THE WEEK:

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Sixth Year.
Vol. VI., No. 39.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1889.

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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

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TWO or three more Canadian vessels in Behring Sea, have, it appears, been subjected to the same high-handed treatment as the *Black Diamond*, by the U. S. revenue cutters. Save to the individual owners and seamen, it matters little whether the outrage is repeated or how often. Too frequent repetitions might possibly stimulate the British Government to more prompt and determined action, though that seems too much to hope for. The case is certainly a most remarkable one. That the Government of a great Christian nation should coolly persevere in seizing and confiscating the vessels and cargoes of a friendly power in waters over which it does not even formally claim to have jurisdiction, is, to say the least, a marvellous procedure. The imagination fails to supply even a plausible guess as to the ulterior design or expectation. Any one of the various conjectures that have been framed seems to presume so far upon the forbearance of England that it can be accepted only on the supposition that the U. S. Government entertains a very uncomplimentary view of the spirit and courage of the latter. If the course is pursued in compliance with some agreement entered into with the Alaska Fur Company, the very existence of such an agreement is both a stigma upon the national sense of honour, and an insult to all the maritime powers. If the design is simply to preserve the seal fisheries from destruction, the method pursued pushes the doctrine that the end justifies the means to an extreme that would, it is safe to say, not be tolerated for a week were the offender a third-rate power, or were fewer millions of British capital invested on the continent. There can be no doubt that the slowness of the Mother Country to interpose effectually for the protection of Canadian vessels tends to undermine colonial confidence in the security supposed to be afforded by British connection. Had the outrages been committed now for the first time, we could well understand and await with all possible patience the slow course of diplomatic communication. The fact that these are but the continuation of a series commenced years ago, changes the situation very materially. The semi-contemptuous tone in which both the English and American journals assure us that the two nations are not going to quarrel over so trifling a matter makes it the more exasperating. Has it come to this, that the seriousness of an outrage no longer depends upon its character, but only upon the amount of money involved?

A SPECIAL cablegram from England to New York, which bears internal marks of inspiration from pretty high sources, declares with emphasis that the British Government will not follow Canadian counsels in the Behring Sea matter. "They do not mean to provoke a collision in the waters of the North Pacific." "They do not, as matters stand, propose to send a British fleet or any single British vessel to protect the British sealers." "It is known that in Downing Street there is the strongest possible wish to escape the necessity of resenting any American act." And so on almost *ad nauseam*. The burden throughout is that the "angry tone of the Canadian press" finds no echo in England. Now it is clear that no one has so much interest as the Canadians themselves in preserving friendly relations with the United States. THE WEEK has in the matter of the Atlantic fisheries even gone so far as to urge that it might be well for the Canadian authorities to reconsider and revise the rights and regulations maintained under the authority of an old treaty, to see whether some modifications may not be demanded by the changed conditions and spirit of the times. But in this Behring Sea business the case is different. There is no nice question of territorial rights in the matter, even the Americans themselves being judges. The offence against international law and comity is open, palpable. That is the Canadian view, and few of the American papers dispute it. And it is the very fact that the English Government and people refuse to respond to Canadian outraged sentiments which is the aggravating feature of the situation. Canada's own lips are sealed. She can utter no protest at Washington. The theory is that as a part of the Empire her people are entitled to exactly the same measure of protection as the people of England. Do they get it? Were the same outrages committed in European waters upon English vessels would they be permitted year after year, during the slow process of diplomatic correspondence?

THE problems that have been under discussion by the newly-formed Merchants' Convention at Hamilton, and the solutions proposed, have scarcely less interest for the general public, who are the consumers of the commodities in question, than for the distributors themselves. One of the special difficulties which the merchants are anxious to overcome is the derangement of trade caused by the sale at low rates of the bankrupt stocks which are being continually thrown upon the market. Those engaged in other pursuits might at first thought be disposed to say that the public need not complain of a series of occurrences which have the effect of enabling them from time to time to procure articles of apparel or ornament for two-thirds or one-half the prices they would ordinarily be obliged to pay. But a little reflection will show that there is another and a very serious side to the question, even for consumers. It is clear that every case of bankruptcy on the part of a retail dealer, resulting in the sale of his stock-in-trade for less than its value, involves a loss to some one. This loss, in most cases, falls immediately we may suppose upon the creditors of the insolvent, *i.e.*, the wholesale dealers who supplied his goods on credit. But the wholesale merchant, if he retains his solvency and prosperity, must be reimbursed from other transactions. That means, we suppose, in a word that he must, in order to do a safe business, sell his goods to paying customers at a sufficient advance upon what would otherwise be a fair profit to cover the risk of the not infrequent losses caused by insolvent debtors. This increase of cost to retailers means, of course, higher prices to the retailers' customers, that is, to the general public. Seen from this point of view, the effort of the merchants to lessen the number of bankruptcies has a side bearing close relations to all users of the goods. It might not prevent people from making a "good bargain" when opportunity offers, but it would certainly modify their opinions as to the beneficence of the business methods which enable them to do so, if they would reflect that every dollar saved by one who purchases a given article at less than cost of production plus a reasonable profit to distributors, has to be made up by others, or by himself in the purchase of other goods, and that he, in his turn, has to pay his share of the saving effected by his neighbours when they make similar good bargains.

ANOTHER evil under the sun that shines on the prosperous retail merchant was not, so far as we have observed, referred to at the Convention. Every one familiar with the business customs of this and other cities knows more or less of a species of bait thrown out by some of the more pushing dealers in various forms. One merchant, for instance, will have his "Cheap Friday," or some other day in the week, on which day the purchaser may actually buy certain lines of goods, principally small wares of course, at a price generally far below what the articles must have cost, and often merely nominal. Another rivals this performance by offering to give every fourth or sixth purchase to the lucky buyer for nothing. A third adopts some other form of what is essentially the same device, etc. Two things are obvious in regard to such transactions. First they are in themselves of doubtful morality, inasmuch as the spirit appealed to and relied on for making the method profitable is not remotely allied to the gambling spirit. The other is that for every bargain thus procured the whole body of customers have to pay in the shape of an undue percentage of profit on other goods. Cannot the Merchants' Convention manage to frown down such doubtful forms of competition? Not only are they wrong in themselves and unfair to the general purchaser, but there is good reason to believe they frequently lead the way to those more reckless modes of competition whose legitimate and often speedy outcome is bankruptcy or fraud.

NO thoughtful person can doubt that in fixing upon the abuse of the credit system as the chief cause of the irregularities and bankruptcies which they are trying to prevent or lessen, the merchants are on the right road. The handling of bankrupt stock by local associations of merchants may do something to distribute the losses more equitably, and to lessen the disturbance to trade. It may also put a much-needed check upon fradulent practices. But it is clear that the only radical remedy for the evils complained of is the abolition of the credit system. Immediate total abolition would be, we suppose, impossible, but sharp curtailment with a view to ultimate abolition is practicable and desirable, and every one who has the prosperity of the country intelligently at heart will wish the merchants success in their efforts to effect this. Here again enlightened self-interest on the part of the public comes in to second the efforts of the tradesmen. No elaborate argument is needed to make it clear that the honest and solvent people who pay for what they purchase have to pay both wholesaler and retailer an additional and considerable percentage above the fair value, to cover first the interest on the capital advanced under the long credit system, and second the large risk of loss through the failure of those who procure stocks or items on credit to pay for them. Here again the loss is not really borne by the merchant, else he would quickly go to the wall. He no doubt collects it, usually in advance, from his paying customers. It was suggested in the Convention that a law rendering accounts above a fixed sum non-collectible might remedy the evil. The suggestion is evidently impracticable, for the fixed amount would need to vary with almost every individual case. Why not advocate the more radical cure which would result from the simple erasement from the statute book of all laws for the collection of accounts? If every dealer were forced to rely wholly upon his own judgment in regard to the character and ability of the customer who asked credit, the credit system would soon fall to the ground. Those who have advocated such a change have been regarded as theorists or visionaries, but there is evidently a good deal to be said in support of their proposal.

