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THE WEEK:

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

PREMIER MOWAT'S letter to Mr. MacKay, on the occasion of the Annexation meeting in Woodstock, though to the unsuspecting, non-partisan mind the most natural thing in the world, is being made to do yeoman service in relation to the great party and trade issues now under discussion in the Dominion. Assuming that Mr. Mowat takes the same view of the ultimate effect upon our national relations of Commercial Union which Mr. Blake so graphically expressed in his celebrated manifesto at the close of the last general election; assuming, further, that in Mr. Mowat's mind, as probably in that of Mr. Blake, Commercial Union and the Unrestricted Reciprocity advocated by Messrs. Laurier and Cartwright and their followers are interchangeable terms, so far as results and tendencies are concerned, the logical conclusion is easily reached that Mr. Mowat's views on the subject of the trade policy desirable for Canada are at variance with those of the accredited leaders of the Canadian Liberals in the House of Commons. But are not these two pretty large assumptions? Perhaps not. That is a question which only Mr. Mowat himself can answer, and we see no probability that he will think it necessary to gratify public curiosity in the matter at present. Mr. Mowat's letter is, however, valuable to the student of Canadian affairs from another point of view. It helps to mark a distinction which we do not remember to have seen clearly brought out, and which is, nevertheless, of much importance to those who would get an unbiased view of the political situation as it is at the present juncture in Canada. In fact, as it seems to us, this distinction is that which would afford to a disinterested onlooker the clue to what must otherwise seem somewhat incomprehensible in our politics, as represented by the two great parties. In order to understand this distinction it may be helpful to compare for a moment the utterances of Mr. Mowat at Woodstock with those of Mr. Laurier at Boston, a week or two before. It will be observed that the Leader of the Dominion Opposition is no less pronounced than the Ontario Premier in declaring that no trade arrangement which

would interfere in the slightest with the autonomy or dignity of Canada could be entertained for a moment. And yet there is a subtle but unmistakable difference in the ring of the two speeches. Wherein consists the essence of that difference? It will be found on close analysis, we venture to say, in the difference that exists in their respective views as to what constitutes Canadian dignity and loyalty. In this difference will be found the explanation of what must otherwise seem puzzling to the outside student of Canadian affairs. With Mr. Mowat and many men of his way of thinking, in the Liberal ranks, and with the great majority of Canadian Conservatives, loyalty to Canadian interests and loyalty to British interests are convertible terms. With many men of the Laurier and Cartwright stamp, the "Canada-First" idea has become so far paramount that with them the question of loyalty and of national self-respect is synonymous with that of what is proper and dignified and serviceable for Canada, considered in herself, the views and interests of the Mother Country being quite a secondary consideration, and one with which loyal Canadians are not bound to concern themselves to the same extent or with the same anxiety, Great Britain being deemed quite capable of looking after her own interests. Not, they aver, that they love Britain less but that they love Canada more. We do not now undertake to decide which of these is the right attitude of mind for a colony standing in the relation in which Canada now stands to Great Britain. We simply refer to the point as explaining what must be otherwise hard to understand, viz., how it is that while both parties and almost all classes are loud in their professions of loyalty to their country, professed loyalists of the one class are continually accusing the other of disloyalty. Were both particularly anxious to settle the question and wipe away the reproach, the first thing to be done would evidently be to agree upon a definition of Canadian loyalty. This settled, the rest would be comparatively easy. But there is reason to fear that the settling of the question of definition would not be easy. In fact, the views of individuals would probably be found to vary inversely with the number of removes, if any, at which they stood from their ancestors on British soil.

THE weeks are passing rapidly and the promised reconstruction of the Dominion Cabinet, about which we at one time heard so much, is apparently as far off as ever. It is not surprising, therefore, that even loyal supporters of the Government are becoming restive and beginning to wonder whether the task of making the necessary changes has proved too formidable for the prentice hand of the Premier. There can be, we suppose, no doubt that the demonstration made a few weeks since in favour of Mr. Haggart indicates that whoever may be sacrificed to the political exigency, he is not to be one of the number. Nor can it be disguised that this result was, in some degree, a surprise to many who had not been accustomed to think of the Postmaster-General as one of the strong men of the Ministry, either morally or intellectually. This demonstration may, it is not unlikely, have had something to do with the feeling of uneasiness which seems to be showing itself in certain unexpected quarters. On the other hand, it may be said, not without force, that the very fact of refusing to make haste when others are impatient is in itself sometimes a proof of strength. That talent for delay was in fact, as is well known, one of the secrets of Sir John A. Macdonald's wonderful power as a tactician and manager of men. It is quite likely that Mr. Abbott thinks that in his present difficult circumstances he cannot do better than to take a leaf from his predecessor's book. But the time for the re-assembling of Parliament will soon be near, and nothing political is much more certain than that unless the Ministry is materially strengthened in the interim its position will not be an enviable one during the coming session.

THE spectacle presented just now in the attitude in which Canada and Newfoundland stand to each other is anything but edifying. Their petty quarrel has culminated, so far as Canada is concerned, in the imposition of a retaliatory duty on fish and fish products imported from

Newfoundland. The power to do this rests, under the Tariff Act, it seems, in the hands of the Government. The conduct of our island neighbours has certainly been unfriendly and exasperating. Whether the retaliatory measure is wise or dignified, is not quite so clear. On the protectionist theory that liberty to sell goods in the markets of the country is a special favour, to be paid for in kind by the party having the goods to sell, the Dominion has the right to do as it pleases, and Newfoundland has no grievance. From another point of view the effect of the imposition of the tariff will be an interesting study. The fishermen of Nova Scotia have been complaining, it seems, that the importation of Newfoundland fish is operating injuriously against them, while no corresponding advantage is derived by them. It is said, for instance, that the heavy importations of Newfoundland fish made into Halifax by Hon. A. G. Jones has had the effect of reducing the price of fish in Halifax market by fifty cents a quintal. This means, being interpreted, that under the newly-enforced tariff the consumers of this fish in Nova Scotia will have henceforth to pay fifty cents a quintal more for this article of food, in order first to help the Dominion Government punish the islanders for their misconduct, and secondly to enable the home fishermen to secure a better return for their labour. Some tens of thousands of dollars will be transferred from the pockets of the fish eaters of Nova Scotia to those of the fish-catchers, by an Order-in-Council at Ottawa. As a measure of retaliation the tariff will probably fail to bring our obstinate fellow-colonists to terms, and may help throw them into the arms of the United States. Their more likely course will be to impose retaliatory or prohibitory duties on Canadian products which they have been accustomed to use, with a view to diverting their trade into other channels. It would not be surprising should the quarrel end in complete non-intercourse and permanent estrangement between the two peoples, to the great injury of both. Let us hope that wiser counsels may soon prevail.

THE effects of the decision of the Supreme Court in the matter of the Manitoba School Act seem likely to reach much farther than those who were the chief movers in obtaining that decision, and possibly much farther than the judges who pronounced it, contemplated, though the decision itself, as a purely interpretative one, could not of course have been modified by any consideration of embarrassing consequences. It would, nevertheless, be a strange result of the anxiety of the framers of the Manitoba Constitutional Act to secure a Separate School system for the Roman Catholics of the Province should the result prove that in providing for such a system they have rendered it impossible for that Province to have, under the Constitution, any arrangement for free, undenominational Public Schools, and compulsory education, such as are now considered indispensable to the welfare and progress of every free state. The possibility, we might almost say probability, of such a consequence is now suggested by the action taken at Winnipeg a day or two since, on behalf of the Church of England in the Province, to quash the city by-law which provides for levying the school assessment for the year. The success of the application, if pressed, seems a foregone conclusion, for the evidence of Bishop Machray makes it apparently very clear that the case of the Church of England is quite as strong as was that of the Roman Catholic Church. If the rights of the one as enjoyed prior to the Union are prejudicially affected by the Public School legislation of the Province, so, manifestly, are those of the other. The injury in both cases is precisely of the same kind—compulsory taxation for the support of a Public School system, the effect of which is to compel either the abandonment of the voluntary denominational schools previously supported by the church, or payment of a compulsory tax for the support of a system the people of the churches are unwilling to use, in addition to the heavy expense necessary for the voluntary support of the church schools. There seems, unfortunately, little hope of compromise, as nothing less than religious teaching of a distinctly denominational character will satisfy either church, and denominational teaching in schools supported from public funds and controlled by the state is impracticable.

It is believed that in the event of the action of the Church of England proving successful, the Presbyterians will follow suit. The collapse of the whole Public School system of the Province must ensue. Instead of uselessly deploring what we may regard as the unwise and unpatriotic action of these churches, it may be well to ask ourselves what would be the great loss involved in a return to the denominational schools, pure and simple? So far as we can see at the moment the injury would be twofold. In the first place, it would be manifestly impossible, and unjust were it possible, to enforce universal attendance of children of school age at church schools. In the second place, it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to exercise Governmental supervision over such schools to anything like the extent necessary to insure efficiency in instruction, or its first and indispensable condition, competence on the part of the teachers employed. In a word, the net result must be, so far as we can see, to put it out of the power of Manitoba, and, as a logical consequence, of the other North-West Provinces yet to be formed, to make such provision for the education of all their future citizens as is justly considered indispensable to the success, and even to the safety, of self-governing communities.

THERE are just now, if we are not mistaken, some indications of increase in the number and boldness of those who would seek in absolute free trade with all the world the much needed panacea for Canadian commercial ills. While we do not propose to enroll ourselves under the banner of those who are disposed to advocate in this particular a servile imitation of the policy of the Mother Country, irrespective of circumstances and conditions, we confess that it has often been to us a cause of wonder that amongst the various classes into which those who discuss public affairs are divided on the tariff question, there have been so few ready to take the bull by the horns in this bold fashion. The two chief objections that at once suggest themselves against such a policy of "thorough" are to a considerable degree involved in both the other leading policies advocated. These are of course the revenue and the protection difficulties. The advocates of Imperial Federation and of Unrestricted Reciprocity alike must be prepared to face a very material falling off in the income from import duties. So far as appears this deficiency must needs be made good, in either case, by some form of direct taxation or its equivalent—heavier imposts upon necessaries of life not produced in the country with which the reciprocity is to be had, or in our own land. The effects, therefore, upon both revenue and protection, would differ only in degree. On the other hand, how many of the objects proposed in connection with both policies would be much more effectively accomplished by the free trade plan? As a counter irritant to the McKinley tariff the system would be unequalled. If, as is so strenuously argued, the danger of goods being smuggled across our territory, even under the high tariff now imposed, would be so great that the United States could not possibly consent to unrestricted reciprocity save on condition of the Canadian tariff wall being raised to a level with their own, what would the Great Republic do should Canada decide to throw down her walls to the ground and admit the products of all nations free? Evidently a force of revenue officers as large as the Grand Army of the Republic at its best would hardly suffice to protect its manufacturers and revenues from utter demoralization. As a measure of retaliation nothing could equal it in effectiveness. The National Policy is feeble in comparison.

OUR English contemporaries are, some of them, informing their readers that the Dominion Government is about to inaugurate an assisted immigration movement on a large scale. They learn, probably from some Ottawa correspondent, that as soon as the new Ministry has been formed Parliament will be asked to vote an increased sum for the Immigration Department. The Canadian *Gazette*, a few weeks since, outlined a somewhat elaborate plan, in accordance with which the municipalities in Manitoba and the North-West and the Dominion Government were to co-operate in the work of settling the fertile prairies. The plan was essentially that which has been suggested by Mr. C. H. Mackintosh, M.P., and others, the root idea being that of a loan fund, to be used to enable any North-West settler to bring out a relation or friend, security for the repayment of the loan being taken. The great need of Canada, and especially of the North-West, is men, and any scheme which promises to secure these without

ultimate loss to the Government is worthy of serious consideration and will no doubt receive it. At the same time it will be very difficult to secure the assent of Parliament to any proposal for increasing the sum expended for immigration purposes, so long as the drain upon the population caused by the steady exodus continues. To bring men into the country under such circumstances seems too much like putting money into a bag with holes. If our young people cannot be kept in Canada by any means, it is, of course, better that their places should be, as far as possible, supplied by immigrants, but the exchange is, in itself, rather a poor one. If any means can be devised to make it certain that the immigrants aided will remain in the country, not merely until the debt incurred is cancelled, but permanently, the experiment is worth a trial. But the nature of that security must, in view of past experiences, be such as will bear close scrutiny.

DISCUSSION is once more rife in England concerning the quality of the fighting material composing the rank and file of the army. That the quality is far below that required by any high standard is generally admitted. Mr. Arnold-Foster, in a series of letters to the *Times*, attributes the fact to the inferiority of the recruits who are of necessity being constantly brought in to keep up the numbers to the required limit. The reason assigned for this tendency to inferiority is the smallness of the pay. It is obvious that in these days that must be regarded as a very potent, if not wholly sufficient, reason. The day has gone past when the flower of the ambitious youth of any enlightened country were ready to enlist simply for the glory of wearing the uniform, and the chances of winning glory on the battle-field are now happily too remote to tempt very strongly even the diminishing numbers of those whose tastes lie in the direction of that kind of distinction. A material increase in the pecuniary inducements offered might, no doubt, effect a considerable improvement in the age and physique of those willing to enter the service. But it may be seriously doubted whether, under any terms of payment that could be offered without danger of revolt on the part of the British tax payer, the desired improvement could be brought about in a satisfactory degree. During long periods of peace, especially when they are characterized by a growing dislike to war, and a corresponding tendency to rely upon better methods of settling international disputes, the appeal to the patriotic or the racial spirit loses its power. Apart from such motives there is nothing very attractive in the life of the common soldier for the young man conscious of strength either physical or intellectual. Germany and other nations, where there is less of responsible government and more of arbitrary power, are able to settle the difficulty off hand by a system which does not depend for its working upon the consent of the individuals who are needed as units to make up the mass of the great army. What is to be done by those nations which, like Great Britain, cannot resort to such methods? It is not easy to answer the question, and it will probably become more difficult as the years go on. One thing is certain. It is no longer possible that the method of recruiting now in vogue in Great Britain can fill the ranks with men who will be fair representatives of the vigour and manliness of the race, or who can be relied on in case of emergency to prove themselves possessed of those qualities which have given the nation its proud pre-eminence on the world's great battle-fields, through so many generations. The system is too nearly akin to the employment of mercenaries, and mercenary troops can never, even though composed of natives, be relied on to do the work of patriots. This was strikingly shown during the American Civil War. Not until the Northern armies began to be filled up, under the conscription, with the sturdy citizens who had reputations to maintain and interests at stake, and who fought for their country's unity, did the tide of battle really turn in their favour. No doubt any great emergency, calling out the pride and patriotism of the British race, would soon fill the ranks with the same kind of men who have so often proved invincible in other days, but the cost in life and treasure in training such armies in the presence of the enemy is always fearful. But if the free Britons of to-day will submit neither to the conscription nor to the German methods, what can be done? Perhaps the best way of all will be for her to adopt the plan recommended by the Roman poet for Imperial Rome and so conduct herself that if the day shall ever come when the nations shall fear her less, they may all have learned to love her more for her justice and magnanimity.

"GREATER BRITAIN," of the 29th ult., has a lengthy and somewhat interesting *résumé* of a discussion which has been going on for a few weeks in some of the leading English papers touching a proposal to establish a periodical festival in which all British peoples from all parts of the world would take part. The idea was first broached by Mr. J. Astley Cooper, in *Greater Britain*, in July last. The following extract from the article referred to will explain more fully the nature of the proposed festival:—

The rallying idea is embodied in the coalescence of all the social activities of the several portions of the British dominion into a festival, under national auspices, forming a British bond. In this festival, to be held from time to time in London, where (as Lord Roseberry has said) are the title deeds of the race, a universal British contest, covering all varieties of physical and mental culture, should take place. The generous rivalry would extend to all departments of mental culture, while athletic exercises should have the place to which the habit of the British people, all the world over, entitles them. Simultaneously with this intellectual and physical Olympic competition, an exhibition of the various resources of the British dominions should be held; and in the organization of this department the Imperial Institute would find employment. The whole festival should be planned and controlled by the "Council of the British," of which all the Premiers of the several British Governments would be *ex officio* members, to which other councils might be subsidiary, namely, the Council of the English, the Council of the Scotch, the Council of the Irish, the Council of the Australasians, the Council of the South Africans, and the Council of the Canadians.

