

This Number contains: President or King, by I. Allen Jack, Q.C., D.C.L.; A Higher Political Life, by David Ross McCord, M.A., Q.C.; John Galt as a Novelist, by Howard J. Duncan. Editorial: The Presidential Election.

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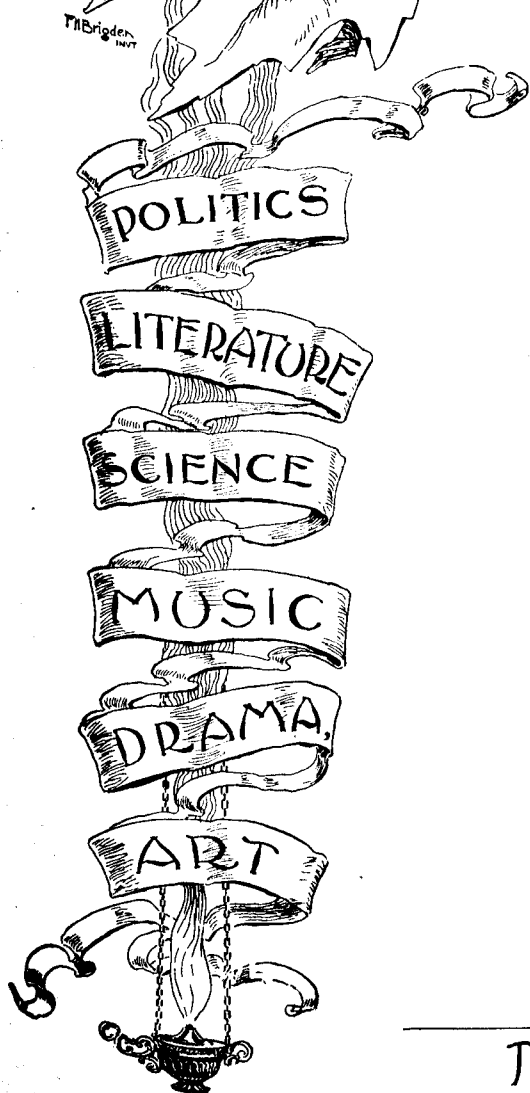
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*William S. Lord, in The Dial.*

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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, November 6th, 1896.

No. 50

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THE WEEK: C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, MANAGER.

## Current Topics.

**Freight Capacity of the Canadian Pacific.**

The enormous capacity of the Canadian Pacific Railway for handling freight is better exemplified at this season of the year than at any other time. The new wheat from Manitoba and the Northwest Territory has to be forwarded, and whether it goes through all the way to tide water by rail, or is transhipped to vessels by the way, it must all pass over the railway as far as Fort William and Port Arthur. During the latter part of October and the whole of November the Canadian Pacific docks are a scene of bustle without confusion. In the long railway yard on the shore of the Kaministiquia there are miles of freight cars, some waiting to discharge wheat into the elevators, some waiting to go back for another consignment. At almost any time one may see, besides the Company's own steamers, several large vessels from lower ports in Canada or the United States, waiting for cargoes. Those from Detroit, Buffalo, Cleveland, or Chicago are generally too large to go through the Welland Canal, even if the coasting laws did debar them from delivering freight from one Canadian port to another. The pressure on the carrying capacity of the Canadian Pacific Railway has been this year unusually heavy owing to the high price of wheat, but no glut of grain has been so far reported from any point.

**A Bonus to Education.**

The management of Upper Canada College has asked the corporation of the City of Toronto to give a bonus to that institution in the form of free water from the city's reservoir, and there seems to be a disposition on the part of the City Council to entertain the proposal favourably. This opens up for consideration the very interesting question, how far a municipal corporation is justified in subsidizing, by way of exemption from rates, an educational enterprise from which it derives some material benefit. In the case of Toronto the question

is very important as well as interesting, for there are within its limits many such institutions. Upper Canada College is now, for all practical purposes, a private undertaking. The endowment and equipment which it has received from the Province are quite insufficient to maintain it, and its future development depends on private liberality. Though situated outside of the city limits it is practically a Toronto secondary school. Within the city limits are several others to the funds of which the city contributes nothing by way of revenue, while they contribute a good deal to it in the form of taxes and water rates, to say nothing of the money spent here by students from outside who come to Toronto to live.

**Gold in Ontario.**

The Provincial Bureau of Mines, following the example of the Department of Agriculture, has wisely begun the publication of occasional "bulletins." The first of the series is a preliminary report by Prof. Coleman on the "gold fields of western Ontario." On this subject he is entitled to speak with the authority which comes of long technical training and of careful personal inspection. This bulletin is a mere sketch, of course, but it contains the announcement that "detailed results" of his work are reserved for the sixth annual report of the Bureau. In making his tour of the mines he started from Savanna, a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and traversed nearly 700 miles of lake, river, and portage before ending the summer's travels at Rat Portage. The names and characteristic features of the several mines are given in the bulletin, the palm in the matter of fame being unhesitatingly awarded to the "Sultana," in the Lake of the Woods. The general impression created by Prof. Coleman's statements is that gold in paying quantities is scattered over a large area extending 250 miles from east to west, and 130 from north to south; that nearly all of this gold district is in Ontario; and that the proper way to develop the auriferous region is to prosecute mining in a thoroughly business-like way. The fact that the country is already traversed by the Canadian Pacific Railway is very important in connection with its development.

**The Ontario Educational Association.**

The publication of the "Proceedings" of the Ontario Educational Association, in convention assembled, recalls the meeting of that body held in Toronto during the last Easter holidays. The topics covered by these proceedings are too numerous to be given in detail, and so are the titles of the published "papers" which make up the bulk of the volume. Suffice it in this connection to say that together they make up a collection so valuable that no practical educationist in this Province can afford to be without it. There is ample proof scattered through the "Proceedings" of the importance of the Association, and those who know anything of its history do not need to be informed that it has during the thirty-five years of its continuous existence exercised a potent influence not merely on the evolution of pedagogical methods but on the organization of administrative machinery. In view of this commanding influence it has been fittingly called the "Educational Parliament of Ontario." So far from showing any

falling off in vitality it continues to grow by absorption. It has within recent years added to the number of its "Sections" one of trustees, and to its "Departments" one of History. The constitution, with its involved federalism, is very complicated to look at from the outside, but it works smoothly and harmoniously. What the spectator is apt to feel most strongly when he tries to attend the convention is the truth of Sir Boyle Roche's saying that "a man can't be in two places at once, barrin' he's a bird."

The George Brown  
Statue.

When the statue in memory of the late Hon. George Brown was erected in the Queen's Park, Toronto, a beautiful site was selected for it on the bank of the ravine and close to the carriage-way leading to the University. At that time no definite steps had been taken to erect a new Provincial building, and when a site was chosen it was found that Mr. Brown's statue was close in rear of the edifice. Mr. Harty, as Commissioner of Public Works, with the concurrence of his colleagues in the Provincial Government, has removed the statue to a more appropriate site in front of the Parliament building. There is a general feeling that Sir John Macdonald's statue should be similarly honoured. Where it stands now it is isolated from the historic background furnished by the building, and there would be an obvious appropriateness in giving successive generations of young Canadians a chance to see in close proximity the counterfeit presentments of these two great protagonists.

Canada's Export  
Trade

The sensible practice of publishing blue-books in advance of the meeting of Parliament enables the press to inform the public that the foreign trade of Canada for 1895-96 showed some improvement over that of 1894-95, though it fell short of the exhibits made by the years 1892-94. The exports for the year amounted to \$121,013,852, and the imports to \$118,011,000, the former being the largest amount for any year since Confederation. As the bulk of Canadian trade is with Great Britain and the United States, it is interesting to note how it is divided between these two countries. The exports to the former amounted to \$66,689,253, and the imports to \$32,979,742; the corresponding amounts in the case of the United States were \$39,750,201, and \$58,574,024. As Great Britain imposes no customs duty on what we have to sell her, our export trade to her may be expanded indefinitely, and in all probability the year 1896-97 will show a large increase. Strenuous efforts to improve the butter export trade may have an important effect even within the present financial year.

Winter  
Butter.

If Canadian butter is ever to hold its own in the markets of Great Britain with butter from the continent of Europe, it must be made during the winter season. Summer is the time for making cheese to advantage, and nature thus furnishes admirable facilities to the farmer for the more perfect distribution of dairy farming throughout the year. One enterprising manufacturer of dairy products, D. M. Macpherson, M.P.P. for Glengarry, has announced his intention to thoroughly test the matter during the coming winter. He will operate twelve creameries in the counties of Glengarry and Huntingdon, each of them having a cold storage attachment. The output is expected to be a carload of butter a week, though the amount will depend, of course, on the quantity of milk obtainable. If this and similar experiments are fairly successful, the supply of milk for winter butter making can be easily regulated hereafter in precise accordance with the demand.

Athletics and  
Athletics.

When the Toronto Athletic Club was started the aim of the promoters was to make and keep it a high-toned social establishment, to which respectable young men who believe in "muscular Christianity," might safely resort for harmless amusement. We take the liberty of asking the management how long, in their opinion, this character is likely to be maintained in the face of reports like this of a recent glove contest "fought to a finish" in the presence of five hundred spectators: "The fifth and sixth were Hanley's rounds. He had Baskerville's eye bleeding from a nasty cut, and kept hammering away at the mark until he had him covered with blood. In the eighth Baskerville rallied a little and rushed Hanley off his feet. Neither men were much punished and looked strong when the ninth round came round. Hanley landed his left in wind and followed it up with a right on the jaw and Baskerville went down and was counted out. It took five minutes to bring him round. Three stitches were put in the cut over his eye."

Lord Dufferin's  
Exit.

The Marquis of Dufferin, at a banquet recently tendered to him in Belfast, publicly announced that owing to age and loss of hearing he has definitely retired from public life. His last position was that of British Minister in Paris, and this, as well as the analogous position in Turkey, he filled for years with great tact and success. His name has been mentioned in connection with the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, but, in view of the speech at Belfast, evidently without his authority. Canadians have a sufficiently pleasant recollection of Lord Dufferin to be interested in his career, and while all will regret the occasion of his retirement, they will cordially wish him an old age as happy as it is certain to be dignified and honourable. His Lordship will certainly never try to annoy his Royal mistress by leaking State secrets to newspapers.

The  
British Navy.

Great Britain has within the past few years enormously increased her navy, and so long as other nations add to their fleets she will continue to strengthen hers *pari passu* and somewhat more. As each large vessel must be manned with a numerous crew it has become a difficult matter to secure enough of marines, and the difficulty is sure to increase. There has been a good deal of plain talk on the subject during the past few days in the British journals, and among statesmen who take a special interest in the navy. Formerly press-gangs were sent through the rural districts to capture young men of good physique and force them into the service, but as the day for that has long gone by some other plan of recruiting must now be resorted to. The most obvious one is to offer a sufficient inducement in the form of wages, but that would add indefinitely to the cost of maintaining the navy. The discussion can at all events do no harm.

A Second  
Dreibund.

The triple alliance of Germany, Italy and Austria-Hungary, known as the "Dreibund," has endured for many years, but it seems not unlikely to lead to the establishment of a second triple alliance, including Russia, France and Great Britain. If the latter should be formed, Germany will have herself to blame for a state of affairs which is very annoying and which may easily prove disastrous. The most formidable obstacles to the second Dreibund are British jealousy of Russia in Asia, and French jealousy of Britain in Egypt. Leading publicists and statesmen in Great Britain seem disposed just now to adopt an attitude towards Russia quite different from the traditional unfriendly one. The two powers are neigh-

hours in Asia, and they can well afford to come to a good general understanding about the interrelations of the Empires. The problem of Egypt is a more difficult one to solve. The interest of France in the Suez Canal is paramount, but it is not at all likely now that Great Britain will abandon the task of conferring on that venerable but unhappy land the blessings of European civilization. The complications caused by her remaining in Egypt are formidable, but not so much so as those which would be caused by her retiring from the lower Nile Valley. It may be that a *modus vivendi* will be found by recognizing French interests elsewhere. It is to be hoped that the effort to reach one will not further strengthen France's illegitimate grasp on Newfoundland.

Death of a  
Vivisectionist.

Prof. Martin, who formerly occupied the chair of Physiology in Johns Hopkins University, died this week in England. He was a graduate of Cambridge University, and was one of several English scholars who were imported when Johns Hopkins was established. Prof. Martin was intimately associated with the late Prof. Huxley in the educational phase of biological science, and was an ardent original investigator. In the pursuit of his researches he freely practised vivisection at Johns Hopkins, and some years ago an attempt was made by the Professor of Oriental Languages to have it stopped. The majority of the faculty and trustees sided with Prof. Martin, and his assailant was constrained to resign his chair. The battle thus fought for vivisection has never been renewed in any public way, and it is now practised in many American biological laboratories.

Irish  
Demands.

Mr. T. W. Russell has been known to the public as an opponent of Irish "Home Rule," but he evidently has no desire to ignore the grievances, the existence of which has given that movement its strength and persistence. As Parliamentary Secretary of the Local Government Board he reports that "no mere abatements of rent will suffice. The land will not support the tenant, labourer, and landlord. Sales to tenants must come. Ireland must not always be Lazarus at the side of Dives, but must have her full share. Roman Catholic grievances regarding the higher education should also be redressed; municipal franchises should be equalized and the poor law reformed." This sounds a good deal like an extract from one of Parnell's speeches. As Mr. Russell is a Liberal-Unionist supporter of Chamberlain the utterance may be significant.

Bismarckian  
Etiquette

Prince Bismarck has evidently a singular idea of the kind of honor which ought to characterize diplomacy. While he was Germany's Foreign Minister he always prided himself on what was usually called his "brutal frankness," and every now and then he still startles the diplomatic world from his retirement by revelations of international transactions with which he was necessarily conversant, but which he has not been authorized to communicate to the public. Only a few weeks ago he caused a great deal of annoyance by publishing a letter which Queen Victoria wrote twenty years ago to the then Emperor, protesting against Bismarck's proposal to crush France; his personal organ, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, has now followed this up with the statement that in 1884 Germany and Russia entered into a secret alliance by which the latter bound herself to remain neutral in the event of an attack on France, which Bismarck was then plan-

ning. It is intimated also that he intends to make public the circumstances under which he retired from office a few years ago, and this announcement has been met by the counter threat that if he "continues his disclosures of State secrets his position will not protect him from serious consequences." What puzzles one is to understand why he deems it worth while to reveal such matters at all, unless his object be simply to inflict annoyance on the Emperor. The letter of Queen Victoria was as creditable to her as its publication was disgraceful to Bismarck; and the secret alliance with Russia was as discreditable alike to Germany and to him as its divulgence will be annoying to France now. He should, like other great diplomatists, have left these revelations to be made in his personal memoirs after he and his contemporaries have all passed from the stage.