THE Toronto *Mail* has recently had several articles advocating the founding of an educational institution for the benefit of adults of the artisan class in the city. The project is well worth the serious consideration of all who take an interest in the promotion of intelligence and skill

amongst the sturdy sons of toil, who are the backbone of a country's strength. In a recent number the *Mail* indicates more clearly the kind of evening educational institution it would like to see established. It would have, in a central location, a building containing a number of convenient class-rooms, a science laboratory, and a commodious lecture-theatre for popular lectures and concerts; also, if practicable, a museum, an art gallery, and a library, in which special works of reference might be kept. It would propose that the work should commence with classes in such subjects as arithmetic and algebra, chemistry, physics, mechanics, French, English, and Canadian history, English literature, singing, geography, etc. No one can reasonably doubt that were such an institution once opened in good working order, and a fair attendance once secured, the work would rapidly grow in interest and importance, and ultimately become a great boon to thousands of the most worthy and ambitious of the class for whose benefit it is designed. Institutions somewhat similar are, we believe, working with great success in some of the cities of England. The mental vacuity, which the *Mail* deplores as the result of the absence of a taste for useful reading and the want of other profitable occupation for the evening hours, is injurious, not only to the individuals affected but to the communities to which they belong. Any wisely directed effort to stimulate the indifferent, and direct the studies of the industrious and ambitious in right channels, should have the sympathy and aid of all right-minded citizens The institution in question would, as the *Mail* points out, have to rely at the outset wholly upon voluntary contributions and efforts. The *Mail* proposes to give further suggestions for the establishment and working of a society for the purposes indicated. These should be considered on their merits.

AN important discussion has grown out of the proposal of the Manitoba Government to place its Educational System under the control of a member of the Government. The relative advantages and disadvantages of having the Public Schools controlled by a political and, as a necessary consequence, partisan Minister are being vigorously canvassed. We freely admit that there is much to be said in favour of having the work of Public Education in charge of a Minister of the Crown. Such an arrangement has many advantages. It makes the Department more directly responsible to the people. It gives the Head an opportunity to explain and defend his management, to make known the wants of the service, to obtain the necessary supplies, and to account openly to the people for his policy, expenditures, etc. It thus gives the people a more direct control than they could exercise in any other way. But, on the other hand, what can be more undesirable than that the methods and spirit of party warfare should be imported into the management of Educational affairs, so that the most profound and delicate questions of Educational policy must henceforth be settled, not on their merits, or with sole reference to what is wisest and best, but with a view to the promotion of party interests? That this is inevitable is beyond question. The conflict now going on in reference to the use of French in Ontario Schools is an illustration. He would be an unsophisticated observer indeed who could suppose that the issue will be decided solely with a view to the highest interests of all concerned, instead of on grounds of political expediency. Is it the aim either of the Opposition or of the Government to find out just what is wisest, discreetest, best, and to have that done? Can any one doubt that the desire to make political capital is far stronger with many who are prominent on both sides than the desire either to deal fairly with the French, or to act on principles of genuine patriotism? Does any one suppose that the Minister chosen by either party to manage the Department will be selected solely with reference to his merits as a scholar, educator and administrator, or that capacity for usefulness to the party will not count for more than all other qualifications? If it is said that the same argument may be applied to the management of any other Ministerial Department, and is therefore valid as against the whole system of party Government, we can only bow to the impeachment, and plead that it is not the fault of the argument but of the system. But the more intimate relations of the Education Department to the whole people make its manipulation for political ends particularly undesirable.

THE final dropping of the Sugar Bounties Bill is but one of many indications of the strength of the grasp which Free Trade principles still have upon the minds of the English people. For a time it seemed as if the results of the International Conference would be accepted as a triumph of commercial diplomacy. One might almost have been ready to prophesy that the abolition of the continental sugar bounties would remain in history as one of the achievements of the Salisbury Administration. But no sooner did free discussion disclose the real character of the measure, and the people and their representatives bethink themselves that for the nation to pledge itself not to buy sugar from any country giving a bounty upon its production was really to put up a barrier to prevent its people from procuring that commodity in the cheapest market, than a revulsion of feeling took place. The postponement and abandonment of the Bill is the consequence. Rightly or wrongly the great majority of British Statesmen and economists, as well as the great mass of the common people, are still firmly persuaded that it is better that the many should obtain a given product at a cheaper rate from abroad than that the few should profit from its manufacture at a dearer rate at home. This conclusion is greatly strengthened in this particular instance by the fact that the cheap continental sugar imported becomes the raw material of other industries to an extent which goes far to compensate for the loss inflicted upon British industry by the decay of the sugar refining business. The possibility of a like result in other cases is one of the unknown quantities which complicate the general problem of Protection vs. Free Trade.

IF the decision of the British Home Secretary to commute the sentence of death pronounced upon Mrs. Maybrick to imprisonment for life is not glaringly illogical, it is saved from that category by what will seem to most minds a very fine distinction. It is understood to be based upon the view that though it was proved beyond doubt that the convicted woman administered arsenic to her husband for the purpose of causing his death, it was not absolutely clear that the arsenic thus administered by her was the actual cause of his death. Such a distinction may be clear enough and valid enough in itself, but it immediately gives rise to other subtle questions, such as whether, admitting that his death was due to arsenical poisoning, the considerable amounts given by her must not have been at least contributory; if so, what degree of contributory effect would be necessary to constitute wilful murder; whether such questions may not be raised in almost any conceivable case of murder, especially by poison; and so on. Moreover, if the design was to spare the woman's life without derogating from the reputation of the Court, it is difficult to see why it is less a reproach to imply that that Court failed to give due weight to such a consideration as that which prevailed with the Secretary, than that its sentence fell short of absolute justice in any other respect. Apart from all such hair-splitting it is clear that the British public would have welcomed the commutation no matter how weak or illogical the reason assigned for it, or in the absence of any reason. The very general interest aroused in the case and the amount of popular sympathy bestowed upon the convicted woman constitute a curious and difficult problem. Probably the most rational explanation is that the public mind was not satisfied with the evidence of the woman's guilt. Seeing that the chain of circumstantial evidence was almost as complete as it can be made in the great majority of cases, a further inference is that there is a growing repugnance to the infliction of the death penalty upon any circumstantial evidence whatever. Of course there is a gross inconsistency in the infliction of a lesser punishment instead of a greater simply because the evidence of guilt was not quite strong enough to warrant the greater. Still further, the worst cases, those in which the crime is plotted and carried out with studied secrecy, are the very ones which would get the benefit of the doubt, while less flagrant murders, committed in the presence of witnesses, would incur the greater penalty. It is thought that a remoter result of this agitation will be the establishment of a Court of Appeal in criminal cases, but the tendency of it is in the direction of the abolition of the death penalty.

THE plan proposed for the prevention of strikes in Germany is peculiarly Bismarckian. It appears to be simply to require the workman to put himself under such conditions in relation to his employer that he cannot strike without rendering himself legally liable to punishment for breach of contract. In a freer country such a law would be unworkable by reason of the impossibility of enforcing it in cases in which thousands of offenders would usually be at once concerned. The German military system furnishes a solution of this difficulty. Prince Bismarck, if we understand the measure, proposes that the military may be employed when necessary to enforce the new law. The German people have already submitted to so much absolutism that it is possible, though it seems highly improbable, that they may submit to be thus dealt with. It is easy to see that the effect of such a law must be to put the employee more than ever at the mercy of the employer. The latter has but to take the advantage of the competition in the labour market, or the necessity of the case, to constrain their workmen to sign a contract for a length of time, at starvation wages, and the whole power of the nation becomes pledged to enable him to enforce the contract. We do not know whether the rule is to work both ways, binding the employer as well as the employed. That might seem to be only fair, and would go a good way towards mitigating the hardship. But it is highly improbable that the employer would consent to be bound to retain a workman at a fixed rate of wages and for a fixed period, irrespective of his efficiency or faithfulness. Even with such a compensation the law would still work injustice, because the lack of equality in the conditions of the two parties to the contract would always give the capitalist a very great advantage. The strike is an unwieldy and barbarous bludgeon at least, and bids fair to fall into disuse. But to put it out of the power of workmen to use it in the last resort would be to deprive them of a weapon, whose possession has hitherto done much to enable them to improve their condition and gain a larger share in the products of their toil than they could otherwise have obtained. It can hardly be supposed that they will now suffer the weapon to be wrenched from their hands, without a terrible struggle.

LETTERS FROM MICHILIMACKINAC.—I.