The scheme is certainly not lacking in boldness or comprehensiveness. It has been met with ridicule, with query, with partial acceptance, and with hearty approval, according to the various views and temperaments of its critics. Most of those who have thought it worthy of serious consideration have been disposed to regard it as feasible so far as the athletic contests proposed are concerned. But the athleticism is perhaps the very thing which stands least in need of being stimulated at the public expense, and at the same time the thing whose stimulation in the manner proposed would do least to promote the higher end which is or ought to be had in view, seeing that, at the best, a series of contests in running, rowing and cricket, to which Mr. Cooper would have the athletics confined, would have no attraction for very large classes of the most influential citizens in all parts of the Empire. Mr. Cooper, however, in a letter to the London *Times*, holds strongly to the "culture" feature of the scheme, advocating the foundation of national or imperial scholarships of science, arts, literature, and technical education, open to all enfranchised subjects of the Queen, and their families; the examinations for these scholarships to be held simultaneously in different parts of the Empire. We have not space for even an enumeration of the leading features of this ambitious project, still less for a criticism of its details, such as is invited by its projector. We may say, however, generally, that it seems to us that there may be something in it. As a means of drawing closer and perpetuating the bonds of union between the widely separated parts of the Empire it is certainly free from many of the more serious objections which attach to the various projects of Imperial Federation which have occupied the attention of so many loyal subjects of the Empire for years past. One of the chief recommendations of the new scheme is that it would substitute for any formal and artificial bond a purely natural tie, akin, as some of its critics have pointed out, to that which holds together the family whose members have outgrown the restraints by which they were united during the minority of the younger members.

AS we have already observed, most of the British and Colonial writers who have discussed Mr. Astley Cooper's scheme have strongly emphasized the athletic contests as constituting, in their estimation, the really attractive and feasible part of the plan, and this, too, notwithstanding the fact which some of them have pointed out that, in effect, this feature of the scheme is already in existence. We do not doubt that if a comprehensive arrangement for carrying on such contests under such auspices as would make them representative of all parts of the Empire, or, better still, of the English-speaking world, and would at the same time free them from "those twin curses, professionalism and gate-money," which now bid fair to "strangle all healthy out-door competition," the effect of these periodical events in drawing more closely together the remoter parts of the Empire might be considerable. But while we are not disposed to lay much stress upon

this branch of the project, and while we are unable to see just how periodical competitions for scholarships, however useful in themselves, could, if conducted in all parts of the Empire, do much to further the great end proposed, it does seem to us that the periodical meeting of "a consultative and informal council, representing not merely the political opinions of the people, but thoroughly representative of the racial aspirations and pursuits," which Mr. Astley Cooper suggests as a subsidiary part of his scheme, might become a most valuable means to the chief end, the essential and perhaps ultimately the organic unity of the various members of the Empire, or even of the English-speaking world—a still larger idea. The condemnation of the Imperial Federation scheme is, seemingly, in the opinion of almost every one of the influential organs which have discussed Mr. Astley Cooper's proposal, that it aims at substituting for the elastic and yet powerfully tenacious bond of family and racial affinity, which is the ideal and even now in a considerable degree the actual tie to hold together in unity of interest and sentiment the Empire and its scattered and powerful colonies, the rigid, and, as experience might too soon prove, brittle clasp of a formal, written constitution. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, of Natal, says well that he approves of the scheme "because the principle of it is strictly in accordance with family usage; it corresponds with family gatherings, whether for grief or for joy; these are the outcome of family sentiment, and tend to strengthen the family tie. Gatherings of this kind, free and unfettered, will, I think," says he, "do more to unite the hearts and sympathies and interests of the British Empire than any artificial scheme can accomplish. It is hard, as the Zulus say, for a man to forget the house he was born in." Again, as its propounder says, the scheme involves no political or commercial antagonism, either international or intranational, while containing tremendous possibilities of political and commercial importance if effected; and by emphasizing the brotherhood of race and promoting sentiments of union it may prepare the way for both closer political and commercial relationship when the colonies are more fully developed. As we have often intimated, it is, in our opinion, essential to the success and permanence, if not to the formation, of any federation compact, that the parties entering it should negotiate on terms of perfect freedom and equality. But it is difficult to see how this is possible as between colonies and the nation to which they owe allegiance. If under the operation of some such informal and free confraternal arrangement as that under discussion the Colonies and the Mother Country could be gradually brought into closer and still closer contact, without either party being made to feel the pressure or galling of any inelastic band, while at the same time the former are constantly progressing in the direction of complete independence, it is easy to conceive that when the moment of emancipating adulthood arrives both parties may be found prepared to supersede it, by mutual consent, with a federal union, that will be voluntary, cordial and free from the danger of friction to which all co-partnerships, even between members of the same family, are liable, if entered into without a clear understanding of all that is involved. There are, no doubt, tremendous difficulties in the way of successfully carrying out Mr. Astley Cooper's idea, but we see no reason to regard it or a modification of it as wholly impracticable, and we shall be somewhat disappointed if a good deal more is not heard of it within the next few years.

THE strange and appalling tragedy enacted last week in the office of Mr. Russell Sage, of New York, calls attention once more to the terrible agents of destruction which modern science has put within reach of every miscreant who has a little knowledge of the application of practical chemistry to the compounding of explosives, or who may even have means for employing the services of those who have such knowledge. As a matter of fact, all that was really necessary for the perpetration of the deed in this case was, we suppose, the command of sufficient money to purchase the small amount of dynamite required. The fact that in this case the perpetrator involved himself in the destruction intended for his victims points to insanity; but this very fact adds, if anything, to the terror of the situation, by showing to how great an extent the lives of individuals and of assemblies are at the mercy of any demented or desperate wretch who may take a fancy to try the effect of an explosion. We do not know that there is any possibility of guarding to any great extent against the danger. The proper industrial uses of

dynamite, probably the most powerful as well as one of the most easily procurable of all the explosive compounds in common use, are now so many and so constantly multiplying that restrictions upon the sale, sufficiently severe to be effective, would be either impracticable, or productive of greater evils than the danger to life against which they were intended to guard. Nothing remains, we suppose, but to accept the situation with all the horrible possibilities it involves as philosophically as possible, only taking care to avoid, as far as in us may lie, those conditions and actions which are most likely to prompt any acquisitive or revengeful desperado to attempt our taking off in any such disagreeable fashion. The one moral to which this particular case most emphatically points is one which has been a favourite with poets and moralists in all ages, but which men will now as ever, and perhaps more than in any previous age, be slow to heed—the folly and danger of acquiring great possessions.

PATRIOTISM AND HISTORICAL SOCIETIES.*

IN considering a subject on which to speak to you it occurred to me that the old but ever new statement of patriotism would serve our purpose best, and, as you know, one of the great lights of literature has lately, according to a custom of his, been decrying the sentiment at least for Canadians, it may be well to look at this his last public utterance—as he announced it to be at the meeting.

In the *Empire* of November 10, Professor Goldwin Smith is reported to have said to the Young Liberal Club, whose members he was addressing, that he "agreed with the movement to erect a monument to the heroes of Lundy's Lane, but desired that it should be a monument of reconciliation rather than to perpetuate the enmities which had existed between the two nations taking part in that event." Mr. Smith concluded his address by stating that "annexation was the inevitable destiny of Canada."

Certainly, if Canada's people consisted of Goldwin Smiths, annexation to the United States would be inevitable; it might, however, even in that case be impossible, for no astute and patriotic Government would be anxious to admit into the national life a people that did not believe in itself, thus confessing that it knew not even the very first element of progress. As Canada has not yet arrived at such an emasculated condition we may safely leave Professor Goldwin Smith's opinion to work out its own destiny.

It is, however, the same bloodless timid condition of mind that would carry Canada into annexation that dictates Mr. Smith's objection to national monuments. He would have them international, like the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," at New York harbour—for which, however, no American would admit that any other proper site could be found than one furnished by American soil.

A statue of Jupiter or Venus would serve Professor Goldwin Smith's idea of the character that ought to mark our national monuments just as well as a statue of Brant or Brock; nay, much better, since these heroes of our past have left traces upon our history which can never be dissociated from them. According to such a view never ought a memorial to the patriotic and loyal Tecumseh arise in our valley of the Thames; nor another to De Salaberry on the field of Chateauguay. Laura Secord ought still to lie unnoticed and unknown in Drummondville Cemetery, and our monument to the men who fell at Ridgeway ought no longer to remain to affront the sensibilities of any stray Fenian sympathizer who may find his way into the Queen's Park at Toronto.

But the ground on which Professor Goldwin Smith bases his approval of his nondescript monuments requires our attention and is found on examination to be wholly untenable. He speaks of "perpetuating the enmities that had existed between the two nations taking part in the event."

Here Mr. Smith joins Canada and England as *one*, to which we do not object, as Canada is part and parcel of England. But what does he mean by "the enmities which had existed between the two nations"? If he goes back to the period of the thirteen colonies—there were then no enmities—the nation was at one, and the revolution sprung out of a disagreement which, irritated and inflamed by the interference of meddling interlopers, became at the last a bitter quarrel, out of which indeed enmities sprang. But those enmities were limited entirely to the two sections of the disagreeing colonists; England had no part in them, as her forbearance, generosity and self-sacrifice plainly show, study subsequent events which way we will. Thus, therefore, it only remains to charge enmity on the United Empire Loyalists who, with bitter feelings in their hearts, born of the persecutions, losses and evictions that had been inflicted on them by their fellow-colonists, had sadly forsaken the land of their birth or adoption and had retired to the shelter of the flag they loved though it waved over a virgin forest; where they whose hands had built up a country, its governments, judiciary,

* A paper read before the Wentworth Pioneer and Historical Society, November 18, 1891, by Mrs. S. A. Curzon.

commerce, universities, churches and homes in the land they left should have to begin again at the very A B C of life; take again the axe, the plough and the spinning-wheel and once more lay the foundations of a new England, a new Britain, to be the boast, the pride of all time to come.

Enmity! yes, no doubt there was enmity in many a Loyalist breast as he contemplated the losses he had endured, as he looked at his wife driven to the roughest toil, at his children ill-clad and untaught. But did it make the Loyalist a guerilla, a bandit? No; he was content to toil, to strive, to suffer, to hope. All he asked was to be let alone. All he expected was to be allowed to work out his future unmolested. Not his the hand that took the sword, not his the foot that invaded another's territory. The war of 1812 was no collision of angry neighbours burning to be at each other's throats. It was an assault of the weak by the strong. It was a deliberate invasion of peaceful territory by an inimical Government. It was an expression of enmity to England by an attack upon her defenceless offspring.

God defended the right; British pluck and bull-dog tenacity won the day. Canada was saved. But she dyed her soil with her own blood. She gave her sons and her daughters a sacrifice for her freedom. She fought for every foot of ground she holds. And when the invaders were driven ignominiously back to their own territory she set her house once more in order and turned again to her task of providing for her children and opening out a future for them.

But we are not to remember all this lest our neighbours be offended, lest our memorials of that heroic time remind them unpleasantly of their sins. Do we think they will respect us any the more for our subserviency?

Why, they themselves are erecting monuments to their heroes of 1812, and are we going to be offended? Why should they not if it pleases them? They often gave us "foemen worthy of our steel," and we give one of them to-day a quiet and not unhonoured resting-place upon the field where his country was worsted, and where we hope yet to place a monument commemorative of our victory in our own defence.

During the last summer a friend sent me a little newspaper called the *Creston Commonwealth*, for July 31, 1891, published in Creston, Iowa, and in it I find under the heading, "Some Historic Spots," an account of a local movement for the erection of national monuments at various points. The article opens thus: "The national movements to mark by appropriate monuments points of historical interest have suggested to the citizens of North-western Ohio and North-eastern Indiana the preservation of the sites of the battle-fields and forts along the Maumee River rendered conspicuous in the early history of the North-West Territory by the memorable campaign of General Wayne against the Indians, and the subsequent campaigns of the war of 1812."

Wayne's career is so sketched as to show the points about to be commemorated, all uncertain or unpleasant memories of broken treaties, a few whippings, etc., being conveniently dropped. The cost of sites, monuments, etc., is liberally named. That of the Battle of Fallen Timbers, where Wayne scattered a few Indians, is cited at about \$5,000, and others at similar rates.

"The two other points determined upon for commemoration," the article goes on to say, "Fort Meigs and the Put-in-Bay burial ground, belong to the period of the war of 1812, when the Maumee Valley became again the scene of military operations."

The writer of the article has a pretty sketchy style, and combines Fort Meigs, the battle of the Thames and Tecumseh with General Harrison in a most captivating way. The British Arms and Colonel Procter have no place within his horizon. "The victory," he airily remarks, "was with General Harrison, and Tecumseh was killed during the war."

At Fort Meigs fifty-five acres of land, embracing the fort and the burial ground, are to be purchased for \$100 per acre. One large monument is to be erected at Fort Meigs, at a cost of \$10,000, three others at \$5,000, each to mark the burial places, make up a total of \$25,000 at one spot.

At Put-in-Bay, the scene of poor Barclay's disaster, the burial ground upon the island where Perry is said to have buried his dead, a granite shaft, at a cost of \$2,500, is to be erected to mark the graves: "the site being already enclosed and in the possession of the corporation in trust for the public," having been given under a conveyance, by Mr. J. D. Rivera, which assured the spot against obliteration.

"The Maumee Valley Monumental Association," with headquarters at Toledo, Ohio, and with Rutherford B. Hayes as President, has "introduced a Bill into the United States Senate by Senator Sherman, calling for an appropriation sufficient to preserve these old landmarks of the early history of the country, as indicated above. The total cost would be \$60,000."

I have quoted the above account, as constituting an all-sufficient answer to Professor Goldwin Smith. If Canadians want an incentive to keep the memory of their own history green beyond that warm love of country that distinguishes every patriot heart, they may find it in the action and example of the very people we are to be so careful lest we offend by the erection of monuments to our victories. Victories over them, to be sure, but that we cannot help!

Why, what a country would Canada be if she followed

the lead of Professor Goldwin Smith! Loyalty dead, patriotism smothered, she would be a spectacle to the world.

But that loyalty is not dead, nor patriotism smothered, witness this Society. If the past were nothing to us, we should not be here. Nor could we cast our eyes on every side only to have them rest on other societies, all bent on the same generous end as ourselves! Our hearts are strengthened, our hands cheered, when we know that every Province in this wide Dominion boasts an historical society that is gathering and has gathered from our past, records of enduring value, and has laid them up in our archives for further service as guides, beacons and landmarks—records which are the food of loyalty and the drink of patriotism.

What a land would Canada be with no historic points to which we might direct the eyes of our children! Where would be the source of our honour? With what face should we look in the faces of other nations?

Is there a spot on this wide earth where patriotism does not find a home? No island in the warm Pacific but gives its quota of patriots—men ignorant, rude, of strange habits, if you will—but they will fight for the land they love like the heroes of Lacedaemon—or shall we say, of Queenston. Not an icy peninsula within the Arctic or Antarctic circles but will furnish a patriot, if it furnishes an inhabitant.

Patriotism is the soul of national life and we are not to be told by any philosopher whose liberality is so exalted that he recognizes no nation as distinct from another that we are not and never can be a nation. *We are a nation*, of that nation that is at the head of the power, the civilization, the piety of the world. England is Canada, and Canada is England, and our youth may not forget that Canada will be whatever they like to make it.

Nor does there seem to me any means by which the high sentiment of patriotism may receive fuller exposition than these societies of ours, the Historical Societies of the Dominion of Canada. The last issue (Nov. 14) of our excellent illustrated periodical, the *Dominion Illustrated*, contains matter that is sufficiently demonstrative of the work that such societies can do because it shows what has been done in one or two notable instances. The sketch of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, the president being Sir Adams Archibald, gives a list of papers of a most important character that have by its means been added to the historical literature of the country.

And another sketch in the same issue of one of whom we are all proud as a cultivated and patriotic young Canadian, the compiler of "Songs of the Great Dominion" and the author of "The Young Seigneur," Wilfred Duouw Lighthall, who I am sure you will be glad to hear was born in this your rising commercial city of Hamilton, gives another list of equally valuable papers contributed to the Society for Historical Studies of Montreal. I believe Mr. Lighthall is sponsor to that Society, which, however, was not the first of its kind in that literary centre Montreal. The Ormstown and Chateauguay Historical Society owes its inception very much to the same patriotic spirits.

Then I need hardly cite to you the highly valuable lectures by Captain Ernest Cruikshank on the various battle-fields of 1812 on the Niagara Peninsula, that were delivered before the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, and since published by them, together with some other contributions made at various times to the anniversary occasions that that Society regularly celebrates. The transactions of the York Pioneer and Historical Society have long been known to you identified as they are with the names of Dr. Scadding, D. B. Read, Q.C., and others. The Canadian Institute, the Toronto National Club, are further examples of much important national and historical work being called for and done, which would otherwise have remained unaccomplished.