\* \* \*

### The Presidential Election.

THE people of the United States on Tuesday last decided by an overwhelming majority, alike of the popular electorate and of the Electoral College, that Mr. McKinley shall be the next President of the Republic. They decided at the same time that the House of Representatives shall be in sympathy with him, and they made it clear that there shall soon be a majority to support him in the Senate. This decision would have been a momentous one even if the majority had been insignificant; when it is so large as to make it indisputable that there has been a great popular uprising, the interest of the rest of the civilized world in the occurrence is naturally deepened.

The causes of Mr. Bryan's defeat are not far to seek. He was distrusted by the whole business community, partly on account of his free silver attitude, but still more on account of his association with discredited political adventurers and with imported anarchists. Ex-Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, is a specimen of the one class, and Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, is a type of the other. No civilized nation can afford to be governed by such men, and there was only too good reason to believe that both of them would have been in Mr. Bryan's Cabinet if he had been elected, and that Mr. Altgeld would have been Secretary of State.

A still more formidable obstacle to Mr. Bryan's success was the repugnance of the masses to anything that savoured of repudiation. If he had been chosen President the country would have dropped at once to a silver basis, with silver at sixteen to one. All debts contracted on any lower ratio might have been, and many of them would have been, paid off by cheating the unfortunate creditor out of a smaller or larger part of his claim. The reckless way in which the foreigner, who had in good faith bought United States bonds, was jeered and sneered at in campaign speeches, was more than the people could stand, and the repudiationists were most emphatically repudiated. From this point of view the Republican victory is a victory for morality as well as for civilization. Democracy was on its trial before the world, and democracy has vindicated its title to the respect of all who watch with intelligent interest the experiments of popular government.

There is danger that in some quarters the result of the election may be regarded as a victory for "trusts," "combinations," and "monopolies," and for those artificial restrictions on trade which enable them to flourish. If this mistake is made by the victorious party, then four years from now it will be found that the crash has been only postponed. Any society is drifting into serious danger when it is made up to any considerable extent of millionaires and paupers. If

there are Goulds, and Rockefellers, and Huntingtons, there will be Altgelds, and Debses, and Georges. One irony of Mr. Bryan's position was that he was running as the avowed candidate of the greatest "trust" in the United States; another was that the chief promoters of the silver movement have been in the habit of stipulating for repayment of loans in gold. The victors would do well to put their house in order, by trying to find out how such gigantic monopolies as the silver mining combination and the Standard Oil Company may be usefully regulated in the public interest.

To Canada the election of Mr. McKinley and of a Republican House of Representatives may mean very much. There is a wide-spread belief that the new President and his entourage will be favourable to a liberal reciprocity treaty with the Dominion. Such an arrangement is quite feasible, and it might be made very profitable for both countries. Now that the election is over the attention of leading statesmen on both sides of the line should be steadily directed to the matter, so that when the new Congress meets four months hence some definite proposals may be laid before it for approval. If this opportunity is lost it may be long before another as favourable occurs. An era of greater kindness toward Great Britain is sure to result from the events of the past few months, and of that amelioration of feeling this nearest and greatest of British dependencies ought to enjoy the benefit.

\* \* \*

### Before the Dark.

As on the verge of gloomy night,  
When day is done;  
We see, on some far mountain height,  
The last ray of the sun.

So stands, on life's dark portal,  
Youth, with sun-gloried hair;  
A light, presaging life immortal,  
A moment lingers there.

Well, let him bask, perchance in vain  
'Neath that bright ray,  
For mist and darkness—woe and pain  
Will come—ere day.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

\* \* \*

### President or King.

DO their good cousins and neighbours look upon the people of Canada as peculiarly hebetate? One would suppose that they do if he judged from their not infrequently expressed opinion that, upon due consideration, Canadians should pull down the Union Jack and hoist the Stars and Stripes. The desire to continue the connection between the Mother Land and the Dominion, which the latter persists in entertaining, is regarded generally in the republic as a rather pretty bit of sentiment, too absurd to last long, and only deserving consideration because it is the one obstacle which interferes with annexation. As a matter of fact, the maintenance of historical continuity and loyalty are just as desirable, and may we not say necessary, in national communities as are the continuance of loving relationship between the individual members of a family. Who, amongst those whose opinion has any value, would respect the nation, community or individual in the abandonment of a great principle on the ground that it was purely abstract?

But it is unnecessary to appeal to the people of Canada on ethical grounds to induce them to withhold their favour from any scheme of annexation. Intelligence, irrespective of sensibility, can very rapidly suggest many and serious objections to the confederated Provinces becoming States of the great neighbouring republic. Marked divergencies in opinion upon most important subjects have, in the past, imperilled the continuance of the Union which, in one instance, was secured not by the consent of all the interested

States but by the superior power of some of them. Arguments and appeals to patriotism have also had their influence in the preservation of a formal unity, but, with the growth in population and the creation of new industries in remote sections, conflicting interests are constantly arising, and the reconciliation of differences becoming more difficult. The subjects of contention between the Republicans and their opponents at the present time are merely examples, and by no means exhaust the controversies possible and probable in the United States. That the constitutional methods for dealing with difficulties of the nature indicated are inadequate is every few years becoming more apparent. Among many imperfections, the most conspicuous is the mode of selection of the chief executive officer. Under the British and Canadian system the popular will is not consulted, unless indeed at the rarest intervals, and in case of pressing necessity in the selection of this functionary.

His powers, however, are restricted, and as they can scarcely be exercised at all except for the benefit of the public, his functions are essentially the very reverse of autocratic. Again, as he is generally bound to act upon the advice of the members of his Council, and thus obtain and hold their positions by the will of the people expressed at the polls. The popular declaration of opinion is practically a command which must be obeyed. In the United States, on the other hand, at the end of every four years there may be, and there generally is, an entire change in the personnel and occasionally in the policy of the Administration, and both persons and policy, no matter how distasteful they may be to the nation, must ordinarily be endured until the period for holding office has expired.

It is needless to refer at length to the frequently urged objection to the recurrence, at brief intervals of Presidential elections, to the consequent serious disturbance, or might it not sometimes be called paralysis of business of all kinds on each occasion, and to the occasional results of an entire change in a continued line of policy. These have long been urged, and are largely admitted by those affected, as objections of so serious a character that they should, in some way, be obviated.

The position and powers of the President, however, are so unique and so important, and are so unintermittently presented for public consideration that their discussion is never devoid of interest. The citizen who rejoices in the thought that he may some day occupy the Presidential chair must largely discount his delight in the knowledge that there are those amongst his fellow-citizens for whom he entertains an honest hatred or perhaps contempt, who also may secure the seat. It is not indeed likely that a bad or worthless character will ever be selected for the position, but undistinguished, weak, vacillating, selfish, and hence not purely patriotic, men have been and may be Presidents. The President of the United States is, in some respects, a combination of the *simulacra* of an obsolete British monarch and a modern British Prime Minister. Unlike a king, however, he is rather the chief of a majority of the electors than of the nation. Theoretically it is otherwise, but practically the followers of a lost cause can feel no devotion, and usually little respect for the person of the leader of their successful opponents.

Reverence for the office may, indeed, prevail, but a worthy office esteemed to be unworthily filled must suffer some degradation. Nor is the candidate for the office, as a rule, the best representative of his party, but the result of a compromise, in which sterling, but insufficiently popular, worth has to make way for mediocrity adorned with sham virtues whose temporary strength is its chronic feebleness. There is a great difference between gaining a place and filling it with ability, and it must always be borne in mind that the main object of the party convention is to win the race.

How is it, in view of all the possibilities, and indeed the probabilities, attending the selection of a President, and considering that he is the head of a nation which utterly repudiates autocratic ideas, that his powers are so enormous and uncurbed as they are? This feature in the constitution can only be understood when some knowledge has been acquired of the period of the revolution and of the sentiments of the leaders in the movement. There can be no doubt that many among them, while they desire to obtain for the colonies enlarged legislative and administrative



powers, had no wish or anticipation that their absolute independence should be secured. When, as the not unnatural result of a protracted period of conflict with all its attendant miseries, an intense and general hatred of the Mother Country possessed the souls of those in arms against her, it seemed useless to suggest the continuance or renewal, upon any terms, of the old relationship. But when it became necessary to determine the character and form of the constitution for the new nation, the conservative and cautious element amongst those concerned in the difficult task, although it had for a while been dormant, was fairly aroused. Freedom is a fine war cry and a sweet thought for those who really suffer because they are not free, but unhappily there are always many among its seeming votaries who would confine its benefit exclusively to themselves. The lessons of liberty, fraternity, equality which their French friends sought to teach the Americans, were not accepted by all of them without reservation. There were, indeed, freedom shriekers, but their shrieks were deadened by the groans of slaves. There was much more than suspicion among sensible persons that liberty might degenerate into license in the future as it had done in the past. There were, also, among the revolutionists, those in whose veins good blue blood coursed, who abhorred contact, unless in purely business circles, with the vulgar; who never would personally practice, though they might seem to preach, equality and the full brotherhood of man. As for the New Englanders their shrewd common sense and knowledge of human nature would readily suggest that there should be safeguards against the seeming rule of the multitude. The Puritans took the earliest opportunity to proclaim their authority and infallibility, anticipating by a few centuries the papal decree in such regard, and while declaiming loudly against prelatical tyranny.

The Puritans and their descendants, indeed, fully approved of powerful government, and only insisted that they should not be governed by functionaries of whom they did not approve. It has always been so and probably always will be. People protest to the utmost against the symbol, the name, but accept the thing symbolized and are contented with it under another designation.

In view of all the then existing conditions it is, perhaps, not very surprising that large powers should have been granted to one selected by the people, whose official title suggested no accumulation of memories of occasional betrayal of the people's rights. Sir Henry Maine, whose sentiments towards the great republic and its constitution were in no sense unfriendly, has effectively dealt with this subject. In his work on "Popular Government" (New York: edition 1886, pages 211, 212 and 213), the following passage occurs: "On the face of the constitution of the United States, the resemblance of the President of the United States to the European King, and especially to the King of Great Britain, is too obvious for mistake. The President has, in various degrees, a number of powers which those who know something of kingship in its general history recognize at once as peculiarly associated with it and with no other institution. The whole executive power is vested in him. He is commander-in-chief of the army and navy. He makes treaties with the advice and consent of the Senate, and with the same advice and consent he appoints ambassadors, ministers, judges and all high functionaries. He has a qualified veto on legislation. He convenes Congress when no special time for meeting has been fixed.

It is tolerably clear that the mental operation through which the framers of the American constitution passed was this: They took the King of Great Britain, went through his powers and restrained them whenever they appeared to be excessive or unsuited to the circumstances of the United States. It is remarkable that the figure they had before them was not a generalized English King, nor an abstract constitutional monarch; it was no anticipation of Queen Victoria, but George III. himself whom they took for their model. Fifty years earlier, or a hundred years later, the English King would have struck them in quite a different light." That this is no distortion, exaggeration, or other than a faithful statement of the case is abundantly clear. It does not, indeed, go so far as that of a leading citizen of the United States and a fully recognized authority. Dr. Depew, in a speech in favour of Mr. McKinley at Carnegie Music Hall, during this summer, as reported in the New York Sun

of the 28th of August, used the following language: "We may accept the term while we repudiate the relation that the President of the United States is the hired man of the people. He holds his place for four years as the representative of the people. During that time he possesses more power than any ruler in the world, except the autocrat of all the Russias. He may not be able to create prosperity but he can destroy it. He can create infinite distrust by the measure which he suggests or the quarrels which he provokes with foreign countries." Considered with reference to the purposes for which, according to its constitution, the nation exists, the powers of its President are surely sufficiently large. When, however, Italy complained of the outrageous treatment of Italians at New Orleans, it became a question whether the nation was or was not sufficiently in existence to be responsible for what had been done in a single state, and whether the President, empowered to make a quarrel, could make amends for the offence committed.

Irrespective of the benefits which may have been secured for the interested States by the American Revolution, there can be no question that it has been highly advantageous, indirectly, to Great Britain and her colonies. It was a very unpleasing but most useful lesson. The proper status of the self-governing colonies was thereby not instantaneously, but for the near future and succeeding time, effectually secured. Since that momentous event successive generations of statesmen, constitutional lawyers, and philosophers, aided by courts whose judges are distinguished equally for their capacity, knowledge of law, judicial fairness and absolute independence, have been engaged carefully, calmly, but most effectually, in guarding the rights and increasing the potentiality of the British people at home and abroad. And, as a result, there is not a nation to-day which, as regards self-government, has reached the altitude of the British Empire. It matters not whether you study the conditions of the Mother Islands or the colonies, you will find in all not the false democracy engaged in pulling down, but the true democracy aiding all its members to rise and prosper. Nor is the lustre of the crown in any sense diminished. Who will say that Queen Victoria, acting for, through, and by her people, is less glorious in her reign than Queen Elizabeth, exercising a greater personal rule.

And what has been the development of the Constitution of the United States? It has abolished slavery and has accomplished little else of importance in this direction. The framers of the Constitution were apparently fully satisfied with their work: they may have thought that wisdom would die with them: they may have mistrusted those who would come after them. Whatever may have been their motives or conceptions, they created so many difficulties and raised so many obstacles in the way of any change in that which they had framed, that pressing necessity, sincere and powerful advocacy and the most astute policy are likely to be impotent under ordinary circumstances in effecting important amendments in its terms.

This is a matter in which not only the nation primarily concerned but all the nations are interested. The people of the United States are possessed of splendid qualities, and no one can attempt to deny that they have achieved wonderful success during an existence comparatively brief. But the effectiveness of these qualities for action, or even vitality, with reference to the national existence and progress, must be seriously impaired so long as they are firmly enclosed by impenetrable barriers, and subject to inflexible, contracted, and restraining laws.

As for Canadians, they can well, with respect and affection, wish their southern neighbours all success in their share of the great work of making the northern portion of this continent God-fearing, prosperous, and contented. But, influenced as they are by kindly feeling, the people of Canada are disposed to think that the maintenance of friendly relations between the nation and the Dominion should not be jeopardized, under any circumstances, without the full consideration and concurrence of the nation.

When will Brother Jonathan admit that the leading feature of the legislation of the Medes and Persians is ill adapted for a modern democracy, and that it is not wise or safe to invest an untried servant with plenary authority.

