

THE WEEK:

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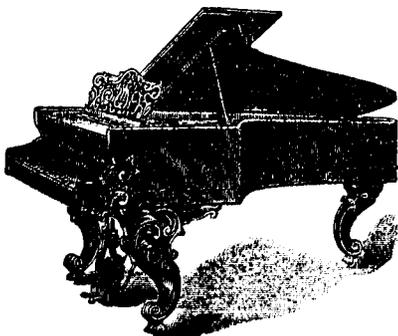
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE announcement that the negotiations for the entrance of Newfoundland into the Dominion have fallen through, and that the proposed Island delegation will not come to Ottawa, will not occasion either much surprise or much regret, under the circumstances. Different reasons are assigned for the sudden change of purpose. On behalf of the Ottawa authorities it is said that, as from recent communications it appeared that the Newfoundland deputies would not be clothed with any powers to make even a provisional arrangement, and as their duties would, therefore, be confined to merely finding out what inducements the Dominion Government could offer, the Island authorities had been notified that no good purpose could be served by the coming of the deputation. On the other hand the opposition, always strong in the Island, to annexation seems to have shewn redoubled vigour as the time for the setting out of the delegates drew near. No doubt the prospect of international difficulties arising out of the retaliation threatened by the United States materially helped the anti-union agitation. Very likely the Island Government became convinced of the hopelessness of attempting to carry the matter any further at present. The fact is that the movement has from the first lacked the element of spontaneity which is one of the chief conditions of success in such a union. The matter having been broached by the Dominion Government, and the proposition but coolly and coyly received by the Islanders, the business immediately took too much the aspect of an attempted purchase on the one side, and a determination to be guided wholly by the amount of the immediate cash price offered on the other. The conviction is strong in many Canadian minds that there is yet much to be done before the union of the present members of the Confederation can be considered secure, and the work of consolidation complete. When that point shall have been reached, and the centrifugal forces now unhappily at work fully overcome, the outlying colony will not long be able to resist the operation of a natural and legitimate attraction.

"VESTED rights is a relative term in the economy of a nation; sooner or later we shall come to see that it is the right of the vast majority of our people, and necessary to harmony and progress, that our school system be

raised above subserviency to any party, religious or political. The attainment of that end will involve the abolition of the Separate Schools." So replies the *Evangelical Churchman* to our reminder, a week or two since, that Separate Schools are secured to the Roman Catholics by the Act of Confederation. If this rejoinder means anything, it must mean that sooner or later the Protestant majority in the Dominion will break faith with the Catholic minority. Is not this rather questionable ground for a religious newspaper to take? "Harmony and progress" are desirable ends, but surely honour and truth are of still higher obligation. If it is praiseworthy in a man that when he "swareth to his own hurt" he "changeth not," is it less desirable in a nation? Nor will true "harmony and progress" ever be attained by disregard or disruption of solemn compacts, save with mutual consent of the contracting parties. The *Evangelical Churchman* does not regret the existence of the Separate School system more sincerely than THE WEEK. But a vastly greater evil would be the doing violence to the conscientious convictions of the minority by the majority, and that, too, in contravention of the original pledge of the old Province of Canada, ratified in the Constitution of the Dominion. Nor can it be wholly overlooked, though it does not affect the principle involved, that the "majority," is not after all so very "vast." Facts are stubborn and often disagreeable, but declaiming against them does not do away with them.

ANOTHER point to which the *Evangelical Churchman* recurs demands a comment. It appears that there is still, contrary to our impression, a considerable number of scholars in the French sections of the Province in which little or no English is taught. This ought not to be so. Canada is an English speaking country, and the language of the country should be taught, and taught if possible as the leading language in every school aided by public funds. But it would be unfair to ignore the fact that the matter is one of very great difficulty. No one would be so unreasonable as to contend that, in a section exclusively French, the French language should not be taught in schools mainly supported by French tax-payers. If memory serves us, the Minister of Education stated during the debate on the question in the Legislature that the Department was doing its best to have English taught in every school, but found difficulty in securing teachers with a competent knowledge of both languages. Steps should be taken to overcome this difficulty, at whatever expense. This the Legislature will no doubt insist on. At the same time it may not be amiss to remark that the work of assimilating and consolidating the somewhat heterogeneous social and religious elements of which the Dominion is composed cannot be hastened and ought not to be hastened by harsh measures. The rights of minorities must be respected; even their sentiments should not be ruthlessly trampled on. The English-speaking people of Canada are too just, as well as too generous, to blame their French fellow colonists for cherishing their own language and institutions. They cannot cling to them more tenaciously than an English colony would do, and would take pride in doing, if planted in the midst of an alien community, in an alien country, and surrounded by a majority speaking the French or some other foreign language.

THE quarrel over the vetoing of the Quebec Magistrates' Court Act is gathering momentum. The evenness of the logical contest, the fact that the Province is able to show on the one side so good cause for the enactment, and the Dominion on the other so good ground for the disallowance, is but too suggestive of ambiguity, or obscurity, in the Act of Union. Worse still, the unmistakable evidence that party spirit on both sides is at the bottom of the whole difficulty emphasizes the need of some impartial and judicial tribunal for settling questions of constitutionality. Perhaps a still more important lesson to be learned from the recurrence of such disputes, and from the spirit in which they are conducted by the Provinces, is that the current of the popular thought and feeling is setting directly away from the idea of strengthening the central authority which prevailed with the majority of the leading men of both parties at the time of Confederation, and in the direction of the largest practicable autonomy for the individual member of the Union. Whether this tendency is or is not the outcome of political wisdom is an open question. If it be, as can scarcely be doubted, a fact, it is the part of practical political sagacity for the

central authority to recognize it and govern itself accordingly. There is evidently no power within or without the Dominion that can constrain the Provinces, against their inclinations and convictions.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND and United States Representatives and Senators have advertised Canada into a prominence in English journals which she had not before attained. The results cannot be wholly gratifying to the self-esteem of those of us who have been accustomed to think of the Dominion as a cherished if not indispensable arm of the British Empire, whose possible severance would not be thought of without dismay in the mother country. To such it must be a source of some chagrin as well as surprise, to find powerful English journals like the *Spectator* coolly wondering that Canada has not, before this, yielded to the attractions of the mighty State by her side, pointing out the unique greatness of the nation that would result from such a union and calmly balancing the probabilities of our ultimate choice between annexation and independence. The *Spectator* is right in concluding that Canada is not shut up to the alternatives of continuing British connection and falling into the outstretched arms of the great Republic. She will, when occasion arises, be pretty sure to choose the "third alternative," and "try to become a nation." For the present, Canadians "can wait" and can afford to wait, but should the question of setting up for themselves become one day a living and practical question, any natural reluctance that might arise at the thought of severing the old ties will be lessened by the reflection, which can hardly be considered as other than a fair inference from the tone of such articles as that of the *Spectator*, that the mother country has discounted the bereavement, so to speak, and is prepared to bear it with equanimity. The *Spectator's* view is eminently philosophical and rational, but what a change must have come over the old national spirit when the British Empire can contemplate the prospective loss of her most powerful colony with such disinterested complacency!

In a paper which was read a few weeks since before the Association of Sanitary Inspectors at Brighton, Mr. Edwin Chadwick, a veteran leader of sanitary reform in England, gives some astonishing facts in regard to the saving of life which has been achieved through the agency of the partial and imperfect sanitary reforms which have been from time to time adopted, largely through his influence. A few figures are all that can be given in a paragraph, but even these tell a wonderful tale. It is not long since the death-rate in London was 24 in 1000; it is now but fourteen or fifteen. A quarter of a century ago the death-rate in the Guards was 20 per 1000; it is now $6\frac{1}{2}$ per 1000. In the home army it has been reduced from 17 to 8. Germany, however, shows still better results, her army death-rate being but from 5 to 6 in 1000. In the large district schools of the Poor Law Unions, the chief diseases of children, measles, whooping-cough, typhus, scarlatina, diphtheria, are "practically abolished." The death-rate of those children who come in without developed disease upon them is now less than 3 in 1000, a result which may well be called "extraordinary," seeing that the death-rate among children of the general population is more than three times as high. The process by which this result has been reached, even with children of the lowest type, bears unequivocal testimony to the wonderful efficacy of scientific sanitation. In one institution in which the old death-rate was "the common outside one of twelve in the 1000;" thorough drainage first reduced it to eight; thorough washing from head to foot in tepid water brought it down considerably lower and better ventilation in the rooms and separate bedding arrangements in good beds completed the process of reduction to three. But Mr. Chadwick is far from satisfied with what has already been accomplished. He boldly maintains that had the sanitary reforms been carried out in London according to the plans prepared, the death-rate might now have been reduced to 12 in 1000, and that the delay of the Metropolitan Board of Works has cost a yearly loss of between 35,000 and 36,000 lives. Such arguments and statistics, in addition to other effects, set in a striking light the terrible responsibilities devolving upon the municipal authorities in all our towns and cities. The lives of the people are evidently in their hands to an extent not hitherto realised.

CARDINAL MANNING'S contribution to the Gladstone-Ingersoll Controversy—in the September number of the *North American Review* is an interesting study, if not a convincing argument. To the man who is already an adherent of the Catholic, apostolic, infallible church, the chain of reasoning so elaborately woven will seem absolutely unbreakable. To the non-Catholic Christian it will appear a subtle though unconscious intermingling of the true and the false, a combination of irrefragable logic with glaring sophism. To the sceptic and the agnostic it will present itself

as a chapter of fallacies. In maintaining that the imperishable existence and persistence of Christianity, "the vast and undeniable revolution it has wrought in men and in nations, in the moral elevation of manhood and womanhood, and in the domestic, social and political life of the Christian world," cannot be accounted for by any natural causes, any forces within the limits of what is possible to man, Cardinal Manning undoubtedly adduces that which is, next to the self-evidencing power of the Christian system as related to the human reason and conscience, the strongest proof of the truth and divine origin of Christianity. In tacitly claiming all these grand results of the Christian religion in its broadest influence and freest development as the fruits of the tree of Romish Catholicism, he, unwittingly no doubt, falls into an error so transparent, and perpetrates an injustice so gross, that the whole force of his argument is more than counteracted. Again, in dwelling on the fact that the Catholic Church has always claimed infallibility, and has always enforced unity of belief, as evidence of its supernatural authority and divine inspiration, Cardinal Manning's logical armour exposes so many vulnerable spots that one wonders how his keen and powerful intellect could have satisfied itself with so specious an argument. The contention, for instance, that unity of creed, in an organization which makes submission to authority and surrender of private judgement prime conditions of membership, and which excommunicates and anathematizes all heretics, is proof of the divine indwelling, so manifestly completes a sophistical circle that it is hard to conceive of it as having weight with any careful reader. Cardinal Manning's article will probably convert the duel into a triangular contest, and draw a portion of the fire of both the previous combatants, but it can scarcely do much for the cause it is intended to serve.

THE various appeals that are being made to the humane and freedom-loving instincts of Englishmen, in behalf of the victims of the slave-trade in Central Africa, are producing their effects. Various persons of influence in England are calling on their countrymen to aid in the work of putting down the abominable traffic by private enterprise, and efforts, which will no doubt sooner or later be successful, are being put forth to form an organization for this special purpose. The words of Lord Salisbury, who declared in the House of Lords that this great enterprise "must be, and will be, carried through by individual Englishmen," sound very like an invitation to the people to engage freely in it. On three different occasions already, it appears, small expeditions of Englishmen have come into conflict with the Arab slave-dealers, and suffered repulse at their hands. Towards the end of last year there was a general muster of Englishmen to ward off from Nyassaland an incursion of slave-trading Arabs. Twenty-six Englishmen, it is said, assembled, and with the aid of native volunteers, not only held the Arabs in check, but even attacked them, though without much success, in their strongholds. The difficulties of the philanthropic movement which is being inaugurated will, no doubt, be greatly increased by the fact that the slavery appeals strongly to certain commercial interests, as Mr. Oswald Crawford points out in the *Nineteenth Century*: "Slavery and slave carriage are at present necessary incidents of trade. An elephant may be killed a thousand miles from the coast, and each tusk is the burden of a slave to the nearest seaport, while it will have taken three or four negroes to carry the calico for payment of the elephant-hunter." The demand for this forced labour is, no doubt, one of the strongest influences upholding the unholy business of slave-catching. The fact that the recent murder of Major Barttelot seems to have resulted from the reluctance of the native carriers to march with their forty-five pound loads, is suggestive in this connection. It is not easy to see why the civilized powers might not conjointly put a speedy end to the whole horror and wickedness. But failing that, there is every likelihood that the task may be undertaken and carried through by individual Englishmen, as Lord Salisbury suggests. Efficient help could surely be had from the oppressed natives, under proper training and encouragement. Nor would it be at all wonderful if the upshot should be the opening up, under British auspices, of that part of the Dark Continent lying between the Congo Free State and the Zambesi, which is the seat of the traffic, the country, namely, of the great lakes, Victoria Nyanza, Langonyika, and Nyassa.