I am sure that new as your society is, you have already received and put on record much historical information that you would not lightly give up, and its members will not willingly be outstripped in ardour of research, industry of collection, and careful preservation of the rich treasures of past times which lie so thickly around this historic district. There is much of interest only waiting to be recorded. I learned while at Grimsby for a day or two during the summer that the part of your beautiful mountain range that shadows that delightful little village was the site during the war of 1812 of a beacon signal between Niagara and York. What anticipations cluster about that bit of news! How we long to have a record of the messages flashed between those two great points during the war.

And I was told that Sir Allan McNab and a number of Hamilton gentlemen, members of a forgotten society, something like this, used to go to the mountain at Grimsby every 13th of October, and commemorate the victory of Queenston Heights. Can nothing be done to put on record those events?

Then again from that small place I procured the loan of a treasure, a document faded and yellow, containing the names in their own handwriting of the first subscribers to the first English Church built there. The first of those names is that of Abraham Nelles, a name of note with us even to day.

Thus I beg to indicate a little to your younger members whence history may be gathered. Patriotism is the key that will unlock these treasures, and I am happy to stand to-night among so many who already hold that key to Canada's greatness in their hands.

THE TRAVELLERS.

THE moon ascends so fair, so bright,
Follows her a page from far,
A pretty page in silver clad,
The little evening star.

I, too, am on the road, and I
Have not alone to go,
The star goes with the radiant moon,
With me go thoughts that glow.

Hurry along, thou radiant moon,
The pensive night to greet,
I, too, will away, away to throw
Myself at my lady's feet.

E. M. PHELPS.

LONDON LETTER.

THE illness of Prince George of Wales and the hurried return of H.R.H. the Princess from the Crimea is the great topic of conversation. The Prince is supposed to have caught typhoid fever when visiting his brother, the Duke of Clarence, at the Dublin barracks. These barracks have been condemned two or three times by the sanitary authorities on the ground of their unhealthiness, but while so much money is expended on new uniforms and extra buttons and braid, there is none to spare towards the alterations necessary to preserve the large garrison always quartered in the Hibernian Capital from a most dangerous malady. Dublin itself has the credit of being one of the most unhealthy towns in the British Empire, and its ordinary rate of mortality is higher than Bombay or Madras. The part of the Liffey which runs through the city is like an open drain, and most people put their pocket handkerchiefs to their noses as they hurry past it. The increased difficulty there is in recruiting poor Tommy Atkins ought to make us the more careful to preserve him when he is caught. Some years ago there was an outbreak of typhoid fever in the Portsmouth barracks, caused entirely by arrangements so defective that they would not have been tolerated in a private house.

The long continuance of fog and wet weather this month seems to have brought back the influenza, and from Annandale in Dumfriesshire to Land's End in Cornwall, the always damp west coast seems to be particularly afflicted with it. The clergy and dignitaries of the Church are especial sufferers. The Dean of Lichfield, long an invalid, is supposed to be dying, and that energetic man, Dr. Selwyn, Bishop of Melanesia, has been compelled to send in his resignation, owing to ill-health. Dr. Popham Blythe, the English Bishop in Jerusalem, has also resigned, owing to his differences of opinion with the Church Missionary Society, the great patrons of English Episcopal work in Syria. In consequence of several Episcopal resignations lately, the venerable Bishop of Liverpool has given out that he means to remain in his diocese as long as he lives, and not to entail on his successor the expense of his retiring pension!

A lady, lately returned from the Canadian North-West, is trying to stir up some interest in the Episcopal Church there by addressing various meetings in the provinces, on the subject of Canadian emigration and mission work. The Archdeacon of Durham is going about with an engagement for every night till Christmas to open up the purses of his hearers for contributions to the work among thousands of Hindus, Hottentots, English settlers and Arabs in South Africa. And how many other missions are always with us; the great town missions above all. Truly a great English millionaire need never look round to know how to expend his money. It is spent for him in theory, directly his presence in a neighbourhood has become known. Yet with all this zeal in Christianity, the semi-educated lower middle-class is daily becoming more involved in scepticism, and the favourites just now are the un-Christian Jews, for whose migration from Eastern Europe, we are called upon to assist in heart and purse. When Prince Bismarck turned 6,000 Polish Jews out of Prussian-Poland some years ago, the London papers said he had high state reasons for his act. So the press always bows before a powerful man. But we do not recognize these high state reasons in the case of Russia and Roumania. We should, however, remember that a paid Canadian immigration agent was diverted from his duties by Baron Hirsch, who is now employing him on his newly bought estates in the Argentine Republic; and that a complaint was sent to Regina by a British consul in Roumania, that this agent was carrying on very doubtful transactions among the Jews there. We cannot trust all we read in the papers, as news of Eastern Europe always comes to the London press through wire-pullers in Berlin and Vienna. The Emperors of Austria and Germany wish that England would weaken their too powerful neighbour, and want to get up a quarrel between them; and an Austrian official has assured the writer that his Government keeps several supernumerary clerks in the Foreign Office, whose sole business it is to write to the Austrian, German and British press, news and articles which need not necessarily be true, but are what the Austrian Government wishes its own and the foreign public to believe to be truth. Certain it is when in Russia I have seen news of riots and movements of troops which nobody in the most gossiping of countries has ever heard of, and the

Emperor has been reported never to leave his palace when we saw him every day in the Newsy Prospekt far less guarded than Queen Victoria would have been.

C. L. J.

London, Nov. 21, 1891.

ROAMINGS IN CLASSIC MASSACHUSETTS.

III.

AT CONCORD.

"COME to Wayside! Come at once; prepared to stay." In order to understand how welcome was this telegram, the uninitiated reader must be informed that "The Wayside" is Hawthorne's old home at Concord, closely associated with his later life, and that its present mistress—herself a charming authoress, and the wife of a popular publisher—is one of the most hospitable of hostesses and efficient of *cicerones*. It may easily be believed, therefore, that the above summons was readily and gladly obeyed. Accordingly, an early train next morning bore us again out of Boston and across to East Cambridge, from whence we glided swiftly out into the pleasant pastoral country that lies between Boston and Concord. We rapidly pass green fields, wooded hillsides, silvery streams, bowery villages with their multitudes of outlying villas trimly kept and bright in summer verdure. Wild roses and alder cluster thickly by the sides of the railway, and the white blossoms of the seringa scent the balmy air. It is only an hour's ride to Concord, even by the accommodating "local," which draws up every two or three miles at little wayside stations with names suggestive of rural repose and seclusion. As the train stops at last at the neat station at Concord, we find a carriage waiting, which quickly carries us through the quiet, leafy, little town, over the mile and a-half of smooth turnpike that lies between the station and "The Wayside." At its hospitable door we receive a warm welcome, which makes us feel at home at once in this pleasant abode, standing, as its name implies, so near the "wayside," that only a little bit of greensward, shaded by a stately elm, divides the entrance from the road. "Here," said Hawthorne, "while still comparatively little known, I sit by the 'wayside' and wait." The house, unpretending still, in rustic simplicity, reminds one, in its rambling exterior and its innumerable stairs and passages, of an old English farmhouse. The original plain frame house, with low-ceiled rooms and cottage windows, was at first the property of Mr. Alcott, and here the four "Little Women" lived the happy child-life, with its mingling of fun and pathos, which one of them has so vividly made to live before the eyes of so many other "little women." We are ushered into their large, commodious sleeping apartment, with its deep, wide closet and ample space, in which stands Hawthorne's dressing-table, and several other relics of his occupancy, all severely plain in comparison with the luxurious appliances of to-day. Hawthorne's own sleeping apartment is a room of similar size, on the opposite side of a passage opening on a pleasant little balcony which commands a charming country view across rich green fields to the elevated ridge of woodland which bounds Walden Pond—itsself, however, invisible from hence. The newer portion of the house is, of course, much more modern: the lower flat containing, besides Hawthorne's library and little "den" behind it, a pretty music-room papered in part by his own hands, opening now on a wide side verandah added by the present possessor. The verandah looks out on a sloping semi-circular lawn, beyond which rises a sloping bank shaded with pine and hemlock, which ascends in a winding fashion to the densely wooded ridge close behind the house, extending on both sides for a considerable distance. Along its brow runs a pathway, worn in the moss and tangle of huckleberry vines, which Hawthorne used to pace for hours, working out the subtle creations of his unique imagination. Here, too, is an old forked pine, on the divided boughs of which is a rude platform reached by a ladder which was his favourite and congenial resting place. The spot described in "Septimus Felton" as the scene of his fatal passage of arms with the British officer, is close by, among the pine and spruce that clothe the ridge. In fact, every inch of ground here is associated with Hawthorne. Close by the verandah is the bed of lily of the valley, still flourishing and carefully tended, which he planted; and his "den," and the tower which he built to work in, are left almost exactly as when he used them. The "tower" is a plain, square apartment; two of its windows looking into the mass of foliage that surmounts the ridge, while one looks across the fields towards Walden. The ceiling is frescoed—apparently in views typical of sea and mountain scenery—possibly the work of Mrs. Hawthorne, who possessed considerable artistic skill. The double wooden standing-desk, let into the wall, at which he was accustomed to write, the chairs, tables, and cupboards have been left undisturbed. Here, if anywhere, the *genius loci* ought to live and inspire the busy and happy writer who develops her own bright fancies under the shadow of this great name, in an atmosphere that seems saturated with its memories.

But a carriage is waiting, in which our kind and enthusiastic hostess means to take us to see some of the most interesting spots in this classic region. Her powers as a *cicerone* will not be disputed by any reader of her charming little book,* "Highways and Byways of Old

* "Highways and Byways of Old Concord." By Margaret Sidney. D. Lothrop Company.

Concord," in which the traditions of the past and the beauty of the present are happily blended, both in the letter-press and in the beautiful illustrations. To her, as an enthusiastic American, the revolutionary memories are, of course, the foremost; for, as every reader knows, or ought to know, Concord, and Lexington, a few miles off, were the spots where were fired the first shots of the contest which lost to England a colony and gave to the world a new Anglo-Saxon nation. We drive along country lanes, past quiet grey farmhouses basking in the warm June sunshine, where, on that April day of 1775, the passage of the British troops threw peaceful households into wild commotion, and sturdy yeomen hurried off to secrete military stores, and wives and daughters met the soldiers with as brave a front as they could, and shots were fired from rusty old firelocks that had never done such grim work before. A tablet let into a stone wall commemorates one of these skirmishing encounters. Then we drive back past the "Wayside" and the old Alcott homestead close beside it, and, near the latter, a plain little wooden building, grey and weather-beaten, looking much like a deserted school-house, which, we are informed, is the "Concord School of Philosophy," the scene of some brilliant gatherings, while Emerson still lived. About half-a-mile nearer the little town stands a spacious, square white house, at some distance from the road, surrounded by ample grounds and bosky woodland, which was Emerson's home, and is still occupied by his daughter. At length, after passing through the quiet, shady outskirts and the busier portion of the old town, reminding us, in its old-world quaintness, of the "High Street" of an English country town, we come out on an open space, near the river, where stands a handsome monument in memory of the sons of Concord who fell in the war between the North and South. Leaving this behind, we approach a picturesque old stone bridge, at the hither end of which stands the celebrated "Minute Man," a spirited and beautiful statue, chiselled out of rough grey stone by a native sculptor named French, to whom it brought a well-deserved celebrity. It represents one of the brave young yeomen who, at that crisis, stood ready at any minute to respond to the call "To Arms"; a youth, finely formed, with a noble and resolute face, and an expression at once earnest, strong and sweet. One hand rests on the handle of his plough; the other grasps his old-fashioned musket; no soldier of fortune he, or mercenary hireling, but a staunch, conscientious young Puritan, who buckles on the sword at the call of duty to his country, and at that alone. We can scarcely wonder that warriors of such calibre won the day, even with the indomitable British empire against them. Standing here, amid surroundings so peaceful that the idea of the clash of arms and the struggle of deadly combat seem utterly incongruous, it is hard to realize the stern gravity of the crisis, when these homebred volunteers, on that April morning, so readily staked their all against such odds in a struggle, the issues of which no human thought could forecast, simply because they believed they fought in a righteous cause. Not the most British of Britons, if he has a heart for the broader interests of humanity, can fail to be stirred by the fine stanzas of Emerson—written for the inauguration of this very statue, of which it is praise enough to say that it is a subject worthy of his muse:—

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept,
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps,
And Time the ruined bridge hath swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee!

Much as we may regret the unhappy breach, and the strife and bitter feeling which it awoke,—much as we may sympathize with the unquenchable loyalty of those whose unswerving devotion to the "Old Flag" was the foundation of British Canada—still, if fair-minded, we cannot help admitting that the spirit which conquered Old England then was the very spirit that her traditions had nourished in New England—the spirit of the grand old rallying cry: "England expects every man to do his duty;" and as a token of the readiness with which the heart of humanity rises above prejudice and party feeling in its appreciation of loyalty to duty, we see a touching inscription on a slab built into the stone parapet—to the memory of two nameless British soldiers who fell in the action, and rest there as peacefully as if in their own native soil. But, enough for the present, of

Old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.

Let us pass to more peaceful memories. As we drive back again through pleasant "byways" of Concord, we are shown an old grey gambrel roofed house, half hidden in foliage, well set back from the road. That, we are told, is the "Old Manse" where Hawthorne and his devoted wife spent the first years of an ideal wedded life—years so happy, though by no means free from the pressure of care and poverty. It is, of course, the house also which gave its title to the "Mosses from an Old Manse." Again approaching the business street of the town, we turn abruptly out of it and skirt the edge of a grassy, shady slope, which gradually takes on the aspect of a lovely cemetery, rising in soft green terraces abundantly shaded by tall pines, oaks and maples. This is "Sleepy Hollow,"

an ideal resting-place for the earthly remains of those gifted spirits who have shed on this retired spot the light of so much genius and individuality. We go first to Hawthorne's grave, a spot which he himself had selected as the most beautiful in the Hollow, on which, in half-playful fancy, he proposed to build "our castle." A plain slab simply inscribed "Hawthorne," marks the place, while beside it, under the waving pines and maples, are the graves of two infant grand-children. Not far away are the graves of the Alcott family—the dreamy old philosopher—his much enduring wife, the practical, keen-witted Louisa, and the sisters whose deaths brought such sorrow to her loving heart. We pass a rough brown boulder, festooned with Virginia creeper, on which we read the name of Dr. Elisha Mulford, one of the most profound and thoughtful religious teachers of our age, and related to our hostess. A little farther still and we stop at a still more unique monument, a rough block of white quartz, just touched, here and there with a faint rosy tinge. It is nameless, but it needs no name, for everyone soon knows that it is the tomb of Ralph Waldo Emerson! Standing here, on a lovely June morning, inhaling the balmy breath of the overarching pines, and listening to the soft whispering of the waving boughs, one recalls those lines of his in "Woodnotes":—

As sunbeams stream through liberal place
And nothing jostle or displace,
So waved the pinetree through my thought
And fanned the dreams it never brought.

Few poets have caught and given more delicately than he the subtle influences of nature on a poet heart. Only a little way from Emerson's grave we meet and are introduced to his daughter, who, with a son in the medical profession, are his only representatives here. Hawthorne has none—in Concord. The quiet spot, the silence of those green graves, with these imperishable names to hallow them, irresistibly suggest thoughts such as Hawthorne in his youth sought to express in verse:—

Oh, earthly pomp is but a dream
And like a meteor's short-lived gleam,
And all the sons of glory soon
Shall rest beneath this mouldering stone.

And yet the loveliness and freshness of the place, seen in the soft light of June, speak rather of *inextinguishable life* than of the inaction and insensibility we associate with death. Let me quote Hawthorne's own description of the spot before it had been consecrated to its present use:—

"I sat down to-day at about ten o'clock in the forenoon, in Sleepy Hollow—a shallow place scooped out among the woods which surround it on all sides, it being pretty nearly circular or oval, and two or three hundred yards in diameter. On one verge of this hollow, skirting it, is a terraced pathway, broad enough for a wheel track, overshadowed with oaks, stretching their long, knotted, rude, rough arms between earth and sky; the grey skeletons, as you look upward, are splendidly prominent amid the green foliage. Likewise there are chestnuts growing up in a more regular and pyramidal shape—white pines also and a shrubbery, composed of the shoots of all these trees, ever spreading and softening the bank on which the parent stems are growing, these latter being intermingled with coarse grass. . . . Now, when you are not thinking of it, the fragrance of the white pines is suddenly wafted to you by an almost imperceptible breeze which has begun to stir. Now the breeze is the gentlest sigh imaginable, yet with a spiritual potency insomuch that it seems to penetrate, with its mild, ethereal coolness, through the outward skin, and breathe through the spirit itself, which shivers with gentle delight; and now, again, the shadows of the boughs lie as motionless as if they were printed on the pathway. Now, in the stillness, is heard the long, melancholy note of the bird complaining alone of some wrong or sorrow that man, or her own kind, or the unmitigable doom of human affairs has inflicted on her—the complaining but unceasing 'sufferer.'"