I. ALLEN JACK.

## A Higher Political Life.

IS there not much in the moral atmosphere of Canadian politics to cause anxiety to any one bestowing a little attention to the subject. We are emerging from a group of colonies and taking our first steps among the nations.

The influence on after life of first steps has become proverbial. We are not presently speaking of parties, we are satisfied they offer similar problems for study and similar themes for regret. We can speak from personal experience now nearing its third decade and including the helmsmanship of the largest constituency of the Dominion from what was considered the old mal-odorous waters of open voting into what was hoped to be the purer currents of the ballot.

These hopes have been far from realized. Some good has been effected. Certain protection has been afforded, where it was unfortunately required, at a certain sacrifice of outspoken manhood by some, we think, but a substantial gain has been made and no one would for a moment think of retracing these steps.

The Quebec Act of last session is another step in advance, but its presence in the creation of further barriers to evil, not in the lowering of those in existence, is an evidence of the failure of hopes built on its predecessors.

No legal contrivances succeed which are much, if at all, in advance of the moral sense of a community, and here is where we wish to make a point. The ballot has not prevented the improper expenditure of money, and why? because the moral sense of the community needs raising.

If it be urged such was not the only reason for the introduction of the ballot, we reply, that is admitted, but it was largely to meet the evil of the application of money in return for the exercise of the franchise, that the ballot was called for. On the side of the public servant, it is the system which is responsible for much of the evil which is patent around us of which we complain. It is too costly for the country in its present state, especially in the light of the sources whence too often what is needed emanates.

Divide the sums sometimes expended in boroughs into the number of votes polled and the quotient is food for sad and unpleasant thought.

We all know it. We all speak of it, but no one regrets it sufficiently to raise his voice for a higher political life.

Is it to be accepted as a maxim that in the first natural growth of all new countries there is also to be moral political weakness, that slender national means and public honour are incompatible?

It would be preferable for all parties were the evil manfully faced, lest its canker get beyond the moral surgeon's skill. It is a matter of national honour. Do we desire that as a British dependency it be said in a generation hence that methods popularly attributed as characteristics of a great modern republic not very far removed geographically have been imitated by us. We think the answer is quick and in the negative. Then let us be logical. We have not yet gone too far. Pause and reform. This cost of our public life has crippled or ruined a very large number of the ablest minds and worthiest ambitions among us. Their names will suggest themselves. Its influences for evil are many and in the past half century it has hindered and limited and is still hindering and limiting the selection of superior public servants. With the financial crippling comes a proportionate induration of moral nature, loss of independence and usefulness coupled, we trust, in few instances with methods not of a worthy kind to recoup the expenditure which we would fain hope the system forced on characters to whom we readily credit a laudable desire to be of use to the community. A happily commoner and worthier alternative consigns a large portion of the evening of life to the gradual repayment of obligations incurred in the service of one's country.

We have sometimes thought, and we do not claim originality for it, that government should appropriate in proportion to the size of the constituencies a certain sum for electoral expenses. There is a certain balance in the question, and after all in the end much of it comes out of the country.

Something, we had almost said very much, can be urged on this side of the picture, on the other nothing.

Venality in him who exercises his franchise is inexcusable, it should be a degradation of soul. Is it so regarded? The answer is equally quick and very saddening, for it is in

the negative. Whence is the cure? Are the only physicians to be the occupants of the pulpits? Let it not be said that in Canada the disease is to become endemic.

DAVID ROSS McCORD.

## A Song.

'Tis Autumn and down in the fields  
The buckwheat is browning still;  
Gather yourself in your cloak,  
The Winter is over the hill.

There's a cloud of black in the north,  
The aurora is smouldering behind,  
There are stars in the parting clouds,  
And a touch of frost in the wind.

Down in the icy dew  
The crickets are cheering shrill:  
"There is time for another song,  
Though Winter is over the hill."

Out of the great black cloud,  
The aurora leaps and flies,  
Pushing its phosphor spikes  
In the deeps of the violet skies.

The moon is wrapped in a film,  
She looks wan and chill:  
Gather yourself in your cloak,  
The Winter is over the hill.

DUNCAN C. SCOTT.

## The Frivolity of Cotton Mather.

IT was an English M.P. who made one good speech—his first—and then rested on his laurels, content to be known ever after as "Single-speech" Hamilton. One happy hour made his reputation. Just now another reputation, nearly two centuries old, is in danger of being unmade for the very opposite reason, namely, the discovery of a single indiscretion on the part of one not commonly so given. Nothing is sacred to the modern scientific spirit; it is worse than the sapper of French song: it is capable of undermining and blowing to bits the oldest and most solidly built edifices of character. Its cry is "Overturn! overturn!" It proves, apparently, that there were two Isaiahs, and Ian Maclaren seems to promise that it will, in the near future, be able to demonstrate the existence of duplicate Robbie Burns's. And now, in the light of modern research, it appears that the Reverend Cotton Mather, the exemplary New England divine, once in his life, either actually made, or came near making, one joke. In extenuation of the offence, it may be urged, the joke was a literary joke, and not a very good one, either. At the same time, the intention is plainly evident, and as that sound theologian, the culprit himself, would be the first to acknowledge, it is the intention which makes the sin.

Of the solitary jest, in general, "solely singular for its singleness," not a little might be said. Browning is authority for the statement that there is one joke, and one only, in Thucydides. This new world still awaits its Columbus, for the first explorer has passed away and left his discovery unmarked upon the chart. No one follows him. Dr. Berdoe cannot find it, and neither he nor anyone else has, so far as I know, taken the "Saturday Reviler's" blunt advice:—

"Englished he (Thicksides) is by Jowett and by Dale;  
Go read him, Berdoe, find the jape thyself."

It requires a distinct mental effort to think of Walter Pater joking; but Mr. Zangwill assures us that he discovered a downright jest in the Plato; possibly, though I am not sure, a pun; and pointed it out to the perturbed author. With every symptom of concern, the apostle of culture promised to have the thing expunged from the next edition. Now, unless Mr. Zangwill makes further confession, though peradventure he was bound to secrecy, there is danger that this notable fredaine will be lost to the world. There will be nothing for it but a collection of the various texts. Some devoted Paterite, say Mr. Shadwell, should undertake this



labour of love, to clear his master's skirts from the dire imputation. Mr. Zangwill is known to be a humorist with the burden of a reputation to sustain. The charge rests on his unsupported testimony. Everything points the other way. If Mr. Pater at all resembled his imaginary portrait, Mr. Rose, it is highly improbable that he ever so far forgot himself. Here is a problem for the literary researcher. One might almost make a doctor's thesis of it.

Almost as unlikely a place to flush such game is in the ample and appallingly minute regulations for the guidance of Her Majesty's army in all the affairs of life and death. As a general thing, nothing can be drier than that vast barren ground. A body of divinity affords less cover for the harmless necessary joke. But even here, there is in one place an approximation at least to a joke. The same bugle call which says "Commence firing" when "the hugly bullets come peckin' through the dust," gives the soldier in the troopship permission to light his pipe. Consistently enough, "Cease firing" bids him put it out. As Private Mulvany said, "I should like to be introduced to the man that 'secreted' that regulation."

But it is high time to produce my evidence against the Reverend Cotton Mather, lest I lie under the imputation of slandering the illustrious defunct. Not long ago a Harvard man scoured the Annapolis Valley in vacation time and there unearthed an antique copy of Peacham's "Campleat Gentleman," second edition, 1634, ornamented in several places with Cotton Mather's neat, well-known autograph. Now why Mather thought he wanted such a book as this, with its information about coats of arms and duelling among other matters, opens new avenues of discussion; but into none of the alluring vistas must I digress. The book was not new when it came into his possession. He got it at second-hand, a circumstance which shows him in an entirely new light and brings him at once into touch with poor, fallen, bibliomaniac humanity. The first owner had endeavoured to show his appreciation of his treasure by celebrating his acquisition in very poor macaronic verse, as this:

"William Bennett oweth mee  
et me jam tenet  
And his book Ile ever bee  
quippe me invenit."

Simple William Bennett! The whirligig of time threw his manual of deportment, in 1683, into other hands, and it was perception of immutability of human affairs which prompted the new owner to write under the verse quoted:

"Mistaken, friend!—  
Cottoni Matheri jam liber est,"

in grim exultation over the falsely prophetic Mr. Bennett. Undoubtedly there is a humorous side to this inscription. This is, in fact, the pleasantry of which Cotton Mather stands accused, and from which his apologists will strive in vain to exonerate him.

It is interesting to notice that, as in the case of the X rays, this important discovery has been foretold, or at least anticipated. It must have been the prescience of genius which made the Canadian novelist include the name of Mather in the canticle which begins,

"The Reverend Isaac Watts, D.D.,  
Was a wonderful boy for rhyme,  
So let every old bachelor fill up his glass  
And go in for a glorious time.  
Let dogs delight  
To bark and bite,  
But we'll be merry, my lads, to-night"

Did De Mille know of this joke? or are there others known to himself only? or is it only a manner of speaking? Why else should he refer to him thus?

"Among the Puritan divines,  
Old Cotton Mather brightest shines,  
So full of mirth, so full of glee,—"

Can it be that we are on the eve of an important discovery? that we shall see this great man at last in his true colours as the first of the New England humorists, the literary progenitor of the Autocrat? It is just possible that he intentionally suppressed his facetiae, as Shakespeare is supposed to have destroyed, as far as possible, all biographical information, in order to mislead coming generations. It really looks as if his life is yet to be written.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

## Letter from Paris.

THERE is a significant pause in the political atmosphere, which presages the coming of some great event. The scene of the latter is discounted to occur in Constantinople. In other words, the powers will occupy strategic, strait-jacket points in Turkey, that will recall permanent international police stations. Of course, the power that is once billeted in a city will no more retire than will England from Egypt, France from Tunisia, Russia from Kars, or Austria from Bosnia. And their decision would be righteous. This is the extinction of the moribund Ottoman empire by Europe, collectively. Russia holds the trump card in point of immediate action; she will strike at the head, at Constantinople, and, as her action will be costly, her little bill must be high. Where the other powers will be quartered, and how to permanently secure the freedom of the Dardanelles, are what the Congress is occupied with. Austria is holding out, but she can do nothing when Russia, France, and England are agreed. Neither can the Kaiser. Humanity will bestow a blessing on the double-headed eagle, but its movements must be rapid, as the mad Sultan might in a fresh frenzy order a massacre of every Infidel Dog within sweep of a Turkish scimitar. Hence the importance of leaving nothing to chance; of the other powers being at their post the moment Russia strikes. The Kaiser will not be allowed to play any dog-in-the-manger policy; his influence has well waned since the Czar's amico-politico tour. He was riding a little too fast in the diplomatic world; he has been handicapped by Russia, with France at her back as an ally, and Britain ditto as a friend.

Few relics of the Russian fêtes now remain—save in hearts. The bill of costs is estimated at eleven millions of francs. Opinion will be happy when the Czar shall have arrived in his capital: then will be read by acts how he has judged the European situation. If he and England have come to a loyal understanding, the Imperial visit will have produced magnificent results. Among Russians here the desire is to open up the industrial resources of their country; hence the boom for the promotion of Franco-Russian companies. These are not accepted as a matter of course; they are examined in a very friendly spirit. To join in singing the "Russian Hymn" and executing the regulation *vivas* are matters quite distinct from subscribing sound money in foreign speculations. The trend of French purses is not to open in that direction. The French do not invest in their own home or colonial industries; they reserve their savings for loans guaranteed by their own Government. There are Russians organizing throughout their country, or proposing to do so, central depôts for French goods. The latter taken by Russia are not of any considerable amount; Germany and Britain are the importers and exporters for Russian wants. The products of France are still too dear, nor exactly of the nature Muscovites desire. Then France cannot take in return payment in the form of raw material—a great commercial disadvantage.

France commences to turn her eyes more and more to Syria as her Land of Promise, for being permanently left out in the cold in Egypt. Of course, the French would like to possess the latter as well as to possess Syria; all great nations alike have land grab on the brain. There is a coterie in France that exploits the evacuation of Egypt, but they have no language but a cry. The latter, they now find out, makes no impression upon England, and to "dig her out of the country" not a battalion would volunteer to do so—the consequences of a war being no light-heart matter. The making themselves at home in the province of Dongola was expected to be a logical outcome of the English advance, the resolve to fly the British standard at Khartoum is also a sequence discounted, and so is the construction of the railway from Berber to Souakim. Indeed with the latter, and the possession of Dongola, Khartoum must fall into the British lap like ripened fruit.

Lord Dufferin's retirement from diplomatic life does not mean his withdrawal from official life. His experience of all the wire-pullers and intriguers at European courts is too invaluable at the present moment not to be utilized. Then he possesses administrative, that is organizing qualities of the highest order. He has the gift instinctively of foresight, the

greatest talent a statesman could possess. Is it in any way extraordinary, then, that a new office will be created for him, that of coadjutor to the Foreign Secretary, which would be a permanent function, and the coping-stone for the most brilliant and Nestorian of Britain's ambassadors when they retire from active business. The British Empire is now so vast, has grown and is growing so big, giving birth to new anxieties and requiring additional cares, that the Foreign Secretary needs the aid of an additional Argus eye, an elastic mind, an accomplished co-helper.

The evolution of England to rouse herself up for the new conditions of industrial and commercial life—her "state of soul," as it were, is being keenly scanned by the French. She is put down as being everywhere on the *qui vive*. She will henceforth be on the side of the wise Virgins, and keep the lamp well filled with oil. The Trafalgar spur is regarded as a happy find to work up patriotism. The French were not prepared for this all-round springing-to-the-feet of John Bull. If only the unspeakable Turk was out of the way, their attention could be given to John Chinaman. These are two fig-trees that no digging around and dunging can ever recall to life. Carve them out between the advance nations, they cumbereth the ground.

A decided and happy change, or decision, has occurred in French home politics. Till now, the whole art of governing was to play political coteries against each other, and they are too numerous to mention, as almost every deputy views himself as a burning and shining light. To that strategy was added the hypocrisy of mutual concessions, the uniting of opinions as opposite as the poles, in the name of all the shibboleths. Well, that nonsense is to cease. The Moderates, of which the present Government is the representative, have formally declared they will henceforth have nothing to do with the Radico-Socialists, a nomadic large minority. Result, war to the knife, and the prospect of lively debates. Only the wasting of precious time will be the consequence of this non-Coventry march.