THE Chinese question is another of those matters of popular agitation in regard to which a more exhaustive and dispassionate inquiry is needed than has as yet been had, so far as we are aware, in any country. Is it true that the Chinese, as a rule, work for less than Europeans or Americans? Is it true that their morals are, on the whole, so far below the general average in the countries which are tabooing them? May it not be that much of the testimony given to the public in regard to them is preju-

diced and untrustworthy? Justice clearly demands that such questions should be settled on evidence, the reliability and impartiality of which is above suspicion, before harsh measures of proscription or exclusion are enforced. Where and when have inquiries been instituted, and the evidence sifted in a spirit worthy of just and Christian nations? There is not wanting testimony for the negative, and in favour of the despised Mongolians. A Mr. Henry K. Aird, in a letter to the *London Times*, declares that the popular notion that the Australians desire, as one man, to be quit of the Chinese as a noxious, immoral race, whose chief merit is that they can live like animals and work like slaves, has no foundation in fact. He avers that the Australian cry is an election cry, the grievance a thing manufactured by politicians competing for popularity with the "great unwashed." He denies that the Chinese work for less than Europeans, and even avers that their morals are "infinitely superior," that their liberality to the poor is unbounded, and their support of hospitals and charitable institutions generous. This is putting it pretty strongly, too strongly, in fact, for easy credence. But the fact that such assertions are openly made affords abundant reason, were any in common justice needed, why the vileness and noxiousness of the Chinese should not be taken for granted, or believed and acted on, on insufficient evidence by Christian nations.

It is doubtful if the solution of the sugar bounty problem has been found in the much talked of Convention. Even should the countries which have not yet signed the articles, or which have made their adhesion conditional, finally come into the compact, it is pretty clear that a formidable battle has still to be fought in free trade England. Mr. Smith, the Government leader of the House of Commons, has, it is said, on several occasions distinctly pledged himself to consult the House before carrying out the terms of any agreement, consequently a searching discussion may be looked for, either in the autumn or during next year's session of Parliament. To the uninitiated there certainly would seem to be much force in Denmark's objection, that the article of the convention which authorizes any contracting Power to levy a duty, exceeding the amount of the bounty, on sugar, molasses, or glucose coming from any country in which a bounty is given, without imposing a similar tax on the same articles coming from countries in which they are not bounty-fed, would, if carried into effect, be inconsistent with treaty obligations. But the chief battle ground in England will no doubt be that marked out by general free trade principles. If it can be shown that there is good cause to fear that the effect of the Convention would be to increase the price of sugar in England by even a farthing a pound, it is doubtful if the consent of the Commons or the people could be gained. It will be hard to convince a nation of free traders that the stimulation of the sugar refining industry, which seems to have held its own, even against the continental bounties, would bring any gain at all adequate to counterbalance the loss which every consumer of sugar and its products would suffer. The problem will be very greatly complicated, too, by the further question, whether the great industries in preserves and confections, of which sugar is the raw material, are not now aided by the continental bounties to an extent which is a full equivalent to any gain that would accrue to the refining business. The subject opens up to the political economist a fine field for debate, and as the Convention is not, in any case, to go into operation until 1891, there will be ample time for the discussion.

If the judgment of Sir William Hunter, that bold veteran writer on Indian affairs, may be relied on, Lord Lansdowne will not find the Viceroyalty of India a sinecure, much less a bed of roses. "Lord Lansdowne has now," says Sir William, in the current *Contemporary Review*, "to face a danger which no previous Viceroy of India had to encounter. He has to deal with an organized political agitation such as never before existed in India. During his tenure of office that agitation will either be rendered innocuous or it will become perilous." The reference is, of course, to the Indian National Congress. Sir William Hunter writes, evidently with full consciousness of the difficulties which beset the course of the Englishman in India. He is disposed to make any allowance for the strong class traditions and prejudices which render the Anglo-Indian community hostile to the eastern home-rule movement and to native political progress. But reform is, in his opinion, inevitable, and to oppose or delay it is to court serious danger. "Put off," he says, "and the subject will pass beyond the calm stage in India, while in England Indian reform may be rushed upon the nation with its first flood-tide of democracy." But Sir William Hunter bases his advocacy of Indian reform on broader and higher grounds than those of expediency or prejudice. He appeals to justice and to British good faith. He points out that Great Britain has been delaying for the

last thirty years the fulfilment of a solemn pledge given to the people of India in the Queen's name. He quotes as follows from the declaration of 1858: "It is our further will that, so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to office in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge." The main contention of his article is that political wisdom and right alike demand that the reasonable requests of the native Congress should be acceded to, especially those relating to the Civil Service.

BRITISH and Canadian resentment of the abuse so freely bestowed by certain classes of United States Representatives and Senators should be, and no doubt has been, much tempered by two considerations. The first is that the ignorant and malicious faction which such abuse is intended to propitiate is a fragment of our own nationality, and so at least as much a product of British as of American institutions. The British sense of justice cannot wholly ignore this fact. The other and still more important consideration is that referred to in another paragraph, viz., that the American people as a whole, have not endorsed or approved the unfriendly bluster of the party orators. The best evidence of this, next to the moderation of the press, is the change of tone which is already manifest in Congress. Instead of the Retaliation Act being rushed through both Houses, as was at first confidently predicted, it is now extremely doubtful whether that Act will pass the Senate at all, or even be brought formally before it. Nothing could be more significant than this delay unless it be such a speech as that of Senator Sherman's, a few days since. In that speech the politician begins to disappear and the statesman to emerge. Senator Sherman's proposition does honour to himself, and will, if carried into effect, do honour to the Senate. The greatest obstacle to a friendly settlement of the fisheries dispute is the lack of full and accurate information on the past, not only of the people, but of many of those Members of Congress who make the inflammatory speeches. A full report by the members of the Foreign Relations Committee, acting as a National Commission, prepared dispassionately during recess and after the heat of the Parliamentary contest has passed, is the very thing needed to pave the way for a just and permanent settlement of the question on its merits. It is idle to say that such an investigation would be equivalent simply to going over the same ground that was traversed a few months ago by the Fisheries Commissioners. To say nothing of other points of difference, the evil of secrecy which shrouded, and still shrouds, the discussions of the Commission renders their labours useless for the main purpose, the information of the public. It was said the other day by a high authority that secrecy is the prime condition of successful treaty-making. May it not be affirmed with equal force that knowledge and publicity is the prime condition of right feeling and right legislation by a modern democracy?

THE bane of American, and the same is true to too great an extent of Canadian, politics has for a long time been the tendency of the better classes of citizens, those under the dominion of the highest moral and religious principles, to stand aside and leave the contests to be carried on by the professional politicians and the less scrupulous electors. Whether this holding aloof from public affairs is the result of mistaken conviction, or of moral cowardice, the result is equally inimical to the best interests of the State. There seems some reason to hope that this state of things is being slowly superseded by a better in both countries. The question to what extent the new departure, by which the Presidential contest of four years ago was signalized, is telling upon the conduct of the present campaign, is one of interest to all observers. On the one hand it is but too clear that the disreputable and dangerous device of pandering to the lowest elements in American Society, by baiting and abusing foreign nations, has been carried to a greater extreme than ever before. Republican and Democrat in Congress have vied with each other in reckless denunciation of Great Britain, and shameless insult to China, the two nations with whom important sections of the Union are brought into closer relations than with others. But, on the other hand, it is distinctly noticeable that the foul weapon of defamation of personal character is being used much less freely and malignantly than on former occasions. As the "tail-twisting" is mainly confined to a class of professional politicians, while the character-stabbing has hitherto been done chiefly through the press, there seems good reason to believe that, on the whole, the tendency of American politics is upward. The balance of gain is, it may be hoped, distinctly on the right side. Not only have the great body of newspapers refrained to an unusual degree from a campaign of slander; they have even, to a very creditable extent,

declined to take their cue from the Congressional actors in the matter of international discourtesy. As the press and the people, so, eventually, will the politicians be.

SHOULD Senator Sherman's proposal be adopted and the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations be charged with an exhaustive enquiry into the relations between Great Britain and the United States, it is to be hoped that they will not forget to ascertain in what manner the pledges made on behalf of their Republic in the Washington Treaty, in reference to the New York State canals, have been redeemed by the successive Washington administrations. The Committee should particularly inquire whether it is a fact, as is now stated, on the alleged authority of the Deputy State Engineer, that the canals of New York State have always been closed against Canadian vessels, and that the State authorities have not even been asked by the National Government to throw them open. If such is ascertained to be the fact, the Committee will, of course, satisfy itself whether the stipulations of the Treaty of Washington have, in this particular, been observed by the United States, and report accordingly to the Senate and the people.

THE attitude of the Independents, or "Mugwumps," of New York State towards Governor Hill, who has been nominated by the Democrats for another term, is just now causing a good deal of discussion in the Empire State. A large body of these Independents, who are significantly called by the New York *Star* "the Protestants of politics," occupy the seemingly anomalous position of warm supporters of Mr. Cleveland for the Presidency, and equally warm opponents of Mr. Hill for the Governorship. There is, it is true, no necessary connection between the two offices, and no good reason why the local politics should blindly follow the lead of the national, yet the spectacle of a large body of the most influential citizens, represented by several powerful journals, the *Times* included, working at the same time for the National Democratic and the State Republican candidate, is a new and, to the manipulators of the machine, somewhat startling departure. The Independents are, however, true to their record, and their action will be approved by the best sentiments of the country. The entrance of this new and influential factor into American politics four years ago marked an era in the national history. Its revolt against the tyranny of the machine turned the scale in favour of Cleveland and the Civil Service reform of which he was for a time the loyal representative. His election, however the later years of his administration may have failed to fulfil the promise of the earlier, signalized the ascendancy of the moral over the conscienceless element in political affairs. It was the rising star of hope to the lovers of electoral and administrative purity. The reappearance of this force at the present juncture in New York State happily disappoints the predictions of those who confidently hoped that the moral reaction had spent its force, and that the recalcitrant voters would be re-absorbed in the party ranks. The action of the New York "Mugwumps" seems fully justified in their high principle, that of putting morality before expediency, and personal character above party fealty. Governor Hill is, in the expressive slang of the stump, a "low down" politician. He represents, to use the words of the *Christian Union*, "all the worst elements in the State—jobbery and corruption in public affairs, machine methods in party administration, the gambling fraternity and the saloon." That the revolt of the Democrats who love morality better than party will avail to defeat him, the *Christian Union* does not believe, on the ground that "when all the evil elements in a community are combined to defend their interests, and the moral elements in a community are divided and uncertain," the victory of the former is assured. Nevertheless the action of the Independents will have its effect as a brave and influential protest, and will bear fruit hereafter.

ALL Germany seems to be profoundly stirred by the fragments of the late Emperor's diary, which have just been published. The liberal and generous sentiments of Emperor Frederick, as thus revealed, can scarcely create surprise. They are in strict harmony with the noble features of his character as brought out in the history of his too brief reign. The publication of the extracts at this particular juncture will hardly increase the scant admiration of the people for his son and successor. The contrast between his spirit and ideals, as thus far exhibited, and those of his father, must be positively painful to the better sentiments of the nation. The alleged indiscreetness of certain of the revelations is a matter of opinion. It is certainly a surprise, to find that the deceased Emperor rather than Prince Bismarck was the real father of the German Empire, and the sagacious promoter of German unity. The discovery that France narrowly escaped disruption cannot greatly increase the wholesome dread entertained

by the French people of the results of another German conquest, while Bismarck is at the helm. Every thoughtful Frenchman must know that in any case another contest with Germany will be emphatically a struggle for national existence. The publication of these extracts will probably intensify to a painful degree the dislike and distrust of the Empress already entertained by those high in office in the Prussian capital.

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE: SOCIALISM.

THE subject of Socialism has been dealt with in a very thorough manner by the bishops at Lambeth. The paragraph in the Encyclical and the resolutions of the Conference simply refer to the Report of the Committee, a very strong one, presided over by the able Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Moorhouse. To this report therefore we must go, if we would know what the Right Reverend Fathers would have us to believe and do in regard to Socialism. We are convinced that reasonable persons will not be disappointed in this document.

The bishops seem to be quite sensible of the gravity of the subject and of its urgent importance at the present moment. We are accustomed to speak of the progress of civilization in such an optimistic spirit that only those who look beneath the surface are aware of the shady side of modern life. No one can deny the enormous strides which have been made, especially during the present century, in the improvement of all the surroundings of our social life. But it is still a question whether the poorest classes are better off than they were a century ago. An English clergyman of some note has just contributed an article to one of the magazines, in which he professes to prove that the condition of the poor is much worse than it used to be, and this to such an extent, that England is no longer "merry England."