With Hawthorne himself to interpret for us the charm of the spot, we leave Sleepy Hollow, at once classic and sacred ground. As we return homeward we halt at the pretty little public library, the gift to the town of a public-spirited citizen. It contains a good and well-chosen collection of volumes, conspicuous among which, as might be expected, are the works of Hawthorne and Emerson whose revered countenances look down upon us from the walls in both busts and photographs. The Concord folk are justly proud of their *genii loci*. We also pass the large and handsome building of the "Emerson School" whose pupils lately greeted with bouquets the President of the United States when he and his party visited the "Wayside." We look with special interest at the old-fashioned Episcopal church at whose gate Emerson, Lowell and Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and Bryant, stood with uncovered heads as Hawthorne's funeral passed out—a tribute such as seldom falls to the lot of princes.

But there is other classic ground about Concord which must not be left unvisited. We have still to visit Thoreau's "Walden," lying as secluded and still as if it were miles away in the heart of the "forest primeval." And we have a lovely dreamy morning on the Concord river—the *Musketaquid*, to use the old Indian name to which Emerson has lent the charm of his verse—

Thy summer voice, Musketaquid,
Repeats the music of the rain,
But sweeter rivers pulsing fit
Through thee, as thou through Concord Plain.

As we read the lines we seem to see again the still brown stream—glancing silver in the sun—which winds like a

looped riband through the emerald of "Concord Plain," and past the scattered villas that fringe the little town. Each mansion, half hidden in luxuriant greenery, has its terraced water-front, its bit of smooth pebbly beach, with here and there a pleasure boat drifting gently like our own on its placid bosom, while quiet farmhouses dot the slope of the opposite bank. We seem to float again lazily on in the somewhat unsteady little flat-bottomed boat, which it is sometimes a little awkward to steer between the piers of innumerable bridges, while our hostess reads aloud in her silvery voice from her own description of the fair river and the restful influence of the *genius loci*. As she reads, the words seem exactly to fit the scene about us. Some little way above the village, an islet clad in tangled leafage, much like one of our "Thousand Islands" divides the narrow stream which makes an abrupt angle, and here an inscription on a granite boulder states that "on this hill lived the Indians who possessed Musketaquid before the white man came and lived at peace with them." And the name *Concord* is a standing testimony to the harmony which here characterized the intercourse of the colonists with the sons of the soil. Still further on we see before us a misty gray-green grove of hemlocks which our hostess is very desirous we should reach. For those are "The Hemlocks," she explains, where Hawthorne and Emerson and Thoreau used to meet, and beneath the shade of the long, overhanging boughs which almost meet across the stream, used to discuss, in this forest sanctuary the themes and problems which were never far from their thoughts. We toil to reach them, accordingly, but the distance seems to lengthen out before us, and time presses, for this is the day of departure, and we have still to drive to Walden Road. So reluctantly we give up the "Hemlocks" which will be our "Yarrow Unvisited" till, if ever again, we have another row on the Musketaquid.

We had made an attempt to reach Walden in an early morning walk, having a fancy to approach Thoreau's pond in the fashion approved by that persistent saunterer, as every reader of Walden will recollect. But though we knew whereabouts the pond lay in its woodland nest, it was a different matter to hit on precisely the right path to take us down to its margin, so we reluctantly gave it up, finding, afterwards, that a short cut from "The Wayside" might lessen the distance to about a mile and a-half. But the drive is a delightful one, through the smooth country lanes edged with fern, till we reach the fringe of woodland; a road that is little more than a trail leads us down to the margin of the lake, of which we had caught a fleeting glimpse already as we rushed past it in the train. When we reach the margin, near the spot where Thoreau's hut used to stand, we see nearly the whole of the tiny sheet of water—about three miles long—set between wild wooded banks, as its name *Walden* imports, and looking just like one of our own innumerable little forest lakes, each of which might be a "Walden" if it had its Thoreau. For, to quote Emerson again, "to Thoreau, there was no such thing as size; the Walden pond was a small ocean; the Atlantic a larger pond." In the little hut he built for himself here, he lived alone for two years, under the balm-breathing, whispering pines, a spot "fit to entertain a travelling god, and where a goddess might trail her garments." We pick a great yellow lady's slipper and a partridge berry blossom or two and reluctantly leave this little haunted lake, where if anywhere in the New World fauns and dryads might dwell in the shadowy recesses. As we reluctantly turn away, we are shown the rows of pines the recluse planted at the edge of the wood—*why*, it is difficult to say, where pines abounded? But then he was, as he says himself, a self-appointed forester. But all things must come to an end, to which this paper and our Concord visit form no exception. With the fair vision of Walden pond still before us we bid most reluctant farewells to "The Wayside," to our host and hostess, and to the little "Lady Margaret," *pearl* of the household. We hear as in a dream the parting shriek of our train, like a wild cry of regret; we see Walden pond flash for a moment in the sunlight, and then, we have left classic Concord behind and are going back to the actual every-day world. We have vague thoughts in our mind of an ode to "Musketaquid," but are satisfied on the whole to fall back on Emerson, who has already in a few words indicated the natural charms of the place as well as the nobler charm that consecrates the whole:—

Then flows anain
The surge of summer beauty; dell and crag
Hollow and lake, hillside and pine arcade
Are touched with genius.

And so, we must come back always, after all, to "the light that never was on sea or land." FIDELIS.

PHILOSOPHY hath never better cards to show than when she checketh in presumption, and crosseth our vanity; when in poor earth she acknowledgeth her irresolution, her weakness and her ignorance.—*Montaigne*.

AMONG the Khirgise, Baskir and other nomad tribes of Eastern Russia and Siberia there are frequent instances of longevity which call to mind the days of the patriarchs. At the present moment there is living in the Government of Tobolsk, in the Dos-kazan settlement, an old Khirgise named Noormoohamed Moosrepoff, who has attained the age of 153 years. His wife is equally old, and his eldest son is 120 years of age. The old man has lost most of his teeth, and has to be fed on milk. The pure air of the Steppes and the koumis diet is without doubt conducive to longevity.

THE TWO LOVERS.

THE evergreen mountain sorrowed and sighed.

"My love, the valley, is false to me,
When my shadow last kissed good-night," it cried
"My love wore the green; what now do I see?
White, white, all white; ah me! ah me!"

The north wind answered, "Nor sorrow nor sigh,
Thy sweet valley sleeps but will wake again."
The north wind confessed, "I too love it, 'twas I
That dropped my cloak lest my breath should pain
Thy valley, the green next its heart doth remain."

LOCKHART THOMSON.

REVIEW OF THE GRAND JURY SYSTEM.

THREE sessions ago the attention of Parliament was drawn to a live question, viz., the abolition of the grand jury system. The Hon. Senator Gowan, who has made a profound study of the system, declared, in a most able and exhaustive address, that bringing the grand jury to the common test of utility and fitness it had survived its usefulness, and the large, expensive, cumbersome body ought to be abolished.

Senator Gowan argues that it is secret and irresponsible. Every member is sworn to secrecy before admission to act, hence the safeguard of liberty—open and public administration of justice—is wanting. Experience teaches us that a secret body can screen an offender. Its very secrecy is an invitation to covert approach. The prejudices of local jurors may prevail against evidence. There is the one-sided free access of the crown counsel. It is a changing body and unskilled in the examination of witnesses. The true facts of a case cannot be elicited, and it is very easy for a partial or unwilling witness to suppress or colour his evidence in the secret examination. There is no right of challenge, and again experience has proven that sometimes friends or foes to the person accused are placed upon the jury, and a suppression is had or a trumpety case is propounded. Unlike the petit jury a majority governs. The grand jury itself is capable of acting arbitrarily. At one time the body was very necessary in the absence of police in bringing offenders to justice, but that reason is *effete*. Social and political considerations sway jurors minds and cause partial justice. A magistrate sends up a prisoner upon a *prima facie* case, made out against the latter, and if the grand jury find no Bill, the accused must always rest under a cloud. The cost of grand juries in Ontario alone is from \$40,000, to \$50,000 annually.

Better men would be released to perform the functions of the petit jury. The greatest and most important duty is thrown upon the weaker vessel, the petit jury—a most striking anomaly in the administration of British law.

Public opinion recognizes that the days of the usefulness of the grand jury have been spent, and that some simpler and less expensive system should be inaugurated. Senator Gowan suggests that either a public procurator-fiscal, like that existing in Scotland, which years of trial have proved so admirably beneficial, or that the Crown-Attorney system, obtaining in Ontario, be extended throughout the Dominion. Another system is suggested by an able writer in the *Canada Law Journal* upon the subject of crown counsel. He suggests that a crown counsel be appointed for each judicial circuit, who should take the place of the grand jury. Such a step would not only facilitate the abolition of the latter, and at once afford a perfect substitute, but would be a striking reform of another weak branch of criminal procedure. Crown counsel, nowadays, only arrive on the scene of trial at the opening of court, and are often hurriedly thrust into a case without any preparation, and so miscarriage of justice constantly takes place. Nor does the present mode of appointing a different crown counsel for each and every subsequent court ensure the obtaining of good men. Here then are three substitutes for the grand jury system. Either introduce the efficient measure of the procurator-fiscal of Scotland or enlarge the usefulness of the county attorney, or constitute a permanent crown counsel for each circuit, and substitute him for the grand jury, whose whole time will be given to criminal matters, and whose work would be under the eye of an independent judge and court.

Sir John Thompson, Minister of Justice, recognizing the strength of the movement for abolition, and it being his intention to submit to Parliament a Bill codifying criminal law procedure, both as regards substantive law and procedure, issued a circular letter to the judiciary and Attorney Generals throughout Canada, inviting their opinion on the subject. Their replies have been embodied in a Blue Book, and prove an interesting feature in the discussion of this potent question.

Mr. Justice Gwynne states that the idea of the grand jury, constituting in the present day the palladium of British liberty, is altogether of too mediæval a character to justify its receiving a moment's consideration. No perils can nowadays arise from the interference of the Crown in the administration of criminal justice. Their functions were never of a higher order than to determine whether the *ex parte* one-sided evidence submitted to them by the prosecutor was sufficient to justify the accused person being put upon trial. Judges are now independent of the

Crown. The petit jury, and not the grand jury, constitute, under the direction of independent judges, the true protection of the subject, against unjust and frivolous prosecutions.

Mr. Justice Taschereau, the author of the best work on Canadian criminal laws, pronounces in no undisguised tone in favour of abolition. He refers to the work of the Criminal Law Commissioners of England, and states that the weight of opinion preponderated against the maintenance of the grand jury. In refuting the argument of antiquity he cites a passage from John Pitt Taylor's opinion, viz.: "There is an instinctive tendency in the minds of most men to admire and reverence the wisdom of bygone ages, and to cling with affection to those institutions which have stood the test of centuries. Such feelings are natural, nay laudable, but they may be indulged too far. There is no doubt that in the days of the Tudors and the Stuarts the grand jury was the bulwark of English liberty. In those unscrupulous times, the judges were removable at the pleasure of the crown, and petit juries were subjected to imprisonment and fine if they dared to find a verdict contrary to the direction of a dependent and sycophantic bench. A party who had become obnoxious to the reigning power could only hope for security through the medium of the grand jury; but at the present day, when the judges are actuated by no personal fear or hopes, when petit jurors are at least as independent as the members of the grand inquest, and when an enlightened press promulgates, and by promulgating controls the proceedings of courts of justice, it is idle to suppose that the intervention of a grand jury is any longer necessary to protect the defendant from oppression or injustice."

Mr. Justice Taschereau adds that an English judge held that a grand jury is not bound by any rules of evidence, the latter saying "that they were a secret tribunal and might lay by the heels in gaol the most powerful man in the country by finding a Bill against him, and for that purpose might even read a paragraph from a newspaper."

Judge Taschereau also points out that it is undoubted law that a grand jury may present an indictment upon their own knowledge, and, if it acts arbitrarily, where is the remedy? What control has the court itself over the findings?

Chancellor Boyd, the very able President of the High Court of Justice, says that he has been "long of the opinion that the time has come to abandon this expensive, anomalous and circumlocutory process."

Judge Sinclair, a legal author of wide reputation, after careful consideration and practical experience, thinks no injury can befall the country by the abrogation of the system.

Remarkable features of justice resulting from the habit, which grand juries not unfrequently possess, of usurping functions not belonging to them, of assuming those of the judge and petit jury, as well as their own, and of trying cases given to them for their consideration, in direct opposition of the express instructions of the court, weakened his faith in their utility. Other and much more reliable means may be found for the protection of the individual from malicious and unfounded prosecution, as well as for bringing actual offenders to justice. He further states that the extended jurisdiction given to county judges and police magistrates in criminal matters has been productive of much good, and has a tendency to diminish the number of offences by furnishing the means of prompt conviction and punishment of offenders. Persons charged with offences are not so liable to be improperly convicted if innocent. The chances of escape are lessened in case they are guilty.

Judge Ross shows conclusively that it is a most expensive farce by instancing a local case in Bruce, where the court was over in one day. The jurors coming from long distances lost their time, and the county its money. Some interesting features are furnished by him. A person committed for trial, upon payment of the statutory fee obtained a copy of the grand jury panel, and therefrom canvassed every member of that body at their homes, and, being a clever, artful criminal, got his Bill ignored, and was freed. Another case is given where a ruffian went to the house of a lonely woman at midnight, and the better to intimidate her and accomplish his object, took a butcher's cleaver. The foreman, being a friend of the accused, laughed the affair out of court. Judge Lazier is of opinion that grand juries can be dispensed with; particularly at the general sessions of the peace. Judge Deacon concludes that the abolition could be safely made and that it would be better to have the men usually elected for the grand jury, free to serve upon the petit jury; that some competent officer under the direction and control of a judge would inspire more confidence in the administration of criminal justice. "As it requires twelve to agree in order to find a Bill, how often has it happened that, when the panel in attendance was not full, five or six men (and sometimes fewer) have been able to control the ten or eleven who were in favour of finding the Bill, the majority, for the time being, being controlled by a mere fraction of their number."

The learned judge's experience is, that for every one innocent person saved by the intervention of the grand jury three or four guilty ones escape.

Judge Ardagh refutes the idea of the grand jury in these days as a protector of a subject against the crown as absurd, and further states that in his experience its powers of service as a safeguard against unjust and oppressive prosecution have never really been brought into play,

but, on the contrary, have been interposed as a shield to the guilty.

Judge Macdonald, having as a judge been concerned with the administration of criminal justice for over fifteen years, is convinced that it can safely be abolished. And owing: "To the provisions of the Acts permitting prisoners to elect to be tried before county court judge, or before a police magistrate, many—perhaps a majority—of the cases which should have formerly have claimed the attention of the grand jury are now removed from action at its hands."

Judge Boys agrees that grand juries, as now constituted, have outlived their usefulness. He suggests that, for the sake of those who cling to sentiment, the name of grand jury might be retained, but would reconstitute the body by reducing it to three in each county; such three being composed of the county crown attorney, a local judge where there are two local judges in the county, and some third person. He advocates doing away with "charging" the grand jury, and the ordinary presentments of grand juries and replies thereto, as they occupy a good deal of time and cause expense with very little return. Presentments at their best are but the servile echo of the particular opinion of the presiding judge.

Judge Upper, in favouring the abrogation of the system, states that nine persons out of every ten elect to be tried by the county judge's criminal court, where there is neither grand nor petit jury.

Judge Robinson, after a long experience, condemns the system. He never knew it to do good, but, on the contrary, work harm, and instances the latter fact by cases which arose under his notice.

Judges Hamilton and Lacourse concur in abolition, the system having become a thing of the past.

Judge E. B. Fralick thinks grand juries unnecessary, and that the appointment of Provincial inspectors does away with any necessity for the supervision of gaols, etc.

Judge Ermatinger is of opinion that the grand inquest has survived its usefulness and recommends a substitute.

Judge Hughes, speaking from a long experience of thirty-seven years, and a wide field of observation, entirely affirms all that Senator Gowan has said upon the subject.

Judges Senkler and Davis find the system cumbersome, inefficient and needlessly expensive.

Judges McRae, Robb, Pringle and McKenzie favour the doing away with the antiquated system, as such course would not interfere with the liberty of the subject.

Judge McCarthy is of opinion that action be taken abolishing the functions of the grand jury on the grounds of the very large number and intelligence of magistrates, the right so freely exercised by prisoners of being tried before a county judge and the expense.

