resorting to the forcing system.

"I abhor it," cried Lavater Simms to his niece who travelled with him, a prudent girl of twenty.

"I abhor it. If it were not necessary, but it is. The public is a huge fish. Make your bait only large enough, only shining enough, only steady enough, and the fish will seize it." The prudent niece said nothing—her usual way.

But she, seated before a cracked harmonium at the side of the platform, looked that opening night in Springville with emotions of mingled pity and contempt at the rustic types surrounding her. More particularly did she notice a couple—young man and young woman, occupying one of the front seats, in company with an old village wight—Sammy Shaver, a well-to-do farmer in the vicinity, whose pointed chin and nose almost met, and whose keen North of Ireland glance matched with his keen North of Ireland tongue. This couple seemed fond, ridiculously fond of one another, and the professor's niece was at first simply amused. Young Sam—as he was frequently styled, sat drinking in the brilliant periods which emanated from the smiling mouth of Lavater Simms, and was among the first to ascend the platform to have his head "xamined." He returned in the wildest state of surprise and bucolic alarm possible, and sank, first of all, nearly upon the lap of his sweetheart, then into the arms of his father, before he got properly seated in his own place.

Truly to young Sam, big of bone, but hitherto unambitious, the professor's examination had done one thing. It had struck a fatal blow—this laying on of hands—at all his accepted ideas of his present and his future. To go to town, to become a lawyer, to give up the plough and take up the quill, suddenly filled all his mind, crowded out every other idea. Even that very important and charming idea of a concrete entity in the shape of his sweetheart was merged in the conflicting chaos that now beat out all surrounding images to exceeding flatness.

The week went on. The week went by. Lavater Simms and his prudent niece departed, and Springville resumed its quiet.

Only in the bosoms of old Sam and young Sam was there discord, fever, strife, and contumely. The sweetheart saw and understood, but bided her time and said little—the way of some women, not all. Perhaps had she been a louder, coarser type she might have done some good, indirectly, by opening the two pair of rustic eyes to the danger ahead; but it was not her way to meddle, and so matters went on until one day she found she had lost her sweetheart. Sam had donned a black coat and a white choker, taken a rusty yellow bag and all his earnings while at home on the farm and vanished. Of course he said good-bye to her, but what a good-bye! The poor girl kept her sorrow to herself, yet one bitter word escaped her. "I'd never be fit for a lawyer's wife, even if you did

come back," she said, wiping her eyes. Sam, being a man, was furiously indignant.

"If I come back!" said he, buttoning up his coat. "Of course I'm coming back."

Well—five, six, ten, twelve months passed, and Sam didn't come back, nor did Eliza ever get a single line from him, nor old Sam either. When the year had drawn to its end, the old man unexpectedly died. There was no will, and, in young Sam's absence, a nephew from a neighbouring concession drove over one dull November afternoon expecting to take possession.

He found Eliza in the best room. Her gown was a neat black and her lips were set. She knew she was going to have a hard time of it. The man looked at her and took in the situation.

"I shall stay here till Sam comes home," said she, simply but firmly. "I know he's not dead, and the farm is his, and I guess I can run it for a while." The nephew blustered that she had no right.

"Not very much," said Eliza, bitterly, "but as much as some others. I was with the old man when he died. My brothers will take the men in charge if I go away to find Sam as I think I must do." And she held her ground till, tired out, the nephew departed.

Meantime, Sam had found the way of the transgressor hard. After trying in vain to discover the proper way to go to work in order to become a member of that learned and distinguished profession for which he believed himself singularly adapted by a loving Providence, he had drifted from one lodging-house to another, and was in a fair way to starve. To go to college seemed a dreadful beginning for a lad, so shy, so awkward, so ignorant. For a long time he persuaded himself that it was a fine thing to be in town and wear a black coat and a celluloid collar, and eat his meals in second-rate confectioners, till one day he found he had not enough money left to pay his board bill. Then the pathos of his own clumsy, ill-ordered life struck him afresh till he wept out of self-pity, and thought of Eliza. Perhaps she had gone to service as she had hinted she would if he did not come back to marry her, in which case she might have some money, that once his, would set him on his feet again. But he never wrote home, and he never knew when his father died. Old Sammy Shaver would have been deserted on his rich farm at Grand River only for the self-sacrificing nature of Eliza.