Without attempting to compare or contrast the present with the past—an undertaking which is always difficult, often hopeless—there can be no question of the gravity of the present state of things. While wealth is increasing in the hands of the few, fortunes of unheard of magnitude being amassed on both sides of the Atlantic, millions are living—if it can be called living—around the dwellings and the warehouses of the millionaires, on the very borders of starvation.

And let it be carefully noted that these contrasts are found not merely in old countries where privilege is rampant, but no less in that great Republic where all men are supposed to be free and equal, and where privileges are supposed to be unknown. Democratic institutions have not put an end to poverty or want, they have not gone any considerable way towards the prevention of the miseries which were supposed to be fostered by the aristocratic institutions of Europe; and it cannot be a matter of surprise that many should begin to ask whether something else should not be done to ameliorate the condition of the poor, and to do away, in part at least, with the frightful inequality which exists between class and class.

The time has gone by when this problem could be safely ignored by the teaching and governing classes. If the rulers in Church and State will not take the matter in hand it will soon be taken out of their hands, and that in a manner which will be as unpleasant as to many it will be unexpected. It is a terrible thing to conceive of the masses of poverty and vice which are crowded together in cities like London, or Paris, or New York; for, indeed, the great city of the new world is, in this respect, hardly behind those of the old. It is frightful to imagine the consequences of a popular rising in any of these great centres. We know something of these outbreaks in the past, in Paris; let us figure to ourselves a similar rising in the London of the present!

But it is not a mere outbreak that is chiefly to be feared. Quite as serious, and much more permanently mischievous results may be brought about by quite regular and constitutional legislation. Let us remember that the voting power is now, to all intents, in the hand of the working classes. The labouring men, as distinguished from the capitalists, have now the making of the laws; and we have no reason to doubt that they will make such laws as, they believe, will be for their own advantage. And in doing so they will act in precisely the same manner as their "betters."

Now, the most thorough believer in the wisdom and goodness of the working classes will hardly pretend that they are infallible, or that they are not in some considerable danger of being misled by demagogues and the somewhat large and growing class of men who live by agitation. Even if they were better educated than they are, they could hardly help listening to "the voice of the charmer, charm he never so" unwisely, when he tells them of diminished labour and increased gains, of the benefits resulting to their class from schemes for the destruction of large private possessions and fortunes. And this belief may easily be engendered in one class even when it is quite distinctly visible to every other class that the revolutionists are

really rushing to ruin at the very time that they think they are enriching themselves at the expense of others. Of course, there are persons who will tell us that any such apprehensions are purely imaginary and groundless. The world is growing wiser under the influence of Political Economy and other dismal or brilliant sciences. Political Economy! Why, we have a school among us who declare that Political Economy is a fraud. Not very long ago we were told that supply and demand, competition, and free contract would set everything right. But they have been so far from doing this that legislation has had continually to step in and deprive some of these principles of a good deal of their "freedom." There is no practical science which has not to revise its principles in the face of experience, and even if these sciences were "exact," they would no more stand before human passion, and especially before human envy, resentment, and hunger, than flax would stand before flame.

The danger is, in fact, nearer to us than many seem to be aware. Mr. George and Dr. McGlynn, although they seem to have had a quarrel, have not abandoned the Socialistic theories which they hold in common. The nationalization of the land may seem to fall short of what is called Socialism, but it involves the same principles; and it must proceed by robbing, or else prove a failure. On this proposal the Committee of the Lambeth Conference remark: "(1) If full compensation were given to the present holders of property, the scheme could scarcely be realized; while if full compensation were withheld it would become one of undisguised spoliation." Precisely so. The present holders of real estate have, in many cases, purchased the land with their savings. That property represents labour just as much as does a factory, or as railway shares, or money in one's pocket; and it would be robbery and nothing else to deprive a man of that which he had purchased under the sanction of the law, and for which he had given the fruit of his toil and self-denial. These truths are so self-evident that nothing could excuse the repetition of them but the manifest fact that they are repudiated or forgotten.

Besides, it is absurd to say that real property is to be nationalized and at the same time personal property is to be respected. The first could be done only on the assumption of a major premise that would carry the second. If it is good for the community that a certain privileged few should not have the principal claim upon the soil (and no one has an absolute right over it), then it would be equally good that capitalists should be relieved of their money, since that could be applied with more effect towards producing the greatest happiness of the greatest number by being cast into a common fund. Indeed it is gravely proposed by the author of a book noticed, some time ago, in *THE WEEK*, that the capitalist might be given the oversight of the factory or other institution in which his money was invested, and that he should be paid for his work of overseeing, but should receive no interest for his money. Apparently it did not strike the ingenious writer that the holder of capital might, in that case, prefer spending his money to investing it. But there is even a more amusing view of the case, which will occur to those who reflect that the owner of capital is not necessarily a ruler or an administrator. To those who are to profit by any such undertaking, it would often be far more profitable to let the investor of capital have his interest, and a clever manager his salary!

But we must return, for a moment, to the nationalization of the land. The Report before us goes on to say: "(2) If Government were able to acquire just possession of the whole property of a community, it is difficult to see how the affairs of any great commercial undertaking could be conducted by the State or Commons with the energy, economy, and sagacious foresight which are necessary to secure success." This is a very important consideration. As a matter of fact, State management is a very expensive affair, and it is not very difficult to understand how it should be so. When men may make a fortune or lose one by the conduct of an enterprise they will watch against waste or extravagance. It is possible that the future may raise Government officials who will have the same care for the public property that they would have for their own: we do not deny even that such may exist somewhere at the present moment; but the general impression seems to be that they are not very common. Not long ago we were informed that the British Government found it cheaper to have vessels built by contract than to be their own builders; and yet the Government had its property rent-free and the contractors made a profit by their business. The moral of the case is obvious enough. And so with regard to the land. We believe the farmers will make more out of their own land, or land for which they have to pay rent, than they would if they were paid a salary to farm it for the State.

We have, as yet, hardly touched on the subject of Socialism proper; and this must be left to another paper. But we have no need to apologize for dwelling upon a subject than which there is none more important or more urgent at the present moment. We may shut our eyes, or, ostrich-like, cover our heads, in the presence of danger; but the danger is near us. Prophets of evil have declared that the first drops of the deluge are falling, and that society will soon be submerged. We do not care to prophesy; but we are bound to "discern the signs of the times." Socialism is in the air. Well-meaning men, mourning over the miseries of the poor, are promulgating crude and ill-considered schemes for their relief; and young clergymen, full of Christian sentimental benevolence and not quite so full of historical and scientific knowledge, are proclaiming a kind of Christian Socialism which is scarcely Christian and is very likely to be mischievous. We will try to show next week, what the Lambeth Conference condemn and what they approve in the schemes for the improvement of the condition of the poor.

AN "inch of rain" means a gallon of water spread over a surface of nearly two square feet, or a fall of about one hundred tons on an acre of ground.

SUNSET.

A CALM is on the ocean,
A hush along the shore,
The surging billow's motion,
Is stayed, and ceased its roar.

The light of day is dying,
Afar o'er land and sea;
And Nature's voice is sighing
In dirge-like tones to me.

Thou art, O man, but mortal,
Thy strength is like the day,
Time opens e'er her portal,
To life, death, and decay.

But over land and ocean,
A flood of glory streamed,
That fired the heart's devotion,
Like heavenly radiance gleamed.

The sun's departing splendour,
Illuming sky and sea,
Speaking in tones of grandeur,
To mankind, and to me.

Thou art O man, immortal,
Thou, life be like the day,
Thy spirit through death's portal,
Shall pass to live for aye.

As sunset glory beameth,
On land, and sky, and sea,
So faith by death revealeth,
Man's immortality.

Toronto.

T. E. MOBERLY.

LONDON LETTER.

IN that part of the cloisters belonging to the Bluecoat School where lies Isabella, the wolf of France (murderess, beyond a doubt, of poor Edward II.; yet she gave orders she should be buried with that dead husband's heart on her breast), not far from her accomplice, Mortimer, and near to an English Princess, wife of a Scotch King, I went wandering this afternoon, waiting for the porter to open for me those dormitories and schools where a hundred times already we have been with Lamb and Hazlitt, Richardson and Coleridge, gentle Dyer and lovable Leigh Hunt. The quadrangles are quite empty and deserted, for the boys are now at home, so no one disturbed me as I searched, but fruitlessly, for the huge footprints of which Hunt speaks in his "Recollections," or idly conjured up the ghosts of those dead lads, rough successors to the Mendicant Friars, who once with rattle of beads and murmur of prayer paced up and down here and watched the drifting rain, and the shafts of light, or listened to the city hum from beyond the shady courts. To the unfulfilled dreams of the restless, dissatisfied monk, to the incomplete schemes of the ambitious, plodding schoolboy, these low arched walls have stood, silent witnesses, as up and down, up and down, the dreamers have strode, the one with his gown of serge and still grave face, the other in his blue skirts and leather buckle, and his head full of the tasks that must be conquered, of prizes that must be won. A King raises his hand, and the friars are startled to find themselves of a sudden homeless in this great city, where as they pass disconsolate through the streets they can see beyond the open doors of the churches to the rifled altars, to the shadowy aisles, glittering no longer with silver vessels, no longer draped with the warm splendour of many-coloured tapestries; though peradventure the bitter resentment of the pious brethren was cooled on hearing of the good use to which their lost refectories and parlours, cloisters and cells, were to be put. Wiser than their contumacious neighbours at the Chartreuse, a stone's throw across the green fields, the Franciscan Friars in their green robes vanished quietly at the bidding of their sovereign, and the peaceful precincts over against the New Gate of the city soon swarmed with small Londoners, for whose benefit "that godly royal child, King Edward VI.," gave money and lands. Now, in their time, having held the place for over three hundred years, there is serious talk in high quarters that the blue-coated scholars should be sent from out of the quaint old spot in the heart of the city, which echoes with all manner of delightful memories (and to have only an ordinary acquaintance with our town is to possess, as did the fortunate intimates of the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, a "liberal education"), to some new red brick buildings in the chill, lonely country, where the quality of the air to be breathed is purer, it is said, though I doubt if in the long run it is any the more healthy than that which blows fresh across our parks and squares. In this opinion the porter, shaking his keys, fully agrees, adding there is no city in the world so well cared for as London, and no place where even mischievous schoolboys are so little in the way.

And then the porter and I by slow degrees go leisurely through the spacious empty house. First we come to the great Hall, on the site of the friars' refectory, and of the later Wren building, rebuilt sixty years since, where the only things of interest beyond the four small old windows of stained glass are a Holbein of Edward VI. giving the charter to the

hospital (only unfortunately Holbein died of a plague, and was buried in St. Catharine Cree, while Edward was still in his nursery skirts), an immense Verrio, spelt Vario on the frame, of a New Year's visit—a custom still continued by the reigning sovereign—paid by the Blue Coats to Charles II. at Whitehall; an old piece by Copley, like a weak, pretty imitation of the work of that respectable person, West; and a good portrait or two; but the lady spoken of by Lamb I could find nowhere. I should like to have seen the very hall where the lads we know so well sat at meat, to have stood on the very boards, as is possible in the small refectory at the Charterhouse, trodden by the monks and clattered over by their boy successors; but my guide does his best to invest this somewhat garish room with softening touches here and there which take my attention from the gorgeous chandeliers and dreadful modern coloured glass through which the sunbeams glimmer brightly. One of the walls stands in the ditch which used to surround London, I am told, and is built on piles driven many feet deep; and when the workmen were digging here Roman money was found and a pair of Roman sandals. These invaders left us, I think, after about three centuries of occupation, so the coins and the shoes can boast of a tolerably long existence, buried under rubbish, of fifteen hundred years. Then I am shown the long tables, hacked all over with initials (*Tell 'em not to do a thing and they do it directly*, was the porter's comment on this infringement of rules), and I try in vain to make out any name that I know, but though there is every letter many times repeated no carver has had leisure or inclination enough to finish his work.

So we stroll over to the old parts, built by Wren, with his fine red bricks of a peculiar small make, when the fire, raging close at hand, burnt the old church in the outer court, and destroyed most part of the monastical buildings, except the south side of the cloister. There are writing, mathematical, and grammar schools, dormitories, long passages and staircases with all of which "that most delightful and loving of men," as De Quincey calls Lamb, must once have been very familiar, a reason I think sufficient to explain the number of visitors who ask permission to see the place, and who, to a man, express regret at the notion, that soon it will exist no more. Bitterly as Elia speaks of the abuses, more especially in the later essay, where time seems rather to have increased than decreased his just resentment, yet he would not, I am sure, have been without the many undeniable privileges among which, first, he would have placed the deep affection with which, through their lives and his, he regarded, and was regarded by such of the scholars as were his friends, in the days when the good foolish Matthew Field answered, *Yes, child*, to some impatient specimens of school boy wit, or cruel Boyer, with a heavy hand, doubled his knotty fist at a poor trembling scholar, "the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips," these Hogarthian little sketches of Christ's Hospital, a century ago, are too well known to quote: begin a sentence and most people will finish it for you. Other essays we read: Lamb's we learn.