A French jury of honour is a curious institution. M. Barthon is the Minister of the Interior, and a very rising public man. M. Corrudet, an advanced Radical deputy, accused him publicly of abusing his situation by speculating in the funds. The Minister disowned the soft impeachment; he did not send a challenge to his calumniator, nor take an action for libel; he requested that a jury of honour be constituted, two members for each adversary. Accepted, the jury and the umpire unanimously agreed, there was no truth in the calumny. Cornudet produced no evidence to support his detraction, but exacted from M. Barthon to repel the slander—they manage these things differently in France! Nay, more, he insists on reopening the subject before the Assize Court.

The weather continues to be dreadful, and commences to affect general business very seriously. As for the farmers, they are suffering from an additional depression: their lands are inundated, and even allowing for the waters of the deluge to subside, the soil cannot be sufficiently dried to be seeded with wheat, and to gain growth to fight the generals January and February. Now they are the winter sown crops, and especially the wheat, on which agriculturists rely. The Seine has overflowed its banks in a manner never before witnessed for thirty years.

France continues to follow closely the Presidential election in America and also the condition of Spain in her troubles at Cuba and the Philippines. Opinion concludes that Mr. McKinley will win, but that will not lessen the customs complications that will ensue, or the discord that the defeated party may develop. Cuba will eventually be recognized as independent, and officially engineered by the States. France regards that situation as the prelude in due course of the definite possession of the Antilles by America. England is admitted to have scored a great success in achieving a settlement of the Venezuelan difficulty. That sets her free for more vigorous action in the East, and prevents future springing of quarrels.

The Czar's visit is proving as bad for Parisians as an international exhibition. Everything ran up in price, as was to be expected, but there is no sign of prices returning to preceding levels. They never do. As revenge, the Parisians meet the difficulty by retrenching purchases and dispensing with the luxuries.

Two evenings ago some citizens observed close to the Foreign Office, an infantry soldier squatted behind a tree, and, armed with a stone-cutter's compass, was taking measurements in the air. The police duly arrived; the soldier threatened to despatch them with his sabre if they approached. They succeeded in disarming him. On arriving at the Police Office it was discovered the captured was a woman. She was insane, had put on the uniform of her son, a soldier in the army of reserve, a commercial traveller then on the road. Her end was to protect the Czar's baby. Other transformation. An artisan hired a hand-cart to remove his furniture; his wife and the owner of the vehicle became great friends during the packing; this terminated, the husband invited all to take a drink; the wife and carrier declined, promised to await his return. When he came back all had disappeared as if by enchantment. The husband demanded the police to find his wife who certainly must have been murdered. She was discovered, handed over to her good man that she repudiated forever; she preferred her new lover; they had sold all the sticks, and were living joyously on the proceeds. The husband, at first indignant, became philosophical, and declared he was delighted to get rid of wife and furniture.

The contracts for the 1900 Exhibition are being rapidly taken up. After New Year's day all the works will commence to be executed.

The Municipal Budget of expenses for the 1897 financial year, amounts to 303 million frs., the revenue of a small realm. Of that expenditure 115 million frs. go to pay the interest on the loans, the best and safest scrip in France.

M. Bellaigue is an acknowledged musical critic. In an article that he has just written on Bellini he declares that all that remains of that fragile composer are two airs, one in *Somnambula*, and the other *Casta Diva*, in "Norma." Of the "Puritans," the composition merits not to be named. Z.

October 21st, 1896

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### Cosmopolis.

THE October number of this journal is varied and interesting, the English Section, which we must treat of here very briefly, opens with a short story, "The Son of a Saint," by Mr. Walter Raymond. It is needless to say that it is well written and that it ends in sadness and disappointment. The tradition of "living happy ever after," has been cast to the winds, and we are no longer surprised when the "hero" slips quietly into the water, or leaves a suit of clothes upon the river's bank and goes we know not where.

It will be sufficient merely to mention Captain Pasfield Oliver's contribution on "Madagascar as a French Colony." It is a timely subject and contains much information on the state of the Island, and shows what a difficult task the French have undertaken. "How far this pacification has been carried out, and what means have been taken to ensure the permanent occupation of Madagascar, are themes which must be discussed in a following paper."

Mr. George Moore, known to the general reader as the author of "Esther Waters" and other stories, here appears as a literary critic, and in an article entitled "Since the Elizabethans," preaches a sermon on this text. "It has not been sufficiently, if it has been remarked at all, that Slav and Celtic fiction differ fundamentally in Saxon, and in this respect, that while the former make invariably for primary ideas, the latter is uniformly contented with secondary. But only since the Elizabethans is the Saxon satisfied with the representation of the mere appearance of life. Shakespeare's tragedies are pure elucidations of moral truths." After dwelling upon the greatness of Shakespeare and Balzac, Mr. Moore says: "To compose pretty sentences on the subject of the colour of the seas and trees, to skim the surface of any secondary emotion, is to establish a claim to be considered a graceful writer such as R. L. Stevenson undoubtedly was; but to be a great writer it is surely necessary to say profound things on profound subjects." It is not for us to say how far this is fair to Mr. Stevenson, but we cannot help regretting that the last story from his pen, "Weir of Hermiston," was simply a noble beginning, as there was in it promise of much more than "skimming the surface of a secondary emotion." The next

important point is thus boldly stated: "The essential is that the Saxon discovered the materialist novel in 'Tom Jones,' and liked it so much that he has gone on producing it ever since. Thackeray improved its form, Dickens enriched it with genial caricatures, Eliot painted it over with bleak Protestant positivism; but in essentials it has not changed, for the character of the race has not changed for the last hundred and fifty years." Then in this spirit we have a detailed criticism of Fielding and Thackeray, who are shown to be creatures of the earth, grovelling in small conventionalities, especially when they are compared with Tolstoi and Tourgueneff. Scott and Stevenson, it seems, are as superficial as Thackeray, but what about the general thesis; there was surely something of the Celt in them? The article is certainly stimulating and will no doubt provoke comment from some competent "Saxon," who will arise and prove that this is criticism with a strong bias.

Mr. H. Norman looks out upon the great world of politics from a "Highland solitude," and speaking of the present policy of the "Christian Powers forming a ring round the Sultan while he deliberately pursues his policy of exterminating the Armenians" as "strange and horrible beyond the power of expression," he says: "To future generations of children, the histories they study in school will hold it up as the great historic example of decadence and hypocrisy." He then shows how the course of events have justified Freeman's strong words against the Turk. After sketching the relative positions of England and Russia in the matter, and showing that Britain is hated on the continent for her "philanthropy," he discusses the question "What can England do?" and concludes that "she must for the present hold her war-dogs upon the leash," and that "an understanding with Russia is the best of all possible solutions." He even ventures the opinion that if Lord Rosebery had not been turned out of office by a Church vote upon an absolutely insincere issue, such an understanding might have been reached before now. Failing this he would (following a course also proposed by Mr. Gladstone) break off all diplomatic intercourse with the Sultan, as he is convinced that "the Great Assassin" would "fall into abject fear when left alone with Russia, and the European powers would be placed in a very embarrassing position as the supporters of savagery."

The French Section opens with the continuation and conclusion of Paul Bouget's story "Neptunevale," the scene of which is in Ireland and in which, of course, the banshee plays an important part. M. Bouget is a psychological novelist, but he kindly leaves the reader to decide when Maxime and Gemaine were saved from shipwreck by a mere coincidence or whether the ghost really played that beneficent part.

We have the first instalment of "Papiers inédit de P. J. Proudhon, Publiés par Clement Rochel" on the subject of Napoleon and Wellington, which will be profitable reading for the Napoleon-worshippers who are still so numerous. Proudhon dissects Napoleon in a terrible fashion: "Une chose qui indispose fortement contre lui, c'est son manque absolu de grandeur d'âme, son carnetère d'aventurier immoral, mettant la charlatanerie à la place d'heroïsme et toujours prêt à se racrocher à une position inférieure." This is the key note of a rigorous analysis which, while doing justice to Napoleon's military skill, shows that he was lacking the nobler qualities which constitute true grandeur of soul.

Tourgueneff's "Lettres Inédites" are continued, and in reading them one is tempted to cry *cui bono*? Here and there we meet with humorous remarks on Hugo, Zola, Taine, etc., but many of the letters deal mainly with the writer's frequent attacks of gout and his rapid movement to and fro, in the intervals, and from all we learn that he loved Flaubert very much and was always eager to see him, but somehow it was difficult for them both to be in the same place at the same time.

The diligent reviewer handles Gyp's recent work "Bijou," and on his authority we may learn that the versatile lady who writes under that brief *nom de plume*, after passing through two styles has attained to a third, which is better than either. The first style was a description of manners, a painting of contemporary life with true and living dialogue; the second—well, the second was not so good, and the critic thought that all was over. The old characters reappeared under different names, all looking paler and a little fatigued at having

said all they had to say. But suddenly a new Gyp revealed herself. She had, unconsciously perhaps, grown mature by the sole effect of time. She kept all her old qualities and manifested new ones of a more subtle and powerful kind, and so she justifies the prophecy uttered by an old man on the appearance of her first work, "Elle peut aller loin votre Gyp." All this M. Faquet sets forth at length in his own graceful style, and then he turns his attention to work of an altogether different style, the *Moines et Papes* of M. Emile Gebhart. It appears that M. Gebhart, professor of French literature, "cannot dispense with Italy; he lives there materially as often as he has leisure, and intellectually always." We must not attempt to translate the lengthy and elaborate reply which M. Gebhart made to the Italian official who wished to know how it was that his passport was designated for Athens. He had always been found for the last seven years somewhere in Italy. Neither can we deal with M. Gebhart's work further than to note one point which may be of general interest. "In his psychological enquiry concerning the poor monk of the year 1000, M. Gebhart reduces to nothing or to a very little thing, the legend that all Europe experienced a great fear of the end of the world on the approach of the year 1000 after Jesus Christ." "A number of authentic documents prove that this was scarcely a popular prejudice, was rather a local prejudice or even an individual one." "The real anguish, the real fear of the year 1000, and besides for five or six centuries of the middle ages was the fear of the devil." "They adored God and the devil exactly, or, if you prefer it they loved God and feared the devil." All of which we leave for the investigation and consideration of those who are interested in mediæval history. For ourselves we must come back to the living present with its great terror, the "Armenian question." M. F. De Pressensé discusses this matter from a French standpoint and in a French style. He begins by picturing the terrible and mysterious power of "panic," after which he thinks it hardly necessary to explain that he refers to "Armenia and the astonishing explosion of warlike philanthropy which followed the events of the 26th of August and the following days." Thus he shows his "sang-froid et son impartialité" by speaking of "warlike philanthropy" and "events." Then we are told that "France and Russia, and in full accord, restored what is the object of their permanent understanding; I mean to say they succeeded in making Europe look in the face its essential interest and constitute on solid basis the concert outside of which there is only feebleness and chaos." The action of the powers in regard to Crete is stated. M. Pressensé rejoices in the establishment of Cretan autonomy, and informs us that "For once this mysterious entity Europe has arisen in all its dignity, in the calmness of its strength before Turkey. It has made a gesture, pronounced a word—and it has been obeyed." So far so good. It is a pity it could not have gone a little further. The *vepres arméniennes* at Constantinople have proved (1) the frightful amount of savagery which exists under a veneer of civilization, and (2) the utter incapacity of the Ottoman Government. After these admissions the eloquent Frenchman wastes his time in reproaching Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Watson (poet) as leaders of hysterical crowds, and in wondering what would have happened in case of a Fenian Raid against the Bank of England. He clears the Sultan from all complicity in the Constantinople massacres and declares that the grand crime of the Turkish Government at the present time is its weakness. The remainder of the article is an attempt to fix all the blame on England. M. de Pressensé, rejoicing in the vigour of the Russian alliance, can derive comfort from the diplomatic embarrassments of Lord Salisbury, but if he thinks that the responsibility of France can be so lightly disposed of he makes a serious mistake.

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If Mr. Morris did not like Americans, he certainly dissembled well. He was very cordial to all the Americans whom I know that knew him, and if he did not like them they never suspected it. I dare say that there were Americans, as there were no doubt Englishmen, whom he did not care for, and even if he did not like us collectively, I am quite sure that he liked us individually, and what more could we ask than that?—*Critic*.

## Earth: the Stoic.

Earth like a goblet empty of delight,  
 Empty of summer and balm breathing hours,  
 Empty of music, empty of all flowers,  
 Now with that other draught of death and night,  
 And loss and iron bitterness refills:  
 The upland rifts are gleaming white with snow,  
 The north wind pipes, the forests groan below,  
 The clouds are heaping grandly on the hills.

Yet dost thou not complain, O steadfast Earth,  
 Beautiful Mother, with thy stoic fields;  
 In all the ages since thy fiery birth,  
 Deep in thine own wide heart thou findest still  
 Whatever comforts and whatever shields,  
 And planest also for us the same sheer will.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

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## Wellington.—II.

NAPOLÉON had determined, with that discerning capacity which distinguished by its faultless accuracy the theory of his measures, to adopt a method in his plans, and commence his operations in the extreme west of Europe and carry his victories eastward before him. It was a wise and skilful method for the accomplishment of his stupendous design. In the west, helpless and abandoned by even the last of a long line of conquerors, lay Spain and Portugal, without an ally or a neighbour to lend them assistance. Having subdued that peninsula, whose glory carries the imagination backwards through the changes of history to the time of the Saracens, the greatest of all conquerors would turn his face towards the dawn and engage in the herculean and unprecedented undertaking of laying mighty Europe at his feet. He might meet with difficulties, but this his method ensured—his difficulties would all be before him. In the hour of his extremity no army could rise from the ruined wastes behind him to exterminate his forces if they were compelled by some catastrophe to retire from a field. His only fear would be from the unvanquished nations which he was advancing to subdue, and on them his almost irresistible and undivided strength would be entirely concentrated. Nothing would be able to attack him from behind, for the rear would be a wide extent of waste, of ruin, of devastation—but also of victory. It was a realistic revelation, a dream which had evaded the vast visions of the mighty conquerors of the centuries, to appear first in pictured magnificence in a mind which was eminently worthy of its greatness. But realistic as was the revelation, vast as was the vision, magnificent as was the picture, it was destined soon to pass away as never such a spectacle had passed away before. England had begun to feel a strange alarm when her great minister had died. She saw that her salvation lay in a divided Europe. Napoleon's designs were inconsistent with European division. His designs were fast becoming realities. To save herself from falling before the irresistible onset of the great conqueror, as Europe was rapidly falling, England could no longer maintain her customary neutrality. She must engage in the contest, and engage in the contest at its extreme commencement. She must continue to the end. The end would on both sides be indeed well worthy of such a vast and terrible engagement. Either Napoleon would become the monarch of a united Europe, or England would become the mistress of the world.