At last, young Sam, no nearer being a lawyer, and very far from being comfortable, got a canvassing job—queer how the subject haunted him—the work was "Lives of Eminent Judges," and walked his weary way all over the big city from morn to dewy eve. One day he had rung the bell of a well-appointed, lace-curtained, red brick villa in a kind of dream, not noticing the inscription in old English letters on the brass door-plate. He had just noticed it, however, reading to his horror the hated name of "Prof. Lavater Simms" when the door was opened by that genius in person.

The natural brute tendencies of the much-suffering rustic predominated over gentler feelings and he seized the Professor round the waist and flung him down the steps. The next moment he was dragged into the hall by somebody, a woman, the Professor's prudent niece. She had recognized him in a moment, and although she grieved for the Professor, who could be heard calling for help on the sidewalk, she thought only of Eliza, Eliza, who lay at that moment in an upper chamber in a stupor that might end in death. She—the prudent niece—took Sam by the arm and brought him to the bedside. Eliza was lightly covered with a sheet, but her black dress showed.

"Is it not strange, whispered the Professor's niece, "that she came to us? But we had a room to let and she took it, and to-day she went out by herself and was run over and brought in like that."

"She is in black," gasped young Sam.

"Yes. Do you know for whom? For your father."

The poor book-agent was overcome.

A few days later, Sam and Eliza, the latter partially recovered, went back to the farm. They were quietly married in the presence of the Professor's niece, and Sam made many promises for the future. Being under twenty still, he certainly has plenty of time to reform.

For the Professor, he sustained a broken rib and violent internal concussion. His niece is a firm friend of Eliza's and will some day complete her defection by going to live with her.

ART NOTES.

SOME good advice was given to Japanese artists in a recent lecture to a Tokyo audience by Mr. Liberty. Western machinery, he told them, can produce imitations of their bad art cheaper than they could produce it; but their own hands and minds alone could produce their fine art. "Do not," said he, "adopt European models. Stick to your brush and forswear the pencil point, and so keep to the nationality of your art."

It is said that there are in France at the present time over 20,000 artists, of whom 12,000 have exhibited at the current exhibitions, but a later and stricter estimate reduces this number to 5,000. How do they all live? is a question that is hard to answer, for the average *bourgeois* does not spend large sums in pictures, nor does the agriculturist. Paris, of course, is the great picture mart in France; and a large proportion of the works produced are sold to foreigners, chiefly, perhaps, Americans, or to dealers for the American market.

A STRANGE change has come over the public sentiment regarding the late celebrated French painter, J. F. Millet, since Sensier published his life and letters. After being pitied for some years as the struggling man of genius who was often reduced to extreme straits for want of money, it appears from the last history of him, written by D. Croal Thompson, that, although often in want of cash, he was from the beginning encouraged and applauded by his people at home, pensioned by his native town to assist him in his studies, and commissioned by Napoleon the Third to paint an important picture. He was, moreover, very happy in his family life, the friend of some of the best artists of his time, and the centre of a group of connoisseurs who thoroughly appreciated his talent, although they could not buy all his works. This new view of things is not likely to lower the value of his works, although there is little doubt that the romantic glamour cast over his life by Sensier, as a French edition of an artistic Robert Burns, has had something to do with heightening it.