The porter, grey-eyed, placid of face, patiently unlocks door after door for me, showing and telling me much, anon speaking of the traditions of the school, now repeating to me stories of the city, of which he and I are equally proud. A Hartford man by birth, he has been a Cockney for thirty-five years, and goes never now to his native fields, for his own belongings have "shifted" he says, or have died; so contentedly he waits in the courtyard lodge for whatever may betide in the future:—country or town life, either will be just right to this wise man who has tasted the pleasures and drawbacks of both. The best thing I see under his care is the by nook in the cloisters where sat that good old relative with the roast veal or griskin in a hot basin ready to tempt the weak appetite of nephew Charles. *There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share it.* It is easy to picture the sensitive face of the child Elia at such an odd experience of his playhours. If you like you can, to-day, make sketches of this spot, unchanged entirely, in which this tragedy-comedy of a few minutes was so often acted. The last words I hear are from the porter as I turn through the gate into the Little Britain, who bids me look where, white against the blue sky, St. Paul's towers above us. *Nothing else like it anywhere else*, he says, as he too stands and stares at the streets with their old, old names, at the gables and spires that are so full of interest, and with all of which Ouida dares to find fault: and so we parted, he, to his lodge by the plane tree, where a robin is whistling his sweetest and cheeriest, undisturbed by omnibus rattles, I, to meet the Dranghtons on Snow Hill, Mr. Pickwick, on his way to the Fleet, Rawdon Crawley ruthfully turning in to Cursitor Street, and so by way of the fashionable parks, where young Bob Cratchitt yearned to show himself, and where you may watch dear Amelia Booth, with her "little things" clinging to her skirts, cheering her remorseful husband with her fond talk, any day you like to saunter through the leafy alleys. Alas, the leaves of the copper beeches are fading fast, and summer is swiftly leaving us.

September is always reckoned the worst month in London of all the twelve, for now every one has gone; up till lately they have made false starts, returning, after an absence of a week or two, for a few days, and so off again. The seashores are as full as they can be, in spite of the appalling weather; but these places of amusement have changed their character within the last few years. The educated working classes, by which I mean the painter, barrister, doctor, parson, author, no longer go to the sea; cheaper and frequent trains, and the ubiquitous "tripper" have ruined the charms of beach and cliff, and the comfortable bow-windowed houses that the middle classes used to rent for two or three months every year are now let out in sets of lodgings to people who picnic in two or three rooms for a fortnight, and who eat hot lobsters, and play the game of "cutlets," as described in "Nobody's Diary" in *Punch*. Dickens would now find Broadstairs impossible; Leech would discover fresh horrors in Hastings every day, where the over-crowded parades are noisy from early

morn to dewy eve with niggers and Salvation Army, a pleasing combination: while the pleasure of such charming spots as Yarmouth with its Copperfield memories; as Weymouth, where at every turn you may meet George the Third and his Court, can watch Fanny Burney picking up pebbles on the shore, or walking over the hills, can visit the home of "The Trumpet Major;" as "dear, kind, merry Dr. Brighton," with its wonderful pavilion and suggestive old town, are things of the past. And where are they gone, those great families of merry boys and girls whom Leech delighted to sketch as they clambered over dripping rocks, rode rough ponies on the sands—those sweet girls with their frank, untroubled eyes, broad foreheads, wavy hair and flounced skirts, all of a type which seems to have belonged to that croquet-playing time? They have vanished entirely, leaving their places occupied by the sand-booted, puggareed tourist, male and female. So if you desire peace and rest, it is wisest to settle a few miles from the railway, and though it is possible to have fun everywhere, you must sometimes take it with you, like the man whom Thackeray quotes, for I doubt if it is a commodity easily found in the silent street of a country village. I am led to these remarks by a visit I paid to Folkestone the other day, where one half of the company wore yachting caps of every description, and ate pears noisily on the beach, throwing the skins with much vigour and precision of aim at the passers-by; and the other half, as odious in their genteel way, played tennis haughtily by themselves in the squares, devouring literature of the *World* and *Truth* class between their games, their conversation being flavoured with allusions to Lord This and Lady That, of whose existence they would never have known if it were not for these unwholesome sheets with their vulgar gossip and scandal.

I heard one anecdote, though, while in Kent (I think of sending it to *The Animal World*), which compensated me in a measure for my absence from town. It appears that the gentleman responsible for the story has a Scotch terrier, a remarkable Scotch terrier, possessor of countless variety of tricks, which animal, amongst other good qualities enjoyed, till last week, the untried reputation of being an admirable watch dog, and so had a privileged sleeping place at the foot of the stairs. Well, one night, being very late, and having forgotten his latch-key, my friend had to solicit the aid of a friendly policeman who helped him over the balcony to where he could get up from the outside. This he managed perfectly, and it was only when he was safe in the room that he remembered his ferocious terrier would certainly first alarm the house and then fly at the intruder. An excellent opportunity of testing Faithful's metal, thought his owner, and stumbling into the hall and waiting at every step for the familiar shrill bark, and scuffle through the dark at some one whom the trusty creature could only take for a thief. But not a sound: not so much as a mouse squeaked. He pushed against the hat-stand, knocked over the dog's water dish, and at last in sheer desperation, struck a match in the dining-room—and discovered, lying stiff and stark behind the door, well out of the way of any troublesome burglar whatsoever, the incomparable Faithful, *feigning dead*. In language that was mild though sad, like that of Monk Lewis' *Maniac*, and in a few well chosen words, as the newspapers say, I hinted my disbelief in the accuracy of this story, at which my friend waxed indignant and swore to the truth of every word. I shall die a sceptic on the subject, I am afraid. What, as a calm and impartial judge, do you say?

WALTER POWELL.

FROM CHAUTAUQUA TO PANAMA.

THE morning which our party had chosen for driving from Chautauqua to the famous Panama Rocks was a beautiful one late in August. The sky was flecked with soft, white clouds, like a snowy flotilla lazily anchored in the blue sea overhead. The air was warm, odorous, and full of those musical whirring sounds common to the flittering objects which infest the lake shores—sounds which of themselves suggest holidays, rest, and rustic pleasures.

We were a very merry party, although I confess we had not escaped the usual bickerings with Jane about lunch baskets, nor contentions with certain disaffected persons who thought it was "too hot to go," which seem to be the elements of every picnic party. These slight disagreeables were, however, speedily forgotten in the pleasure experienced when once Chautauqua's hilly avenues and wooden ticket-offices were left behind, and the beauty of the country unrolled itself before our raptured vision. Behind us lay the silvery lake, dotted here and there with pleasure boats, bands playing, and gay-coloured pennants flying. Here too, we could see the picturesque summer resorts along the lake; Point Chautauqua, with its pretty red and white cottages running right down to the shore; Lakewood, the Saratoga of Chautauqua Lake, adorned with elegant hotels and wide wharves; Mayville, lying snug under a hill; Long Point, a delightful place for disciples of Isaak Walton, and our own Chautauqua proper, almost hidden by over-arching trees.

The road we were to travel lay white in the summer sunshine, flashing amid gently undulating fields of buckwheat, which resembled nothing as much as wide plains of snow, the very sight of which was cooling—tall masses of corn waved regally in other fields, and here and there appeared a quaint farm-house, low-ceiled and gable-roofed, with delicious old fashioned "front gardens" crowded with sweet-Williams, ruddy holly-hocks, sweet peas, phlox, and gillyflowers. Here barnyard fowls ran at our approach with a great cackling, and the grave old watch-dog, basking amid the late roses, raised himself up lazily, blinked one solemn yellow-brown eye meditatively, and sunk down again with his tired old nose on his fore-paws, evidently convinced that we were honest folk who needed no watching.

One thing which struck us as being singular was the fact that the cul-

tivated fields which sloped down to the road were absolutely without a barricade. Whether persons and cattle in this part of the country are more courteous and non-transgressing than in other places, I am unable to say, but certainly no fences—save divisionary—are erected and we looked in vain for any traces of devastation.

But ten miles' drive, even among sunny fields and gently sloping hills, is apt to become irksome. The day was waxing older and warmer, but the Elim we had set out to find was nowhere visible. The disaffected persons aforementioned began to grumble. Surely Panama was a creation of the Projector's brain. A myth, an "airy nothing," a "baseless fabric," and so on, *ad infinitum*.

"Hurry up with your Isthmus, ye feminine de Lesseps!" cried one of the doubters. "Don't be impatient," replied another, "we have a continent to cross yet."

But as we slowly reached the summit of a green little hill the much-beset Projector rose impressively in the carriage, and with the out-stretched hand and solemn air of an old-time Sybil, said "There!" And there to be sure, right beneath us, lay the prettiest, most romantic village imaginable. There were really but two streets worthy of the name, but these were wide, grassy, and lined on either side with houses of a dazzling whiteness, the shutters, trees, and lawns vying with each other in vivid green.

"I wonder what they burn," remarked a young man from Pennsylvania, *sotto voce*, "not coal I am sure, or the houses could never be so white."

White! they were even immaculate, without a single departure from the rule! But such a sleepy old-world village! It might have been the Sleepy Hollow of the Catskills for all the life we could at first discern. But stay—on what seemed to be the business block of the place—three or four men were engaged in playing the exciting game of "mummely-peg," on the wooden sidewalk before the largest store, while an old man and a boy looked on from the window!

Another store window attracted us from the beauty of the plants displayed therein; nothing doubting it was a florist's we paused to admire, when lo! from between the blaze of foliage and flower, we could dimly descry the outline of half a dozen bonnets and hats. Fancy going into such a sweet-smelling wilderness for a spring bonnet! It was difficult indeed, to restrain the ladies of the party from patronizing such a unique millinery store there and then. But this old-fashioned sweetness was entirely in keeping with the whole character of the place. Driving through this quiet abode of about five hundred people, where the starry St. John's wort pushes up its yellow blossoms through the chinks of the sparing sidewalk, and Black-eyed Susans nod audaciously from the edges of dried-up gutters, it is a very easy matter to suppose that somehow we have got shifted back a century or two, and are living in the dim recesses of the past, when the tumultuous race of modern life was as unknown as the telegraph or electric light. Nothing in Panama indicates the modern or the progressive, save, perhaps, the striking cleanliness. All the houses are built after a similar fashion, long and low, with odd little gabled roofs, small windows, and wide piazzas supported by heavy Corinthian pillars of white painted wood. On one of these picturesque piazzas we discovered a flower-faced girl, sweet as ever was Puritan Priscilla, and we would fain have lingered to pursue our questioning of this wild rose, but for the lowering looks of a black-browed man seated beside her defiling the sweet flower-scented air with whiffs from a short clay pipe.

It was a place to live and dream in that summer day. But alas, a closer acquaintance might show it to be much the same as villages of less beauty and more modern aspect. No doubt there are maudlin speeches made in that quiet village inn at 'lection times. No doubt the rustic dames and damsels find much to grumble and complain over in the millinery from that enchanting floral arbour. And inside the walls of these gleaming cottages, the ghastly, grisly Death, whom we all abhor to look upon, plants his hideous foot as familiarly as in the city home.

A long dusty path between "meadows trim with daisies pied, shallow brooks,"—but not "rivers wide," led us to the "Rocks Hotel" where we left our horses. From this point there was nothing particular to be seen, save a winding roadway toward what appeared to be a grove of elms, maples, oaks and beech trees, with their various tints of living green, but a sign, bearing the legend "This Way to the Rocks. Admission 10 cents," satisfied us that we were proceeding in the right direction. A few steps, and oh—the beauty of it! The sceptical young ladies of five minutes before fell to praising, like merry Celia, "Oh! wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful; and after that out of all whooping!"

We saw five acres of land covered with masses of rock, loosed and broken into all sorts of fantastic shapes, but stopping so suddenly that the outlying fields were fenced in immediately off the grey giants, without so much as the tiniest boulder to disturb the cultivated smoothness. Trees grow all among the rocks, their bare, strong roots showing far down the sides of many a yawning chasm. Indeed the fissures were so deep and so frequent that it behooved the tourist to look to his steps.

Before exploring our party grouped around a monstrous flat rock, under a clump of scarlet berried mountain ash. Here we discussed the contents of Jane's baskets, eked out with huckle and black berries from a neighbouring patch, where the scarlet berries of the *trillium* peeped through its three glossy leaves, and the dark blue bean-shaped berry of the *clintoma multiflora* abode. Through the leafy surroundings of our halting-place we could catch a glimpse of yellow grain, of farm-houses, of purling streams, of maple groves, of clumps of feathery sumach all ablaze with a crimson bloom, or great bunches of yellow tansy and pearly yarrow, and over all the blue sky, and through all the song of birds. If we had gone no farther we should have been well repaid for our day's jaunt, but the inner man (and woman) refreshed, we went down, down, through narrow crevasses that

made us bend as we walked, and sometimes necessitated crawling on all fours. Exhausting work, truly, but the specimens we picked up on the way, the cool dark caves, and the glimpses of last winter's snow as it lay deep down in these tremendous fissures, in marvellous contrast to the glowing August nature above, were abundant reward.