These are some of the opinions against the maintenance of the grand jury. Surely a complete case has been made out, and the death knell of an old, decrepid, cumbersome, expensive body has for sometime been sounding.

The majority of the advocates in favour of its retention take the stand of antiquity and veneration, and that in days beyond memory it was the palladium of the liberty and right of the subject. Others again say we will dispense with it if a safe substitute can be found. We have but to turn to the tried procurator-fiscal system of Scotland, to our own crown attorney, to our own crown counsel, to a public criminal prosecutor, and some excellent substitute can without any great trouble be found. If such advocates are sincere in their desire for some earnest substitution, their attention is only necessary for the consummation of their wish.

It is then to be hoped than Senator Gowan will bring again to bear his acknowledged erudition as a jurist and his powers as a reformer of good and tried legal reform, and carry out the abrogation of the Grand Inquest, solve the question of a safe substitute, and place criminal prosecution upon as sound a basis as other branches of our jurisprudence in which his guiding hand has so often appeared.

ANON.

November 20, 1891.

PARIS LETTER.

EH BIEN; supposing that M. de Giers, aged 71, only came from the soft atmosphere of Italy in November to exchange a *bon jour* with M. Carnot and his Ministers, how can that effect the European situation? Supposing even he came to sign a treaty on behalf of the Czar, having the latter's brothers as witnesses, what novelty would that be in the "union of hearts" between the Russians and French? It is said that to-day diplomatists only deceive themselves; they have no other facts to guide them but the interests of realms and the opinions of peoples—elements at the disposal of all who use their eyes and ears. There is nothing sphinxical in what the Muscovite ambitions and the Gaul wants.

If Russia and France only executed a treaty to run diplomatically in couples, like Juno's swans, that were unnecessary. If the treaty includes sitting still like the ancient Egyptians, it will be as useless as disappointing for the French. If the dual powers mean to remain as a double-bolt on the peace-lock of Europe, they will create no more uneasiness than the triple alliance. Actions outside these lines imply and involve war; once the latter is unchained, none can direct its course nor arrange the beligerents like puppets, nor limit its duration, still less terminate it as planned. The dream of Peter the Great

was an alliance, not only with France, but with England. Constantinople was then, as now, the bar-bisister of that union. Francois I. endeavoured to expel the Turks from Egypt and Syria. Louis XIV. negotiated an alliance with the Sultan. The Russians, after the 1812 invasion, cremated 175,000 corpses of the French army; the Crimean War supplied a holocaust to Russia of another kind. These opposites of history are the out-put of interests. The allies invaded France to crush Napoleon; yet at the Congress of Vienna an alliance between France, England and Austria was negotiated to check the territorial rapacity of Prussia and Russia. Perhaps, as Molière observes, between persons who esteem each other a few whacks of a stick are of no importance.

It may be safely assumed that the belligerents *in posse* have well taken the measure, not so much of each other's numerical strength as of each other's resources, which is not the same thing. The nation that can hold out the longest is certain to win, and will exact repayments of its expenses and losses. There cannot be the slightest doubt, since Lord Salisbury laid down that the British evacuation of Egypt was not a Conservative or a Liberal question, but one where the honour, glory and pride of England were staked, the French view the subject less frivolously. Impartial observers keep their eyes sharply fixed on the Sultans of Turkey and Morocco. It is around them that exist the double toil and trouble, and where the broth boils and bubbles in the diplomatic cauldron.

The strike in the Pas-de-Calais colliers is now complete. The 40,000 strikers remain, so far, orderly; they do not yet feel the pinching of the empty stomach. The quarrel is one peculiarly fitted for an arbitration court. The men do not earn more than 5½ frs. per day; in South Wales the colliers can earn as much as 12 frs.; yet in both countries the out-put of coal per year and per miner is about the same—270 to 300 tons. Public opinion thinks the shareholders could be more liberal in their dealings with their hands. The Government has committed itself to arbitrate in the dispute, and will name five delegates. No! say the men; let the company select a number of arbiters to confer with a similar number to be chosen by the miners, and, in case of an umpire being necessary, let such be the Premier or the Minister of Commerce. The proposition is not unfair. A fact to be noted in the evolution of labour is now passing through—the disinclination of employers to meet employees face to face, and have a straight talk about their differences. If the reluctance be the offspring of snobbery, the situation would be grave indeed. Formerly in Spain the sovereign, if too near a strong fire, ran the risk of being roasted, if the proper hidalgo was not forthcoming to place a screen between the king and the grate.

The Comedie-Francaise has brought out Shakespeare's "Taming the Shrew," the French name for which is "*La Mégère apprivoisée*," as translated by Francois Hugo. However, the word "*Mégère*," capital for a Billingsgate scold, is not the equivalent for the choleric temperament of Katharina, daughter of "a rich gentleman of Padua." Oceans of ink are being spilt over the claim of Shakespeare to the play. The "divine William," like Molière, took his *bien* where he found it. The rougher incidents of the piece have been eliminated or softened, so as not to jar perhaps on the over-delicate temperament of the Parisians. The spectacle of a husband stabbing or shooting his wife is tolerated, but to apply a whip is shocking. Voltaire in 1729 wrote to his friend Thieriot, in London, "to whip the lady Liset for her foolish sauciness." The audience thoroughly enjoyed the "Taming of the Shrew," especially the closing scenes, where Katharina is not only tamed, but humbled—and penitent. Coquelin, as *Petruchio*, was inimitable, and Mdle. Marsy, as *Katharina*, faultless. All the other rôles down to the most humble were filled by talented artistes, and therein lies the pleasure and superiority of a French representation. The staging of the play left nothing to be desired in histrionic accuracy and artistic effects. Madame Carnot was present on the first night; having a good supply of good Anglo-Saxon blood in her veins, she could relish the Bard of Avon.

The French are enjoying the admission by English authorities that England has no army "to go anywhere," so incapable to do "anything." The 1870-71 campaign has shown what a numerically smaller but highly disciplined army can do against hastily embodied soldiers, though they might spring up like Cadmus teeth. It is not the raw material England wants, but a scientific system applied to her army, and to economically utilize money grants. There is no mean between an effective army and a national militia as in the United States. France, having her army now so perfected that at last no button is wanting on the soldier's gaiter, has decided to bring her navy up to a corresponding pitch of strength and perfection.

Something like a branch foreign office has just been organized in Paris. Its object is to search out and examine what treaties France has from time to time executed, and to note if any of the rights therein conferred upon her have been overlooked or allowed to lapse. For every mare's nest discovered the foreign Minister will receive a prod to act.

The "Letters of Baron Ricasoli," Italian Prime Minister, just published, are very curious reading. They deal with events after the death of Cavour. In 1861, the Baron said, there could be no dissension between Italy and France on the question of interests: "the two nations marched hand-in-hand towards liberty" and all the usual

et ceteras. To-day Italy is the ally of the hereditary enemy of France, as France is the ally of the hereditary enemy of England. Ricasoli laughed at the supposition of ceding Sardinia to France to enable her to bridge the Mediterranean to Algeria. Not an inch of territory would be given—Italy was for the Italians.

The official report of the French Exhibition at Moscow does not appear, reading between the lines, to have been a commercial success for the 2,500 exhibitors who, on an average, had to expend nearly 700 frs. each. The prospect of opening up trade with the Russians is not encouraging, unless Russia lowers her tariffs 50 to 100 per cent. on imports, and votes protective laws for trade marks. Z.

THE RAMBLER.

IT is not possible—at least, not easy—to utter any reasonable reflections worth listening to. The bare boughs of December make, against the filmy-curtained blue of the transparent orange, many a French picture of undoubted beauty.

Because the leaves are fallen, shall we then see nothing gracious or marvellous around us? By no means. Beauty is still ever-present, in the savage powerful strokes of flame-colour and scarlet, with which dawn paints his winter sky, in the shapes of winter cloud and massive cumulus—soft domes of pearl and snow, tinged with the pink of a rose-leaf or a shell—in the avenues of slim black branches outlined against the coloured end of evening, in the golden days when sunshine lights the distant shining cross, in the gray days when the rain drips down through the leafless trees upon a sward as emerald as in June or young July. There should be some compensation for our unnaturally mild climate in the fact that we are never very far off from spring. Here the seasons are less clear-cut, less sharply defined, than in Eastern or North-Western Canada. Our spring merges into summer, and our summer into autumn and winter, and the winter again into spring, without those inconveniences with regard to clothing and diet and fuel and shelter which present sometimes such difficulties in other quarters of the Dominion. Still, it is odd that we are obliged to keep our fire going exactly as if it were the depth of an old-fashioned Canadian winter. This is a comfortable country in one respect at all events; we don't go slinking up to bed with a candle casting weird shadows all around us, through a cold, dim corridor to a colder and dimmer sleeping-room.

In this connection let me observe that if any of my readers wish to crown themselves with glory of a literary kind, and are on the look-out for plots, situations and characters, they cannot do better than follow this advice. Buy a ten or twelve-dollar coverlet. Leave the register open when you retire for the night, cover yourself up closely with the eider-down quilt, and then—see what'll happen, as we say to the children. There is nothing like it for downright nightmarish dreams and visions, compared to which opium is milk-and-water. You will wake up hot, dazed, irritable, distraught, with a sense of vacancy and distention combined about you, with your brain on fire, and with countless dreadful phantoms surging in its feverish labyrinths. Try it next time you are filling up an order for a Christmas story or New Year's Eve poem. As the bells ring out the old and ring in the new, we sigh over the Has Been, and turn with a smile of hope and pleasant anticipations towards the To Be, for

The years have linings, just as goblets do,
The old year is the lining of the new;
Filled with the wine of precious memories
The golden Was doth line the silver Is.

I had some conversation with an auctioneer the other day and was so carried away by his eloquence and sound reasoning that I cannot resist transcribing those fluent utterances. I had had some difference with the auctioneer's assistant as to his method in conducting a certain sale in which I was interested, and when I questioned Mr. — himself he answered as follows: "You see, there are two distinct and different methods of conducting a house sale. One is on what I may term the Accumulative, or Public principle; the other on the Expansive, or Domestic—Accumulative or Public, Expansive or Domestic. In the former we follow this plan;—I am giving away the secrets of our profession—we choose a room best suited as to size and situation, either on our own premises or at parties' houses, and, eliminating everything not saleable, we put in close juxtaposition and violent contrast—what? Everything, coal-scuttle and hanging bookshelves, books themselves, and bedroom sets, rare old prints and glazed chromos, statuary and butter dishes, jelly-moulds and door-mats, Japanese fans and boxes of cigars, the spacious leathern arm-chair of the master of the house, head-rest, arms, footstool to match all complete, alongside the easy-going rattan rocker of the loving hard-worked wife and mother. We don't stop here—no, indeed. By the model bookshelf we artfully place a painted clock, bright, cheerful, with a Scotch shepherdess and a pink sheep, just the thing in a kitchen—and so on, and so on. In this way—the secrets of the profession again—we invite curiosity, we arouse Suggestion—Suggestion, which is the controlling force, the central sun, the effulgent lode-star of the auction-room. Why, we can arrange a show-room to such advantage that many a lady intending to timidly purchase a frying-pan, with, at the most, a nutmeg-grater thrown in, departs

after having committed herself to the extent of a new gilt cornice for the sitting-room, a second-hand singer and a 'Death of Nelson' in a splendid black walnut frame! What do you think of that? Well that's one way."

Being much impressed I begged of him to continue. "The other method, which we call the Domestic or Expansive, would appeal, I see, to you. Here everything is in its place and everything has a place. Ornaments for sale are exhibited in the drawing-room and boudoir where ornaments should mostly be; the books are to be found only in the library; articles for ladies' use, sewing-machinery, cradle, work-table and rocking-chair neatly ranged in the upper rooms, and all mechanical utensils, tools, etc., displayed in the kitchen and shed."

At this point my patience gave out and I left the brilliant scene in which Adaptations from the Japanese and Persian mingle with imitation oak and obsolete walnut. How many will recognize the auctioneer?

"A private secretary," says Balzac, "is to be pitied as much as women and white paper. They are nonentities who are made to bear all things. They are allowed no talent but hidden ones, which must be employed in the service of their ministers. A public show of talent would ruin them. Amiable constitutional poodles—so gentle, nicely curled, caressing, docile, always spick and span—careful watch-dogs besides and faithful to a degree!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

ART SALES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—An article in your Art column of last week calls for some comment from an "outraged public." Of your strictures on public and private "hangings," and on government and private benefactor's shortcomings, I shall say nothing. These, and the want of an art gallery are too patent for the moment for any person's patience to endure. I would rather put in a word for the art loving public, and without a word of apology for my lack of experience as a critic, so necessary in order to enable one to speak with authority. Do you not think, Mr. Editor, that there is something wrong with the ridiculous prices affixed to these pictures by the painters, and more especially so, when they can be bought in a roundabout manner far cheaper? Is it any wonder that the general public wait rather for auction opportunities, when artists auction pictures at prices far below those which they ask, and then, forsooth, get fairly well paid for these days of small pay and quick returns? I speak advisedly, but I can remember one or two things of which I heard at the time, for instance,—Mr. Bell-Smith's "Thunder Cape" went for three hundred and odd dollars and took him three days to paint. He asked a thousand for it originally. Mr. Challenger asked one hundred and fifty dollars for "A Bite," and it sold for thirty odd dollars and all it was worth too. Mr. Knowles' collection, to which you refer, sold exceedingly well. By a reference to the marked dates, the pictures were all painted within two years or thereabouts, and, if the sale was genuine, fetched nearly five thousand dollars; not so bad for a couple of years' work from a very young artist. Another case and I am through,—a lady exhibits at the Academy regularly, who always ask from five hundred to one thousand dollars. No sane lover of pictures will dare say these pictures are worth half what she asks, and yet the game goes on. Auction sales do not enhance the value of my pictures nor of any other collector's. We all want Canadian pictures, glad to get them in fact, but do let us have reasonable figures at once, and nothing fancy. Just because so-and-so sold a picture for a good price at a certain time, everyone with a fair brush emulates him. Tradition will not dispense with the auction room, but reasonable first figures will.

R. A. D.

CURTAIN CIVIC EXPENDITURE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—As there are complaints of over-taxation coming in from every quarter, and but few, if any, real remedies proposed which would tend, in my opinion, to improve matters much, I would like, with your permission, to offer a few suggestions in your prominent journal. While the expenditure has been admittedly heavy, why have the authorities been so lax in the enforcement of license by-laws? Such laxity, to my mind, has very materially lessened the receipts derivable from this source. Surely it cannot be attributed to want of officials, as I understand we have no small number of these!

Would it not be a step in the right direction to abolish a number of these petty license by-laws, and with them the inspectors, commissioners, etc., that have been appointed under them, since it has proved impossible to deal out justice, and hence arises a ground for complaint? How it is that individuals in the employ of corporations are paid salaries for a specific work that is only half performed, and whose time is considerably taken up otherwise, I am not able to conjecture. Why is the Council so lenient with the Street Railway Company with regard to transfer tickets and all-night cars, etc.?

Again, in order to secure a better system of doing municipal business, would it not be advisable, this coming year, as the number of aldermen to be elected will be consi-

derably less than heretofore, to select a fresh set of men, men of strong financial abilities, and those who, when occasion offers, have intelligence enough to express sound and enlightened views for or against an important or unimportant, and perhaps at the same time a very expensive, measure? Surely we have had enough of mere figure-heads who can only vote, and often then not in accordance with their previously expressed views.

There are a number of very important matters that will have to be dealt with soon, and that will require shrewd, capable business men to grapple with them—that is, if the city is to get even an approach to justice. The medical health officers must be encouraged in the good work begun by them, in causing the cleaning, and, if need be, the abolition of privy-pits, or the citizens will be put to the expense of extra hospital accommodation, as all available space now is reported occupied.

For years past we have heard a great deal of talk about a viaduct scheme, a trunk sewer, the removal of the butts, etc. These matters have cost the city a considerable sum already in preliminaries, and we may look for more action and expense in these matters.

A great deal of money is constantly being spent in legal expenses, paying damages, arbitration fees, etc., and what do the citizens get for this? To my mind the greater portion of this expense might be saved the city if men of ability could be induced to enter the municipal arena. The city council is not, or should not be, made an office for speculators who have little or no object in view other than the advancement of some pet scheme of their own, or perhaps of others, that will indirectly benefit them in time. So anxious am I, sir, to see a thorough change in municipal affairs that I would not personally approve of even seeing an outgoing alderman fill the mayor's chair next year.

A. H. TOILER.

Toronto, Nov. 27, 1891.

HIS OWN GIFT.