A MEETING of the building committee of the Ontario Society of Artists was held last week in the office of the President, the Hon. G. W. Allan, at which it was decided to consult with the Royal Canadian Academy as to the possibility of erecting a building for joint occupation, for exhibition purposes, and art classes, etc., before appealing to those of our substantial citizens who would like to see Toronto worthily represented in this direction. This building, erected in the interests of art, having fit accommodation provided for a permanent exhibition of pictures, would be as much of a credit to the city as its other educational institutions are at present; but it seems we have not reached the stage at which pride in our native or adopted city, and a love of art and culture, induce men of means to come forward and form an Association such as those which in the larger cities across the line sustain and foster the fine arts, and provide public galleries for the spreading of taste and developing of native talent. Nor does our Provincial Government deem it prudent and wise to promote the higher branches of art, being quite unaware of their value in the formation and elevation of the national character, and, therefore, unable to explain to the bucolic mind why any money should be wasted on those who neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns. There are countries, as Hamerton says, where art is as much a fact as commerce, but Canada is not yet of them.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MR. FRED C. SMYTHE, Mus. Bac., of Trinity College, Dublin, the leading organist of Belfast, Ireland, and accounted by the press only second in Ireland to Sir Robert Stewart, has been appointed to the directorate of the organ and orchestral departments in the recently organized Canadian College of Music in Ottawa. For sixteen years past Mr. Smythe has been devoted to the musical life of Belfast and as organist and choirmaster of St. George's, and more recently of St. James', Episcopal Churches, acquired a high reputation for the results attained by the choir under his charge. As conductor of the Belfast Academy Choir, of which Lord Londonderry, late Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was president, he achieved some of his greatest successes in the production, with full orchestral effects, of many of the less widely known works of the classical masters. As conductor of the Belfast Royal Academy Choir he has been also most successful in the same direction, and Dr. Collier, the historian, president of the choir, bore flattering testimony at a meeting held in Clarence Place Hall, Belfast, for the purpose of making Mr. Smythe a farewell presentation, to his high artistic aims and his ability and success in pursuing and accomplishing them. The congregation of St. James' Church also united in making a presentation to Mr. Smythe, and to his wife, who is a charming vocalist. Mr. Smythe is about forty years of age, and Canada is fortunate in securing one who in the prime of his life will so earnestly devote himself here, as he has done in the past in Ireland, to the promotion of the highest musical art. Mr. Smythe will be heard shortly in Toronto at some organ recitals now being arranged.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

W. DRYSDALE AND Co., Montreal, have lately issued a pamphlet bearing on the question of the Jesuits, and written in the interests of the "Equal Rights" movement. The paper is signed "A. M. D. G.," and is certainly outspoken and patriotic enough to satisfy all true Canadians, though the personal element enters largely into its composition, abuse of some leading politicians deterring from its usefulness. Who is "A. M. D. G.?" A Man of Divers Grievances, or A Moulder of Dubious Governments?

7,000 WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED. A complete handbook of difficulties in English pronunciation, including an unusually large number of proper names, and words from foreign languages. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Co.

This latest issue of the Knickerbocker Press is an excellent publication, compiled with great care from the best sources by William Henry P. Phylle, member of the American Philological Association, and author of numerous works on pronunciation. Happily, all traces of Americanisms are wanting, and the purchaser may rest assured that the correct models have in most cases been followed, and that doubtful words are here set right once for all. The

vexed question of *u* versus *oo*, and other sounds, is settled in the only accurate manner, and words which are sometimes wrongly accented are also included. Altogether, the book is a useful and comprehensive one.

GREAT WORDS FROM GREAT AMERICANS. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Co.

This little volume consists of Washington's famous Circular Letter of Condolence and advice to the Governors of the thirteen States, his first and second Inaugural Addresses, three of Lincoln's Inaugural Speeches, and the Declaration of Independence. The Constitution of the United States, 1789, is also included, and an Appendix and Index close the book. Thus, in small bulk are contained the main features of the history of the great Republic. The type and binding are excellent, and the insertion of the Declaration of Independence alone would entitle the little book to popularity as an historical curiosity worthy of being in every one's possession.

A DAUGHTER OF ST. PETER'S. By Janet C. Conger. Montreal: John Lovell and Son; Toronto: Williamson and Co.

Miss or Mrs. Conger's picture of life in modern Rome presents but little that is new, though what is old is told in a sprightly and entertaining manner—a manner fully equal to that employed by many better known novelists. Her work, without revealing startling originality, is pleasant reading, but marred by a constant effort to imitate the smartness of accepted society writers. The ignorant American chattering away unconcernedly in the presence of the "Fattykin"—by which is meant the *Vatican*—has been offered once too often to the public. But the story proper—which is, in few words, a mystery surrounding the birth of a beautiful girl, beloved by a young American; the girl, Merlina, finally proving to be the daughter of a cardinal—is picturesque and full of incident, and will certainly repay perusal. Whether the work, as a contribution to the "young literature of this country," is one that contains great promise for the future, may remain a matter of doubt, but we may still congratulate the author upon having given us something quite as good as much of the current fiction of the day.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. SWINBURNE has in press a collection of critical essays on Ben Jonson.

MRS. L. B. WALFORD is the wife of Mr. Walford, a partner in a large paper-making firm in London.

MR. GRANT ALLEN is collecting for republication a number of his popular scientific articles which have appeared during the past few years in *The Cornhill*.