Some places were, of course, more famous than others. One large rectangular cave bore the inviting title of "Devil's bedroom," though why, I failed to discover. I tested its temperature, however, and should imagine it somewhat cool for a gentleman of so warm a nature, and the more spacious cave known as his parlour, was equally unpleasant. The "wishing chair" was a low, shelving, damp and most uncomfortable seat. Nevertheless we all sat in it and wished. No doubt, were there any magic in this rocky seat such as is ascribed to it, ministers would be kept busy for the next year or so, and honeymoons would be more frequent than picnic parties and expeditions.

Five acres of rocks to clamber over, under, around and through, takes up considerable time, but—tell it not in Gath—Panama Rocks is a charming place for flirtations. There are so many odd nooks and turns, crannies and caves, so many smooth moss-grown boulders and fallen trees which afford tempting seats, so many botanical and geological specimens to linger, admire and talk over, and birds, flowers, and unstratified rocks are the safest secret-keepers after all.

But slender ribbons of red and yellow were glittering in the west, then long bars of gold were brought up and laid across the hill-tops. It was time to go home, and our day at Panama was a thing of the past.

"He is well paid that is well satisfied." EVA H. BRODLIGNE.

EDUCATION AND GOOD MANNERS.

A KEEN observer of our young men cannot but be struck with a tendency on the part of a great many of them, at least, to disregard the small courtesies of life—the intangible yet very perceptible little things that make the man a gentleman. In the old world a man who has gone through a university course, though he may not leave a senior wrangler or a prizeman, as a rule carries away with him in his manners some mark of his university training which stamps the man; but such cannot be said of our colleges and universities.

Many persons contend that outward manner is a very secondary consideration if the head is well stocked with knowledge, and that if a young man has the facility to get on in the world it is a matter of very little importance if his manners do not model themselves after a Chesterfield. That this idea is prevalent is proved by the great number of well educated men—men of ability and power—who, however, one would never accuse of being gentlemen—who, clever and with no lack of brains, are painfully deficient in good breeding. With no intentional lapses, they are awkward, bumptious, presuming, even vulgar.

An observant Englishman, in referring to the students and youths seeking a higher education in Canada, said: "Can you explain how it is that your young men have such a desperate fear of becoming gentlemen?" Canadians will probably be surprised to hear that there is such a fear among our young men; but mark how youths—often the most promising ones—look with contempt on those among them that might, using an old term, be called men of manners. They snub unmercifully any signs of ultra politeness in the freshman, regard his courtesies as effeminate, and see in his civilities and himself only the embryo "dude," who must be instantly crushed out of existence. To be a half-bred gentleman, or a fine gentleman, is certainly no advantage to any man; but to be a thorough gentleman is worth striving for. To the cleverest man it is an advantage, to the stupidest a saving clause. In a business point of view, even, it pays. A thorough gentleman claims respect from the hottest democrat. In most countries an educated man and a gentleman are almost synonymous terms. On this side of the Atlantic they by no means always belong to the same man. Educational advantages are within the reach of all classes of people—people who have the benefit of no home training for their manners, or any cultivated persons among their acquaintances. One fact is true all the world over, that where, by some freak of nature, a man shows himself superior to his own class in intelligence and talents, he is never content to remain on the lower stage of the ladder. While in the old world an inborn reverence for his superiors makes him try and improve himself up to their standard, in this new world the young man in a similar position, with the idea that every one is as good as his neighbour, generally makes up his mind that he is as good as his neighbour.

Many persons assert that the self-made man is always the best. In point of ability he proves without doubt that he has that within him which has determined his fitness for the place he has earned for himself. But because a man by his brains, energy and pluck, carves out his own fortune, putting himself in a prominent position, is it not very desirable that he should also cultivate the courtesies of life, so that his talents be not hidden by roughness and an uncultured bearing? Because a man is a successful lawyer, it does not justify him to say that he can be his own tailor, or that illfitting clothes, if belonging to him and of his own make, are as suitable as those of a good cut. So it is with the intellectual giant who takes no heed to his manners. He may learn much from less talented people who are nevertheless his superiors in many things. Desirable as it may be for young men to shun the extravagance of the aesthete, and to despise the shams of society, they cannot afford to neglect the courtesies of life; and they do well who, while devoting their energies to mathematics and the classics, pay a little attention to the cultivation of manners. It is while young that manners are made; the most strenuous efforts will not remedy or eradicate in after life the *gaucheries* formed in youth.

J. M. LOES.

A SONG OF CANADA.

Columbia growls,
We care not, we,
We are young and strong and free.
The storm-defying oak's great sap
Swells in the twig.
A breath of power stirs round us from each
sea,
And, big with future greatness,
Our hearts beat high and bold
Like growing seas that smite the cliffs to
dust.
You cannot make us blench,
The sons of freemen we, we must be free.
Heroic milk is white upon our gums
Where lion's teeth will grow.
You cannot make us fear,
With rhythmic step we move on to the goal.

A nation's destiny is bright
Within our eyes,
Deep-mirror'd in heroic will;
The future years like Banquo's issue pass,
A crown is there,
No tinsel crown of Kings, no battle,
A people's sovereign will,
The crown of manhood in its noblest use,
Freedom, men worthy of her great reward.

Let the wolf howl,
The lion's whelp is undismayed.
A better part the child of Washington
Might play to-day,
To shun the jealousies and shame the greed
Which deluged earth with blood;
To reach a sister's hand,
To hold the faith which yet will rule
That nations may be great and near,
Live side by side and yet
Keep adamant muzzles on the beagles of
the grave,
And with the glance of Justice strike
Fell Slaughter dead.

Let the wolf howl.
Look to the West
And note the giant's strides,
Then turn from feasts of hell,
From mumbing bones of faction,
And sweep back to obscure night
The bat-like lives
Whose wings are made in dark corruption's
loom,

Bestial mediocrities,
Whose eyes gleam at the light
And through the sacred edifice of our hopes,
Wherein they snugly build,
Hold erring flight,
And mock the spirit of the mighty fane,
And stain with ordure
The altar-cloth of Liberty.

O Canada! My country!
What is there thou might'st not do
If genius leagued with truth could give her
care to thee?
Arise! To-day thy need is men!
Not crawling grubs and musty antique
wares,
But men full of all lore,
But master of this too,
Men of brain and heart and will,
Men of such breed, where are they?
Factions which keep thy pocket lean
And torture fact
And blind thine eyes to truth,
Repress the wise.
But many a one true as the great of old
Is thine.
Awake! Thou drowsing child of destiny
Awake! Escape from clinging phantasms,
Soar free from shams and shibboleths
To find thy kingly men—thy greatest need.

Thy first of duties
To hear and hearken to the voice of truth.
Columbia, crying out like Rome
And echoing Cato,
Touch with the present must forego,
Losing to-day she'll lose to-morrow too.
But thou—draw into all thy life
The genius of the time;
Of Justice, Truth; Court Honours smile;
Then mayest thou laugh at threats
And win a happier, greater fate
Than owned the empires of the past
In palmist days of power.
Awake! The dawn is tripping on the hills,
The day's at hand;
I see a nation young, mature, and free,
Step down the mountain side,
To take her proud place in the fields of time,
And thou art she!

CANADIAN.

A DAY IN WINCHESTER.

TWENTY-FIVE hours spent in the old Saxon and Norman capital do much to embody for one certain grand shadowy historical characters—Swithin, the saintly Bishop; William of Wykeham, prelate, architect, statesman; the sinister Gardiner; the great Canute; Emma, the slandered Saxon Queen; the gloomy Mary Tudor—all these seem to take a fresh reality to one as one lounges in the grand old minster scene of their triumphs or sorrows. It was in a steady dispiriting September drizzle that we sallied forth from that most clerical of inns, the "George," which is certainly old and fusty enough to have been, as tradition says, the principal inn of the town for the last four hundred years. How Dickens would have delighted in the archbishop of a head waiter, in the sanded floor and old oak chairs of the smoking room.

The general view of the High Street cannot compare for quaint interest with that of Guildford or many other country towns, but turning off by the old city cross with its sculptured William of Wykeham and other old time worthies, we reach, with a few steps, a stately elm avenue that leads to the great west front of the cathedral. Grand and simple early English it is, but how sorry one feels that the low massive tower has no spire to soar up, a centre and climax of the great pile.

Entering, one draws a deep breath at the solemnity of the interior. It is a shocking confession, but used to the human interest given by the touch of homely tawdriness that is always evident in foreign cathedrals, the artificial flowers, the humble tallow dips burning before a shrine, the old peasant women kneeling in side chapels, one is almost chilled by the grand stateliness and simpleness of an English cathedral. It gives one the sensation of a room that is never lived in. One feels that the Dean's or Canon's wives in fine apparel would seem more suitable figures in such a background, than the shabby old women telling their beads. This may be one's first fancy, but after a few moments, the space and the simplicity affect one with a pleasure that is almost awe. This is the longest cathedral in England, and the clustering pillars of the nave are of the purest early English, overlaying the original Norman which, with its massiveness and bulk, still holds its own in the transept. It was William of Wykeham who made this transformation, but where can one turn in Winchester without coming on traces of the life work of that grand old bishop? Presently there bears down upon us a little deaf old man with his head on one side like a canary bird, and taking us in tow, he trots ahead, and shews us all the architectural and historical splendours of the place.

The choir, with the marvellous stone tracery of its rood screen where the empty niches and central space tell of the images and great cross of silver carried off by Henry VIII.; with its oaken roof of Charles I.'s time, painted with a white ground, and blazoned in gay colours with heraldic emblems—with the carving of its twelfth century pulpit and stalls, and wooden chests, perched high at intervals above the side screens, into which, at some early medieval date, were bundled the bones, good, bad and indifferent, of the Saxon and Danish kings buried in the Minster, not even the mighty Canute being spared from this miscellaneous elevation.

In the side chapels are the chantries of the bishops of Winchester. Cardinal Beaufort's recumbent figure, gorgeous in his red gown, though the touching inscription, "I should be in anguish did I not know Thy mercies," is gone. Fox, and grim Gardiner, with the weird representation of their dead, nude bodies below the stately piles, though the popular rage against the latter had wreaked itself on this pitiful image of mortality and severed the head from the body. But the chapel of the great St. Swithin lies directly behind the rood screen, and this, too, suffered from the same despoiler, Henry VIII., and lost its magnificent silver shrine. Here the remains of the sainted bishop lie in peace after their forty days' conflict with the weather which has made his such a familiar household name to us.

We pass the plain stone which marks the supposed tomb of William Rufus, and come to the Lady Chapel, where took place the gloomy marriage of Mary Tudor to Philip of Spain—there still stands the arm chair where she sat during the ceremony. What fascinate one here are the quaint, hardly decipherable frescoes of the miracles of The Virgin. Delightfully medieval in execution, some of them are slightly shaky in morals, such as that of the robber knight, who remained safe from the devil as long as he never forgot his daily prayer to The Virgin. One feels overwhelmed when one tries to realise the place which this mighty pile holds in English history. A church was first built here in 169, but during Diocletian's persecutions in 266, it was destroyed and the priests martyred. In Constantine's reign, a second was erected, his son being a monk in the monastery hard by, but again in 515 were the priests slaughtered by the fierce Saxon, Herdic, King of Wessex, who turned the church into a temple of Dagon, where he was both crowned and buried. In 635, his great grandson, Kynegils, converted by Saint Birinus, the first Saxon bishop, began a third church, finished by his son, and enlarged in 860 by St. Swithin, King Alfred's tutor. This church was almost ruined by the Danes, and restored by Alfred. Here, in 800, Egbert was the first king crowned of all England—here Canute placed his crown over the crucified figure above the altar—here Queen Emma, Edward the Confessor's mother, who, falsely accused of intimacy with Alwyn, Bishop of Winchester, her property taken from her, and having fled to a convent, on appealing to the ordeal by fire, after spending the night in fasting and prayer, walked barefoot over nine red hot ploughshares without suffering harm. Here, in the chapter house, Archbishop Langton absolved King John and his kingdom from the solemn interdict placed upon them, and subsequently said, at the high altar, the first mass performed for six years. Here Mary Tudor's marriage was celebrated with great pomp—and here, in 1644, Waller's army, after defeating Charles I., wrought devastation, Cromwell's soldiers being said to have used the cathedral as a stable, and the church lands being seized for Government purposes.