WAVE-WASHED, green-grown, rising to majestic heights that may be seen twelve leagues distant, shelving slowly to a pebbly beach of clearest amber, a mass of whitish-grey calcareous rock showing false turrets and walls of stone that seem to emerge from the clinging ivy of distant fir—the Island of Michilimackinac, commonly and too prosaically called "Mackinac" or "Mackinaw," rises from the pellucid and gleaming waters of historic Lake Huron. No platitude of simile will avail to describe its peculiar beauty. A gem—cast upon the heaving bosom of the great inland water—it is this; an emerald—tipped with shafts of darker jet-like pine—it is this; a moss-agate—set in opalescent waves that gleam silvery white at night, turquoise blue at noon—it is this, and more. There exists no beauty which Nature is capable of conferring upon certain favoured localities that is not met with here. Michilimackinac—in original Indian *Mishinimakinang*, "at the great uplifted bow," "at the great hanging arch," or, according to other and as popular traditions, the "land of the Giant Turtle"—contains within its charmed radius not, however, only beautiful and unique scenery, panoramas of wood and water, forest and glen, shore and meadow, but a mine of historical and traditional lore that must ever greatly augment its importance in the eyes of beauty-lover and health-seeker. For once and for all let the horrid term "summer resort" vanish. Happily, many as are the gaily painted and aesthetically appointed boats that come into her harbour, the work of deterioration is slow. The tourist comes and the tourist goes, but in the main cannot be said to have materially affected the surpassingly rich and varied natural phenomena of the Island. It remains very much the same, when once the little town, with its hotels and wide white foreign-looking piazzas, is passed, as when the early Jesuit Fathers skimmed in their light canoes past its hanging arch, its towering beetling crags in 1670. Truth it is, that this Fairy Isle, in its mixtures of sylvan loveliness, quaint survival of ancient block-house and Indian stockade, and the modern paraphernalia of war, as evinced by the guns and sentinels of the U. S. fort high on the hill, *should* belong to Canada. It belongs to the same period and to the same generation as the walled and noble city of Quebec, the primitive but neat and picturesque villages of Lower Canada and the interesting suburbs of Chamblay or Valois. It requires the same appreciative enthusiasm, the same eloquent discrimination that one must ever bring to bear upon a place, not only beautiful but interesting, not only picturesque but romantic. And as the history of Mackinac trends largely if not altogether upon the arrival and career of the French in these western wilds and gleaming lakes, it should be all the more important and interesting to us, we who are indebted to the French ourselves for the only approaches to local colour and national heraldry, so to speak, we have.

In the fall of 1670 Father Claude Dablon, Superior of the Jesuits on the upper lakes, planted a new missionary establishment at *La Pointe du St. Esprit* on Lake Superior. This site had formerly been called *La Pointe de St. Ignace*, and the mission is still commemorated by the name of a small settlement across from the Island of Mackinac. This mission was of course mainly a religious one, attended by Indians, mostly the wandering Tionontate Hurons. But the first white man who appears to have

visited this region was John Nicolet in 1634, an intrepid traveller who has left a meagre but important account of his pilgrimage, containing, however, too little concerning the wild inhabitants of the region to be of much use. An authority on the subject states that some of the old clearings on the island date back to the time of occupancy by the Tionontate Hurons, who were tillers of the soil after their rude manner. In 1654 two young Frenchmen, convoyed by Hurons, passed Mackinac on their way to Green Bay, and in 1656, repassed with fifty canoes laden with fur for the Canada market and manned by five hundred Hurons and Algonquins. The next Frenchman who probably passed these straits was Nicholas Perrot, to whose "Memoirs" we are indebted for much of what we know of those early days. The first Black Gown, as the guide-book informs us, was Father Claude Allonez. But Dablon, —Allonez,—none among those inspired servants of the Church—fanatics, visionaries, martyrs—has left so famous a record as Marquette. In fact, the history of Mackinac began with Marquette. Worshipping last Sunday morning in the parish church of St. Anne de Michilimackinac, I seemed to see in place of the motley crowd of Americans, Canadians, and Southern tourists, English, Indian, French, Irish, Dutch, and half-breeds, the rough building of the time of Jacques Marquette, the stolid Indian faces, the chivalrous airs of the first *coureurs de bois*, the rude attempts at ritual and—ecclesiasticism! The present church is rude enough certainly, the pictures small, the walls covered only by cracked and stained grey and discoloured plaster, the altar unpretentious, the music conscientious but ineffective, yet how vastly superior to the service instituted by Marest, Lamorinie and Marquette, the true Fathers of the early Mission! I have been promised a sight of a *ciborium*, several articles of plate (*sic*) and a set of heavy black vestments covered with embroidery of the time of Louis XIV., all carefully kept in the sacristy.

I am not sure if I know just what a *ciborium* is. A sceptical friend says probably an extinct mammal, but he is willing to give it the benefit of the doubt. When all the world and his wife can and does read Parkman, there is no room for the anonymous chronicler, the poor summer tourist, the correspondent by profession, to make or to offer to make his testimony as to the labours of such a hero as Jacques Marquette. At one time the intrepid priest had as many as five hundred Indians about him, some of them coming thrice a day even in inclement weather to the rude chapel where the new and strange gospel of civilization, learning, common-sense and purity was always being preached. At last, in 1673, Marquette left in company with Louis Joliet, sent by the Governor of Canada to aid in the exploration of the Mississippi. But he returned after a few months of unequalled devotion to the cause of France and the Holy Church, and returned to die. His remains now repose in the chapel of the Marquette College at Milwaukee, while the grave at Point St. Ignace is marked by a severe but handsome monument.

Like a dream—this glimpse of mediaevalism—while the modern American throng saunters by, rarely jostling, rarely pushing, so laconic is this civilization surrounding us almost on every side.

Like a dream—the greatest dream of all—that of the vast French Empire that should have followed the Cross and Fleur de Lys of France—that rose up only that it might be cut down.

The present representative of the heroic Marquette wears the black velvet crown-shaped cap of the Jesuit. I spoke to him after the service and learned that his name was Gunder or Gunter. He struck me as looking like a Swiss. Tall, stout, with a thick neck and red cheeks, he stared at me when I asked for some information and evidently wondered what it was for. Any further approach on my part was stopped by the apparition of a thin, freckled Irish widow woman clad in rusty black, and who had been anxious to confess all morning, as she informed the *father*. The good man who wanted his dinner—which he gets across the way from the church—was a little more perfunctory than is usual even with his perfunctory class. He hurried away, telling her that in the morning, as a mass would be said for the soul of Mrs. Mary Holden, he would be happy to attend to her needs. I next attacked the assistant priest, a fine, bluff, Irish-American with a twinkle in his eye and a walk that reminded one of Salvini—an atrociously incongruous combination, I admit, but not more notable for incongruity than his sermon, in which Oliver W. Holmes, Shakespeare, St. Augustine and St. Francis of Assisi, were all quoted in turn. This sermon was really an original thing in its way, suited to many needs and diverse tastes. As for the method of delivery I can only say it was mouthed like a Western Dissenter, flung at us like a member from Indiana, tempered by hints of sweet Anglican influences, whilst remaining Roman to the core in subject matter. I believe this young priest is very attractive to female judges of beauty, but alas, of what avail. Readers of "Nikanor" will doubtless ever after sympathize with all celibates of whatever nationality. And I really felt for this muscular, square-shouldered priest in particular.

The memorial windows which adorn the church present an entertaining diversity of names. Thus Smith, McCann, and Mulcrone flare at us in vermilion, orange, and royal blue, side by side with Jolie, Richard and La Chance in grass-green and lavender. For the ciborium and vestments a week-day was thought best, so I discreetly abandoned the popular priest, watched the freckled acolytes rushed past to boiled beans and fresh fish, having seen the tapers all out, and made the Sunday tour of the little town to find photograph and fruit shops all open and the hotels doing a thriving trade. There are no Sunday cars, but that is only because there are no cars at all. But there are Sunday boats innumerable and all crowded. The fruit is immense—literally. Californian peaches and pears, luscious *magnum bonum* plums, five, six, seven, eight, ten—ten cents apiece.