AMY LEVY, the young English writer whose work has recently attracted much favourable attention, died a few days ago at the age of twenty-three. She had published a volume of poems and two novels.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT has bought a home in Surrey, England, and is likely to spend most of her time there when not in this country. Mrs. Burnett will probably return to America in November.

MISS KATE FIELD, the authoress and lecturer, contemplates starting a journal. Her idea of the real journalist's duty is that he shape the thoughts of his generation, not to submit his own to be shaped by it.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH AND COMPANY will publish immediately, as vol. v. of the author's *Collected Works*, a new edition of Mr. Lewis Morris' "Songs of Britain," enlarged by various odes and poems written since 1887, when that work appeared.

UNDER the title of "The Roots of the Mountains," Mr. William Morris will issue during the present autumn a new romance. It is principally in prose, has no historical foundation or didactic purpose, is longer than "The House of the Wolfings," and will include some songs.

MR. JOHN EDWARD LOGAN, well-known to our readers as "Barry Dane," was recently married in New York to Miss Annie Robertson Macfarlane, at the Church of the Transfiguration. Mr. Logan continues however to live in Montreal at 102 University St., Mrs. Logan being a native of that city.

AT the close of the recent Congress of Orientalists at Stockholm, Miss Amelia B. Edwards, Ph.D., LL.D., was to return to England; on Oct. 23 she sails for New York, and on Nov. 7 occurs her initial lecture in America at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, when Rev. Dr. Storrs is to preside.

A WHOLE colony of Scotch Canadians—that is, seventy families—has been established for the last three years in the heart of Galicia, working at the petroleum springs of Gorlice. They have, the Governor of Galicia declares, set a most valuable example of industry, sobriety, and discipline to the Poles among whom they live.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW have in preparation a new series of short biographies, "The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria," under the general editorship of Mr. Stuart J. Reid, author of "The Life and Times of Sidney Smith." Among those who have promised to contribute are Mr. J. A. Froude, the Marquis of Lorne, Mr. Henry Dunckley, and Mr. G. W. E. Russell.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY will publish this month a volume on "France and Her Republic—a record of things seen and heard in the Centennial year, 1889," by W. H. Hurlburt, formerly editor of the *N. Y. World*. Mr. Hurlburt is a keen and well-informed student of men and movements, and, therefore, his impressions of French affairs ought to prove interesting, especially at the present crisis.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* enters upon a new year with the October number, and we are glad to welcome among the features of the new volume a series of articles on the great routes which connect the component parts of Her Majesty's empire. Among these articles is to be one on "The Canadian Pacific Railway, and the New Ocean Route to Australia," by Sir George Baden Powell, M.P., K.C.M.G.

PROBABLY the youngest editor in the country is Edward Bok, of Dutch extraction, who is only twenty-five years of age, and receives, or is said to receive \$10,000 per year for conducting *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia. Mr. Bok has recently resigned a position with *Scribner's*; his editorial duties taking all his time. But is it quite true that the circulation of his paper is the largest in the world, as an advertising sheet tells us?

CANADIAN writers are treated to more or less discriminating notices in Sir Edwin Arnold's paper, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Athenæum*. There is a tone of unmistakable surprise on the part of the compilers of these notices, who had probably never for a moment associated poetry with Canada—the land of the ice-palace, bears, squaws and toboggans. The question "Who reads an American book?" has long since found its answer. May it not be that before long a similar question "Who reads a Canadian book?" will also find its answer, and that Canadian poetry and *belles lettres* shall have their own circle of readers in England as well as here? Such at least must be the case when in the fulness of time our authors join perfection of technique to the inspiration offered them by nature, and when the growth of the human sentiment concurs with all that is large and noble in our landscapes.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

I REALLY am obliged to you for bringing back my book, It moves me much to look whereon I thought no more to look;

It minds me of the early time wherein 'twas lent to you, When life was young and hope was fair, and this old book was new.

How well does memory recall the gilt this volume wore, The day it first attracted me—at—'s store; And vividly I recollect you called around that day, Admired it, and borrowed it, and carried it away.

And now it comes to me again across the lapse of time, Wearing the somewhat battered look of those beyond their prime;

Old book, you need a rest—but ere you're laid upon the shelf, Just try and hang together till I read you through myself.

THE SENSE OF FITNESS.