WHEN a new poet comes he finds his way
Beset with rules and canons of the past:
With grip of triple steel they hold him fast,
And give his soul nor leave nor room to play.
Happy is he who will not be a prey
To custom, gathering his strength doth cast
These fetters from him, nails to his ship's mast
His own gifts' colours, and lets that have sway!

Homeric or Dantesque he may not be,
Horatian, Emersonian, shade of Pope:
He has no ancestors, nor can you see
Them in his face; and in his horoscope
Is but one star, and to his destiny
That leads him, smiling; 'tis the star of Hope.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

Benton, N.B.

ON SPURIOUS WORKS OF ART.

THE story of Giovanni Freppa and the Capitano Andreini, which I shall relate, will show the innate superiority of Italian genius and methods. This adventure was *à propos* of the earliest forgeries of majolica ware. Its place was Florence, and the time about 1856. By that time, although the little towns and villages of the Romagna had been searched through and through, and it was no longer possible to ferret out majolica plates and drug-pots, or Hispano-Moro dishes by the dozen, there still remained a considerable treasure *in situ*. The owners had, however, become aware that a *régime* of high prices had commenced, and a veritable majolica fever set in in the neighbourhood of its original production. For the fine specimens which remained two or three hundred "lire Italiane" were no uncommon demand. Needless to say, these "lire" have now become pounds sterling, but the sums were thought fabulous in those days. The most coveted pieces were then, as now, the lusted wares, the Maestro Giorgios and Xantos. Fraudulent imitations of the ordinary painted specimens had already made their appearance, produced nobody knew where; but the secret of the lustre, notably of the famous ruby tint, was a forgotten mystery. It is more than probable that Giovanni Freppa was the author of these earliest frauds. He was a notable curiosity dealer in Florence, a Neapolitan of gentlemanly manners and presence, with a singularly mellifluous tongue. Ser Giovanni, in short, was a very popular personage, and he was the friend and Mentor of every impecunious Conte and Marchese in Florence, most of whom, after the fashion of Italy, had, from time to time, something or other to sell. Whether instigated by Freppa, or on his own motive, a young chemist of Pesaro, after long endeavours, about this time finally succeeded in reproducing that great desideratum, the famous ruby lustre of his renowned fellow-countryman, Maestro Giorgio.

Freppa, at all events, was the astute undertaker in regard to giving commercial value to this discovery.

Silently and secretly, in conjunction with his ally at Pesaro, Freppa caused a number of spurious Giorgios to be manufactured, and they were forthwith dexterously "planted"—i.e., entrusted for sale to local dealers, farmers, peasants and other apt, unsuspecting agents in the little towns and villages in the Pesaro and Urbino districts, where they were soon bought up, mostly by the peripatetic dealers—Italian and foreign—who were either

travelling in the country or in relation with local agents on the look-out for them. One of the former worthies was no less a personage than Il Capitano Andreini, a retired officer in Florence—a man as well known and popular in the art-collecting line as Freppa himself, and heretofore his frequent ally and coadjutor in research. Freppa, however, was not the man to let his left hand know more of his right hand's doings than was strictly prudent, and the Capitano was not let into the great Giorgio secret. The latter was a notorious gossip and talker, a vainglorious "pettegolo," prone to dilate upon his exploits in the antiquarian line, and, above all, proud of his knowledge and critical acumen in that field. Unluckily for all parties, nevertheless, he became one of the earliest victims of the newly-hatched fraud. Giovanni Freppa's intense disgust may be easily imagined when the Captain, with a more than ordinary flourish of trumpets, brought him a splendid Giorgio salver just hunted out for him by a correspondent in a little mountain village of the Romagna. It was a prize of the first water in the eyes of the unsuspecting Captain, and the price he expected for it was commensurate, not a penny less than a thousand francs, even to his dear friend Giovanni himself. To the Captain's utter disappointment and surprise, however, Freppa not only did not rise to the occasion, but even displayed an inexplicable coldness—the very reverse of his usual style and conduct. Giovanni, in fact, had immediately recognized one of his own children, so to speak; and he was so taken aback and annoyed at the *contretemps* that his usual *sangfroid* deserted him in this emergency. Determined not to re-purchase his own property at an exorbitant price (which, after all, would have been his best policy), he unwisely depreciated the precious *trouvaille*, and in the heat of discussion unwittingly let it appear that he even doubted its authenticity. This was touching the Captain in his tenderest point. He, Capitano Andreini, taken in by a false majolica plate—the thing was absurd and impossible! if ever there was a veritable and most overwhelming "Giorgio," there it lay in all its gleaming lustre before them. The Captain, in short, lost his temper, and, snatching up his treasure, in spite of Freppa's tardy attempts to pacify him, sallied out with it to the nearest café, where, amidst a ring of *cognoscenti*, dilating magniloquently on his own critical knowledge, he related his controversy with Freppa—that mere soulless *mercante* (as he said), fit only to be a vendor of tin pots and old boots in the Mercato Vecchio!

The Captain's wrath, in short, was unappeasable; all the attempts of mutual friends to effect a reconciliation were in vain, and the quarrel became the universal theme in every café, curiosity shop and salon in Florence.

The Captain, although on reflection not altogether easy in his mind, had in any case gone too far to retreat. The quarrel was a deadly one, and could only be settled by the obtaining conclusive evidence of the previous history and pedigree of the Giorgio, in the country where it had been brought to light, and consequently the Captain went off to Pesaro on that errand. There disappointment awaited him; very little could be made out as to the real *provenance* of the plate, and that little was not satisfactory. In short, the Captain only succeeded in tracing its possession and that of several others, which, it seems, had about the same time appeared in the district, to the young chemist at Pesaro before alluded to. This worthy, when brought to book on the subject, wrapt himself up in mystery, made vague and contradictory intimations, but either could not or would not give any clear account of how he had come by the Giorgios he had put in circulation.

The upshot of the matter was that little by little the fraud leaked out. Now came the Captain's opportunity to retreat, but it was too late; he had made too much noise about the affair, and it only rested with him now to expose the conspiracy, even at the expense of his own reputation as a connoisseur. This he did by means of an action at law against Freppa and his coadjutor. The ultimate result was, I think, a compromise, and Freppa and the Capitano ultimately became friends again. They were too useful to each other to remain permanently estranged. The Italian public was, nevertheless, duly enlightened; it laughed a great deal at Giovanni and the Captain, but probably did not think much the worse of either of them in the long run.

Although this affair was a failure, Freppa's next exploit was a triumph. It came about as follows: He had always had a laudable penchant for the discovery and encouragement of rising talent, and he had bestowed his patronage upon a young sculptor to whom he suggested the imitation of the works of the early Florentine masters, for about this time a demand arose in the art world for the rare and beautiful terra-cotta portrait busts of the old Florentine masters, the exquisite works of Donatello, Mino, and Verrocchio. Bastianini, that was the young man's name, and it afterwards became famous, was set to work to produce a modern antique example. The result was an admirable masterpiece, full of life and individuality, worthy, in fact, of Donatello himself, whose style was, indeed, copied with wonderful verisimilitude.

The bust was consigned as the latest and most precious *trouvaille* from an old Tuscan palazzo to an eminent curiosity dealer in Paris. It created quite a *furor* amongst the keenest and most experienced connoisseurs of that enlightened art centre, and it was unanimously voted to be one of the finest Italian *quattro-cento* portrait busts in existence. Finally it was purchased for the Museum of the Louvre at a very considerable price, and duly installed as one of the most precious gems of the collection.

The lustre and completeness of this success were, however, somewhat embarrassing. Bastianini had modelled his bust from the life, the original being a well-known old man who combined the vocation of an artist's model and a tobacconist. Amongst the Florentine *quasi-dealers* of the time was one Dr. Foresi, notorious for his eccentricities and his enmities and quarrels with his townsmen of the like occupation, and notably with Freppa. When Foresi went to Paris shortly after he did not fail to inspect the famous bust which had made so much noise, and he was immediately struck with its marvellous resemblance to the tobacconist model whom everybody knew, and on his return to Florence he found little difficulty in getting at the truth of the matter.

Foresi thereupon boldly denounced the imposition to the authorities of the Louvre, but no attention was paid to his representations; the man's well-known envious and unscrupulous character prevented any weight being attached to them. He persisted, however, wrote letters to the Florentine newspapers, and sent them to most of the principal connoisseurs and directors of museums in Europe, and finally it became necessary to take serious notice of his proceedings. The authorities of the Louvre thereupon laid the matter before a select assemblage of the most competent and highly placed art connoisseurs and critics of Paris, one and all men whose names were of European celebrity and whose judgment was received as gospel truth. After a most searching scrutiny of the bust, these high authorities unanimously agreed that it was a perfectly genuine work of the Italian *quattro-cento* period, and that Foresi's representations were malicious and baseless calumnies. The latter, however, stood to his guns. He had shortly before issued a scurrilous newspaper of his own in Florence, dedicated mainly to the abuse of his rivals and the showing up of the foreign art critics and collectors who disagreed with him. In this paper he returned to the charge week after week, accumulating his proofs in an overwhelming manner.

At that time France was politically most unpopular in Italy, and the affair soon assumed quite the proportion of an international art duel. The Louvre authorities caused the bust to be photographed, and promptly Foresi photographed his tobacconist in the same attitude. The resemblance was absurdly convincing. Finally, Giovanni Freppa himself shifted his ground, and, making friends with Foresi, adroitly announced that he had caused the bust to be executed and sent to Paris as an artistic trap for the express purpose of humbling French pride. The proofs were now overwhelming; it was a bitter pill for the French *cognoscenti*, and Foresi gave them the full benefit of it. The Italian public on the other hand were in ecstasies. Foresi, Freppa and the sculptor became for a time almost national heroes. That all three were unscrupulous scoundrels mattered nothing. Italian astuteness had humbled and outwitted French cocksureness, and in arts, if not in arms, their country had shown herself again supreme.

Ser Giovanni became more popular and considerable than ever, the sculptor rose immediately to fame and fortune, whilst to the half-crazy Foresi was accorded unlimited license to insult and crow over everybody, until fortunately death put a stop to his proceedings shortly after.—*Sir Charles Robinson, in the Nineteenth Century for November.*

ART NOTES.

MR. L. R. O'BRIEN may fairly claim a very prominent if not the foremost place among those artists who in face of most discouraging difficulties have laid the foundation for an art circle in this Dominion which might serve for a rallying point for native and resident talent. True it yet remains to be seen how far success will follow. We might even say, whether it will do so at all; perhaps there is nothing more peculiar to Canadians than a tendency to belittle and apologize for any attempt of their compatriots to compete with foreign ability or power. It needs no keen insight to perceive the formidable odds this failing always creates against our local men when they come before them in any art or craft requiring special excellence. In the case of the artist above named, however, even this obstacle to the requisition of public favour and appreciation should count for little, as he has repeatedly distinguished himself among the shining lights of the world's metropolis, having often exhibited on the walls of London exhibitions every inch of whose space is eagerly and jealously striven for by the strongest and brightest of English artists. The success attending Mr. O'Brien's exhibition last year seems to have encouraged him to repeat it, and there are now some fifty of his watercolours displayed in the gallery of Messrs. Matthews Bros., on Yonge Street, which will be sure to find cheerful purchasers among those who are qualified to appreciate them. Many of the paintings are the result of the late summer out-of-door work by river, lake and woodland side, which prove that it is not necessary to travel beyond Ontario to find nature in her loveliest guise. Among those now before the public are several old friends which may have remained in the painter's possession thus long from the reluctance so generally felt by artists to part with their best efforts, and consequently they are less liable to be tempted by offers from such parties as are ever on the watch for bargains and prone to take the artist at his weaker or more needy moments. It is, therefore, no sign of inferiority that a picture remains in the painter's possession.

sion, a state of affairs well known to have prevailed with Turner, Landseer, and many others known to fame. The more recent works of Mr. O'Brien bear strongly the impress of the chief Canadian artist of "Picturesque Canada," and justify the hope awakened by that work that the various phases of our country's life, so far-reaching and varied as they are, would receive effective illustration from his pencil. We have here Canadian scenes from the east and west, marine, coast, river and mountain scenes, harvests of the land and sea, as well as a few scenes of historic interest from our Fatherland.

AMONG those who have done long-continued, unselfish and efficient work for the cause of art in Canada, Mr. Matthews stands in the foremost rank. It is not too much to say that to his devotion and self-sacrifice is due much of the success which has attended the efforts of both the Ontario Society of Artists and the Royal Canadian Academy. In the field of tuition he has not been less serviceable to the country, upholding always true principles of art education, in opposition to those most pernicious but showy and popular methods which have, until recently, so widely prevailed. The demands made by good teaching upon the time and brain of an artist are so severe that they must interfere seriously with his painting, and we are consequently surprised and pleased to see the amount of good work that Mr. Matthews has been able to bring together in his exhibition now open in Roberts' gallery on King Street West. Many of these pictures are grand subjects from the Rocky Mountains and British Columbia—subjects almost beyond the reach of art—quite beyond it for full realization, but evidently not beyond its power of suggestion, and for the recalling of memories of that which cannot always or often be before our eyes. The charm of Mr. Matthews' pictures results from the impress of a refined poetic temperament, quickly responsive to the emotions evoked by aspects of nature. When he feels a subject deeply, he makes you feel it. The writer has stood upon the bare dry hill above Kamloops, looking across Kamloops Lake to the far-away mountain range and dimly tracing the swift, smooth current of the North Thompson River as it comes from its unseen source in the Yellow Head Pass. There it is again in the magic of the picture—the same broad, flat, shining water, the flat plain beyond, and the lovely grey mountain wall quivering through the soft haze which characterizes the arid park-like belt lying between the Gold and the Coast mountain ranges of British Columbia. In one picture we feel the majesty of the mountain, in another the mystery of the cloud-capped peaks. In yet another we strive to penetrate the gloom of the deep Selkirk valley, so sharply contrasted with the dazzling white of new-fallen snow on the glacier. As we have said, the painting of mountains is beset with difficulties—the art of painting is largely the art of leaving out. We could wish that Mr. Matthews practised this art more freely. In looking at a mountain, one must look away from the foreground. We should like to do so here; we feel that less insistence upon detail and more simplicity of treatment would add to the breadth and dignity of the pictures; what the artist does not feel so deeply he does not paint so well. If this be true, and we think it is, then the artist must be fond of fruit; what could be much better than these apples and grapes, true, brilliant colour and altogether manly, vigorous treatment. We have left no room to speak of the home scenes, cool bits in the forest, shady nooks, which we like better in a picture than the big things, and Mr. Matthews often does them admirably.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

GOTHE'S "Faust" has been produced this week in a most clever style by Mr. Lewis Morrison, who has gained a wide circle of admirers by his conscientious acting. This rising tragedian is a native of Kingston, Jamaica, and has been associated with Booth, Laurence Barrett, Salvini and other great tragedians for several years. Having been recently burnt out, the scenery and entire production are new. The supporting company is excellent, and the play pleasingly spectacular.

Next week at the Grand we are to have Kate Castleton, the favourite soubrette actress, with Cosgrove and Grant's farce-comedy, "The Dazzler," described by the American press as causing a whirlwind of laughter wherever produced.

THE ACADEMY.

This, the people's theatre, as it has come to be popularly known, has been well patronized this week, the attraction being that fast-sounding farce, "A Mile a Minute," full of sensations of a varied character, introducing an engine and its tender, at full speed, with spouting steam and fearful fire, all leading up to a legitimate dramatic climax. Miss Marion Elmore, of comic opera fame, is the central figure of the play, though not of the plot, strangely enough.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

On last Saturday afternoon a recital by students from the junior department of this institution brought together a large audience, the College hall being completely filled. Mr. Torrington is evidently zealous for the early development of correct taste and technique, and supervises with care the instruction given in this department. The youthful students deserve encouragement and a word of praise for their efforts on last Saturday. We shall be glad to hear from them again and note their progress.

ASSOCIATION HALL.

MR. ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM, whose name has been made familiar to us by Mr. Harry Field in the past, and whose reputation as one of the finest living piano *virtuosi*, his fame spreading from Siberia to San Francisco, is down for a very interesting recital on Saturday next, Dec. 12, in Association Hall. The plan is to be found at Suckling's music store.

TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE first concert of this, the seventh consecutive season of the original Toronto Vocal Society, takes place on Thursday, Dec. 17th, when, in addition to choruses, part songs, etc., selected for the Society by its able conductor, Mr. W. Edgar Buck, in London last summer, and which have been thoroughly rehearsed during the past three months by the selected chorus of 150 voices, the following solo artists will assist: Miss Olive Fremstadt, the young Swedish contralto, with a wonderful voice of great range and power and who is creating a *furor* in the United States wherever she sings; Mr. Victor Herbert, the violincello virtuoso, whose European press notices place him at the top of his profession on this most difficult of instruments, together with our charming, talented young townswoman, Miss Irene Gurney, whose piano solos will assuredly be not the least attractive numbers in a more than usually fine programme. The plan will be open to subscribers on Friday, Dec. 11, and to the general public on Tuesday, Dec. 15, at Nordheimer's music store.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION.