On leaving the cathedral, Winchester great hall was the next bourne of our pilgrimage, a place which strikes nearly as echoing a key note in English history as the cathedral itself. We climbed the High Street to where the heavy old west gate overhangs it, and turned up to the buildings which Charles II. began for a palace, and where the great hall is the only remnant of the Palace of the Norman Kings. A noble place it is, with its clustering pillars and windows of early English, and its carved oak roof. Tastefully and simply restored, every window glows with the arms of the mighty ones who have ruled here—a goodly array, beginning with the arms of King Arthur, the raven of Canute, and, following English history through the leopards of the Plantagenets, on to the Tudors and Stuarts. A heap of crumbling masonry at one end of the hall is said to be the remains of the Saxon daïs, and above it, a curious slit in the wall marks the place where the king sat in his chamber above to listen unseen to the debates of his parliament. For four hundred years this was the meeting place of the English parliament, the pulse of English life. Many a strange scene have these old walls witnessed since the day when the mighty Earl Godwin feasting here at Easter with Edward the Confessor, spoke in jest, as he watched an attendant slip on one foot and recover himself on the other—"Thus doth one brother help another"—and the king, remembering his own suspicion that Godwin had caused his brother's death, made answer darkly, "So might I now be helped by my brother Alfred, if Godwin had not prevented it." Then Godwin, calling on Heaven to choke him with the bread he held if he were guilty, put it in his mouth, and choking, fell down dead, and the king said, "Carry away that dog and bury him in the highway." Here William and the other Norman kings lived—here was held Mary Tudor's wedding feast—here was played the shameful farce of Sir Walter Raleigh's trial. Oliver Cromwell does not fail to here play his usual grim rôle, for it was he who blew up all the rest of the Castle, besides destroying the Bishop's Palace, at the other end of the town. But Charles II., with true Stuart sense of beauty, was so charmed with the old hillside perch of the Norman kings, that he began to rebuild the palace, though his death left it unfinished; and what there is of it, is now used as law courts. Opening from the old hall, and edging the brow of the hill, these rooms have a noble outlook over the city and the surrounding hills, between which flows the slow and sleepy Itchin.

It was nearing evening, and the rain having stopped, a watery yellow light shone out low in the western sky, when we took a carriage and drove out for a mile or so, through the suburbs, to the Hospital of Saint Cross. It stands among the fringed meadows in the valley of the Itchin, and the first glimpse of the courtyard, and of the stately gateway, Cardinal Beaufort's tower, as it is called, prepares us for the treat inside. What perfection it is, that quiet quadrangle, with its grey buildings around, warmed here and there with a touch of red brickwork, its vivid patches of flower garden, and clambering creepers, its stretch of smoothest lawn, with sundial—no need to say old, for all is old here—which separates us from the low, massive church, beyond which we see the flat meadows. In the grey evening light, the whole scene is a perfect type of the care and skill with

which in this wonderful little country of England, the old is grafted into the new.

In France, the yawning gulf of the revolution would have swallowed it with all else of its kind—in Italy it would probably have shared the fate of the monasteries, and be now preserved, empty and useless, an æsthetic entertainment for the tourist—but here, in this quiet nook, the routine of every day life has gone on unharmed by the din of ages. The reformation glided over it peacefully—and the civil wars spared it, and for nearly 700 years, its brothers have worn the silver cross and paced these quiet walks, and the horn of ale and slice of bread has never been denied to any wayfarer at its gates.

Founded by Bishop de Blois, in 1136, as the Hospital of Saint Cross, for thirteen poor men, it was added to by Cardinal Beaufort as an Alms-house of Noble Poverty, for thirty-five brethren, and with ups and downs has enjoyed more or less power of doing good to this day. One heroic name is connected with its annals, that of Alice Lisle, condemned to be burnt by Jeffries, in Winchester market place, whose Puritan husband was once Master of St. Cross.

Following our directions, and seeking a guide, we disturbed one of the brothers over his tea in his cozy little room, and after obeying his wife's orders to put on his thick gown, on which hung the badge of the silver cross, he led the way for us, jingling his keys. Gouty of foot, and infirm was this brother, so that, when standing he leant heavily upon his stick, but there was something both pleasant and intelligent in his massive face, and one liked him for his hearty interest and reverence for the place that sheltered his old days. We followed him to the chapel, which is well worth study, with its heavy Norman arches, laden with dog-tooth tracery, and were soon absorbed in tracing the merging of one period into another, the transition Norman, of which this is said to be one of the most complete examples, into the late Decorated. But even more interesting than architecture was the tale which our guide told us of an old man's life—told with a warmth and heartiness which only personal friendship could have caused. Not many years ago when the chapel had fallen into a sad state of disrepair, an old brother of eighty-one, named Richard King, who had been by trade a stone mason, one day accidentally discovered part of the noble tracery, hidden under plaster and whitewash, and little by little he himself, working singlehanded, brought out those hidden treasures to the light of day—following steadily his labour of love until his death, at the age of ninety-one. But before that, some visitor, touched by the sight of his work, and by hearing its history, sent an anonymous contribution towards the restoration of seven hundred pounds. This was the commencement of the present state of beauty of the church, which has been most skilfully restored, the traces of the old frescoes being carefully copied. Taking us outside, to point out to us a unique dog-toothed arch, our guide shewed us this brave old fellow's grave—a nameless one, for no headstones are allowed to the brethren, but the grass around it was carefully cut, and "Ah, yes, sir," he said—"And I used always to keep fresh flowers on it, until I got too shaky." His heart was opened, and he went on—"The people about would say sometimes, 'Ah, King, ye deserve a fine monument for all this!' but he would say, 'I don't want one, save in my work, and in the Lamb's Book of Life.' Ah, a fine old fellow was King!" And I felt very kindly towards him as I saw that his smile had in it something akin to tears. Afterwards, we inspected the old hall where the brethren used to dine, and where the open brick fireplace in the centre of the room is still used on feast days for the roasting of joints; and saw the old pewter dishes and leathern jacks of Beaufort's days, and then neglecting to apply at the gate for the traveller's ale and bread, we drove back to Winchester in the twilight, well pleased with our day.

ALICE JONES.

THE EISTEDDFOD.

EVERYBODY has heard of Wales: Many are familiar with the beautiful mountain scenery of the north; but few have braved the rugged language of the people or know any thing of the peculiar customs and institutions of the country; and yet the Welsh are well worth studying, they are by nature both poetical and musical, their literature can by no means be despised, and for some of their institutions they claim an antiquity that few nations could boast of.

Perhaps the most ancient of the Welsh institutions is the Eisteddfod, which is generally supposed to have existed for upwards of thirteen centuries.

The first Eisteddfod of which we have any record was held about A.D. 540, under the patronage of the Welsh Prince Maelgwyn Gwynedd, but it is said that Eisteddfoden were held prior to this date.

Formerly these assemblies were called Cadeirian (Chairs) or Gorsedd (Thrones), and their object and purpose was different from those of the Eisteddfod of later date.

The Gorsedd of the early bardic period were established for the adjudication and settlement of all questions and disputes, both religious and civil, while the object of the Cadeirian was the training of young Bards and the teaching and education of the people.

The name "Eisteddfod" is derived from the Welsh "eistedd," to sit, and means a session or assembly of Bards. This assembly meets once a year in different towns in Wales, the main purpose being the encouragement and preservation of the language, literature and arts of the Cymry and the cultivation of Welsh poetry and music. For this purpose prizes are awarded for essays, poetry in various metres, singing with the harps, choral singing and instrumental performances. At this assembly degrees are conferred: these degrees are three in number, Bards (fully privileged), Ovates (probationer-), and Druids, an order confined mostly to ministers of the Gospel. The Bards were originally the historians and teachers of the

nation, they committed to memory the principal events in history and the achievements of their heroes: these were strung together in verses—generally called "Triads"—that would readily catch the ear and be more easily learnt and remembered; hence, probably, the origin of the alliteration which is characteristic of Welsh poetry. Each Bard is given some distinctive title describing either his peculiar gifts or in some way referring to this native village, and he is always known and addressed by this title among his brethren.

Formerly the Eisteddfod was held by royal commission. Pennant, the Welsh historian, gives a minute account of the Eisteddfod, and mentions one held in his own immediate neighbourhood at Caerwys under the patronage of Prince Llewellyn of Gruffydd, who had a palace just under the town. He states that a commission for holding an Eisteddfod at Caerwys in 1568 was in his time in the possession of Sir Roger Mostyn, together with the silver harp, which had from time immemorial been in the gift of his ancestors to bestow on the chief of the faculty. This badge of honour was about five or six inches long and furnished with strings equal to the number of the muses. The commission of which Pennant has given the form is the last that was granted. The Eisteddfod is formally proclaimed, twelve months beforehand in the town in which it is to be held. The ceremony is interesting and impressive. The Bards and *literati* meet in a "Gorsedd," which is a circle formed of stones on a greensward, with a larger stone in the centre called the "Maen Gorsedd" (Gorsedd Stone) and a proclamation signed by the Chief Bard present is read over a drawn sword placed on the Gorsedd Stone. The proclamation bears this mystical sign \ddot{h} and begins and ends with the following: "Gwir yn erbyn y byd" (truth against the world); "Yn enw Duw a phob dawni" (in the name of God and all goodness); "Yon wyneb haul a llygad goleuni" (in the face of the sun and in the eye of light.) About the middle of the proclamation there is an expression "Lle ni bydd, noeth arf yn en herbryn" (where there will be no naked or unsheathed weapons against them). Hereupon all the Bards present go to the sword which lies unsheathed on the Gorsedd Stone, and together push it into its sheath, avoiding touching the hilt—which is unlawful—to signify that the Bards are to be men of peace.

The yearly Eisteddfod meeting which lasts three days or more, is held usually in a large Pavilion. It is opened by a procession of Bards, minstrels and *literati* to the Gorsedd, where the drawn sword is again laid on the Gorsedd Stone. The Bards are admitted within the circle and the presiding Bard reads a short proclamation beginning with much the same expressions as already stated as being used at the announcement of the Eisteddfod twelve months beforehand; then he reads a short prayer. The following specimen was used by Ap Ithel, one of the most famous Welsh archaeologists of the century, at the opening of the Eisteddfod in August 1855: "Duw sho nerth" (God grant strength); "Ac o nerth, pwyll" (and with strength, discretion); "Ac o bwyll, gwybod" (and with discretion, knowledge); "Ac o wybod, y cy pawn" (and with knowledge, the just); "Ac or cy pawn er garn" (and with the just, the love of it); "Ac o garn carn pobpeth" (and with love, the love of all things); "Ac yn gharn pobpeth carn Duw" (and with the love of all things, the love of God).

The prayer being finished, the procession is reformed and marches to the Eisteddfod pavilion, where the proceedings are opened by an address by the president for the day, and are regulated by the Conducting Bard. Then the adjudicators appointed by the Eisteddfod Committee announce their decisions on the various compositions submitted to them, and the victorious competitors are called upon the stage to receive their prizes and medals. In the interval between the adjudication, songs, bardic addresses, extempore poetical effusions in honour of the president of the day or the prize-winner are given; there are also competitions in "penillious" (improvised songs) with the harp, and in vocal and instrumental music. The proceedings of the day are closed by a concert in the evening, in which the principal artists of the principality take part. The same programme, with slight alteration, is carried out through the three or four days of the festival. The most popular day of the Eisteddfod is "The Chair Day," when the prize is awarded for the best poem of the year, and the winner is chaired. The following description of the ceremony is taken from the account in a local paper of the Eisteddfod meeting held in 1882.

"Towards three o'clock in the afternoon preparations began to be made for the delivery of the adjudication. The adjudicators were Dewi Wyn of Essylt, Tudor, Llew Lywfo, Cynfaen Tecwyn, Dafyd Morganwg, Cadvin Glwgsfryn Rhuddfryn, Taliesin Hiraethog, Cwilyn Eyri Idris Vychan, Allrid Eifion, hathon Dyfed, Andreas o Von Angrwyd, Graenyn Iew Ionawr, Iolo Trefaldwyn, Dewi Glan Dulas and Dewi Wyn.

"The Bardic Chair, a fine specimen of oak carving, stood in the centre of the platform, and as the bards and *literati* gathered round it a blast from the trumpet claimed the silence of the people. Gwalchmai, as chief adjudicator, then delivered the unanimous adjudication, the winner of the prize of \$30, given by the National Eisteddfod Association, and the Bardic Chair, given by the Cywmrodorion, being the Rev. Evan Rees (Dyfed), Calvinistic Methodist Minister, Cardiff. Dyfed was, amid the greatest enthusiasm, escorted from among the audience to the platform by Gwalchmai and Hwfa hion, and was received with sound of the trumpet. When he stood between Gwalchmai and Hwfa hion and in front of the chair, Ceiriog unsheathed the sword and held it over Dyfed's head, all the bards meanwhile approaching and touching the blade, Clwydfordd cried, 'Oes heddwch'—Is it peace?—and the quick response comes from 10,000 voices, 'Heddwch.' This formula was repeated thrice, and when the sound of the final response died away, Dyfed, taking his seat in the chair, was declared duly installed according to the Rites of the Bards of the Isle of Britain. Mrs. Osborne and Mrs. John Davies then invested the hero of the hour, to whom his brethren subsequently addressed a series of congratulatory 'englynion.' Speaking in English, Choydfarrd

wished the chaired bard success through life and a continuance of skill to win many more chairs. Three hearty cheers for Dyfed ended the ceremony."