PALE green, the colour of absinthe, is to be kept exclusively for Mr. Edgar Saltus's books, and "no other author is to have the privilege of using it," though how this is to be secured *The Brooklyn Eagle*, from which we get the information, does not clearly explain. It suggests, however, that "this is going to set a fashion in bindings, and the probabilities are, that we shall some day be able to tell an author's books on sight by the tint on the outside. Stevenson, perhaps, will be bound in Highland plaid; Rider Haggard will have something lurid, with lions and savages on it. Howells will be in virgin white, as suggestive of how perfectly harmless and milk-and-water the contents are, and how well suited to the eye of the young person."

THE ENDOWMENT OF DAUGHTERS.

THE hard case of women who are left in middle life to provide for themselves without the previous training which would fit them for any remunerative work was recently the subject of an animated but short-lived public interest. Mr. Walter Besant, it may be remembered, warmly advocated what he called "the endowment of the daughter," and called on all parents whose means would admit of the sacrifice to take such measures betimes as should secure at least a small provision for each unmarried daughter. The discussion which then took place had the effect of drawing attention to the question of insurance and benefit societies for women. Such societies as exist have not yet grown to any large proportions, and for the most part their benefits are confined to working women. The "United Sisters' Friendly Society" has recently opened a branch for members of the teaching profession, but this is a solitary example. Recently, however, a society has been constructed with special reference to the needs of women of the educated classes, unmarried or widows. The "Home-for-Life Society" derives its name from the fact that the annuities acquired by its members, if amounting to an annual value of £30, can be exchanged for residence and board in one of the Homes to be established for this purpose. The idea is novel in this country, but societies similarly constituted exist in Germany and Denmark, and the arrangements respecting the Homes are said to work well.—*Manchester Guardian*.

PROHIBITION.

I THINK the doctrine of prohibition is at war with all the ideas and teachings of the English-speaking race. We never can tolerate the idea that because one man does not want to use a certain thing, no one else is to be allowed to use it—provided, of course, that it is not wrong in itself. — If you take the ground that the use of anything containing alcohol is sinful and criminal, then the doctrine of prohibition might be considered. But even then the question might arise whether the State could interfere with the individual conscience. The great majority of the good and wise men of the world over, men whose characters are respected and whose opinions are likewise respected, do not consider the use of alcoholic drink in itself either sinful or criminal. There can be no question about the side on which the wisdom and intelligence of the world's greatest and best men is enlisted in this matter. Here and there a wise man may be found who is in favour of prohibition, but these are the exceptions and are very few. The conscience of the world goes against this new doctrine. As to the expedients which may be used to promote the cause of Temperance and break up the mischief of the saloon, that is another question.—*Rev. Dr. Harwood, of Trinity (Episcopal) Church, New Haven, Conn.*

TECHNICAL TRAINING.

SPEAKING lately at the meeting of the British Association Sir Lowthian Bell said: "If technical education means, as is sometimes alleged, a system by which, along with scientific instruction, manual dexterity in the use of tools, or a practical knowledge of various manufacturing processes, has to be acquired, I confess I am not sanguine as to the results. Certain I am, that if foreign workmen are more skilful in their trade, which as a rule I doubt, and which in the iron trade I deny, this superiority is not due to scientific training in the manner proposed; for in this they possess, so far as I have seen, no advantage over our own workmen. My objection to the whole system is the impossibility of anything approaching a general application being practicable. I have not a word to say against the rudiments of science being taught wherever this is possible. The knowledge so obtained may often give the future workman a more intelligent interest in the employment than he at present possesses; but I think they who expect much good to attend such a thin veneer of chemistry or physics do not take sufficient account of the extent of the knowledge already possessed by more highly educated men, who are now directing the great workshops of the world. It is by extending and enlarging this that substantial aid has to be afforded to industry and science, and not by teaching a mere smattering in our primary or any other schools.

COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

AT the recent meeting of the British Association, a paper by Mr. J. Spiller, on "An Experiment on Colour-Blindness," was read. Mr. Spiller has had so much experience in comparing coal-tar colours and testing for colour-blindness, that he thought there could be no question as to his own sight being normal. He made himself colour-blind on purpose by taking, on August 29, a dose of a grain and a half of *santonine*, the acting principle of the flowers of *Artemisia santonina*. Within less than five minutes afterwards the white tablecloth appeared of a delicate pale bluish tint, and every thing else as if regarded by spectacles of that colour; ultramarine looked normal; violet and pink were good; green turned slate-colour. The spectrum was visible, unbroken, but with hardly any variations. There was nothing particular in the green, which appeared fine and normal; and he could not discover the neutral grey band in the green, for which he was particularly searching. Mr. Spiller warned his audience against any repetition of this experiment, which, after all, did not reduce him to ordinary colour-blindness, and the results are extremely disagreeable.