THE fourth in the series of lectures delivered before the students of the above school was given by T. M. MacIntyre, Ph.D., on Saturday last. His subject, "The Imaginative Faculty in the Drama," was handled in an able manner, the lecturer describing very clearly the distinction between fancy and imagination, and citing many illustrative examples. A strong plea for the development of the imagination as a factor in moral education was given, and extracts from the plays of Hamlet and Macbeth were read. These lectures are followed with great interest by the students, who are fully alive to their value. An invitation has been extended to the public to attend the last two lectures of the course, on Dec. 12 and 19 respectively, the first by Miss Laura MacGillivray, directress of the *delsarte* department, on "Delsarte, a Practical Illustration," in which Miss MacGillivray will illustrate in person and with her class what *Delsartism* really is. The lecture on Dec. 19 will be by the Rev. Wm. Clark, of Trinity College, on "Books and Reading." The lectures begin at ten o'clock sharp, and are held at the rooms, Y.M.C.A. building, corner Yonge and McGill Streets.

W. EDGAR BUCK'S CONCERT-LECTURE.

MR. W. E. BUCK, formerly of London, Eng., and more recently professor of singing in the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, but now a resident of Toronto, gave a most learned and interesting lecture on "The Voice in Speech and Song," on Thursday of last week, in aid of the funds of the Children's Aid Society. A very enthusiastic audience gave constant evidence of their appreciation of the lecturer's explanation of the action of the vocal organs, and their minute description, by the aid of several large coloured diagrams, capitally drawn. Mr. Buck's diction was good, being well calculated to enable even those not familiar with the subject in hand to gather a large amount of useful information. Deep breathing was strongly advocated and its method lucidly explained, leaving no doubt in the minds of his hearers that the lecturer had struck the key-note of health and of the correct production and conservation of the voice. Manuel Garcia, the renowned singing master and vocal physiologist, formerly Mr. Buck's teacher, first applied the laryngoscope to the larynx while singing, thus establishing the true theory of registers and vocality in general. Garcia also invented the auto-laryngoscope, by which he examined his own larynx. The lecturer here exhibited an improved model and explained its manner of usage. The theory of registers and their associated sounding boards was next dwelt upon, the lecturer giving several striking proofs of the correctness of this theory with his own voice. Any restriction of the lungs was condemned; a set of diagrams was here produced, showing conclusively the dire results of anything approaching to tight-lacing upon the natural breathing power, as also upon the health of the transgressors in this direction. "Expression" was defined as the power to adorn even the simplest ballad with elegance, and "Taste" being an aptness to grasp the true character of the composition. The lecturer advanced very conclusive reasonings why trained vocalists only should be entrusted with the training and guidance of the delicate vocal organs of intending singers. This comparatively novel and unique lecture was interspersed with several well-rendered songs, etc., the trio "Oft in the Stilly Night" being harmoniously sung by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Eddis and Miss E. Patrick, these two ladies giving a charming rendering of the duet, "Hearts and Castenets," later on. "Ora pro nobis," with violin obligato and ladies' chorus, displayed the possession of a fine contralto voice by Miss Kormann. Miss Fahey, after recovering from the nervousness natural to a first appearance, sang Mr. Buck's composition, "At the Mercy of the Waves," with a fine voice and in a promising manner. Miss Glover's execution of the difficult "Staccato Polka" and the "Cuckoo Song" should, with careful study, bring her eventually to the front rank; her voice is a pure soprano of exceptional range. Miss Mills surprised everyone with this, her first appearance. Her reciting of

"The Edelweiss" captured the audience; her charming presence, distinct diction and suitable action ought to lead this young aspirant for histrionic honours to a high position in her art. Mr. Buck's own singing of "The Valley of Shadows," with violin, organ, piano and ladies' chorus was instantly re-demanded; Mr. Buck's fine, cultured bass voice, clear enunciation and phrasing, evidenced that he practised what he preached. Mr. E. W. Phillips and Miss Schooley played the accompaniments most effectively throughout the evening. Mr. Beverley Jones, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. J. K. Kerr, presided, advocating the cause of the poor children in a few well-chosen words. A unanimous vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Buck and those assisting him.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

NABOTH'S VINEYARD. By E. Somerville and Martin Ross. Toronto: William Bryce.

A story of Irish life and conflict by the authors of "An Irish Cousin," who have every appearance of being well acquainted with the characters and the scenes which they describe. The name of the story tells us that there was a possession coveted and sought to be possessed by unlawful means. Under the cover of the Land League the villain of the story seeks to work the ruin of some neighbours, and happily fails. It is a very good novel, printed in good large type.

THE STORY OF THE CHILDHOOD AND PASSION OF THE LORD JESUS THE SAVIOUR IN THE WORDS OF THE EVANGELISTS AND TRADITION. By John M. Klüh. Price, 75 cents. Chicago: Klüh, 1892.

This little book is "printed with an alphabet of forty-five letters," which constitutes our first objection to it. If it is meant to simplify the pronunciation of English, the end is attained at too great a cost. Our second objection is, that it combines the narrative in the canonical Gospels with those of apocryphal documents—in our judgment a very serious fault. So we need say no more about it.

A DEAD MAN'S DIARY: WRITTEN AFTER HIS DECEASE. With a Preface by G. T. Bettany. Toronto: William Bryce.

We suppose there must be a good many people in the world who find entertainment in reading these successive volumes of "Letters from Hell," "Letters from Heaven," and the like. The present production is, on the whole, neither better nor worse than its predecessors. We cannot imagine any one being much improved or hurt by its contents, although we are bound to add that, in a general way, we disapprove of books of this kind. The supposed writer of the volume before us had, for sins committed in this world, been sent to hell, where he meets with a variety of experiences which ultimately turn hell into purgatory and so prepare his way to heaven. We cannot resist the feeling that there is a good deal of presumption in writing of this kind.

ETHICS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By Professor C. C. Everett, of Harvard University. Price, 60 cents. Boston: Ginn and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1891.

This is a small book, yet a full one. It is a book which may be studied with advantage by full-grown people who have yet to make their first acquaintance with the Science of Ethics; and yet it is a book which will be quite intelligible to boys at school. The first ten chapters deal with morality in general, showing the relation of Ethics to other studies, the nature of Ethics and some leading theories of morals. The second section (chapters xi. to xx.) deals with duties towards one's self, the third with duties towards others, and the last with Helps and Hindrances. We have not space to enter into detail on those points to such an extent as to be of any value to our readers; so we must content ourselves with again commending a volume of very great value to all parents and teachers.

THE ANARCHISTS: A Picture of Civilization at the Close of the Nineteenth Century. By John Henry Mackay. Price, 50 cents. Boston: B. R. Tucker; Toronto: P. C. Allen. 1891.

The divine right of insurrection is a kind of Gospel which has from time to time been preached, and even practised; but which has never been able to maintain itself. We quite agree with the author of this book that socialism would destroy individuality and a quantity of valuable things besides. But we can by no means get to see, nor does he in any way enable us to see, how the anarchical system is to work. Club Law and Survival of the fittest under truly peculiar conditions of existence—this would seem to be the outcome of the matter. We cannot honestly advise our readers to expend money or time over this kind of thing.

BOSTON. By Henry Cabot Lodge. London and New York: Longmans. 1891.

This is an excellent volume of an admirable series of works on "Historic Towns," edited by Dr. E. A. Freeman and Rev. W. Hunt. Historians of such eminence might be trusted to find the right men for doing the work which they had in hand; and some of the volumes already published are excellent. As a specimen we may mention the

one on London by Mr. Loftie. The contents of the volume before us entirely justify the choice of Mr. Lodge as its author. The whole story of the famous city is told from its beginning, through its part in the revolutionary war, and up to the present time. All Americans have a weakness for Boston, and this feeling is showed by the inhabitants of the Mother Country and perhaps in larger measure by Canadians. It will certainly be made more deep and lively by the perusal of the present volume. It is an admirably written book. There are two maps; one of Boston as it is, and one showing it as it was in 1722.

PRETTY KITTY HERRICK: A Romance of Love and Sport. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. Price, 50 cents. New York: J. A. Taylor; Toronto: P. C. Allen.

Mrs. Edward Kennard is a very good writer of that kind of story which deals largely with horses as well as human beings. The present tale is very well planned and equally well carried out. We are bound to say that on the first appearance of the rival suitors of the pretty Kitty, we foresaw that the one was likely to prove a rather Brummagem hero, although he was so handsome, whilst the other, although plainer, was likely to wear a great deal better. Pretty Kitty's father committed suicide in an access of remorse for having lost his daughter's fortune by speculation. This loss reduced her to poverty, cast her upon her own resources, and necessitated her working (at least, so she thought) for her own living. The beautiful gentleman who thought himself in love with her, and really did like her better than any one else, found his feelings, or at least his wishes, to change when the lady had lost her fortune. But this only gave occasion for showing the sterling character of his rival. All's well that ends well.

GEM SOUVENIRS OF THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE DOMINION. Illustrated Toronto. By G. Mercer Adam. Illustrated Halifax. By Norbert Metzler and Mercer Adam. Price 75c. each. Montreal: John McConniff; Toronto: All Booksellers.

Both the plan and the execution of these volumes are most excellent and commendable. How little do most of us know of the country in which we have our home! How much less is it known by our neighbours and by strangers more remote! It seems to us that these volumes exactly meet the general need. They are not too large. The reading of them will be no burden even to busy men; nor are they so condensed as to be uninteresting. The page, too, is large enough to admit of the illustrations being fairly adequate for all purposes, whilst it is not so large as to make the volume cumbersome. The fact that Mr. Mercer Adam has contributed the literary portion of the volume on Toronto and a considerable part of that on Halifax will be a sufficient guarantee of the workmanlike and trustworthy character of this important department, whilst the illustrations are so numerous and so excellent that they quite adequately represent the buildings and scenes from which they have been taken. We feel sure that no purchaser of these elegant and useful books will regret the investment. There are other volumes in preparation on Montreal, Quebec, and the other leading cities of the Dominion.

The *Illustrated News* of November 28 had double page portraits of the Marquis of Dufferin, the new Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava; and the Right Hon. W. L. Jackson, M.P., the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, were also presented in illustration. The issue of the 5th inst. has some striking illustrations of scenes and events of the great storms that have raged on the English coast.

The Christmas number of the *St. Nicholas* will delight the hearts of all its boy and girl readers; not only does its letterpress abound in captivating and instructive matter, but the illustrations are at once striking and appropriate. Its stories, descriptive articles and poems are, without exception, very good indeed, and make its reader "wish to be a child again." From the quaint historical frontispiece "Margey and the Twins at the Christmas Inn" to the terminating "Riddle Boy," there is not a dull or uninteresting page in the number.

Lippincott's "Southern Number" for December answers expectation. T. C. de Leon contributes the complete story which is styled "A Fair Blockade Runner." It takes the reader back to the time of the Civil War and in the person of Carolyn Clay shows what fervent love of country, dauntless courage and woman's tact and cleverness can accomplish in the face of danger, and of death. Sara M. Handy gives the reader a clear and interesting insight into "Negro Superstitions." "Literature in the South since the War" is the subject of an article of a somewhat biographical character by Thomas Nelson Page.

BRET HARTE'S clever serial, "A First Family of Tasajara," begins the November number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. A. F. Davidson contributes a historical sketch of the celebrated French tragedian of Revolutionary days, "Talma." "The Rights of Free Labour" are considered by C. B. R. Kent, who says "it is unhappily too true that for the most part the only bond that now exists between master and servant is the bond of money." "The Flower of Forgiveness" is a somewhat curious story with an Eastern colouring. "Three Persian Quatrains" place the reader under obligation to T. C. Lewis. J. C. Bailey also charms the reader by discussing and presenting some of Cowper's graceful and delightful letters.

The *Magazine of American History* for December is a bright and pretty number, dealing mainly with matters of history relating to the United States. The frontispiece is a portrait of Queen Isabella, of Spain. The opening article, "Some of Queen Isabella's Descendants," by the editor, is well illustrated. Dr. Kemp P. Battle has an article on "The Career of Brigadier-General Jethro Sumner." Thos. Frost writes, "The Guns in the Grass," an incident of the Mexican War; Hon. Horatio King, "Pen Portraits of Washington"; and Hon. S. H. M. Byers, "A Forgotten Republic," the latter article dealing with Switzerland.

"CEYLON Elephants and Kraaltown" is the opening article of *Outing* for December. An article of more than usual interest is just entitled "Cow-Boy Life"; the first instalment treats of "A Round Up." Jessie F. O'Donnell continues her prose and poetic "Horseback Sketches" with December rides. "The Two Problems of Amateur Athletics—the Spectator and the Professional" are very sensibly discussed by Walter Camp. The interest of "Saddle and Sentiment" is well sustained by Wenona Gilman. John Habberton's story, "Where were the Boys?" is well worth reading. Other articles of sporting, military and other interests are to be found in this number.

The *Arena* for December has as a frontispiece a portrait of "Whittier, the New England Poet," and George Stewart, D.C.L., has an interesting article on the subject. Camille Flammarion, that profound student of celestial bodies, writes of "New Discoveries in the Heavens." "Protection or Free Trade" is from the pen of Hon. David A. Wells, who denounces the McKinley Act. Edgar Fawcett deals with "The Woes of the New York Working Girl." Other articles are, "Faith in God as a Personal Equation," by Rev. C. A. Bartol; "Association in Clubs with its Bearings on Working-Women," by Helen Campbell; "Qualification of the Elective Franchise," by Robert Henry Williams.

The very striking frontispiece, entitled "Ladder path to village of Albignon near Leukerbad, Switzerland," is appended to the *Methodist Magazine* for December, and is accompanied by a very interesting descriptive article on "An Ancient Watering Place—the Baths of Leuk," by the Rev. Samuel Manning, LL.D., and W. H. Withrow, D.D. This is followed by an article mainly abridged from a pamphlet by the Rev. T. J. Gracey, D.D., and one by Dr. Withrow "On China and its Needs." "The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes" is a sketch by the Rev. G. W. Dawson. "The Forward Movement in London" is a portion of an address by the subject of Dr. Dawson's sketch. Other interesting and seasonable matter, consisting of stories, general contributions, poems, etc., complete the number.

The December number of the *Review of Reviews* should prove of interest to the ladies, for it gives much prominence to woman's rights and woman's work. There is a sketch of the World's W.C.T.U., an account of Lady Aberdeen's "Haddo House Association" for the improvement of the servant-girl class, and an article by the Countess of Meath on "Woman's Work on the Continent." We may remark that on the Continent the needle plays a very important part in the new movement. Then there is a description of Mrs. Besant, the successor to Madame Blavatsky as head of Theosophy. The most interesting of the other articles are a sketch—enlivened by reproductions of many caricatures—of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., and an extract from an article in the *Quarterly Review* on Mr. George Meredith.

Harper's Christmas number with its choice and beautiful illustrations, varied and attractive contents, cannot fail to delight its innumerable readers. The exquisite frontispiece after Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Ecce Ancilla Domini" is a masterpiece of its kind. Timely, chaste and charming is Henry van Dyke's article, "The Annunciation," with its accompanying illustrations from some of the most famous paintings on that sacred subject. W. W. Gilchrist's quaint and humorous musical pastoral, "A Maid's Choice," with its amusing illustrations by Howard Pyle, is out of the ordinary. "The Christmas Peal" is a poem of unusual merit by Harriet Prescott Spofford. A Canadian subject and a Canadian contribution are "Charting a Nation," by Julian Ralph, and "Melchior La Messe de Minuit—a Christmas Legend," by William McLennan. Other articles of unusual interest are "Measure for Measure," commented upon by Andrew Lang. "Mental Telegraphy—a Manuscript with a History," and "A Walk in Tudor London," by Walter Besant.

The December number of the *Atlantic Monthly* is a most excellent one. "Joseph Severn and his Correspondents," by William Sharp, is especially interesting as containing a vigorous letter by Ruskin, written in 1843, and showing his characteristic views as strongly developed then as later. A spirited article is "The Praise of War," curiously enough by Agnes Repplier, in which Sir Walter Scott's numerous battle pieces in poetry and prose, Drayton's magnificent ballad of "Agincourt," Kipling's fighting scenes and "The Grave of the Hundred Dead," are passed under favourable review, while "Macaulay's Lays" are rather contemptuously referred to "the poet's own beloved school-boy" and the platform from which he declaims. "A Torch Bearer" is an account of the correspondence of Lupus Servatus, an abbot, and Eginhard, Charlemagne's famous secretary—a glance into literary life one thousand years ago. Among other good things we may note "Richard III," by James Russell Lowell; "The Chaperon," by Henry James, and "The Transition in New England Theology."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

"RHYMES Afloat and Afield" is the title of a new book of verse, by Mr. William T. James, which will make its appearance on Thursday next. As it is published for the holiday trade, the author has spared no expense in its production.