On the last day of the Eisteddfod, degrees are conferred. This is generally done in the open air; a circle is formed as at the opening Gorsedd into which the fully privileged bards and the candidates are admitted; the presiding or officiating bard takes the unsheathed sword, which he grasps by the point of the sheath, while the other bards draw it by the handle from the sheath; then the sword is laid as before upon the stone in the centre of the circle. The officiating bard then states the qualification necessary for admission to the various degrees, and having received a recommendation of each candidate from a licensed bard present, the degree is conferred; the insignia consisting of a piece of blue ribbon for a Bard, green for an Ovate and white for a Druid—the blue ribbon signifying truth, the green the arts, and the white innocence. Each candidate upon receiving his degree touches the drawn sword and binds himself to abstain from doing any violence to anyone with the sword. When all the degrees have been conferred, the bards take the sword by the handle, while the officiating bard holds the sheath into which the sword is thrust.

This is the closing ceremony of the Eisteddfod. In the evening there is generally a concert and the people disperse to their homes.

This curious ritual, it is said, has been handed down without change from the days of the ancient Britons. The Welsh are most loyal to their mountainous country, possibly too much so for their own interests. They cling passionately to their language and the institutions of their native land. In no country, perhaps, are the conditions more favourable to the preservation of these interesting ceremonials.

ERNEST HEATON.

AUTUMN.

Thro' the stilled air a silence reigns—a silence filled with sound—
The sparrow chirps upon the tree, the cricket from the ground,
In shady pools throughout the stream the fishes rise and fall,
The wind is gently murmuring—and yet, 'tis stillness all.

Nature has sent her artist—his soft, rich colours glow
Upon the breezy hill-tops, through the quiet vales below;
With immortelles and golden rod the forest path is spread,
And crimson, green and golden leaves are blending overhead.

From oak, and beech, and butternut a tiny sound is heard,
As if the leaves were parted by a chipmunk or a bird;
The nuts, slow-dropping-dropping from their prickly outer shell,
Beneath the warm grass nestle, and of nearing winter tell.

And see, the pale, cold sunlight is shivering in the wind—
Sunlight that fades so quickly, and leaves no warmth behind:
A hazy veil is over all—a modest, careful shade
To hide the rents in Summer's dress that boisterous winds have made.

Hark! a shrill chattering is heard! It comes from yonder tree;
A squirrel there has dropped a nut, and now scolds noisily.
Amid the peace that holds the wood and charms the quiet stream,
His shrill notes, wildly echoing, like desecration seem.

Slow sinks the sun—his level rays have set the trees on fire,
The trees that Summer's hand have decked are now her funeral pyre,
The flames are swiftly mounting, stream and forest are aglow,
And clouds all crimson that but now were white as driven snow.

Oh hush! breathe not a word to break the silence deep and dread,
Till the last ray is fading—till the last spark has fled—
Till the grey shades of twilight like ashes round us fall
And wind-forms, shuddering past us, spread the night out like a pall.

Then homeward sadly turning, the shutting of the door
Seems the parting sound of summer, that will be with us no more.

MARGARET MIDDLETON.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM LOGAN.

From various causes Geology has become the chief branch of science pursued in Canada. The possibility of considerable mineral resources in the country, and the few appliances required for the pursuit of the study, may partially account for it; but we believe that its prominence has been largely determined by the successful labours of the late Sir William Logan, who attracted to his side the principal scientific ability of the Dominion, during the thirty years of his directorship of the Geological Survey.

William Edmond Logan was born in Montreal at the close of the last century, and received an admirable classical and mathematical education there at the school of one Skakel, whose name is still well remembered by old Montrealers. At the age of sixteen he was sent to Scotland to the Edinburgh High School, where he carried off, in a short time, the highest prizes and honours to be obtained at that institution. Refusing to take a university course, he entered upon commercial life with an uncle in London, where he remained during ten successful years, until his steps were most curiously directed to the study of geology. His uncle had become possessed of shares in a large copper mine at Swansea in Wales. Certain "scientists" had persuaded the company to adopt some new but expensive method of

extracting the metal from the ore, and the returns not proving satisfactory, it was decided that Logan, who had proved himself to be an admirable man of business, should be sent down to look after the financial interests of the company. In this he was successful, but in a very short time he fell in love with the copper and coal around Swansea from another point of view than the economical. He immediately sent to London for text books and a few scientific instruments, and entered upon the study of the "anticlinal" and the "synclinal" with an enthusiasm which he never lost to the end of his long and useful life. A considerable knowledge of mathematics and a slight acquaintance with chemistry were of great advantage to him, and in less than a year he had acquired the technicalities of the science. He spent all his spare hours in the field, and thus began to find, at the age of thirty-one, when most men of good prospects are thinking of settling down in life, the beginning of his life's work. He first attracted notice by the production of a geological map of the district, which was published by the Geological Survey. It was admirably executed and very accurate and gained a hearing for him when he published, a short time after, a paper on "Underclays," in which he proved satisfactorily that the vast deposits of coal in the Carboniferous epoch had been formed *in situ*; and were not, as had been previously held, the result of drift from larger areas. In our limited space we cannot give the data on which his conclusions were based, but it is sufficient to say that they have been adopted by Sir Charles Lyell and the other leading geologists of the day, and that they have economic as well as scientific value. Trusting that our readers will fill up the details of this slight sketch by a perusal of Dr. Harrington's admirable "Life," we will now briefly notice his work in Canada, where he became the first director of the Geological Survey.

The survey was founded in 1842, and its establishment may be entirely attributed to Logan, who succeeded, after considerable delay, in procuring from the Government the sum of £1,500 for the geological examination of Canada. It was not an annual grant, and has proved, of course, to be far from adequate to the purpose, but it was a *beginning*, and Logan entered upon the work as enthusiastically as if he had been assured of many years' support. The story of the long struggle which followed, against all kinds of discouragement and opposition, and of the devotion of his whole time, thought, energy, and even private means to the work of the survey, cannot be too often recalled to the minds of our countrymen as an example of the devotion to public interests possible in a land where "national spirit" is still considered a fiction. We say "public interests" advisedly, for his labours were not confined to matters of purely scientific interest, but embraced, as they should, the large field of practical questions connected with economic mining and agriculture. He had, too, refused a high geological appointment for India, which would have been easy, remunerative and certain, to take the Canadian survey, where the prospects were the very reverse.

The work of a survey in a new country is necessarily, for the first few years at least, rather crude. When a great deal of ground has to be covered the stratification can only be superficially examined; and the collection of fossils is so limited that precise generalizations are impossible. There is little scope for scientific speculation in a body of facts which is daily being increased by new facts modifying or expanding the old, and theories, if indulged in, have therefore little time to crystallize into "pets." But accuracy of observation and measurement in geological work will soon tell, and the thoroughness of Logan's labours, as displayed in the annual reports and valuable maps which he published, elicited marked enthusiasm from the leaders of the older surveys of England and the United States. He was assisted, indeed, in the different departments of his work by many eminent men, including Dr. Sterry Hunt, Dr. Dawson and Messrs. Billings, Murray and Richardson, but the department of stratigraphy, which he made especially his own, was that in which the survey achieved its greatest success; and the "Geology of Canada," published in 1863, still remains the most valuable work we have on the geological formations of the country.

The simplicity and geniality of Sir William Logan's character attracted many able men to his side, few of whom failed to catch the enthusiasm for science which animated the whole of his own life. They were qualities, combined with his untiring love of work, which eminently fitted him for the position which he worthily occupied for so long, and it is, therefore, "no reflection upon his successor," as a Committee, lately appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the present management of the survey, have remarked, "that he does not attain Sir William's success in this respect." Men so admirably suited to the positions in which they are placed may be exceptional men, and it may, therefore, be unfair to look for a like capacity in their successors, but we think it is none the less incumbent upon us to recognize and honour them when they do appear. We therefore trust that Canadians will not soon forget the honour conferred upon their country by the fellow-countryman who was their first and greatest scientist.

J. B. S.

It has remained for D. Kauffman, a German chemist, to solve finally the problem of solidifying petroleum. He works it up into cakes like soap, which, though not easily kindled, burn smoothly, and leave a residual ash of only two per cent. This will be good news to the people of Western cities, where fears are already entertained of the exhaustion of the gas-wells. Petroleum in some form—gas, spray, oil, or solid—is believed by many manufacturers to be the fuel of the future, or at least till we know a great deal more than we do now about electricity. Dr. Kauffman's discovery, if it can be practically applied, will do away with some of the perils and much of the expense of transportation which have hitherto stood in the way of a more general use of petroleum and increase the markets of both the United States and Russia for the products of their oil-fields.—*Washington Star.*

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A GERMAN DEFENCE OF SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

DR. KLEIST, an eminent German physician, has published a timely defence of Sir Morell Mackenzie from the recent attacks of some of his *confrères*. "Is it possible [he asks] to say why the English physician adhered so steadily to his diagnosis? Is it possible to comprehend all the influences of which the outside world as yet knows nothing? May it not be possible, nay, even probable, that Mackenzie may have recognized the true nature of the disease, but could expect no results, or only the worst results, from the operation, and for this reason gave his definite veto and protest against the diagnosis of cancer? Is it impossible that, having acquainted the illustrious family with all eventualities, and having given them a statement of the duration of life in both cases, they would not consent to the operation?"

THE WESTMINSTER HALL OF THE FUTURE.

If the special commission of the judges sit in the Great Hall of the Law Courts, a use will be found for a space hitherto practically wasted, a return will be made to an ancient practice, and the hall will receive its baptism in the forensic contest of great national issues which made Westminster Hall historic. Its Gothic architecture, inconvenient for the ordinary occasions of litigation, forms a not unfit framing for a State trial. On the windows the records of the great chancellors and judges who have administered English law in the past establish continuity with the administration of justice in the present. Although not succeeding in producing, to the extent of Westminster Hall, the idea of vastness, it sufficiently suggests and has capacity practically to carry out the requisite of publicity which has always been the essence of English justice. The judges and counsel are the guides and ministers of the law, but a State trial takes place before the whole nation.—*Law Journal*.

THE POPULATION OF ST. PETERSBURG.

ALL the capitals of Europe, save one, are increasing in population, and that one, our readers will be surprised to hear, is St. Petersburg. If Constantinople had shown a falling off, one would not have wondered, but it is difficult to realize that the Russian capital has in seven years been reduced from 929,000 to 842,000 souls. So difficult is the fact of realization, indeed, that the Russian authorities refuse to realize it, and arrangements of the most stringent kind are now being organized for taking another census of St. Petersburg in November. During the last numbering of the people many families stayed out all night to escape enumeration, so in December a number of officials will be told off to deal with the people found in the streets. The latter will be stopped and enumerated there and then; the chances being that a good many of the citizens of the Russian capital will get put down twice over. But the Czar is determined that his capital shall show a respectable increase in its numbers, and of course his wishes must be carried out.

DOES EXCITEMENT SHORTEN LIFE?

WHOEVER have studied man's earthly tenure and the causes which tend to lengthen or curtail it will have scarcely failed to notice how contradictory is the evidence of those we naturally look to to explain them, and that their evidence, even when they agree, does not always accord with what would seem to be the facts as they appear around us. One authority says general physical development is necessary to prolong life, while another insists this is not required if the day's employment does not call for physical exertion. Dr. D. B. Richardson, an eminent English authority, declares, among many obvious, though scarcely novel, propositions, that everything that quickens the action of the heart, any kind of excitement, taxes and reduces the storage of life. If this were said of those naturally feeble, or inheriting disease, or even of those leading sedentary lives, and living from day to day without the invigorating benefits of fresh air and exercise, it would seem reasonable, for one does not have to be a skilful physiologist to know that excitement affects the nerves as well as the heart. But is the statement strictly true when referring, as here, to the entire human family? Surely soldiers engaged in actual warfare and sailors in peace as well as war live among excitements, besides being notoriously addicted to indulgences as to drinking and smoking, yet are they long-lived. Statistics show it and observations corroborate them. The pension list of the British army, giving the ages of the beneficiaries, men who have served in all climates, for from twenty to forty years, and excluding those pensioned sooner because of "wounds received while in the performance of duty," shows that soldiers do not die as other men do; so it is with the naval pensioners of the Greenwich Hospital, now scattered over Great Britain, because of its abolishment. In the merchant service to-day it is no uncommon thing to find a man seventy years old in charge of a vessel—a post requiring an activity of body as well as of mind. From this it would appear that a sound human body can withstand hunger and exposure and even frequent excitement, if only there is plenty of fresh air and exercise of a vigorous kind thrown in.—*Scientific American*.