APROPOS OF SAMUEL ROGERS.

ROGERS's personal appearance at once challenged attention. Carlyle tells us of his pale head, white, bare and cold as snow, of his large blue eyes, cruel, sorrowful, and of his sardonic shelf chin. When such an one added a look of scorn and emitted a bitter jest, Diogenes seems revived for our contemplation. He appears to us at a distance as a passionless man, with an unpleasing superiority of a certain sort over more impulsive natures. Not a man that excites the slightest approach to hero-worship or a desire to imitate him. "His God was harmony, sitting on a lukewarm cloud," said witty Mrs. Norton. "I never could *lash myself* into a feeling of affection or admiration for him," says Lady Dufferin in a letter to Mr. Hayward, and then she continues: "To tell the truth, there was a certain *unreality* in him which repelled me. I have heard him say many graceful things, but few kind ones, and he never seemed to me thoroughly in earnest save in expressing contempt or dislike." Mrs. Norton considered that his tastes preponderated over his passions. She adds, he "defrayed the expenses of his tastes as other men make outlay for the gratification of their passions;" and continues: "All within limit of reason, he did not squander more than won the affection of his Seraglio, the Nine Muses, nor bet upon Pegasus. . . . he did nothing rash. I am sure Rogers, as a baby, never fell down *unless he was pushed*."—*Temple Bar*.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE monument ordered by the Queen for erection over the graves of those members of the House of Stuart buried in Paisley Abbey has just been finished by Mr. Hutchinson, and will be placed there as soon as the granite base-ment is ready. The memorial is in the form of an oblong Gothic sarcophagus, on the edge of which is sculptured an ornamental cross, while on the sides are a shield and royal crown, the motto of the kingdom of Scotland, and the sword of State. On the sides of the top of the stone is engraved, "To the memory of the members of the Royal House of Stuart who are buried in Paisley Abbey, this stone is placed here by their descendant, Queen Victoria, on the occasion of her visit to Paisley, 1888." The monu-ment is carved out of a block of fine Carrara marble.—*The World.*

ON A MIDLAND "HIGHFLYER."

OVER crossings, threading with ease what appeared to be a devious and intricate way, through the many sidings at Kentish Town, the footplate meanwhile as steady as the floor of the saloon carriage, told well for the almost perfect balancing of the moving parts. Through another open space, with a gleam of sunlight in the face, quickly ex-changed for the uninviting stone-work of the cutting, past Haverstock Hill station, and then with a rush plunged in- to the murky terrors of Belsize tunnel, which the preced- ing 10.30 train had filled with vapour, which still twisted and clung to the damp sides in fantastic shapes, rapidly enveloping us as though to hide the Cimmerian terror be- yond. Had Dante been so fortunate as to ride through Belsize tunnel on a locomotive under such conditions, an- other and a more terrible chamber of horrors would have been added to his pandemonium, in which doubtless a wheeled monster would have figured, before which the most gruesome of his shapes would have flown in terror, crushed and ground in a thick-ribbed region of smoke and steam. The fire-door is now dropped (with a clang) for the purpose of adding more fuel, and a broad lurid flash of light is flung back on the tender and the end of the first carriage, showing the piled-up coal magnified and distorted by the masses of vapour which wretched down from the roof. The rapid pulse-like beats of the exhaust could be distinctly heard as the arched roof hurled back each reeking concus- sion. The darkness becomes more profound and wearisome, when a glimpse of light, lost as soon as seen, and gradually enlarging, gives one the impression of looking through the wrong end of a telescope. The light becomes larger and more full-orbed, and quickly, with a sense of relief, we rush into the awaiting glories of the day. Ajax at the dawn, after the night's encounter, never felt more relief than was experienced by the third man on the footplate.—*Black- wood.*

DR. TOOTH HEARD FROM.