To-day, however, I walked half a mile away from traffic and wear and tear to within a few yards of the chief natural phenomenon on the Island—the justly famed Arch Rock. I write, seated on a large boulder of the honey-combed calcareous rock that forms the curious outcropping surface of the entire tree-covered Island. As I toss my sheets down upon another and smaller slab, in which pale green sappy ferns and miniature cedars are growing, I keep them in place by a unique paper weight of slaty shale—I hope geologists proper will understand what I mean by the term—and have hung an umbrella in a fork of a shrub just where the sun would intercept the vision if not kept out. Away to the left lies the hazy shifting sheet of Huron, unbroken, unmarred by a single sail, and to the right rises the majestic, the lovely, picturesque Arch that so many travel so far to see.

As I look at it, I wonder that before I came here, I heard so little about it. One hundred and fifty feet above the beach, it lifts a straight crag-like bluff edge perpendicularly to the sky, the end of which nearest the mainland curves over an abyss of broken stones and uprooted trees, till, after a gradual ascent as sure and true and beautiful as Gothic window or Norman porch, it declines gradually to meet the pine-clad rock opposite. Seen from below the blue of the sky gleams through its exquisite arc, cool-gray as an ancient castle and "gay with wilding flowers." Seen from above, another blue—that of Huron's glimmering waters—gleams through it, the white of sails serving for the pearl and rose of clouds.

This was enough in itself as we first looked at it to justify us in our choice of a trip. From no point of view is the Arch ever commonplace, disappointing or small. Its grand proportions save it from any petty degeneration in the minds of those, even travelled and critical ones, who gaze at its curious approximation to architecture of the most satisfying kind.

Yet as I fold up my umbrella and number these pages, destined, I hope, for The Week at some time or another, I am aware of a party of four, two girls and two men who are actually engaged in playing euchre with a dirty pack of cards, seated, not far from the base of the Arch, *with their backs to it*. Peter Bells of people, how extraordinary it is of them! I brush past them and gain the boat. One girl wears nine bangles on one wrist, and four rings on one finger, and both are dressed in the most delicate white lawn, riddled with embroidery. Nothing better for climbing rocks and strolling along a lake beach.

Out in the boat the bells of St. Anne de Michilimackinac, are borne to the ear, merging into the slightly brassy effects on board the effete *Michigan*, a war-ship that for a score and upward of years has haunted these waters. Bang! The sundown gun from the white-walled Fort is responded to by another from the *Michigan*. The light dies out of the sky, the bats begin their gyrations, the prosaic boats and barges reveal hanging jewels of red and blue in place of white decks and staring letters, and the day's pleasuring is over. It ringeth both on shore and sea to evensong, and where once the war-whoop of the savage and impassioned addresses of the Jesuit stole upon the air, now can be heard the tinkle of many a piano, and the summer boarders "up to Plank's," don their best, their store-clothes, and evolve the German. For all this, harmless, even necessary in itself, a great distaste springs up within the cultured mind. The quiet piazza, wraps, solitude, sleep—these are the only antidotes. S.

MONTREAL LETTER.

A DISEASE, which threatens to become an epidemic, is testing the skill of the doctors in the low parts of the city which lie around Victoria Bridge. As the symptoms are those of malarial fever, with a tendency to typhoid, the authorities are waking up to the situation. This neighbourhood of the city is known as Goose Village, and is inhabited by respectable tradespeople. Being in the outskirts, what we call *vacant lots* are common, but as is generally the case, they are by no means *vacant*, and, since the construction of the Flood Dyke, water which once might have found for itself a natural escape, now lies stagnant and festering in the sun. One of the school houses enjoys the delight of a *vacant* lot as a garden, and men have testified to having seen heaps of refuse, meat, and loads of decaying fish deposited to relieve the *vacancy*. An old grave-yard, in which eight hundred emigrants who died of ship fever, were buried, is being used as a general dumping ground, and pools of polluted and polluting water, rank with all forms of disease and death germs, have tempted the cows from the local dairies when the heat and the dyke prevented free access to the river. The Corporation dumping ground is here, and the stock yards of the Western Abattoirs have an acre of manure exposed to atmospheric influence, from which a stream, two feet deep, makes a sewer for itself to the river, where it is caught by water from the canal and dashed all over the banks. Complaints about several of these pestilences are said to be standing on the books of the Health Committee for more than a year without any action being taken. And meantime whole families are prostrate with sickness, which in some cases is proving fatal.

On the other hand we witness a carriage-and-pair inspection of public works by civic dignitaries, when the City Surveyor, inspired no doubt with his recent European experience, takes the Road Committee, the Contractors and their friends out to a general congratulation and a luncheon.

A bluestone sidewalk on Craig Street is said to be guaranteed for thirty or forty years. For the wooden paving on the same street the supply of gravel for filling in had given out, but the interstices were being stuffed with sand and cement, which, of course, is to be taken out when the gravel arrives. William Street, where there is very heavy traffic, is being laid with new Glasgow granite, and although we possess a City Surveyor, a Deputy, and an Assistant Surveyor, the traffic has gone on to the footpaths, breaking and injuring stones at the rate of $7.50 apiece. The new offices of the depot for material, recently erected on McCord Street, were visited, and the eastern workshops on Sanguinet Street, which form our central depot for the construction of boilers, rivetting, turning, planing, and so forth, as well as for the manufacture of desks and office furniture for the Road Committee.

Two extensive and interesting public works are in progress, one in the west, and (perhaps to maintain the balance of power) one in the east. On Dorchester Street, from the Windsor Hotel to Cote St. Antoine, an intercepting sewer is being constructed, with an overhead cable track, the patent of which the city has purchased; and a similar work in the east end has necessitated a brick tunnel seven feet in diameter and twenty-four feet under ground. Point St. Charles, with its Goose Village, its malarial fever, and its orphan children, is not directly in the balance of power.

The City Surveyor, having had a two months' holiday and a bonus, his Deputy now lays claim for three months and $500 to visit Europe, in consideration of extra work done by him in his Chief's absence.

The struggle between the Council and the City Passenger Railway is at white heat. We are paving our streets in accordance with modern science. The railway is paving its tracks in accordance with modern dividends. We have suggested and reasoned, coaxed and threatened, to little purpose. Our Passenger Railway Company is our great *I will*, or *I will not*. But human endurance is amenable to the laws of the last straw. Our Road Committee has its feathers all ruffled at last. A protest was served, requiring immediate compliance. The Railway manager went to the seaside. The protest was repeated, giving a few hours for a reply; the manager remained at the sea. The Company is regarded as having violated its agreement, defied the public, and made higher dividends than anything else that has violated its agreement and defied us. For each day of non-compliance it is to be fined, and by a certain day of the present week the city will stop the cars, and proceed to make the track as desired. Of course, we shall pay for it meantime, and the Company—well, the Company is a powerful organization, and knows our weak and our strong points, and may, as well as other people, get their work done for nothing.

At the Annual Competition of the Provincial Rifle Association held last week, the Victoria Rifles, of Hamilton, were ruled out in favour of the Sixth Fusiliers of Montreal, but afterwards made an appeal on the ground of inaccurate marking. The Executive Council have sustained their appeal and awarded them the prize.

Connubial quarrels, resulting in separation, have become alarmingly numerous, and the old custom, for some inexplicable reason given up, is to be revived of examining the complainants as to the reality or non-reality of the cause.

Mr. Barnum, with his marvellously systematical exhibition, has once more taken possession of us. His marquees are the only roofs under which the various strata of our society mingle. Beauty and fashion sit side by side with the Cinderellas of the period. Capital rubs shoulders with labour. Why, and what for? It is hard to say.

We are not yet out of the pet at New York for stealing our centennial exhibition. The Secretary of the Council of Arts and Manufactures is stirring us to revenge by devoting our individual attention to our approaching silver wedding as a Dominion.

Notre Dame Cathedral is building a new organ, the largest in Canada. It is to have seventy-six stops, to cost $30,000, and to be finished next year.

The Hospital has decided to commence immediately to extend and improve its accommodation by supplying the entire building with a mansard roof, at a cost of $10,000. This looks as if the difficulties in the way of the General and the Victoria Hospital amalgamation were more stubborn than was anticipated.

The new steamer of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, *The Sovereign*, intended for the favourite route of the Ottawa River daily trip, is thoroughly initiated to its duties, and maintaining the expectations raised by its beauty, comfort and speed.