THE idealistic artist finds in nature that which the common eye fails to see there. He interprets as well as paints. He throws new lights on the landscape, and reveals to us an animating spirit where we had seen only wood and water. He is the poet of the brush, the true seer; and if his work is fragmentary, selecting the beautiful and rejecting the unpleasant, no one is likely to complain. We do not need his brush to tell us that toads exist.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

A WAR-TIME WOOING. A story. By Captain Charles King, U.S.A. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This story, bright and entertaining though it is, scarcely deserves all the attractions which printer, binder and artist have lavished upon it. Any book that is worth reading is worth being put in an attractive form, and the publishers have certainly not in this instance done any injustice to the author. The story turns on an attachment formed through correspondence between a young lady, secretary of a "Soldiers' Aid Society," and an officer at the front. The lady's correspondent was not the person she supposed him to be, and many bewildering complications arose that caused infinite distress to a trustful girl, and excited suspicions about the loyalty of a brave officer which only the dying confession of the culprit entirely removed. The story, without any striking characteristics of plot or incident, is told, as we have said, in a bright and entertaining way, and the illustrations are exceptionally good.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. Volumes III. and IV. London: Smith, Elder and Company. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company. Pp. about 300. \$1.50 per volume.

These volumes of a complete edition of Browning's poetical works, to which we alluded some weeks ago, contain "Pippa Passes," "King Victor and King Charles," "The Return of the Druses," "A Soul's Tragedy," "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon,'" "Colomba's Birthday," and "Men and Women." The convenient size, the neat, unadorned binding, the fine paper and excellent typography of this edition should make it desirable, not only to the student who loves Browning's poetry, but to the man or woman who loves a well-made book. The frontispiece of Volume III. is an excellent steel engraving of the poet from a portrait made in 1835. It is a profile presentation of a young man with sharp, clear cut features, long nose, long upper lip, an eloquent eye, hair wavy, worn long as the fashion was fifty years ago—altogether a striking face—keen, but contemplative; poetical and meditative but indicating practical sagacity.

The Cosmopolitan again makes its appearance after some months of retreat. The August, the Midsummer Holiday, number has a table of contents that should be gratifying to more fastidious readers than the average holiday seeker. There is a marked improvement in the coloured illustrations, but we must confess our preference for black and white. Some of the pictures that are intended to embellish a good paper on "The Romance of Roses" are too suggestive of a seedsman's catalogue. And what eccentricity of taste had the editor or author to label the portraits in "The Ladies of the American Court," "Mrs. President Cleveland," "Mrs. Secretary Fairchild," "Mrs. General Logan," etc.? But when a republic establishes a court there must necessarily be titles of social distinction.

Macmillan's, for September, continues Bret Harte's serial "Cressy," and Walter Peter's "Gaston de Lalour." George Saintsbury, whose information is so extensive, and whose style is so detestable, contributes a paper on "Winthrop Mackworth Praed." "The Indian Native Press," by Stephen Wheeler, tells some facts of interest not generally known. "Pope, and the Poetry of the Eighteenth," by W. Minto, is an acceptable addition to the literature which the recent Pope commemoration has evoked.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. SWINBURNE has sent to press a new volume of poems.

A REVISED edition of the *Ballads of Hans Breitmann*, with a number of new Anglo-German poems, will be issued shortly by Messrs. Trübner and Company.

THE *Home-Maker*, a monthly magazine, edited by Marion Harland, and published by the Home-Maker Company, will make its first appearance in New York, October 1st.

MR. H. SHORTHOUSE, author of *John Inglesant*, etc., has written a new novel, *The Countess Eve*, which will be published before the end of the year by Messrs. Macmillan.

THE publication of the *Life of Prince Gortschakoff*, of the *Eminent Women* series, is likely to be a little delayed, owing to *The Times* having sent its author, Mr. Dobson, on a tour to Central Asia. Mr. Dobson is the author of the interesting articles on the Trans-Caspian Railway, now appearing in *The Times*.

LORD BEACONSFIELD and Viscount Palmerston are the subjects of two new volumes in the *International Statesman* series, published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. The former is written by T. E. Kebbel, author of "A History of Toryism," and the latter by Lloyd C. Sanders, the editor of the series.

Robert Elsmere it is said, has been excluded from the Ipswich, Eng., Library by the governing committee, on the ground that it is a dangerous book for honest Ipswichians to read. The last volume of the works of the late Prof. Green, who figures as "Mr. Grey" in that remarkable novel, is about ready. It will contain a memoir and a portrait.

THE London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* writes: "I remember the poet Browning saying how helpful Carlyle was to him when he was a young man, and he has still a great admiration for the illustrious writer. The public will be pleased to learn that Mr. Browning has entrusted to Mr. Norton, for the purpose of publication, some letters that passed between Carlyle and himself more than fifty years ago. A portion of this correspondence, which is of great interest, will shortly appear in the second series of the *Letters of Thomas Carlyle* which cover the period from 1826 to 1835.

TO an Englishman, who lately visited him, Mr. Whittier expressed his surprise that his guest should know so much of his poetry by heart. "I wonder," he said, "thou shouldst burden thy memory with all that rhyme. It is not well to have too much of it; better get rid of it as soon as possible. Why, I can't remember any of it. I once went to hear a wonderful orator, and he wound up his speech with a poetical quotation, and I clapped with all my might. Some one touched me on the shoulder, and said, 'Do you know who wrote that?' I said, 'No, I don't; but it's good.' It seems I had written it myself. The fault is, I have written far too much. I wish half of it was in the Red Sea."

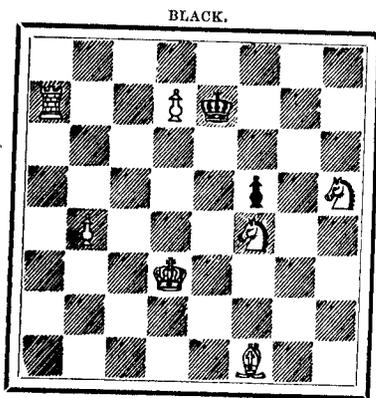
Harper's Weekly gives the following, under the heading "Personal":—"A gentleman who has recently visited Wilkie Collins at his home in Wimpole Street, says that the novelist is looking old, and that his hard work has left its mark on him. He is thin and stoops very much, but his eyes, though near-sighted are bright and sparkling. Mr. Collins is a hard worker, and when busy with a novel usually works night and day until it is finished. It is quite common for him to work fifteen hours at a stretch, eating scarcely anything, and drinking only a little champagne during that time. He gets very much excited over his stories, and walks about the room reciting the speeches of his characters in a most dramatic manner."

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By G. E. BARBER.

From Illustrated London News.

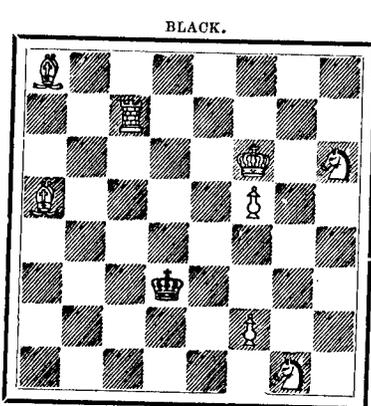


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 292.

From Le Monde Illustré.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 285.

- White. 1. Kt-KR 5, 2. Q-K 4 +, 3. Kt-B 4 mate. Black. 1. B x P, 2. B x Q. If 1. R x P, 2. K moves. With other variations.

No. 286.

- White. 1. Kt-K 2, 2. Q-B 2 +, 3. Q mates. Black. 1. K-B 2, 2. K moves. If 1. K-R 2, 2. K moves. 2. Q-Q R 1, 3. Q-K Kt 7 mate.

GAME PLAYED AT THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB SEPT. 20TH, 1888, BETWEEN MR. FISHER, OF CLEVELAND, AND MR. DAVISON, TORONTO.

- MR. FISHER. White. 1. P-K K, 2. B-B 4, 3. Q-K 2 (a), 4. P-Q B 3, 5. P x P, 6. Kt-B 3 (b), 7. Q-B 1, 8. P-Q 4, 9. B x Kt, 10. K Kt-Q 2, 11. Q-K 2, 12. Kt-Kt 3, 13. Q Kt-Q 2, 14. Kt-K B 1, 15. Kt-K 3 (c), 16. Kt-Q 5, 17. Kt x B, 18. Castles Q R, 19. Q x P, 20. Q-Q 5, 21. K-Kt 1, 22. Kt-B 5, 23. Q-K 6 +. MR. DAVISON. Black. P-K 4, Kt-K B 3, P-Q 4, Kt x P, Kt-B 5, P-K 5, Q-B 3, Q x B, P-K 2, P-B 4, B-Q 2, P-Q R 3, Kt-R 2, P-Q Kt 4, Q-Q 3, Q x Kt, P x B, B-Kt 4, Q-Kt 4 +, Kt-Q B 3, R-Q 1, Kt-K 2.

NOTES.

- (a) Expecting Black to play B-B 4. (b) B x Kt is better. (c) Overlooking the danger to his B. (d) B-B 1 is decidedly the best move. (e) Q or K to K 2 is better. (f) Q R-K Kt 1 best. (g) R-K 2 best. (h) Overlooking the threatened mate.

A match between the veteran correspondence player of Toronto, Mr. A. Hood, and the Rev. W. Reiner, formerly of Amsterdam, Holland, but now of Barrie:—Mr. Hood, 12; Mr. Reiner, 8; Drawn, 3. Mr. Henry Creswicke was umpire. It is expected that Mr. Hood will now challenge the champion of Toronto.—Columbia Chess Chronicle. Mr. Hood has played with some of the best players of Toronto, but not with much success. We have not heard of the challenge.

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, ONT.—This institution which had last year the largest enrolment of all the Canadian Colleges for women is offering superior advantages to young women in Literary Course, Fine Arts, Commercial Science and Music at the very lowest rates. Address Principal Austin, B.D.

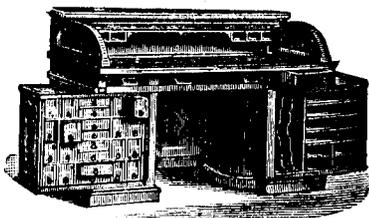
The question of the superiority of light wines over alcoholic liquors has taken a strong hold upon the thinking public of the Dominion. Years ago it was contended that adulteration was the rule so far as foreign wines were concerned and that Canadian wines of good quality could never be produced in this country. For some years however connoisseurs have found that in the most southern portion of the Dominion—Peele Island—very superior wines are produced—the Catawba especially as a dry wine is of a similar character to Sauterne or Still Hock, a very fine claret is also produced from the Virginia seedling grape. At the recent Industrial Exhibition, a very fine wine display was made by the well known wine firm, Messrs J. S. Hamilton & Co., of Brantford, the sole agent for the Peele Island Vineyard; it was creditable alike to the firm and to Canada, and contained exhibits from the two large Vineyards of Peele Island, the Peele Island Wine Co., the Fairfield Plain Vineyard and the St. Malo Vineyards of Tilsonburg. That Messrs J. S. Hamilton & Co., extensive as their business capacity is, can control and place the wine produced by all these extensive Vineyards shows that Canadians have learned to appreciate good sound wines of Canadian production.

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Our having commissioned so distinguished an etcher as Rajon to etch a plate expressly for THE STUDIO, has created considerable comment and speculation as to the nature of the subject. The inquiries for information continue to pour in from all over the country and abroad. The interest shown in this distinguished artist's etching has been so widespread, and as the subject will be of such great importance, to create a sensation in this country and abroad when published, we have decided to print 500 India Proofs, before lettering, to be sold by subscription at \$5.00 each up to the day of publication, when the price will be increased. A magnificent work of art is promised. Copies of THE STUDIO, complete, with Rajon etching, 50 cents each. Books are now open to receive advance orders. Order now to secure one. The price for single numbers of THE STUDIO complete, with all etchings, is 20 cents a copy, and can be supplied by all art, book, and newsdealers. Ask to see a copy. Address all communications to THE STUDIO PUBLISHING CO., 8 EAST 14TH ST. NEW YORK.

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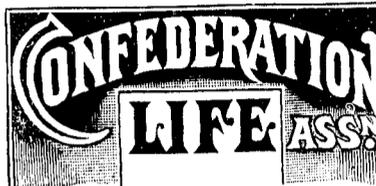
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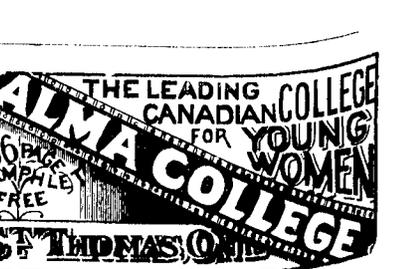
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