THE cure of inveterate drunkenness by mesmerism is a "suggestion" that has been before the world for some time. It has, however, been given to the Rev. Arthur Tooth, whose imprisonment for Ritualistic practices at Hatcham caused so much commotion in Church circles a few years ago, to put the theory into practice, apparently with the most successful results. According to a writer in the *Daily News*, who has inspected the "home" at Woodside where Mr. Tooth now busies himself with the reclamation of confirmed inebriates and the bringing up of orphan boys, the testimonies of the effectiveness of Mr. Tooth's treat- ment are as numerous and respectable as those that have been tendered in behalf of "faith-healing" are doubtful. Patients, doctors, and dentists—all join in giving evidence of the genuineness of Mr. Tooth's cures. Appropriately enough, these include cases of tooth extraction from which pain has been banished as effectually as if chloroform or nitrous oxide gas had been administered, while the element of danger seems to have been altogether absent. Mr. Tooth objects to his system being called mesmerism, mainly, it would seem, because the latter term has been vulgarised; but the thing seems to be essentially the same, minus the "passes," whether it be called "hypnotism" or "suggestion." The operator gets hold of a dipsomaniac, brings his superior will to bear upon his mind, and literally talks him out of his love for strong drink. There has been a good deal of eloquence expended, from first to last, on the drink question, but none of it seems to be so practical as the short exhortations—or rather commands—of the Rev. Arthur Tooth. The ex-Vicar of Hatcham has only to suggest to a confirmed sot, several days running, that milk is a beverage in every way superior to alcohol, and the poor drunkard gradually goes over to his opinion, and what is more to the purpose acts upon it. There will no doubt be a considerable "run" made upon Mr. Tooth's peculiar powers very soon.—*Manchester Examiner.*

ON THE TAY.

A SALMON which weighed 39 lbs. was recently landed from the Tay by an angler at Kinfauns, below Perth. This is the heaviest fish that has been taken from the Tay with the rod for several years past. The angling season on the Tay has been a complete failure, and hardly any fish have been killed, even on the best stretches, although the river has been in capital order. The outrageous manner in which the Tay is over-netted is utterly ruining it as a salmon river, and the upper waters are really not worth fishing now. The netting season should be curtailed, and all nets above Perth ought to be taken off the river.—*London World.*

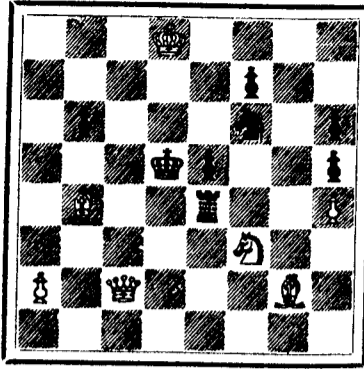
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 403.

By D. J. TOLOSA CARRERAS.

From *La Stratagie.*

BLACK.



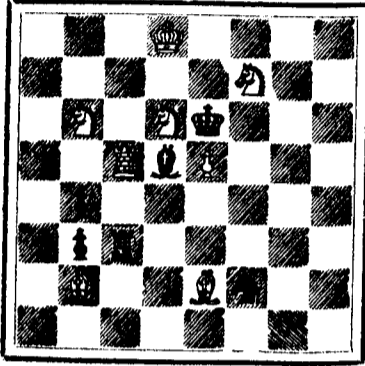
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 404.

By E. H. E. EDDIS, Orillia.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- | | | | |
|----------------|-------------|--------|----------|
| White. | N 397. | Black. | No. 398. |
| 1. Kt-K B 4 | | K x Kt | Q-Q Kt 3 |
| 2. Kt-Q B 3 | | moves | |
| 3. Q mates. | | | |
| | If 1. K-Q 5 | | |
| | moves | | |
| 2. Q-K 8 | | | |
| 3. Q-R 4 mate. | | | |

GAME PLAYED IN THE BRESLAU TOURNAMENT.

From the *Montreal Gazette.*

VIENNA OPENING.