The Montreal Press Club, recently organized, has already indulged in an annual picnic. Ville Marie.

A little miss passing the site for a new factory, where a large number of brick piers stood ready to receive the proposed building, on hearing what they were, said: "Oh, I thought they must be chimneys to sell to people who were going to build houses."

THE BONNY WOODS O' BLAIR.

A Ballad on an incident in the Rebellion of 1745.

PART I.

Oh weary fa'! Oh weary fa'!
  This fechting for the croun,
It matters na whuch o' the twa
  Is either up or doun.

But O my leddy's loyal zeal!
  For Charlie a' would dare,
While I'm but vexed to bid farewell
  To th' bonny woods o' Blair.

And a' day lang she will maintain
  I'm bound by honour's laws,
To draw my sword to test again
  His hopeless ruined cause:

For wi' the sangs o' loyalty
  Her heart's in sic a flame,
She ne'er dreams she may widow'd be
  And driven frae hoose an' hame.

There's wailings wheresoe'er I gang,
  O' herts o'erburden'd sair
And sad forebodings heard amang
  The bonny woods o' Blair.

My mither, wha's been wi' the deid,
  These thirty years an' mair,
Cam back yestreen to my bed heid
  And three times cried "Beware—

"For on the block ye're sure to dee
  Gin this deed ye shall dare
And never, never mair ye'll see
  The bonny woods o'Blair."

Yet so my leddy's love I prize,
  Nocht else wi't can compare,
To seem a coward in her eyes
  My spirit couldna bear—

And only for her bonny face,
  Nocht else would mak' me dare
To risk defeat, death, and disgrace
  And the bonny woods o' Blair.

Oh weary fa'! Oh weary fa'!
  This fechtin for the croun
Sae I maun up aff an' awa'!
  To pu' King Geordie doun.

PART II.

My lord is to the wars awa';
  While a' nicht through a freet
My leddy walks the castle ha',
  Or sits her doun to greet,

A fearfu' throbbin's in her breast,
  Nor will her hert keep still,
A' crowns she'd gie but to get free
  Frae thoughts o' coming ill—

And aye she says, while tears doun fa',
  "Oh I was sair to blame!
To drive my loving lord awa'
  To risk a death o' shame.

"He'd stayed at hame only for me,
  And yet I urged him sair,
And oh but he was wae to lea'
  The bonny woods o' Blair;

"His mither in my dreams I see
  Come from her grassy lair
And sadly she does look on me
  Foreboding dool and care.

"I'll seek the seer fate's book to read
  And learn what's written there,
For O this fear, this doubt and dread
  Are more than I can bear."

And she has mounted on her steed—
  A bay o' beauty rare,
And leaves behind her at full speed,
  The bonny woods o' Blair.

She rode till she cam to the Gryffe,
  And passed the Brig o' Weir,
And roused, as if for death or life,
  The spirit-haunted seer.

"Learn by your mystic art," said she,
  "What fate may have in store
For one more dear than life to me,
  The husband I adore."

The old man bowed his hoary head,
  And closed his weird-like e'en,
And in a mournful voice he said,
  "I see a waefu' scene"—

And to her question he replies,
  "I see the head man there,
And one, a noble captive, dies
  Far frae the woods o' Blair."

One long, deep sigh her bosom rent,
  Which struggled long to come,
And not a single word found vent,
  For she was stricken dumb.

Then unto her ain castle ha',
  They sorrowing brought her back,
Yet a' the way nae tear did fa'
  And not a word she spak;

Nor did she recognise the place,
  But there both day and night
Sat wi' that silent, woeful face,
  For she was clean gaen gyte!

Not till three days and nights had passed
  And sleep ne'er bowed her e'e,
That death in pity cam at last
  And kindly set her free.

Yet often 'mong the dews o' e'en,
  When shadows fill the air,
A weeping, wandering lady's seen
  Amang the woods o' Blair.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

Amaranth Station, Aug. 9, 1889.

A PARSON'S PONDERINGS.

WHAT shall I preach about next Sunday? This is a question which, I suppose, occupies most parsons' thoughts early every week. At any rate it does mine just now, as I sit in my study, facing my library. It's no great library, to be sure; a poor parson cannot indulge in that luxury. Luxury, do I call it? Is it not rather a necessity in these days, when the last important work on any debated subject is as necessary to the scholar as the last style of reaper and binder is to the farmer who wants to keep up with the times? Yet a luxury it must remain to the man of slender means. It is rather provoking to have a brother parson, whose purse is longer than one's own, or some learned dignitary remark to one: "Have you read Dr. Tonans' grand new apologetic work, which completely overthrows Professor Molecule's attack on Christianity? If not, you ought to get it; it will only cost you five dollars." Alas! what is a man to do, when he has just been reminded by his wife that Sophie's shoes are worn out, and Johnnie must have a new jacket? Of course Dr. Tonans' book must wait. One can, however, buy Professor Molecule's new work, for that will only cost fifteen or twenty cents, in the cheap popular form. So one can get the latest thought of the day on one side of the question at any rate. Now, what is the reason that I can get Professor Molecule's works so cheap, while Dr. Tonans' is so dear? Is it in accordance with the law of supply and demand? If so, there must be a tremendous demand for Molecule, and a woeful lack of demand for Tonans'. Or is it that "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light"?

A parson—who has to furnish his people with at least two discourses every week, who is supposed in those two discourses to give their thoughts a direction for good for the ensuing six days, who must (if he is worth anything) be *au courant* with the varied and turbulent thought of the day—ought to have no meagre library.

Of course, a parson of the type which Goldsmith has immortalized, in the parish priest of

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,

with his primitive, patriarchal life, his unworldly calmness, and unsophisticated piety;

And passing rich with forty pounds a year,

might well be contented with "Paley's Evidences" and a few more old-fashioned tomes on his shelves. But "Sweet Auburn" is a thing of the past: it is a "Deserted Village," indeed, nowadays. And the idyllic pastor is as much out of date as the rustic schoolmaster.

Fancy Sweet Auburn's pastor suddenly transplanted to an ordinary Canadian village or small town; he would be utterly bewildered. Instead of being in the midst of a quiet homogeneous people—bucolic and stolid, happy and hum-drum—among whom he was a king, with only the squire and the schoolmaster as intellectual equals—he would find himself tackling a congregation composed of all sorts and conditions of men, of various nationalities and mental gifts. And then this congregation would be only one of several rival congregations of various names, each striving to get the inside track of the others. Poor man! What would he do? Fancy him, with his pitiful heart and hospitable hearth open to every tramp or confidence man that comes along! Fancy him being bothered with book agents, and with his parishioners enquiring, "What do you think of the Jesuits' Estates Act?" "Are you an advocate of Anti-Poverty and Equal Rights?" "What are you going to do about Prohibition?" "What is your opinion of Evolution?" "What do you think of 'Robert Elsmere' and 'John Ward, Preacher'?" What would the poor man do when he found one part of his flock fascinated by the big drum of the Salvation Army, and another part systematically absenting themselves from church and studying Professor Molecule at home? In the church he would find himself addressing a very mixed assembly. There would be perhaps a few, a very few, as simple-hearted and unlettered as his old parishioners—some much better informed than himself on many points—and the children even of the poor and uneducated attending High School and able to solve algebraical problems and analyze sentences in a way that would have posed his old friend, the rustic schoolmaster.

In one respect only would he find his position unchanged; he would still have to think himself

Passing rich with forty pounds a year,

or its modern equivalent in purchasing power. Poor man! gentleman, Christian, scholar of the antique type! He would find the tale of bricks demanded indefinitely increased, while his stock of straw was no larger than heretofore.

But I have been digressing. The question is, What shall I preach about next Sunday? What are the particular spiritual needs of my congregation just now, the needs which most require to be ministered unto? When I survey them in my mind's eye, and think of the heterogeneous assembly, of the various temperaments, the various grades of education and age, the various conditions of religious and irreligious life, I can really think of no style or subject adapted to all. So the question, What shall I preach about? involves another question which must be first settled, viz., To whom should I preach?