The coloured illustrations in the holiday edition of Mr. Howells' delightful work on "Venetian Life" are so beautiful and so peculiarly suited to this special purpose that they give it a rare distinction among the holiday books of this season.

"RECENT Tendencies in the Reform of Land Tenure" is the title of a pamphlet lately published by the American Academy of Political and Social Science. The author is Prof. E. P. Cuney, of the University of Pennsylvania, who has written several other essays on the land question.

JOAQUIN MILLER writes to a friend in London that the "Story of the Life of Christ," upon which he has been engaged for some years, is nearly completed. He first did it in rhyme, but has now re-written it entirely in prose. It will be called "The Building of the City Beautiful."

The death of Professor Friedrich Zarucke, the German philologist, is keenly regretted in the Fatherland. His investigations regarding, and scholarly dissertations upon, the "Niebelungenlied" first made him famous. For many years he was Professor of the German Language in the University of Leipzig.

"JERUSALEM, the Holy City" is the title of Mrs. Oliphant's new book, which Messrs. Macmillan and Company are to publish early in December, uniform in style with "The Makers of Florence," "Royal Edinburgh," etc., by the same author. They also announce "In Cairo," by William Morton Fullerton.

The kinship which Darwinism recognizes between man and the brutes is treated in an article on "Tail-like Formations in Man," to appear in the January *Popular Science Monthly*. The researches of several German physiologists are here presented, and pictures of a number of these strange formations are given.

"UNCLE TOM'S Cabin," illustrated by Kemble, can hardly fail to be a book of remarkable interest, and the Riverside Press will ensure a book of great beauty. It will be in two volumes, and will have two fine portraits of Mrs. Stowe, sixteen full-page and nearly one hundred and thirty text illustrations by Kemble, who seems to have been predestined to immortalize in art the attitudes, faces and peculiarities of the Southern negro.

THE Hon. Lewis Wingfield has been buried at Kensal-green. He took part in some of the stirring incidents at the time of the Commune, twenty years ago, and had many hairbreadth escapes in France. He was a contributor to *All the Year Round* and to the *Times*. His house in Montague Place was quite a museum of "curios," including quaint Oriental gods and goddesses, and a rope with which Berry, the hangman, had hanged thirty-two persons—exchanged for a Canton execution-knife. As a dramatic critic he wrote over the *nom de plume* of "Whyte Tighe."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY have just published a selection of the Poet Laureate's poems for children, entitled "Tennyson for the Young." It is enriched with an introduction and notes by Canon Ainger. The editor has been surprised to find how much of Lord Tennyson's finest and most thoughtful verse is suitable to those whose acquaintance with literature is as yet of the slightest. The selection includes lyrics, Arthurian poems, patriotic poems, cantos form "In Memoriam," narrative poems and ballads. There are very few of the pieces selected that have not long ranked as "old favourites."

THE death of the Earl of Lytton, the British ambassador at Paris, removes from the scene of the present an able diplomatist and an easy and graceful writer. Though not a poet of the first order, the late Earl, under the pseudonym of "Owen Meredith," achieved a distinct success. "Lucille" was, it may fairly be said, his chief literary effort—the one, perhaps, by which he is best known. He excelled in *vers de société*, and was by many considered one of the most finished exponents of that form of verse. The able son of an accomplished father, the Earl of Lytton has in his death left a void in the ranks of English men of letters, as well as of diplomats, which cannot readily be filled.

In noticing the death of the Earl of Lytton the *Regina Leader* thus contrasts the treatment of literary men by the United States and Canada: "In the United States Bret Harte, Lowell and their brethren get the highest diplomatic positions the United States has to bestow. In Canada we make a third-class clerk of a poet, namely Lampman, a poet of a higher rank than the dead lord. The neglect of literature amongst us, the want of respect in which it lives, betrays a crudeness and brutality that may well make us blush and it would be well if it made us more determined on self-culture."

HARPER AND BROTHERS' latest announcements include the "Life of General Thomas J. Jackson" (Stonewall Jackson), by his wife, Mary Anna Jackson, with an introduction by Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D.; George du Maurier's novel, "Peter Ibbetson," with characteristic illustrations by the author; "Letters of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins," edited by Laurence Hutton; a biography of "Jasmin: Barber, Poet and Philanthropist,"

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by Samnel Smiles; and a volume of essays by George William Curtis, entitled, "From the Easy Chair," being selections from papers which originally appeared in the Easy Chair of *Harper's Magazine*. Surely Mr. Curtis could not have considered the fate of Andrew Lang at the hands of Mr. Blackburne Harte, or he would not have ventured on a republication in book form of the papers indicated. We write in a spirit of friendliness to Mr. Curtis.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Francis, Laurence. Schoolboys of Rookesbury. \$1.25. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
- Lytton, Ed. Bwler. Rienzi. 2 Vols. crown 8vo, white vellum clo.; silk flap, Italian style. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
- Lytton, Ed. Bulmer. The Last Days of Pompeii. 2 Vols. crown 8vo, white vellum clo.; silk flap, Italian style. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
- Marshall, Emma. Winifrede's Journal. \$1.25. New York: Macmillan & Co.
- Shaw, G. Bernard. The Quintessence of Ibsenism. 25c. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker.

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THE

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now running in THE MONTHLY, will be continued into the coming year. There have already been published three articles on THE WOOLEN MANUFACTURE, by S. N. D. NORTH; four articles on THE MAKING OF IRON and two on THE MAKING OF STEEL, by W. F. DURFEE. The first of two articles on AMERICAN POTTERY appears in the December number. All of these are profusely illustrated; and similar papers on THE COTTON MANUFACTURE, by EDWARD ATKINSON and Gen. W. F. DRAPER; PIANO-MAKING, by DANIEL SPILLANE; GLASS-MAKING, by Prof. C. HANFORD HENDERSON; and on THE LEATHER, SILK, PAPER, AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY and SHIP-BUILDING INDUSTRIES will appear in course.

Hon. CARROLL D. WRIGHT will continue his incisive LESSONS FROM THE CENSUS. Dr. ANDREW D. WHITE will contribute some concluding papers on THE WARFARE OF SCIENCE, and there will be occasional articles from Hon. DAVID A. WELLS and from DAVID STARR JORDAN, President of the Stanford University.

The other contents of the coming numbers can not be definitely announced at this time, but the character of the contributions may be inferred from

SOME OF THE ARTICLES OF THE PAST YEAR.

- THE STORAGE OF ELECTRICITY (illustrated), Prof. Samuel Sheldon.
- THE DECLINE OF RURAL NEW ENGLAND, Prof. A. N. Currier.
- CULTIVATION OF SISAL IN THE BAHAMAS (illustrated), J. I. Northrop, Ph.D.
- KOCH'S METHOD OF TREATING CONSUMPTION, G. A. Heron, M.D.
- STREET-CLEANING IN LARGE CITIES, Gen. Emmons Clark.
- PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON THE WAR-PATH, The Duke of Argyll.
- SKETCH OF DANIEL G. BRINTON, (with Portrait), C. C. Abbott.
- SOME GAMES OF THE ZUNI (illustrated), John G. Owens.
- OUR AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATIONS, Prof. C. L. Parsons.
- THE COLOURS OF LETTERS, President David Starr Jordan.
- DRESS AND ADORNMENT (illustrated), Prof. Frederick Starr.
- PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND THE SWINE MIRACLE, W. E. Gladstone.
- ILLUSTRATIONS OF MR. GLADSTONE'S CONTROVERSIAL METHOD, Prof. T. H. Huxley.
- THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION, John Fiske.
- LIMITS OF STATE DUTIES, Herbert Spencer.
- UNIVERSITY EXTENSION, Prof. C. Hanford Henderson.
- SOME OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF ECONOMIC BOTANY, Prof. G. L. Goodale.

Twenty years ago our first number was issued with the following statement: "THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY has been started to help on the work of sound public education, by supplying instructive articles on the leading subjects of scientific enquiry. It will contain papers, original and selected, on a wide range of subjects, from the ablest scientific men of different countries, explaining their views to non-scientific people." This task has grown larger and more important with the continual growth of science, and the scope and resources of THE MONTHLY have been correspondingly widened. No pains will be spared for its adequate performance in the future.

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At a recent meeting of the New England Railroad Club, F. D. Adams, of the Boston and Albany Railroad, gave some interesting data relative to the cost and efficiency of the various methods of lighting cars. He declared that sperm oil, used with a special burner, gives the best and most brilliant light that has ever been used on a train. He said that the Boston and Albany Railroad ran two trains lighted by electricity for two years at an enormous expense without getting as good a light as would have been given by an equal number of oil burners. In his opinion no road can afford to use electricity for lighting trains.

HUMBOLDT estimated that Asia stands at an average height of 1,150 feet above the level of the ocean; South America, 1,130; North America, 750; Europe, 670 feet. The average height of all the land above sea level—omitting Africa and Australia, which are mostly south of the equator—is about 820 feet. The landed surface of the Northern Hemisphere is about 44,000,000 square miles; that of the Southern Hemisphere about 14,000,000 to 16,000,000 square miles, leaving a difference of, say, 28,000,000 square miles of land of an average height of 920 feet above sea level. —*Boston Globe.*

THE correspondent of the *London Times* at Alexandria, Egypt, states that three colossal statues, ten feet high, of rose granite, have just been found at Aboukir, a few feet below the surface. The discovery was made from indications furnished to the Government by a local investigator, Daninos Pasha. The first two represent in one group *Rameses II.* and *Queen Hentmara* seated on the same throne. This is unique among Egyptian statues. The third statue represents *Rameses* standing upright in military attire, a sceptre in his hand and a crown upon his head. Both bear hieroglyphic inscriptions, and both have been thrown from their pedestals face downwards. Their site is on the ancient Cape Zephyrium, near the remains of the Temple of Venus at Arsinoe. Relics of the early Christians have been found in the same locality. —*Science.*

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."  G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

In the Straits of Mackinac there is operated a boat of great strength that serves for transferring passenger cars. It has enormous capacity, and carries twenty-four steam engines for the various requirements of its daily business. The hull of the vessel is built in the most solid manner, as the weather throughout the winter becomes exceeding cold, and one of the duties of the vessel is to keep a channel open for itself. The bow rises from the water so as to hang over and hammer the ice if necessary. In operation the boat shoves her nose upon the edge of the ice and literally lifts itself upon it, and then a propeller under the overhanging bow sucks the water from under the ice and enables the weight of the vessel to more easily crush it. The boat has made for herself a channel through some of the thickest ice to be found in that semi-polar region.

MENTION has been made in these columns of devices for stopping an engine by merely pressing a button in a distant room. In addition to the usual hand-wheel on the throttle-valve there is a pinion which engages in a rack running on guides below. At the other end of the bar in which the rack is cut is an electro-magnet, the armature of which controls a latch, which is held out of contact by means of a very light spring. When the current is closed, however, the magnet attracts the armature and forces the latch against the tension of the spring, and in this way it engages in a projection placed on the cross-head of the piston. On the inward stroke of the piston the projection carries the bar back, and, in doing so, the rack rotates the steam valve and the latter is closed, thus stopping the engine. The electric button controlling this device may be placed in any part of a mill or factory, and the engine may be shut down at any of these points whether the engineer is in the room or not. An additional clock-work device is sometimes inserted in the circuit so that the current stops the engine automatically at any hour desired. —*Philadelphia Record.*

THE British East Africa Company have determined to make a complete survey of the district between the East coast of Africa and Victoria Nyanza, the vast inland sea. The idea of having a railway to this lake has been discussed for some time, and Sir John Fowler, on being appealed to, gave it as his opinion that a railway was practicable, and need not cost over two millions sterling. This opinion, of course, could only be formed on incomplete information, for while travellers, like Mr. Joseph Thomson, who has just returned from the interior of Africa, Dr. Fischer and Count Teleki, have afforded information as to the nature of the country to be traversed, little is known about the formidable Mau escarpment and the country lying between that precipice and the lake. A thorough survey is therefore desirable, and the British East Africa Company, with commendable enterprise, have determined to send out a party, the chief of which will be Captain J. R. L. MacDonald, with Captain J. W. Pringle as assistant, both being officers of the Royal Engineers. Captain MacDonald is attached to the Indian Public Works Department, and has had much experience of railway surveying in India. The surveying party will leave England in about ten days, says *Engineering* of Oct. 30, and on arrival will separate into two or three sections. One party will proceed along the Sabaki River, and the other will start from Mombasa. Both will meet up the Sabaki and explore both banks. From Machakos the party will separate into three parties. The return will be via the Kampéplain, so that eight months will probably be occupied in the work. It is hoped that the result of the survey will be the construction of a railway to the shores of the lake, as by this means it will be possible to open up a very large tract of virgin country for trading purposes. But we do not know that the opinion will be equally unanimous as to the railway being made by the government. The British East Africa Company will profit most largely, and surely they should bear the financial risk, if there be any. In any case the survey must have valuable results, as it will afford definite information of that part of Africa, regarding which so little is known and in which so much interest is taken. —*Science.*

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

THE process of colour photography, by which all the colours of the rainbow are reproduced by the camera, has been for years engaging the attention of the inventor, Frederick E. Ives, and has finally been brought by him to a most successful pass. As yet, however, Mr. Ives has confined himself to that branch of the art which applies to the projection of colour-photographs on lantern slides, and here he has been unusually successful. The process consists in first making three photographs to represent the effect of the object photographed upon the three fundamental colour sensations in accordance with the theory of colour vision now accepted by scientists. The three negatives are made from the same point of view and by simultaneous and equal exposure on a single sensitive plate, an operation both simple and inexpensive. The lantern positives are then projected upon a screen either by superposition or in transparent gelatine prints by means of a triple magic lantern. In one of the three photographs the green of the landscape is brought out lighter than in the others, in another the blue is made lighter, and in the last the red colour. A strong green light is then thrown upon the first mentioned photograph, a violet blue light on the second, and red on the third, and the whole is thrown upon the screen in a single picture, in exact imitation of the original. Mr. Ives has been working on his process for many years, and hopes in the near future to bring his invention to such perfection as to reproduce in their original colours any subject in nature, and to produce colour-photographs similar to the colourless ones now on the market. He has experienced considerable difficulty, however, in the perfection of this branch thus far, because of several fundamental principles almost insurmountable. The process would also require too much time and money, as far as he can see at present, to make it of any marketable value. He has, however, succeeded in making several window transparencies in colour, with which he is much pleased. Dr. F. Stolze, of Berlin, and Henry Sturme, editor of *Photography*, of London, are very well impressed with Mr. Ives' invention, and a number of gentlemen of London, who recently visited Mr. Ives, and to whom he displayed the result of his labours, expressed themselves as highly delighted. On December 18 Mr. Ives will lecture before the Franklin Institute and make practical and interesting remarks on the subject, illustrating them with samples of his work on lantern slides. —*Philadelphia Record.*

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AMONG the many electric novelties that are being constantly introduced for the benefit of the dentist and surgeon, one of the most recent and useful is the laryngoscope. The lamp is so placed as to illuminate all parts of the throat and thus enable the operator to determine with ease and accuracy the state of the diseased parts.

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GENERAL PUBLIC

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On December 24th and 25th, good to return up to December 26th, and on December 31st, and January 1st, good to return until January 2nd, 1892.

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Hold's Brush, Dauber, Blacking and Ladies' Dressing. A perfect rest for the foot while polishing the shoe. "Always ready and out of the way."

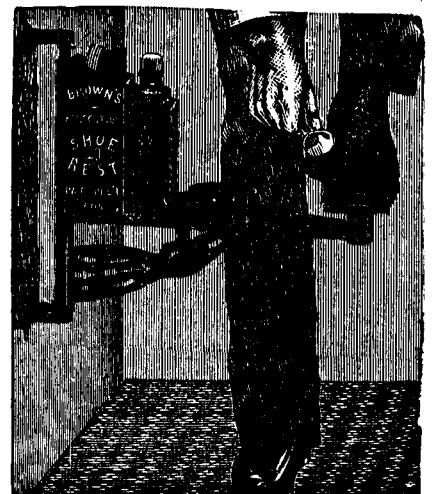
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