Napoleon had planned his tremendous undertaking—the conquest of Europe—with a remarkable degree of skill in the correctness of his judgment of the enemies' designs. They were divided. The most active were in Spain, but the most numerous were on the other side of France. The latter would be the more difficult to subdue, and on them he concentrated the strength of that great force whose power was doubled when directed by his genius. While he conducted this campaign, his brother was warring with the armies of the peninsula. Wellesley had already paid a short visit to Spain, where the heroic Sir John Moore was defending the possessions of the Spaniards against enormous disadvantages with a valiant intrepidity which has added an extraordinary brilliance to the dazzling splendour of his favoured fame. But the brave commander was not permitted to behold the final feat of arms, when that Emperor, for whose

unconquerable ambition Europe itself was too small a prize, vanquished in the greatest battle which men have ever seen, reverently knelt before his magnanimous conquerors and kissed the iron hand that wrote the sentence of his exile from the country which his genius had made immortal. Moore fell on the field of his victory. There could be but one successor. The British Government immediately invited Wellesley to assume the command of the allies. Wellesley consented, and in the early part of the year 1809 he returned to Spain.

Many elaborate recitals of the unbroken succession of victories which comprise the Peninsular War have become almost classic, yet none is more interesting than the chapters which Mr. Hooper\* has penned in his brilliant biography. Through Portugal, he tells his readers, Wellesley's march with his army was a prolonged triumph. Victory followed victory with unparalleled rapidity. Busaco, Fuentes de Duora, Almeida, Ciudad, Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca and Vittoria, without a single intervening defeat, added an immortal glory to his fame. Slowly but surely, and with terrible carnage, he drove the alien armies out of the Peninsula, and in 1813, after the series of conflicts known to history as the Battles of the Pyrenees, he led his victorious hosts across the summits of the sentinel hills of Spain. With this campaign terminated the brief and ill-fated Napoleonic dynasty in the Peninsula. Joseph Bonaparte was expelled with the expulsion of the French army, and after a strange and romantic career on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean, he closed his eventful life among the sunny hills of Italy more than a quarter of a century subsequent to the tragic hour in history when he played the uncertain game of ruling men.

In unprotected France Wellesley had but little difficulty in adding to the number of his successes. At Orthez he defeated the great Soult, who, with the brilliant but ill-fated Ney, had won the immortal fields of Austerlitz and Jena. After Orthez, Wellesley went to England, but on Napoleon's escape from Elba, he returned to the continent to rally that army which was soon to meet in battle array the strength, the genius, and the sagacity of the immortal adventurer, and what was not less important, the re-awakened enthusiasm of France. The theatre of strife had now moved to the east of the new Empire. Here at Quatre Bras Wellesley met and overcame the great army of Ney—the commander who, having raised his country to supreme eminence among the nations of the Continent as he proudly swept to victory on the imperishable fields of Elchugen, Jena, Eylau, Friedland, and Boradine, was to die the ignominious death of a felon, when his vanquished country lay prostrate in the dust. Then came Waterloo, when Europe was delivered, when Napoleon was finally overcome, and when, after enduring the tribulation of half a century of tribulation, the continent of Europe was blessed with the bliss of tranquillity and peace. For three years longer, Wellesley—who had now become the Duke of Wellington—remained on the continent as commander-in-chief of the allied army in France. At length, in the year 1818, the magic name of Napoleon had ceased to charm the hearts of those who had survived the revolution, and the long war between the hereditary antagonists ended almost as imperceptibly as it had begun. At its termination Wellington returned to England, where he closed his brilliant career a generation afterwards, having in the interval ascended to the highest eminence in civil life, as he had already ascended to the highest eminence in military life, and having added to his undisputed title as master of the great science of Warfare, the not less honourable distinction of master of the greater science of Peace.

It is not, however, as Prime Minister of his country that Wellington will be remembered for many ages yet to come as one of the most extraordinary figures of his extraordinary age. It is rather Wellington the warrior than Wellington the statesman that the latest generation of Britons will so devotedly revere. When that great honour roll is called which contains the names of almost all those men whose lives have made England the first among nations, no tongue will pronounce those charmed syllables which mean so much to Englishmen. The same register which contains the names of Pitt, of Fox, of Chatham, of North, of Burke, of Sheridan, contains not the name of that British Minister who was

\* "Wellington," by George Hooper. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.



greater than all of these combined. No; among the counsellors of a single state, among the famous of a solitary generation, Wellington will not be found. But in that select and stately gathering of the pre-eminently illustrious of all ages and all countries, in that small band of men who united in themselves a dual sphere of terrestrial activity—the realms of thought and deed—in company with Alexander, Sesostris, Tamerlane, Miltiades, Caesar, Pompey, Martel, Charlemagne, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon, the last, as well as the most successful of them all, shall surely occupy a foremost place. He shall live not as the founder of a nation, not as the saviour of a throne, but as the deliverer of a people, and the preserver of universal peace. For in an hour when the states of Europe, when civilization itself seemed on the point of perishing, he emancipated an entire continent from the dominion of a tyrant, whose designs only an equal genius possessed the skill to comprehend. Gifted with a capacity which, though perhaps powerless to conceive, or to construct, he discerned if not the plans of the great conqueror, yet the conditions of their success, and when terrified messengers from the field of Austerlitz and Eylau and Jena were conveying through Europe the tidings of the victories by which Napoleon was accomplishing his great design of prostrating the civilized world in subjection at his feet, the great English general prepared his plans for overcoming the hero of so many brilliant campaigns, and, in a series of successes, which were unparalleled in military history, compelled the French Alexander to terminate his career of conquest; and end in the obscurity of an exile on a barren island, a life which was once the wonder of the world.

Was Wellington a greater general than Napoleon? That the vanquished was greater than the victor, that he whose career was a failure should be preferred to the commander whose life was an almost entirely uninterrupted succession of triumphs, is scarcely possible to conceive. Yet history must decide that of the two herculean antagonists who met for the first and last time at Waterloo, Napoleon was possessed of infinitely the superior genius. It was not that Wellington's plans were characterized by the display of greater skill than those of his opponent that he was permitted to conquer while his foe fell. It was because amid the vast number of contemporaneous schemes which Napoleon was ceaselessly contemplating—plans designed not only to destroy his numerous enemies, but plots contrived also for the humiliation of his allies—he was unable to supervise the details which he was compelled to entrust to those whom he knew intended to betray, that Napoleon was unable to accomplish his weighty ends. He was constantly the subject of conspiracies, incessantly tangled in plots, which at the great crises which occurred, so completely controlled the army, the police, and even his own secret spies, that anything like union among his allies was impossible. Why these jealousies and intrigues existed may probably be attributed to the intensely practical though sometimes misguided character of the French mind. The men, who in an hour of inspired determination had heroically destroyed the firmest foundations of all those institutions which the world values most in order to protect an endangered liberty, were too rational to offer any devout homage to the empty principle of patriotism in whose hollowness the British soldiers discerned a sufficient incentive to supreme manifestations of military valour. The French could be aroused by no national appeal. There existed now no traditions, for to Frenchmen the past with all its memories was an object of contempt. And if any controlling influence upon the inhabitants of that nation, still trembling from the shock of the late series of revolutions could be discovered, it was an influence which must have inspired every man to consider first himself. With a nation in convulsions, the temptation to men of genius, and not only men of genius, but also to men of habits eminently selfish, to seek, by intrigue and conspiracy, unparalleled advantages, was indeed irresistible. And when an immense English army was marching in unbroken array across the conquered provinces of the great Empire, whose greater son had created a new and splendid era in modern history, the active spirits of France, the Talleyrands and the Fouchés, and the Menesvals, were united in a base endeavour to serve their personal and unprincipled ends, and obtain for their own enjoyment a share of the unjust taxes which the ignorant people thought they still were forced to pay.

These conspiracies were known long before Waterloo to Napoleon, and not only were these known, but there were also known to him more desperate conspiracies—conspiracies which not too secretly compassed his death. It has been stated that some of the assassins who sought Napoleon's life were in the confidence of Wellington. That this is improbable may reasonably be inferred from the fact that the most violent personal enemies against whom the First Consul found it expedient to guard himself, were men who had sworn to avenge with blood notorious wrongs which Napoleon had inflicted upon themselves. To substitute motives which are improbable for motives which are apparent, in order to confirm a theory, is not the method of history, and of this serious charge, Wellington, whose power, although almost immeasurable, was never exercised unjustly, must, until direct and specific evidence is adduced, be acquitted. It is perhaps probable that Wellington, when he first assumed command of the continental army, discerned the possibility of the tremendous consummation of the many years of hostility, when the decisive encounter would occur and one of the great commanders would fall to rise no more. And were that battle to be terminated or averted by a base assassination, the glory, which Wellington saw awaiting his victory in the distance, would never be permitted to descend upon his fame. When the final conflict came, should he be defeated, he would live as the last defender of his conquered race; and should he succeed, history would joyfully write his name among the names of the immortals. By a mere murder Wellington would pass into obscurity, but by a decisive battle he would never cease to live.

It is a subject of some regret that Wellington, perhaps the last man who will be remembered in the great day when England shall disappear from her place among the nations, left behind him no manifestation of creative capacity, no principle, no policy, no discovery, no invention, not even an improvement in the minutest detail in the imperfect art of war, which, whenever it is employed by his successors, shall recall to memory his immortal name. That he was an Irishman by birth, and remained so even down to the hour of his death, impels the historian to expect some such production; and not even the fact that his life was spent in communion with Englishmen can serve as a sufficient reason for its absence. But a search for such discovery or such creation is in vain. Was it because the originative faculty remained entirely undeveloped? Was it because there was no opportunity and no inspiration for invention? The answer must be "No." For the very age itself seemed burdened with a necessity which almost suggested the countless creations that an original intellect could easily but immortally devise. Wellington failed because his masters, with their customary compliment to genius, measured his talents by the microscopic measure of their own, and allowed a few fools to enact—as if the arts of genius could for even a moment be foretold—the plans and tactics which were expected to ensure a victory. These paternal regulations almost resulted in the conquest of England, for instead of plunging immediately into the midst of the strife and preventing Napoleon combining his various armies, Wellington was compelled to conduct his campaign as he would have studied arithmetic, by commencing at an easy operation and proceeding to the more difficult. By a series of rapid movements Wellington might have defeated his illustrious enemy by forcing him to engage in an encounter which would have been a complete surprise. Such, however, was not England's plan. She preferred to direct, to manage, to control, to interfere, and if necessary—as in the case of the guiltless Byng—to slay her immortal sons. But this control is alien to genius. Genius, that incomprehensible, but terrible source of secret activity, is moved not by an external impulse, but by a force which exists within itself. This was the inspiration of Wellington. And it is to this supreme power, which is revealed not to strangers, and not even to its subject, except through its results, that England must attribute her survival through the day of her greatest peril, when the kingdoms of Europe were falling and their sovereigns were being lowly humbled by the greatest conqueror that the world has ever seen.

ALBERT R. J. FRASER HASSARD.

Toronto, October 19, 1896.



## William Wilfrid Campbell.

In fair pure majesty the long lakes lay,  
 And throbb'd with slow susurrus to and fro ;  
 And mystic murmurs and strange voices slow  
 Rose inarticulate from surge and bay.  
 With voiceless voices thus from day to day,  
 The long lakes laughed or wept, yet none could know  
 The wondrous secrets that lay hid below  
 The breakers' thunder, or the hissing spray,

Till One arose, and with fine-tuned ear,  
 Heard sounds by mortals all unheard before ;  
 And lingering long on cape or crag or shore,  
 Where, rolling up, the chiming water breaks,  
 He caught the meaning of their voices clear,  
 And sang the secret of Canadian Lakes.

FRANK L. POLLOCK.

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Music.

THE Right Hon. Max Muller begins his "Musical Recollections," in *Cosmopolis* by questioning the accuracy of Shakespeare's famous saying, "The man that hath no music," etc. Did not my dear friend, Arthur Stanley, hate music, and was he not to be trusted?" As the great bard is not here to reply for himself, we might modestly, on his behalf, suggest that this is one of the brilliant exceptions that proves the rule. Besides Dean Stanley himself confessed, "I am very stupid, tone deaf as others are colour blind." As for Dr. Gaisford, mentioned later on, who used to appoint "old scouts or servants who were too old to do their work any longer as bed-makers to be singing men in the cathedral choir," we at once give up the case as hopeless. Of himself the professor says, "My musical education began very early, so early that I cannot remember ever passing through any drudgery ; as long as I remember I could play and I was destined to become a musician, till I went to the University, and Mendelssohn advised me to keep to Greek and Latin." The description of Dessau, where the young musician went to school, is exceedingly interesting and clearly shows how highly favoured was the young student, of good family, who had the privilege of growing up in such an atmosphere of music and literature. In showing how each great musician must create and educate his own constituency, the professor makes the following personal remark : "Yes, there is habit in music, and we are constantly passing through a musical education. Nay, the time comes when our education seems finished, and we can learn and take in no more. I have passed through a long school. I began with Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, lived on with Mendelssohn, rose to Schumann, and reached even Brahms : but I could never get beyond. I could never get to enjoy Wagner except now and then in one of his lucid intervals. No doubt this is my fault and my loss, but surely the *vulgus profanum* also has its rights and may protest against being tired instead of being refreshed and invigorated by music." Here are personal reminiscences in abundance and of the most interesting kind, with *facsimiles* of letters from Liszt, autographs of Liszt, David, Mendelssohn, Kalliwoda and Hiller, etc. When Max Muller went first to Oxford he found music "at a very low ebb." The young men thought it *infra dignitatem* to play any instrument. He, as a German, was permitted "to make music" at evening parties, and his performances caused real enjoyment. Notwithstanding this he can venture to say, "I feel certain there is more love, more honest enjoyment of music in England than anywhere else. Since that time there has been a great change at Oxford. In spite of the attractions of outdoor sports many of the young people come up with a fair knowledge of music and Sir John Stainer and Sir F. Ouseley lead them on to higher things. We take leave of the genial professor, sorry that his "old fingers grow stiff," and that he is now a "mere listener," but sure that these recollections will have a cheering, helpful influence for many. His closing words show his strong belief in the ideal world, "Neither history nor evolution will help us to account for Schubert's 'Troenne Blumen.'" Here, if anywhere, we see the golden stairs on which angels descend from heaven to earth and whisper sweet sounds into the ears of those who have ears to hear. Words cannot be so inspired, for words, we know, are of the earth earthy ; melodies, however, are not of this earth, and the greatest of musical poets has truly said :

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

## The Drama.

THE Theatre in London" is discussed in the October *Cosmopolis* by Mr. Arthur B. Walkley, who, in considering Mr. Sydney Gundy's play, "The Greatest of These," retracts a previous statement that "Mr. Sydney Gundy has been untouched by the Ibsen movement," and notes that now "we have reached a new criticism of life. We have passed from Dumas to Ibsen." Then follows a criticism of the play which we cannot reproduce here. Mr. Walkley notices the revival of Marlow's "Tragical History of Dr. Faustus," by the Elizabethan Stage Society. "This Faustus is not the magic-monger of the Chap-book, nor the ironic philosopher of Goethe, still less, of course, the sentimental Don Juan of Gounod's librettists, but simply a book-man. It was the object of the Elizabethan Stage Society, in this, as in all its performances, to recreate the contemporary atmosphere, to have the play rendered with all the simplicity and crudity of its own time. But such experiments, to my thinking, are futile. We cannot rid ourselves of the accumulated ideas of three centuries and put ourselves in the position of the Elizabethan spectator. The society may show us approximately what he saw, but they can not even approximately enable us to see it with his eyes."