There is dear old Mrs. Green, for instance, with her eighty years of age, and yet still hale and hearty; she is sure to be in her place in church. She is one of the last remnants of Sweet Auburn's emigrants. She and her deceased husband were the founders of this Church some fifty years and more ago. She was always accustomed to a severe, decorous, yet meagre, ritual. She loves the church in which she was born, in which she has always lived, and in which she will die, and nothing could induce her to forsake it for pastures new; but her soul is vexed within her to think it is not exactly, in all respects, like the church of her youth. She loves "Tate and Brady," and even yet cannot quite reconcile herself to "them hymns" and these new "goings on." She loves sermons which depict in glowing colours the everlasting peace and joy that await the elect, of which she feels herself one—and so she is, and deservedly, too, dear old soul! And if the homiletic picture has some dark shades in the background of the sufferings of those who are not of the elect, why they serve only to bring into relief the central figure. It seems almost like sacrilege to ruffle her placid faith, or cross her mental grain in the least degree.

And yet the style of sermon that would be sweet food for her soul would, I fear, be accounted but chaff by her grandson, who will be sitting by her side next Sunday, and who has just graduated at the University, and has arrived home full of honours in Philosophy and Natural Sciences, and who knows that Prof. Robertson Smith and Dr. Marcus Dods and many others, once accounted frightful heretics, are now had in honour.

Then there is Dr. Black, and those like-minded with him—and they are not a few—who come to Church occasionally, once in a while in the forenoon, and spend the rest of the day in studying agnostic literature. These men tell us sometimes in person, sometimes through the press, that the utterances of the pulpit do not meet their spiritual needs, because they do not solve the difficulties which crop up continually in the course of their secular reading. They complain of the "cowardice" of the pulpit in approaching the "doubt" of the pew, and contemptuously hint that the pulpit avoids grappling with these subjects through either ignorance or fear. And yet, if one were to prepare a sermon specially for them the chances are they would not be there to hear it.

Then there are the Browns, who know nothing of modern doubts and modern literature; whose intellectual attainments are meagre, but whose emotions are very warm. Nothing will satisfy these but a sermon after the style of Sam Jones or Dr. Talmage; full of anecdotes, horrible, humorous, solemn, grotesque, tragical and farcical, combined in one spicy compound.

Then there is Mr. Blue, very Protestant, awfully Protestant, who has an unquenchable horror of Popery; who conceives that every change in the service, however slight, however common-sense, "leads to Rome;" who if he sees a new book-marker instead of an old frayed one, thinks the "innovation" was put there by the Pope's orders, and is bound to protest. He can give you a long list of things in which he don't believe, but is hard set to tell you what he does believe.

And then there is young Scarlett, who has lately come from the city, where he was a worshipper at the Church of St. Aloysius, who is never content unless he sees candles, incense, crucifixes and vestments; he sits restless and indifferent under any sermon, unless the word "Church" or "Celebration" occurs continually in it.

And then there are the Greys—steady thorough-going, loyal, God-fearing, earnest: who don't come to find fault, but listen to the sermon in order to absorb what good they can find in it; whose religion is practical rather than polemical. They are loved and respected by all, though some may dub them slow and old-fashioned.

Indeed a Canadian village parson's congregation is a very mixed one, and his course not always smooth. The missionary of a purely rural congregation is not so burdened. Such a congregation is the nearest approach to that of Sweet Auburn. Not that our Canadian farmers are so behind the age: but the similarity of occupation, of political and religious sentiment and of racial origin, which is found in many a Canadian "settlement," breeds a homogeneousness in the congregation which makes it very workable, and has its charm; while the average mental calibre is infinitely ahead of the Hodges of Sweet Auburn.

On the other hand, a city preacher can be a "specialist." No matter what his type of preaching, or style of service or school of thought, there are plenty of people of all kinds to fill all sorts of churches; and each individual will naturally gravitate to that sort of service and preaching which attracts him most. And it is well that it should be so. As long as men's faces and figures differ, just so long will men's tastes and predilections; and the church (to be

a "church" and not a "sect") must be big enough and wide enough for all sorts and conditions of men. Her clergy must not all be trimmed to one pattern. We want to-day as ever, the fervid Peter, the indomitable Paul, the scholarly Luke, the practical James, the loving, contemplative John. We want Apologists and Revivalists, those who appeal to the head and those who appeal to the heart, those who walk the cloister, and those who go to the streets and lanes and highways and hedges. We cannot all be perfect in every branch; but we want experts in all the branches. And the city should furnish these.

But the parson of a small town has all the classes one would meet in a large city, with only enough of each class to be a disturbing element for the others. He can't pose as a "specialist"; he must be a "general practitioner." And a happy man is he if he can suit them all; for he has a far more difficult *rôle* to fill than the city pastor.

But to return to the question: To whom shall I preach next Sunday? I think—after taking everything into consideration—I shall preach to the Greys. G. J. L.

LAKE LYRICS.

THE final test of a poem or a book of poems is the mood in which it leaves its reader. Melody is a powerful attraction, but the addition of melody to a poetic production cannot give worth to worthlessness. "And he sat him down in a lonely place, and chanted a melody loud and sweet," has a rhythmic cadence very slightly superior to, "The little dog laughed to see such sport, and the dish ran away with the spoon." Colour is a great charm, when it is the natural hue of life and strength, but when instead of showing beneath the transparent texture of the verse it is laid on with carefully artistic touches it will not bear investigation, it is the synonym of falsity and pretence, it fills the wholesome soul with pity and horror. Form is abominable, but form is the chief merit of a geometrical figure, and a geometrical figure does not move us. To be stirred, lifted, carried out of ourselves, forced to see that nothing is common and unclean, this is of incomparable importance.

And this is what W. W. Campbell has achieved in his "Lake Lyrics." The impenetrable beauty and tranquility of the lake region, the majesty of its dawns, the pathos of its twilights, and its sweet summers and wolfish winters are all here, produced by superfine touches, that please from their very exquisiteness, by bold strokes which compress a season or a scene into a single sentence, and make one see the entire picture at a glance, and chiefly by a profound romantic enthusiasm, which though it is no more than the Canadian lakes deserve, is a great deal more than they have ever before received. Not the scene alone, but the atmosphere of the lakes is recalled or created by a perusal of the Lyrics. They are a record of impressions and sensations, finely and delicately expressed. Twelve of them appeared in the Songs of the Great Dominion—a preponderance that is only an additional proof to those already existing of the good judgment shown by the editor in his most difficult task. Here is an aspect of the lakes that has not been presented in any of them:

Out in a world of death far to the northward lying,
Under the sun and the moon, under the dusk and the day;
Under the glimmer of stars and the purple of sunset-dying,
Wan and waste and white, stretch the great lakes away.

Never a bed of spring, never a laugh of summer,
Never a dream of love, never a song of bird,
But only the silence and white the shores that grow chiller and dumber.
Wherever the ice winds sob, and the griefs of winter are heard.

. . . . . .

Lonely hidden bays, moon-lit, ice-rimmed, winding,
Fringed by forests and crags, haunted by shading shores;
Hushed from the outward strife, where the mighty surf is grinding,
Death and hate on the rocks as sandward and landward it roars.

But this is not so ghostly as the "Legend of Dead Man's Lake." It is a poem to be read in a whisper and with bated breath. What subtle suggestions of horror there are in the first of these concluding stanzas:

And ever at midnight, white and drear,
When the dim moon sheddeth her light,
Will the startled deer, as they speed by here,
Slacken their phantom-like flight;
And into the shade that the forest hath made,
A wider circle they take,
For they dread lest their tread wake the sleep of the dead
In the bosom of Dead Man's Lake.

And as long as it lies with that prayer in its eyes,
And that curse on its white-sealed lips,
Will the lake lie wan, and the years drift on
In their horrible hushed eclipse,
Will the lake lie under the strange, mute wonder
Of the moon as she pallidly dips;
Will the song of the bird there never be heard,
Nor the music of wind-swept tree,
But only the dread of the skies overhead,
That the mists will never set free,
From the terrible spell that there ever will dwell
As long as the ages be.

And there it lies and holdeth the skies,
In a trance they never can break,
While the years they follow the desolate years,
On the shores of the Dead Man's Lake.

"Snowflakes and Sunbeams," published first last winter comprise part II. of the Lake Lyrics. In each of these there is poetic fancy with occasional passages of exceptional power. In personification the poet is always felicitous, as in these lines from "A Winter's Night":

The forest lies
On the edge of the heavens, bearded and brown,
He pulls still closer his cloak, and sighs
As the evening winds come down.