- | | | | |
|---------------|-------------|-----------------------------|------------|
| MR. MIESES. | MR. FRITZ. | MR. MIESES. | MR. FRITZ. |
| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 4 | 21. P-Q R 4 | Q x B P |
| 2. Kt-Q B 3 | Kt-Q B 3 | 22. B-K 3 | Kt-K 6 |
| 3. P-K Kt 3 | B-B 4 | 23. R-Q 1 | Q-B 5 |
| 4. B-Kt 2 | P-Q R 3 (a) | 24. Q-K 1 | P x R P |
| 5. K Kt-K 2 | P-Q 3 | 25. P-Q 6 | Q x P |
| 6. P-Q 3 | K Kt-K 2 | 26. R x P | R-Q 1 |
| 7. Kt-Q 5 | Kt x Kt | 27. B-R 3 + | K-B 2 |
| 8. P x Kt | Kt-K 2 | 28. B-K B 4 ! | R x R |
| 9. P-Q 4 | P x P | 29. Q-K 7 + | K-Kt 3 |
| 10. Kt x P | Kt-B 4 | 30. B x R | Q-R 8 + |
| 11. Kt-K 2 | Q-B 3 | 31. B-K B 1 | K x P |
| 12. Castles | B-Q 2 | 32. B-K 5 | Q-B 8 |
| 13. Kt-Q B 3 | Castles Q R | 33. Q-B 7 + | K-Q 4 |
| 14. B-Q 2 | Q R-K 1 (b) | 34. Q-Q 6 + | K-K 5 |
| 15. Kt-K 4 | Q-Kt 3 | 35. P-R 3 + | K-B 4 |
| 16. Kt + B | P x Kt | 36. P-Kt 4 + | K-Kt 4 |
| 17. P-Q Kt 4 | B-Kt 4 | 37. B-B 4 + (d) | Q x B |
| 18. P x P (c) | B x R | 38. P-R 4 + | K x P |
| 19. Q x B | Kt-Q 5 | 39. Q x Q | R-Q B 1 |
| 20. P-B 6 | P-Q Kt 4 | 40. White mates in 5 moves. | |

NOTES.

- (a) This is considered necessary to prevent the exchange of the Bishop for the Knight.
- (b) It would have been better to bring the other Rook into play.
- (c) It looks as if the attack gained was worth the loss of the ex- change.
- (d) White here overlooked a mate in five moves.

THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Toronto Chess Club was held in their rooms over the Public Library on Thursday evening, October 17. The annual report showed the affairs of the club to be in a prosperous condition. The following officers were elected for the coming season:—President, Mr. Wm. Boutbee; First Vice-President, Mr. A. T. Davison; Second Vice-President, Mr. J. H. Braithwaite; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. John McGregor; Auditor, Mr. T. F. Gimson; Managing Committee, Messrs. W. M. Stark, H. J. Hill, S. G. Beatty; Match Committee, Messrs. Boutbee, Davison, Braithwaite, McGregor.

You cannot obtain a perfect notion of French industry unless you pay a visit to our peasantry. I must say that now the woman ceases to be attractive. She does not even attempt to look so. Sunburnt, hale and hearty, behold her, dear English tourist, that is the fortune of France. She does not wear fringes on her forehead, I will admit; she does not wear flounces on a second-hand skirt, or a hat with flowers and feathers, and she totally ignores shilling diamonds. She has a coarse serge gown on and simple snowy cap. She is clean and tidy, and the personi- fication of industry. I do not doubt, however, that thanks to the blessings of gratuitous and compulsory education, the time will soon come when she will want to imitate the ladies of the town in her habits and dress, and that her sons will despise the dear land where they were born, and will all want to be clerks, and swagger in town with high stand-up collars, tight trousers and sticks. Thank good- ness, this sickening spectacle is not yet to be seen in France.—*Max O'Rell, in "Jacques Bonhomme."*

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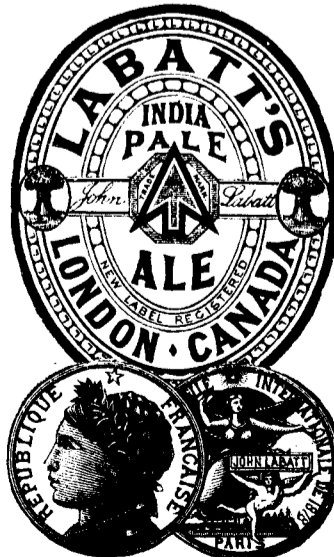
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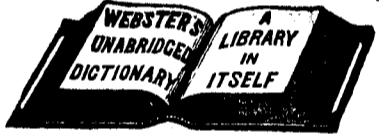


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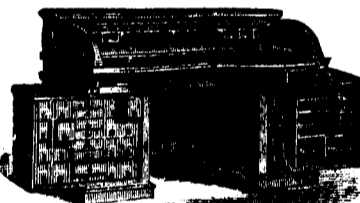
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