The critic departs from his rule of not dealing with the personality of the players for the sake of mentioning two distinguished actresses, Sarah Bernhardt, who "brought no novelty with her this time," but of whom he can pleasantly say that "she betrays not the slightest sign of failing powers;" and Ada Rehan, who "appeared in two new comedies—new in the technical sense, though in reality providing the actress with exactly the same little assortment of situations in which she has presented herself to us over and over again in previous years." In this connection he remarks : "It is odd, but by no means inexplicable, that the form of comedy evolved by the New World should retain all the antiquated stage tricks long since abandoned in the European theatre."

We are told that "Boys Together" is better written than most plays of its class, but what is said of it does not give us an exalted idea of its class. "One man is scourged on the stage till he faints. Another man, after being scourged 'off,' is brought on to exhibit the terrible consequence, and is then manacled to a rock in order that he may study his dying agonies at leisure. . . . Then there is the hand-shaking scene, which is preceded by another in which a man crushes a woman's wrist till she yells. I do not count various blows on the mouth, cheeks, as passion." All this may be handled in such a way as to be "elevating," but it is difficult to believe in such education.

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John Galt as a Novelist.\*—I.

THE present increasing interest in tales of Scottish life and character, first awakened by the elaborate and finished pictures of Mr. Barrie and recently developed and sustained by the charming stories of Mr. Crockett and the exquisitely pathetic sketches of Ian Maclaren has happily been the cause of directing attention to a Scottish writer whose work charmed our grandfathers in the first quarter of the present century. In the beautiful and well selected edition of John Galt's novels just issued from the press of Messrs. Blackwood, introduced by the admiring words of Mr. Crockett, and edited by Mr. Meldrum, we have for form, convenience in size, quality of paper and binding, and typography obtained one of the best triumphs of present-day publications. To add to the general excellence and interest of the edition special mention must be made of Mr. Meldrum's short and sympathetic biography of Galt, of Mr. Crockett's genial and often humorous enlightenment of West coast speech and manners and of Mr. John Wallace's admirable sketches of leading events and characters with a pencil keenly alive to the humorous incidents in parish life. A likeness of Galt, from Thomson's portrait, forms the frontispiece of the series.

Before entering upon a discussion of Galt's novels it

\* Works of John Galt. Edinburgh and London : William Blackwood & Sons.

may assist us to a proper appreciation of their merits to dwell for a brief moment on the leading features of his active and stormy career. Trained to a business life his sanguine and active nature led him into nearly every field of commercial venture open to men. In reading his Autobiography, now almost unknown, one is constantly struck with the great importance he placed upon his business life as well as with the insignificant references to his literary achievements. In the former, failure upon failure came to him, while in the latter Galt in his own day enjoyed a name that at one time seemed to promise a measure of fame next to Sir Walter Scott. But literature was to Galt almost a pastime. He loved active pursuits and his enormous physical and mental energy ever sought out fresh fields in which he could give rein to the great impulses of his nature. His numerous failures in business ventures, his dauntless spirit under tremendous and long sustained trials, and his nobility when ruin finally overwhelmed him, appeal to us with larger force as we read his charming stories. During the dark days of his truly noble life his pen was never idle. Mr. Meldrum tells us in the course of "thirty-five years he published sixty volumes, twelve plays in the New British Theatre, three pamphlets, and tales and essays of which there is no account in various periodicals, publications and annuals." Besides these he made attempts at poetry after the manner of most literary men of his day. Such a list would be all sufficient to claim the lifetime of an active man of letters. But when there is added to it business ventures, the study of law and call to the bar late in life, extensive travelling, in the East, as understood in his day, the furthering of commercial enterprises in Greece, the editorship of a Review, the formation of the Canada Company and the active personal superintendence of a colonization scheme in the Canadas, we have an outline of the marvellous and varied labours of his life. He founded Guelph, as he says, "at the cost of not much more than the publication of a novel." His work in Canada, which brought about his ruin, was unpleasant and disappointing in every particular. The forces against him, resorting to unfounded charges and secret machinations, had well-nigh ruined Galt's hopes on his arrival in Canada. But he fought down the influence of his rivals, and with a courage that accorded well with his character, impressed his views and policy so vigorously that lasting good to the colony came out of a mission which brought him financial ruin. He left Canada for London, broken in health, to mend his shattered fortunes by his pen. Shortly after his arrival he wrote: "I felt my independence augmented by looking on poverty undismayed at her emaciation." Full of that hope which had borne him over so many disastrous chances, Galt battled on manfully, palsied in body, for the few remaining years of life. Gentleness and a loving thought of others took possession of his vigorous and tempestuous nature, and at last that peace of which he had loved to write, but which his stormy career had never known, descended upon him and made his pathway to the end a bright and joyous wandering. To those who measure success by pecuniary gain, and to those who believe that honest merit and a self-sacrificing devotion to the business of life should find reward in a competence for old age, his career presents a picture too sad for contemplation. But to those who do not restrict their views of life's purpose to personal reward, large and significant lessons may be gathered from a study of his life.

"And the good, learned, friendly, quiet man,  
May bravelier front his life and in himself  
Find henceforth energy and heart."

The novels selected for the present edition are: "Annals of the Parish," "The Ayrshire Legatees," "Sir Andrew Wylie," "The Entail," "The Provost," and "The Last of the Lairds." The scenes are laid in the south-west coast of Scotland, in the Ayrshire of his birth, where his boyhood days were passed, and to which, after a prolonged absence, he fondly returned to die. Galt's love for Ayrshire never forsook him. He knew the people, with all their peculiarities of speech and manner, as they could be known only by one who had been born and bred amongst them. His London friends familiarly and affectionately named him "The Scotch Burgher," and he laughed incredibly when some one's remark of his literary work was repeated to him, "that he, like Antæus, was never strong save when he touched mother earth." His mother earth was his beloved Ayrshire, where all unconsciously in childhood he gathered

up in treasured store the incidents and events which were afterwards to be illumined by his genius.

"Annals of the Parish" is the first in chronological order of Galt's Scottish novels. It was published in 1821 by Mr. Blackwood, the founder of the great publishing house which still bears his name, and to whom Galt was greatly indebted for direction in this peculiar field of literature. It is a chronicle of events of an Ayrshire parish by the resident minister from the induction to the resignation of his charge, extending over a period of sixty years. Its interest has no dependence on plot, none having been attempted, much less intended. The charm, therefore, lies outside of that quality which makes the "novel" interesting. That Galt could have ignored with success the great feature of story-telling, namely, plot, and created out of the minute and simple events of parish life an interesting tale, is potent proof of his gifts as a writer. In the picture of the life he describes, he brings to his use those small events of the parish, which in themselves are as nothing, yet by an ingenious marshalling of one series upon another, he produces a composite body of incidents which bear upon the history of the general life of the country. And thus it is that a single chapter gives no idea of the beauty and charm which underlies Galt's method. The effect can only be found as the closing chapters are reached. Then the beauty, simplicity, and sweet naturalness of the Annals is revealed, and we dwell upon the insignificant incident and the petty details of early chapters and learn afresh their power and design. Apart from its pastoral quality, there is much curious and interesting information that the student of Church history and social life will do well to read. We find a faithful picture of the Scottish Church as she existed a century and a quarter ago, with her resistance to all innovation, rigid in her orthodoxy, with her occasional communal celebrations in public, and her peculiar customs in baptismal, sacramental, marriage, and burial rites. We pass back to the days of church patronage and hear the first sound in the early chapters of that rising against a system which is now almost of the past. Not less interesting is the picture of the change in economics and social life, from the domestic industries to the factories and cotton mills. The transition from penury, under the old order of things, to the larger comforts and better wages of the artisan, is developed with a power that gives it the fascination of a romance. Scotland leaps into a prosperous state, mills and factories and furnaces grow up as if by magic, Glasgow becomes the head of a great foreign trade, and the Clyde commences her shipping industries. Wealth follows trade, and the small tradesman soon becomes the mighty ship-owner and financial magnate. Social customs in accord with the new spirit extinguish old ideas, wealth takes its place beside ancestral rights and the country laird soon discovers his rank descending to that of the ordinary farmer.

The "Annals" is largely a single character study. The parish minister, with his views, his small economies, his parochial duties, is a narrow-minded man in many ways, yet of a loving and tender heart, noble in action and kindly considerate to every one even unto his enemies. He is fair reflection of parish life in the country, and if he is wanting in that grace of manner and speech which his town-bred brethren possess we nevertheless feel a warm regard for his affectionate and sympathetic nature. This simple-minded and lovable man must have been known to Galt in his boyhood. The picture is all so natural, and so well wrought that we rise from the book feeling as if we have been listening to the voice of the good man. To those who can enjoy the quiet humour of the Scottish character, there is a rare morsel in the minister's reflections on the qualities of his three successive wives. Side by side the pathetic and humorous hold their places at times, causing one to feel the sadness which fills the minister's heart, yet lightened now and then by some happy expressions on the affairs of married life, and the special qualities of his respective and departed spouses.

From the literary standpoint opinions may differ as to the quality of Galt's great work. Remarks upon the "Annals" in this particular may be applied with equal force to "The Provost." The difficulty in mastering the single character form of narrative work without appealing to thrilling incidents and great events is so obvious that no two opinions can exist. A love episode, or any great feature of human interest which appeals to the passions or senses of mortals may

assist in giving colour for plot, but in the purely single character form it soon becomes weary and unprofitable. Galt wisely ignored all such artifices as shallow tricks, and placed his claims before the public in a simple and natural record of every-day events and commonplace occurrences, avoiding all approaches to plot. He relied on the quiet and uneventful life of a rural minister to create a narrative which would impress itself as a true and accurate description of a type of character and a picture of life which had not been truly recorded. The most insignificant events are so handled that they assist in bringing out clearly causes for large and important events. That Galt succeeded in giving a work full of beauty and of great interest by adhering to a new principle of treatment is evidence of the strength and purity of his genius.

In pathos Galt has not only adopted the natural vein which is the leading feature of all his work, but he has likewise brought to it that regard for effect in choice of subject and situation which makes it affecting and inspiring. Like his great countryman Wilkie, his subjects appeal irresistibly to our sympathies, and the setting of his theme permits the imagination to play beyond the scene, and awaken further feelings of depth and tenderness. At the risk of being tedious, we instance one of the most beautiful and pathetic sketches in the *Annals*. Through the minister's voice we hear the sad story of the unfortunate widow, whose life has been blighted by the death of her husband and the cruel work of poverty :

"I have now to speak of the coming of Mrs. Malcolm. She was the widow of a Clyde shipmaster that was lost at sea with his vessel. She was a genty (neat) body, calm and methodical. From morning to night she sat at her wheel, spinning the finest lint, which suited well with her pale hands. She never changed her widow's weeds, and she was aye as if she had been ta'en out of a bandbox. The tear was aften in her e'e, when the bairns were at the school; but when they came home her spirit was lighted up with gladness, although, poor woman, she had many a time very little to give them. They were, however, wonderful well-bred things, and took with thankfulness whatever she set before them; for they knew that their father, the breadwinner was away, and that she had to work sore for bit and drap. I dare say, the only vexation that ever she had from any of them on their own account was when Charlie, the eldest laddie, had won fourpence at pitch-and-toss at the school, which he brought home with a proud heart to his mother. I happened to be daurnin' (sauntering) by at the time, and just looked in at the door to say gude-night, it was a sad sight. There was she sitting with the silent tear on her cheek, and Charlie greeting as if he had done a great fault, and the other four looking on with sorrowful faces. Never, I am sure, did Charlie Malcolm gamble after that night.' On the minister asking her to accept of alms she proudly replied: 'No, sir, I cannot take help from the poor's-box, although it's very true that I am in great need; for it might hereafter be cast up to my bairns whom it may please God to restore to better circumstances when I am no to see't; but I would fain borrow five pounds, and if, sir, you will write to Maitland, that is now the Lord Provost of Glasgow, and tell him that Marion Shaw would be obliged to him for the lend of that soom, I think he will not fail to send it.' I wrote the letter that night to Provost Maitland, and by the return of the post I got an answer (with twenty pounds for Mrs. Malcolm) saying 'that it was with sorrow he heard so small a trifle could be serviceable.'"

HOWARD J. DUNCAN.

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Common sense is the embodiment of true manhood. It confers a patent of royalty, though birth be plebeian, and exalts men from lowest spheres to the highest stations. Not by sudden freaks of fortune or a train of adventitious circumstances are they thus dignified; but step by step, through obstacle and hindrance, they overcome by the force of character and the proper direction of the will power. Its power is felt and acknowledged through all the ramifications of government, society, business, finance, science, and commerce. In fact it is the history as well as true philosophy of the ages. It is the salt that has saved humanity from barbarism, and the moving power that has propelled the race onward in its march of progress and civilization.