And these in a description of the dawn:

And by the wood and mist-clad stream,
The maiden morn stands still to dream.

There is a pictorial quality in nearly everything Mr. Campbell has written, and it is safe to say that any poem of his which does not exemplify this pictorial quality is not in his best vein. One of the hardships that poets have to endure is that having written many things that are very good, they are never forgiven for writing a few things that are merely good. This is a poet who can clothe "gaunt, huge, mis-shapen crags" with beauty and turn the dreariest of winter days into a vision of delight, but who fails to lift us up to any mount of transfiguration when he looks away from nature. Such poems as "Knowledge," and the "Ode to the Nineteenth Century," are not among the best in the book. Taken altogether these poems will give the reader unalloyed pleasure. The subtle and evanescent changes on the face of nature have found a most sympathetic recorder, who is keenly alive to shades of difference so subtle as to be almost supersensuous.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

THE SONNET.—IV.

SONNETS ON SHAKESPEARE.

THAT Shakespeare should have been chosen as the honouring object of much praise in verse can only be regarded as a matter of poetic necessity. It would be surprising, however, that so few sonnets have been dedicated to, or inspired by, Shakespeare, if it were not universally conceded that his wonderful and wide-spreading genius is beyond the grasp of the most brilliant talent. The fourteen lined vehicle is scarcely large enough to carry so vast a subject, and the absence of almost all personal knowledge of the "miracle of men" closes one avenue of poetic attempt. At the idea of even offering tribute at the steps of his throne the admonitory voice of Wisdom must seem to whisper that he "is a prince, out of thy star. This must not be";—and one cannot doubt that many eulogies, struck off in the heat of admiration, have been despairingly destroyed in after moments of cool reflection. Yet there are a few utterances that have been made during the last three centuries and preserved to us, and among them are three sonnets of varied character but superlative beauty, one of which, being composed by a poet living in Canada, will possess a peculiar interest for some.

Though a few of his contemporaries undervalued Shakespeare and his work through jealous motives, arising from stage quarrels, and many more were unable to distinguish his peculiar excellence owing to the literary prolixity of the times, there were still some who were not slow to express full appreciation of his powerful genius. The best and best known of these poetic testimonials are his friend Ben Jonson's stirring memorial, and Milton's whole-souled epitaph.

Among the lesser literary lights that studded the Elizabethan firmament was one, Hugh Holland,—then a recognized and admired poet; but now unknown except to students. Edmund Boulton, "that sensible old English critic" (as Warton calls him) mentions Hugh Holland in his *Hypercritica* as having produced English poems "not easily to be mended," and the object of this praise wrote recommendatory verses which were printed in folio 1,616 of Ben Jonson's works, with others from Chapman, Donne, Beaumont and Fletcher. Holland wrote a sonnet very shortly after Shakespeare's death which is interesting, not only as an early opinion of the great dramatist's merit, but also as an example of the elegiac form of sonnet,—a style happily rare and rarely happy.

The whole poem is strongly flavoured with stage associations, and the allusion in the fourth line is to the old Globe Theatre at Bankside, where Shakespeare acted. The verbal place in the closing couplet is typical of a common custom with verse-writers of that time, and was doubtless considered one of the minor elegances of composition.

The sentence,

Those bays,
Which crown'd him poet first, then poets' king,

seems to point out that Shakespeare was held in the highest estimation by some poets of his day, and the world-wide opinions of later critics merely ratify by elaborate reasonings what Holland has put in a poetic nutshell. The sonnet is written in the form preferred by Sir Philip Sydney, and which found favour with Constable, Barnes and occasionally Drummond. The octave is built on two rhymes, after the so-called "legitimate" pattern, and the sestet consists of a quatrain and a couplet.

UPON THE LINES, AND LIFE, OF THE FAMOUS SCENICK POET, MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Those hands, which you so clapp'd, go now and wring,
You Britons brave, for done are Shakespeare's days:
His days are done, that made the dainty plays,
Which made the globe of heaven and earth to ring:
Dry'd is that vein, dry'd is the Thespian spring,
Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays;
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays
Which crowned him poet first, then poets' king.
If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made would scarce make one to this,
Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave,
(Death's publick tyring-house) the Nuntius is:
For, though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

Another sonnet, published in an old collection of epigrams, etc., entitled "Run and a Great Cast" (by Thomas Freeman, Qto. 1614) was written much earlier, and was addressed personally "To Master W. Shakspeare." It is composed in the three-quatrain style, and has a curious di-syllabic rhyme in the second quatrain. The line, "But to praise thee aright, I want thy store," recalls the similar acknowledgment of inability to deal with so lofty a theme as expressed by L. Digges in some curious lines prefixed to the spurious edition of Shakespeare's poems, printed in 1640. The lines are:

But why do I dead Shakspeare's praise recite?
Some second Shakspeare must of Shakspeare write.

The sonnet is quaint in all respects; but there can be no doubt of the writer's admiration for the deceased dramatist:

TO MASTER W. SHAKSPEARE.

Shakspeare, that nimble Mercury thy braine
Lulls many-hundred Argus' eyes asleepe,
So fit for all thou fashionest thy vaine,
At the horse-foot fountaine thou hast drunk full deepe.
Vertue's or vice's theme to thee all one is;
Who loves chaste life, there's *Lucrece* for a teacher;
Who list read lust, there's *Venus* and *Adonis*,
True modell of a most lascivious leacher.
Besides, in plaies thy wit winds like Meander,
When needy new composers borrow more
Than Terence doth from Plautus or Menander:
But to praise thee aright, I want thy store.
Then let thine owne works thine owne worth upraise,
And help to adorne thee with deserved baies.

The seal of immortality was never placed so securely as on the works of Shakespeare, and it would be idly presumptuous to make further comment on the subject. It has been said that genius ever remains a secret with itself, and the question has often been raised whether Shakespeare was ever aware of the enduring character of his work. His eightieth sonnet has been brought as evidence on the negative side, as also the thirty-second and other passages; but surely there is abundance of flat contradiction in those other sonnets wherein the immortality of the person addressed is assured through the medium of the poet's own pen. But such discussions are after all of no real value, and chiefly serve to bring out exaggerated and eccentric theories from people who might be more profitably employed without leaving the Shakespearian field of study. In this century Sir William Rowan Hamilton has produced a very fine sonnet on the question of Shakespeare's consciousness of the immortality of his works. The sonnet is none the less remarkable for having been written by one, who at the age of thirteen years is said to have known as many languages, who was a professor of astronomy at the age of twenty-two, and became one of the greatest mathematicians of this century. Mr. Aubrey has recorded in a letter to Mr. William Sharp: "Wordsworth once remarked to me that he had known many men of high talents and several of real genius; but that Coleridge and Sir W. R. Hamilton were the only men he had met to whom he would apply the term *wonderful*."

SHAKSPEARE.

Who says that Shakspeare did not know his lot,
But deem'd that in time's manifold decay
His memory should die and pass away,
And that within the shrine of human thought
To him no altar should be rear'd? O hush!
O veil thyself awhile in solemn awe!
Nor dream that all man's mighty spirit-law
Thou know'st; how all the hidden fountains gush
Of the soul's silent prophesying power.
For as deep Love, 'mid all its wayward pain,
Cannot believe but it is loved again,
Even so strong Genius, with its ample dower
Of a world-grasping love, from that deep feeling
Wins of its own wide sway the clear revealing.

The above sonnet was written as a rebuke to a class of critics who, struck by a freak of fancy in reading some particular passage, at once resolve their brains into a cullender and strain out nothing but will add to their peculiar theory.

The best evidence of Shakespeare's consciousness of the immortal character of his composition is furnished by himself in his own sonnets, and we quote a few closing couplets to this end:

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.
—*Sonnet* xviii.

Yet do thy worst, old Time, despite thy wrong
My love shall in my verse ever live young.
—*Sonnet* xix.

So till the judgment that yourself arise
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.
—*Sonnet* lv.