## Recent Fiction.\*

WE have long known Mr. Collingwood as a capital writer of stories of adventure, and he keeps on writing them with undiminished fertility of invention and, naturally, with a more fluent and effective pen. This story opens in 1804, when war between Great Britain and France had broken out afresh after the brief Peace of Amiens. One October night, old Peter White, merchant and shipowner of Weymouth, went to bed congratulating himself that his West India trader, the "Weymouth," laden with rum, sugar and tobacco, had, in these troublous times when the high seas, and especially the Channel, swarmed with cruisers and privateers, arrived safely in harbour and was moored on the other side, opposite his house. In the morning, when he got up, at first streak of dawn, no ship was there; and when the truth burst upon him that the bulk of his wealth, the accumulations of a lifetime, had been carried away by the enemy, he rushed out of the house and sped like mad down the streets. Looking seaward he saw, to his great joy, his vessel "scarcely two miles off the port, under sail, and heading for the harbour in company with a British man-of-war." She was safely moored in her old berth before the townspeople knew that she had been captured by a daring cutting-out party from the French lugger "Belle Marie," and recaptured in the course of a very few hours. Frightened by this menace to his fortunes, almost under the very shadow of his house, Peter White resolved to give up trading to distant countries and take up the safer and more profitable business of privateering until more peaceful times returned. Accordingly he purchased a schooner specially constructed for the purpose, rigged, armed and manned her, and sent her to sea to prey upon the enemy's commerce, with his nephew, George Bowen, hero of the story, as second mate. The "Dolphin" made several successful cruises in the Channel and won much prize money for owner and crew. Going further afield the privateer encounters various fortunes. Our hero is put in charge of a merchantman recaptured from the French; the vessel is struck by lightning and set on fire; and all take to the boats. The sufferings of our hero and his companions from cold, hunger and thirst are described with harrowing detail. Rescued at last by pirates, a new and still more exciting series of adventures is commenced; and our hero at last ends his career as a privateersman by receiving a commission as lieutenant in the navy, a reward for important services rendered to Lord Nelson.

If we are not mistaken this is not the first time Mr. Kirk Monroe has led his readers into the swamps and glades of Florida. But whether or not, he knows them well and is a most reliable guide. This is a story of the protracted Seminole war, between 1835 and 1842, in which Osceola, or Powell, was the Indian leader. The principal incidents, we are told, are historical; but the picture drawn of the white element in Florida at that time is far from flattering. Nothing but what is base could be expected from slave-dealers and slave-hunters; but Indian agents and army officers in those days seemed to have as little regard for truth and honour as the very lowest in the community. Although Osceola is one of the characters in the story and plays an important part, the hero is Coacoochee, son of Philip, an old chieftain of the Seminoles. He is a mere boy when the troubles with the whites begin, but he quickly develops all the qualities of leadership and becomes the head chief of his countrymen in their struggle to retain their homes. The struggle ended, as such struggles always end. The Indians yielded and were removed to the Indian Territory in the Far West, leaving a remnant, however, who still inhabit the islands of the Big Cyprus Swamp in the extreme south of Florida. The book is one of great interest and should have many readers. It is full of incident from beginning to end; and the introduction of an intelligent, high-minded young Englishman and his plucky sister adds another to the many sharp contrasts observable in a mixed society of many races and many classes. A number of excellent illustrations by Victor Perard add further attractions to a very attractive book.

\* "The Log of a Privateersman." By Harry Collingwood. With twelve illustrations by W. Rainey, R.I.

"Through Swamp and Glade: A Tale of the Seminole War." By Kirk Monroe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

## BRIEFER NOTICES.

*A Knight of the Nets.* By Amelia E. Barr. (Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis.)—Mrs. Barr has been a long time before the public as a deservedly popular novelist, and we are glad to see that she loses none of her old time brightness of imagination and vigour of expression. In "A Knight of the Nets," she has a field peculiarly her own. She knows her Fife fisher-folk thoroughly, and in this exceedingly interesting and wholesome novel she shows some of their characteristics with great distinctness. There is both tragedy and comedy in the book, and of the two we prefer the comedy. Some of Janet Binnie's dialogues with her family and neighbours are full of a rich humour. Altogether it is a book that should not lack readers.

*On the Irrawaddy.* A story of the first Burmese war. By G. A. Henty. With eight illustrations by W. H. Overend. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. \$1.50.)—The hero of this story, young Stanley Brooke, is engaged with his uncle in the prosaic business of making money by trading with the natives on the Indian and Burmese rivers when the first Burmese war breaks out. Stanley is drawn into it, and his knowledge of the country and the language enables him to be so serviceable to the British commander that the latter appoints him to a position on his staff. The British are stubbornly resisted by the Burmese, and our hero has many adventures, including capture by the enemy; but in the end he emerges with plenty of experience, the rank of captain, and the means on which to build a fortune; for, like a sensible lad, he returns to trade.

*At Agincourt.* A tale of the White Hoods of Paris. By A. G. Henty. With twelve illustrations by Wal. Paget. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.)—This is a stirring tale of an exceedingly stirring time. The story opens in England, but the scene soon changes to the Castle of Villeroy, a grim feudal fortress in Normandy, whither Guy Aylmer, the hero of the tale, had accompanied Sir Eustace de Villeroy and Lady Margaret. It was a common thing in those days for knights and noblemen to hold estates both in France and in England, and men's allegiance was divided. The French king became suspicious of the loyalty of Sir Eustace and compelled him to send the Lady Margaret and her children to Paris as hostages. Guy went also as her page and bodyguard. In Paris some of the principal incidents of the story occur. The feuds between the Burgundians and Armagnacs were raging and the city was the scene of frequent riots and sometimes at the mercy of the mob. After many dangers and much fighting our hero, with his charges, escaped to England; but returned soon afterwards to share the campaign the chief glory of which was the battle of Agincourt.

*With Cochrane the Dauntless.* A tale of the Exploits of Lord Cochrane in South American Waters. By G. A. Henty. With twelve illustrations by W. H. Margetson. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. \$1.50.)—Lord Cochrane's career has in it all the elements of romance, and it is not surprising that Mr. Henty turns to it for material for one of his stories of adventure. Indeed, in a couple of chapters, he gives an excellent account of the exploits of the gallant but ill-requited admiral while in the British service. This book relates to exploits when, despairing of employment at home, he took service under foreign flags. The boy hero of the story is Stephen Embleton, whose father had served as lieutenant under Lord Cochrane, and was so discredited thereby with the naval authorities that he had to apprentice his son in the merchant service. Stephen made his first voyage to the Eastern seas, and had some thrilling experiences and narrow escapes in the Malay Archipelago. But his most exciting adventures did not begin until, after his return home, he went as midshipman with Lord Cochrane to Chili. Chili was then at war with Peru, and had offered the command of her navy to Lord Cochrane. The adventures that befel young Embleton in the course of a few months would do most people a lifetime; but he came out of them all, as Mr. Henty's heroes always do, if not entirely unscathed, with

honour, wealth, and all he could possibly desire. The book gives a very good idea of South American politics when the revolutionary spirit first began to develop in the old Spanish and Portuguese colonies.

*Stories of British Authors.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 75cts. per volume.)—The last four volumes of this attractive series are those relating to the Orient, to Scotland, to Germany, etc., and to the Sea, with frontispiece portraits, respectively, of Rudyard Kipling, Ian Maclaren, Beatrice Harraden, and W. Clark Russell. The "Orient" stories are: "The Man who would be King," by Rudyard Kipling; "Tajina," by Miss Mitford; "A Chinese Girl Graduate," by R. K. Douglas; "The Revenge of Her Race," by Mary Beaumont; "King Billy of Ballarat," by Morley Roberts; "Thy Heart's Desire," by Nella Syrett, and "The Siege of Sunda Gunge," Anonymous. The stories of Scottish life are: "The Courtin' of T'nowhead's Bell," by J. M. Barrie; "The Heather Lintie," by S. R. Crockett; "A Doctor of the Old School," by Ian Maclaren; "Wandering Willie's Tale," by Sir Walter Scott; "The Glenmutchkin Railway," by Prof. Aytoun, and "Thrawn Janet," by R. L. Stevenson. The stories with scenes laid in Germany, etc., are: "The Bird on its Journey," by Beatrice Harraden; "Koojsje," by John Strange Winter; "A Dog of Flanders," by Ouida, "Markheim," by R. L. Stevenson, and "Queen Tita's Wager," by William Black. The stories of the Sea are: "The Extraordinary Adventures of a Chief Mate," by W. Clark Russell; "Quarantine Island," by Sir Walter Besant; "The Rock Scorpions," Anonymous; "The Master of the 'Chrysolite,'" by G. B. O'Halloran; "Petrel," and "The Black Swan," Anonymous; "Melissa's Tour," by Grant Allan, and "Vanderdecker's Message Home," Anonymous. The whole series of ten volumes, handsomely bound in English buckram cloth, make a most desirable collection of representative short stories.

*Around the Camp Fire.* By Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., F.R.S.C. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. (Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis.)—Professor Roberts is a sportsman as well as a poet, and he is as familiar with paddle and rifle as he is with odes and lyrics. The hunting and fishing grounds of New Brunswick are his favourite holiday resorts; and in this volume he gives the record of a canoe trip of a party of six from St. John, N.B., to Lake Temiscouata and the wilds of the Squatook. The record of canoeing, fishing, and camping, while sufficiently interesting and no doubt quite historical, is merely the string on which is strung the garland of stories told by the comrades around the camp-fire. With the exception of a college story these are all of adventure and danger, and may be generally described as bear and panther stories; though wolves, moose, caribou, tigers, peccaries, alligators and even mad domestic animals are among the perils to which these adventuresome young men or their friends have been, at one time or another, exposed. We were going to say that there was not a single fish story in the whole collection, but the fact is, one of the most voracious and thrilling yarns in the book is about a fight with dogfish in the Bay of Fundy. All the stories smack of the camp-fire rather than of the lamp; they are told in a bright, direct, vivacious way, and there is an out-of-doors atmosphere about them that is very attractive. Although Prof. Roberts shows in every page his familiarity with and love of nature, he does not paint with any minuteness of detail the scenes he describes. In fact, we see little of the poet and the professor; but occasionally we find a little bit of landscape like this: "Above our camping-ground the river for some distance was swift and deep. Beyond this it widened out, and became almost as motionless as a lake. Along these still reaches the shores were comparatively low, and less heavily wooded, with here and there a little corner of meadow, a bit of wet marsh covered with cat-tail flags, or a dense fragrant thicket of Indian willow. There were water-lily leaves in broad patches right across the stream; and the air was gay with green and purple dragon-flies, which lit on my gunwale, and glittered in the sun like jewels. There was not even the rustle of leaves to break the silence." The illustrations are numerous and unusually good. The publisher may be congratulated on getting out so desirable a book in a form so attractive.



## Periodicals.

The November number of that admirably edited and beautifully printed series of reprints, *The Biblot*, contains William Watson's "Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature," and also his very interesting "Note on Epigram." The December number will contain "The Death of Darnley," from Swinburne's "Bothwell." (Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine. Current numbers 5 cents.)

The *Educational Journal* for November continues its series of portraits of Ontario educationists, the one in this number being that of Mr. Prendergast, one of the two Provincial inspectors of Roman Catholic separate schools. The usual aids to teachers are well maintained, and in a somewhat forcibly written editorial there is a discussion of "Secondary Education in England," the keynote of which is struck in the closing sentence: "System we must have, but not necessarily either the kind or the degree of system which we now have."

The *American Kitchen Magazine* for November contains an interesting paper on "The Evolution of Methods of Heating and Cooking," with illustrations; "The Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning"; "The Turkey's Lament," in verse; "Where the Disappointments Come in," showing the trials and troubles of an unexperienced young housekeeper; "Some Suggestions for the Conduct of a Kitchen Garden," the official report of the Chatauqua Domestic Economy Conference, and much useful, practical matter in "From Day to Day," and the editorial departments. (Home Science Publishing Company, Boston.)

The *Pocket Magazine* for November (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York) contains "The Three Correspondents," by A. Conan Doyle; "Rosanne," by Jane Barlow; "The Lady of the Red Admirals," by Arthur T. Quiller Couch (2); "In Borrowed Plumes," by W. W. Jacobs; "The Voice of the Mountain," by Stephen Crane, whose works have aroused so much criticism favourable and otherwise; "Ye Ghost of Ye Olde Bowerie Road"; and "Dirge," a short poem by Charles Kelsey Gaines. The "Literary Pocket Pieces" at the end are entertaining always and useful to readers who have not the opportunity of seeing the literary journals. All this in convenient book form seems a very good ten cents' worth.

The *Arena* for November has four papers on the political issue in the United States contributed respectively by Prof. Frank Parsons, Justice Walter Clark, W. H. Standish, and the Editor. Mr. Flower's article is short though its title, "Four Epochs in the History of our Republic" is somewhat long. It has portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and Bryan. Prof. Jos. R. Buchanan writes on "Jesus and His Apostles," and the Rev. T. Ernest Allen on "Can we have an Infallible Revelation." Mr. J. Worden Pope, U.S.A. contributes a striking article on the "North American Indian," in which his thesis is that "the disappearance of the race is a popular fallacy." Some articles on social questions, several poems, and the concluding chapters of "Between Two Worlds," complete the number.

In the *Hypnotic Magazine* for November Thomson Jay Hudson, LL.D., explains "How He Became Convinced of the Truth of Telepathy." Professor Suddeth, in an article entitled "Hypnotism and Crime," explodes the idea that there is any relation, or connection, between the two. Professor Lackersteen, F.R.G.S., continues his paper upon "The Science and Practice of Suggestive Therapeutics." Dr. Parkin submits the monthly report of cases treated at the Chicago School of Psychology. Cuthbert Wolf, M.D., contributes some amusing verses upon Christian Science. Dr. Wyld, of Edinburgh, Scotland, has a chapter upon Mesmerism. The editor introduces the number in a curious "After-Dinner Speech," and answers to inquiries from correspondents, book reviews and editorial notes, complete the most readable issue of the magazine thus far printed. (The Psychic Publishing Co., Chicago.)

With the November number that ever welcome *Young People's Monthly*, St. Nicholas, begins a new volume. The leading feature is a serial, "John Skylark," by John Bennett, a story of Shakespeare's time, in which the great dramatist figures as one of the leading characters. Another serial, "The Last of Three Soldiers," a story of the late American civil war, by W. H. Shelton, is also begun in this number. Two chapters of a new story for girls entitled "June's Garden," by Marion Hill, "A Race for a Girdle," by Jane Marsh Parker, "How the Bad News Came to Siberia," by George Kennan, "The Labours of Hercules," in verse, by J. E. V. Cooke, "How Plants Spread," by Thos. H. Kearney, jr., and "The Lion's Tour," by Oliver Herford, are only a few of the other attractive features of this excellent number. The illustrations, as usual, are all that could be desired.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for November Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, explains the causes of dissatisfaction among the agricultural classes, and accounts for the "Silver Craze," in an able and logical paper entitled "Causes of Agricultural Unrest." Under the title of "Cheerful Days" Col. T. W. Higginson, gives the opening chapters of reminiscences extending over a period of fifty years. "The Juggler," is the title of a new story of the Tennessee Mountains by Charles Egbert Craddock, the first instalment of which appears in this number. An interpretation of the Eastern conception of life and death is contributed by Lafcadio Hearn under the significant title of "Dust." In "A Night and Day in Spain," Miriam Coles Harris describes a bull-fight, in the arena and behind the scenes. "Early Recollections of Bret Harte," is an especially interesting paper on the author of the "Outcasts of Poker Flat," by an old associate, Charles Warren Stoddard, and "The Young Shakespeare: A Study of Romeo," is another paper that will be read with interest. We can only mention "Utah as an Industrial Object Lesson," "The German and the German-American," "The History of the Gift of Painless Surgery," "Labour Unions in Great Britain"—papers full of information and thought. There is a pathetic little story entitled "Stony Lonesome" by Prof. C. G. D. Roberts; and "Marm Lisa" is concluded.

The *Canadian Magazine* for November presents a very attractive table of contents. For frontispiece there is a picture of the monument to the soldiers killed in the North-West in 1885, recently unveiled in Queen's Park. The first paper is "Reminiscences of Fort McLeod in 1885," by Bertie W. Antrobus, with illustrations, followed by "The North-West Mounted Policeman," by Harold Christie Thomson, an ex-policeman, which is also illustrated. Col. G. T. Denison contributes an appreciative sketch of the late Sir John Schultz and his connection with the "Canada First" party. There are three portraits showing the late Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba at the age of twenty-three, forty and at a recent date. "Forestry—A Neglected Industry" is the title of a thoughtful and timely paper on a very important subject by Phillips Thomson. There are short stories by Katherine L. Johnson, Hunter Duvar and S. J. Robertson; and poems by Reginald Gourlay, Malcolm McKenzie and W. T. James. W. J. Lhamon writes on "John Ruskin as a Political Economist" and E. Stewart on "Tragic Incidents in Forest Life." Principal Grant makes a "Rejoinder" to Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Reply" in the last number. He says: "My interpretation of Dr. Smith's character may be inadequate or mistaken, and I regret if I was betrayed into vivacities of expression which gave him pain. Ordinary readers, however, will not deem it unparliamentary language to say that a man is cynical or to hint that even an Oxford education has limitations. I spoke with ample acknowledgment that Dr. Smith meant well, even when industriously sowing tares, because I spoke in sorrow rather than in anger, and only after hoping against hope that, in accordance with his own repeated declarations, he was retiring from the position of our unauthorized Ambassador to do work for which he is better suited."

## Literary and Personal.

The *New York Critic* says: As a maker of ballads, imaginative and full of haunting melody, *Bliss Carmen* is easily the master of his contemporaries.

A Cambridge Edition of Lowell's *Complete Poetical Works* will shortly appear, in uniform style with the "Cambridge Editions of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and Browning."

"The Story of American Coals," by W. J. Nicolls is announced for publication by the J. B. Lippincott Co. It is said the work treats the subject most exhaustively from the discovery of coal in America by Father Hennepin in 1679.

The leading article in the last number of *Harper's Weekly* had four sentences containing 110, 79, 76, and 168 words respectively. It may be added that the meaning of the sentences was in no way obscured by their unusual length.

Dr. Dorpfeld, the illustrious German Archaeologist now in this country, has written an introduction to "The Mycenaean Age" by Dr. Chrestos Tsountas and Professor Manatt, of Brown University, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will soon publish.

Mr. Hugh Ryan, who has amassed a good deal of wealth as a contractor, is very catholic in his generosity. While he is one of the chief supporters of St. Michael's Hospital, which is under the auspices of his own Church, he is a liberal donor to the funds of the Toronto General Hospital, and, as one of its trustees, gives to its affairs a large amount of personal attention.

In the recent distribution of academic honours at Princeton editors were not forgotten. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Richard Watson Gilder, poet, and editor of the *Century*; Horace E. Scudder, author, and editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Charles Dudley Warner, author, and writer of the "Editor's Study" in *Harper's Monthly*. Portraits of these gentlemen appear in the last *Critic*.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Church of the Redeemer was celebrated during the week. The Rev. Septimus Jones, the first rector of the parish, is still in charge of it, and he looks as if he might be equal for years to the burdens of his office. The church is an offshoot of St. Paul's, which once had for its territory all the district north of Bloor Street. When the stone church was erected for St. Paul's the old wooden structure was moved west to the old graveyard known as the "Potter's Field," and used as a mission building. Former students of the University of Toronto will remember the time when the late venerable Prof. Bevan used to officiate in the little chapel among the antiquated gravestones. The present edifice of the Church of the Redeemer is a fine stone structure on the corner of Bloor Street and Avenue Road.

The Macmillan Company announces a volume entitled "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," by Prof. Goldwin Smith, author of "Questions of the Day" and other volumes, also published by the Macmillan Company. In his new volume the questions raised are chiefly ethical or religious. These papers are the work of a man who reads all the best that recent thinkers have to offer and passes a criticism on it in a pungent or keen, incisive style, destructive in aim, brilliant in execution, yet never open to the charge of irreverence or of want of tenderness in dealing with the creed in which the writer himself was reared and which is still that of men who are the salt of the earth. The titles of some of the papers after that which lends its title to the book are "The Church and the Old Testament," "Is There Another Life?" "The Miraculous Element in Christianity" and "Morality and Theism." The first paper is a discussion of a number of recent books, including Drummond's "Ascent of Man," Kidd's "Social Evolution" and Mr. Balfour's well-known work on the foundations of religious belief.





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## Public Opinion.

Goderich Signal (Lib.): "Standing by the Government" simply means saying "Me, too!" to the opinion of half-a-dozen men in any legislative body. The other chaps, even though there were a hundred of them, don't count.

Dundas Banner (Lib.): If the intention was to throw Sir Charles Tupper overboard at the Toronto Conservative conference on the ground that he had proved a Jonah, it was a failure. The old mar has fastened himself more firmly on the party than ever. He wants to keep the job for Charley.

Hamilton Herald: It is all very sad of course; but perhaps those members of the Church of England who value the spirit of Christ more than historic evidence of direct apostolic succession will yet take heart and realize that there is much good work to be done even by a church whose ministers are not recognized at Rome as being in direct line from the apostles.

Hamilton Times: What seems to be needed is a revival of parental interest in their children; a true revival in the Christian Church which will have its fruit in home precept and example; an abandonment of the statute-fetich worship by the churches and a realization that if the homes are right the State will not be far wrong. It is in the home where the foundations of character are laid.

Toronto Mail-Empire (Con.): The Ottawa Liberal Government has dismissed Mr. Vanasse, shipping master at Montreal, because he was a candidate at the last election. The Ontario Liberal Government permitted Mr. W. T. R. Preston, librarian to the Legislature, to become a candidate in West Toronto, and then reappointed him after he was defeated. This is even-handed justice!

Ottawa Free Press (Lib): The Minister of Agriculture, addressing the Quebec Board of Trade a few days ago, had to state the unpleasant truth that "owing to the inferiority of Canadian butter its trade had decreased." And this after all the talk and expenditure of public money by the department! Truly it is well we have a practical man and not a lawyer at the head of the department to-day.

Hamilton Herald (Ind.) Prohibition will never become law in Canada until the people earnestly desire a prohibitory law. And when the people really want prohibition, they will make their want known directly, by electing to Parliament men who will vote for the desired legislation. Until the people are ready to express their desire and determination at the polls, there is nothing to be gained by playing with the question and pretending that the play is serious.

Montreal Herald (Lib): General business in Canada is gradually but surely improving. In almost every department this fact is being realized, and none are able to appreciate it more fully than the merchant himself, who by degrees begins to feel his sales expanding and his returns from country and town coming forward with more promptitude. There are some lines, of course, which are still a little backward in sympathizing with the recovering tendency of trade, but when even in the best of times a few branches lag behind, the sign is by no means a discouraging one.

London Advertiser (Lib.): Constantly emphasizing the Canadian winter, by exaggerated pictorial representations of its rigors, has done Canada immense harm in the past. Why should Canadians not aid the settlement of our vacant lands by getting up summer carnivals, instead of carnivals and ice palace bombardments? Let us, for a change, bring to the notice of the world the fact that we have delightful spring, summer, and fall weather. Californian cities advertise their salubrity by annual floral festivals. Canadian cities should do the same. Give ice a rest.

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**Public Opinion.**

Winnipeg Tribune (Lib.): If all Mr. Laurier's Ministers are of the type of Mr. Tarte, the country can rely upon having an administration of public affairs based upon business principles.

Montreal Gazette (Con.): It will be admitted both that much has been done under the new regime to bring about better conditions on the Grand Trunk, and that the prospect that they will be realized to some extent is fairly good.

Toronto World (Con): Cleveland was hostile to Canada on occasions; McKinley will be hostile on principle. Mr. Laurier's cheap talk of what "our neighbors," our "friendly neighbors," will do will not be realized. Sir Oliver hit it nearer when he spoke of them as a "hostile nation."

Montreal Herald (Lib.): The comment of the Conservative press on Mr. Fitzpatrick's appearance in the Exchequer Court in the matter of the Goodwin claims misses one point, and that is that the present Solicitor-General is disturbing the traditions established by his predecessors in the office. By pleading the Government's case in court he is earning his salary. However, a brief is no new thing to him.


Hamilton Spectator (Con): Sir Charles' speech was full of fight and was decidedly optimistic. It is quite evident that he has determined to give the enemy no peace, and that he has recognized the fact that, to be successful, the Conservative party of Ontario must be Conservative at all times and under all circumstances, giving opposition to the Grit party all along the line and wherever and whenever opportunity offers.

Manitoba Free Press (Lib.): British capital is not seeking investment in the Kootenay or the Lake of the Woods, or the Seine district, because Canadians are slow to give practical illustration of their own confidence. We have known for years that the Dominion is rich in minerals, yet when we count it all up what have we done to develop them? We give the impression that we have really little confidence in our own professions, and therefore fail to attract the capital we most desire.

Toronto (Globe) (Lib.): The practice of the late Government for the past year or two was to renew these contracts to its friends without calling for tenders. Mr. Mulock has been kept busy cancelling the contracts, and in every case where contracts are to be awarded they will be awarded to the lowest tenderer, irrespective of political leanings. The Mail and Empire does not understand political conduct of that sort. The people of the Dominion, however, not only understand but appreciate it.

Victoria Colonist (Con.): The Grits, if they were wise, would leave the civil service alone. If they treat the civil servants now in office justly and in the spirit of the civil service law they may be sure that any of their party who are taken into the civil service during the present Government's term of office will remain secure in their places when there is another change of Government. Whereas if they now introduce the spoils system nothing is more certain than that the measure which they now mete out to the Conservatives will be meted to them again.

Toronto News (Ind.-Con.): The Conservative party will take a long step towards a return to power in the provinces and the Dominion if the new organization can keep the voters in one camp for both purposes. The practice of voting Liberal in provincial elections and Conservative in federal contests could not have any other result than to obliterate party lines in the individual mind and weaken party loyalty in the face of any strong agitation. That is the point in the Conservative armor that the Liberals found most vulnerable. It is the point that calls for closest attention, and even with that it will require considerable effort to make it perfect.



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## Scientific and Sanitary.

It is certain that the elephant, the rhinoceros, the bear, the hyena, and other wild animals were at one time common in England. Several bones of these animals have been found in Kent's cavern, about a mile from Torquay.

The mountains of the moon are immensely larger in proportion than those of the earth. The moon is but one-forty-ninth the size of the earth, but its mountain peaks are nearly as high. Twenty-two are higher than Mt. Blanc, which is within a few feet of three miles high. The highest is a little more than four miles and a half.

Mr. D. N. McArthur, of Calabogie, has sent to the Ontario Bureau of Mines a fine specimen of asbestos taken from a vein on his mining property about four miles distant from the Kingston and Pembroke railway. The fibre in the specimen is twenty-two inches long, while the ordinary length seldom exceeds one-fourth of this. As the uses of asbestos are now quite numerous the discovery of this remarkable vein is a matter of public interest.

Sir John Lubbock, the naturalist, has been experimenting to find out how long the common ant would live if kept out of harm's way. On August 8, 1888, an ant which has been thus kept and tenderly cared for died at the age of fifteen years, which is the greatest age any species of insect has yet been known to attain. Another individual of the same species of ant (*Formica fusca*) lived to the advanced age of thirteen years, and the queen of another kind (*Lasius niger*) laid fertile eggs after she had passed the age of nine years.

Dr. de Laval, a native-born Swede, with a French name and ancestry, has invented a steam engine which works on the turbine principle. The power of the steam is thus applied to the production of rotary motion without the intervention of the ordinary driving rod. The great difficulty of so utilizing the steam as to take advantage of its force without destruction of the engine by its expansion has been solved by the introduction of several devices which leave the machine perfectly under control. Some of these engines have been imported into the United States by the Edison Electric Company, and they bid fair to become as popular on this side of the Atlantic as they already are in Europe. They embody the energy producing capacity of the condensing engines, but at less cost.

"It is said," remarks The Medical Times, "that ninety-five per cent. of visual hallucination in delirium tremens consists of snakes or worms, in one form or another. Dr. Davis has been investigating the subject in the alcoholic wards of Bellevue Hospital with the ophthalmoscope, and has brought out some interesting facts. In every one of the sixteen cases examined, the blood-vessels of the retina were found to be abnormal. Instead of being pale and almost invisible, as in their ordinary condition, they were dark, almost black, with congested blood. The blood-vessels of the retina, which are so small and semi-transparent in health that they are not projected into the field of vision, assume such a prominence that they are projected into the field of vision, and their movements seem like the twisting of snakes."

The editor of The Aquarium, Brooklyn, states that a student of Packer Institute recently captured an albino leopard frog near Orient, L.I. He says: "The specimen in question is a fully developed male, about three years old. The colour of all parts of its body, seen from above, is a brilliant cream; while the under side of the specimen is pure white; along its back and on its hind legs the markings, characteristic to the species, appear indistinctly also in cream colour, just a trifle deeper in shade; they can be made out by close inspection. The eyes are of a beautiful deep pink. Owing to the absence of dark colours in the skin, the animal has a very dark appearance; it looks as if it was carved of ivory." The frog, which is now in the Institute aquarium, is believed to be the first of the kind ever described.

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