The eighty-first sonnet of Shakespeare will be more appropriately considered elsewhere; but it may be generally remarked in passing that it was a common form of compliment for the poet to assure the object of his ideal love that generations yet unborn should remember her and her incomparable beauty through the medium of his magic goose-quill, and surely such unctuous flattery could not but make a favourable impression on the heart of the fair one so apostrophised. One may easily ascribe too much to the prophetic power of the individual poet by overlooking the fact that such assurances were a complimentary custom of the day; just as the assurances that her eyes were brighter than stars and the rose paled beside her cheeks. Much allowance has to be made for the extravagance of poetic license.

So far as the writer's acquaintance with sonnet literature permits a judgment, there are only three sonnets on Shakespeare in the English language which approach in any degree to the sublimity of the subject, and after reading these three the rest may well be dispensed with, except as curiosities of the brilliancy, universality, and serenity of the great dramatist's mind. Hartley Coleridge has left a sonnet which is said by a worthy critic to be "in all respects adequate to its high theme." The writer reaches sublimity in the first line; the most momentous event to

mankind recorded in Scripture is not too solemn to be used as a comparison with the life-teeming thought of Shakespeare, and the personal close is saved from the weakness of mere eulogy by the application of the highest phase of philosophy.

TO SHAKSPEARE.

The soul of man is larger that the sky,
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre. Like that Ark,
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind;
So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
That make all worlds. Great Poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart,
Can make of Man. Yet thou wert still the same
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

The above sonnet is very fine; but the following is still superior and in the truly sublime flash of genius Matthew Arnold reveals not a little of the master's nature. It is the best sonnet on Shakespeare yet written, and is likely to retain its pre-eminent position.

SHAKSPEARE.

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask—thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foiled searching of mortality;
And thou, who did the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Didst stand on earth unguess'd at. Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

The third sonnet (in order of excellence) is the following most artistic poem, by Frederick George Scott. It is truly a noble sonnet; the imagery is beautiful and sufficient; it is at once simple and grand; it appeals to all, and the touch of the poet is imprinted on every line. The invisibility of the personal Shakespeare, that crux to all humanity, and the universality of his creative genius are alike embodied.

In its construction it does not belong to any so-called proper sonnet-form. As a matter of fact it is really a short poem of two seven-line verses, according to the critics. It contains what may be call two base rhymes, according to the first, fourth, and seventh line of each septette, and in each verse there are two other rhymes in the second and sixth, and third and fifth lines respectively. But the critics cannot prevent or alter sonnets—they can merely comment, and with such a comment as to the construction of his sonnet, Mr. Scott's poem must be acknowledged remarkably fine and deserving a place in any collection. This is not the only remarkable sonnet written by this gentleman, whose poems, though not propped up by cheap sticks of critical taffy, are built on such a solid basis of thoughtful beauty as to speak for themselves.

SHAKESPEARE.

Unseen in the great minster dome of time,
Whose shafts are centuries, its spangled roof
The vaulted universe, our master sits,
And organ voices like a far-off chime
Roll thro' the aisles of thought. The sunlight flits
From arch to arch, and, as he sits aloof,
Kings, heroes, priests, in concourse vast, sublime,
Glances of love and cries from battle-field,
His wizard power breathes on the living air.
Warm faces gleam and pass, child, woman, man,
In the long multitude; but he, concealed,
Our bard eludes us, vainly each face we scan,
It is not he; his features are not there;
But, being thus hid, his greatness is revealed.

Among the great living poets who have not written many sonnets is Robert Browning; but he has given us an expression of thought regarding Shakespeare, which is great but laboured and altogether lacking in the polished requirements of this form of verse. Mr. Browning is more at home in long than short poems. He requires plenty of room wherein to spread his thoughts, and cannot easily be bounded in a nutshell. He can chisel exquisitely as small work as may be necessary to filling in the details of his larger masses; but he is rarely able to cut an intaglio. The following sonnet seems too great an effort to be a success, and sonnet language should be clear as the globe of dew to which the form has been likened. Carlyle might have written this sonnet, which has somewhat the air of an orchestra in full force, where there should only be the strain of a violin. However, the fact of its having been written by Robert Browning will carry it into our chapter, as the name of this great poet will not often appear as a writer of sonnets.

Shakespeare! to such name sounding what succeeds
Fitly as silence! Falter forth the spell—
Act follows word, the speaker knows full well,
Nor tampers with its magic more than needs.
Two names there are: That which the Hebrew reads
With his soul only: If from lips it fell,
Echo, back thundered by earth, heaven and hell,
Would own, "Thou didst create us!" Nought impedes.
We voice the other name, man's most of might,
Awsomely, lovingly; let awe and love
Mutely await their working, leave to sight
All of the issue as—below—above—
Shakespeare's creation rises; one remove,
Though dread—this finite from that infinite.

The following sonnet speaks for itself, and many Shakespearian readers will endorse the scornful sentiments of William McGill, which appeared some time ago in THE WEEK, ominously entitled:—

SHAKESPEARIAN GHOULS.

Shakespeare, thy muse, like Atlas, holds a heaven
Of literature above our pigmy souls,
The science of its shining stars enrolls
Full many a modern sage, to whom is given
A parasitic fame for having striven
To search the sparkling spaces of thy mind.
Fear not, Great Bard, though infidels unkind
The Maker from his universe have driven
On their poor charts. Forgive such crack-brained spite.
"These undevout astronomers are mad,"
And in the bitter curse which thou didst write,
Include them not; although in truth as bad
As body-snatchers is the impious wight
Who delves to earth thy living name from sight.

After the contemplation of the highest genius the mind is apt to lose touch with ability of a lesser order. As a natural scene is infinitely superior to the finest landscape painted, so is genius, which is the gift of nature, out of the sphere of that talent which results in imitative acquirement of art. Yet the painter is not to be despised because his production is bounded by the limitation of thought and material, and cannot affect us in the same degree as a sight of the green fields and sky. This was the train of thought that led Barry Cornwall to write on the fly leaf of a copy of the 1632 folio Shakespeare, which he gave to John Forster, the following sonnet:

TO JOHN FORSTER.

I do not know a man who better reads
Or weighs the great thoughts of the Book I send,—
Better than he whom I have called my friend
For twenty years and upwards. He who feeds
Upon Shakespearian pastures never needs
The humbler food which springs from plains below;
Yet may he love the little flowers that blow,
And him excuse who for their beauty pleads.
Take then my Shakespeare to some sylvan nook;
And pray thee, in the name of Days of Old,
Good-will and Fellowship, never bought or sold,
Give me assurance thou wilt always look
With kindness still on Spirits of humbler mould:
Kept firm by resting on that Wondrous Book,
Wherein the Dream of Life is all unrolled.

1856. BARRY CORNWALL.

The above is not strictly a sonnet, inasmuch as it has fifteen lines; but, whether this was the result of accident or design, the fault is not without precedent. Shakespeare's 99th Sonnet, "The forward violet thus did I chide," is another specimen. Bryan Waller Proctor was not an extensive sonnet writer; but among the few he has left are one or two worth remembering. Rather as a lyrical poet will he be admired among the Victorian writers. His *nom de plume* was part of an imperfect anagram from his name—"Barry Cornwall, poet."

Thomas Hood, whom we can never call Tom, except when regarding him as a humourist, wrote a few excellent sonnets. The following was inscribed in a volume of Shakespeare, and the rich images employed are certainly very beautiful and natural. One cannot help wishing that Hood's genius (like that of Ingoldsby) had not been so largely wasted on the trifling wit of life; for he has proved himself able to touch with a steady hand some of the most beautiful and pathetic strings in the poetic lyre:

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF SHAKSPEARE.

How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky
The gorgeous fame of Summer which is fled!
Hues of all flowers that in their ashes lie,
Trophied in that fair light whereon they fed;
Tulip and hyacinth and sweet rose-red,
Like exhalations from the leafy mould,
Look here how honour glorifies the dead,
And warms their scutcheons with a glance of gold.
Such is the memory of poets old,
Who on Parnassus hill have bloomed elate:
How they are laid under their marbles cold,
And turned to clay, whereof they were create:
But good Apollo hath them all enrolled,
And blazoned on the very clouds of fate.

Hood was a great lover of Shakespeare, and the following sonnet addressed "To Fancy" is very richly wrought from the spirit of that matchless masterpiece, "The Tempest":

Most delicate Ariel! submissive thing,
Won by the mind's high magic to its best—
Invisible embassy or secret guest,
Weighing the light air on a lighter wing;
Whether into the midnight moon, to bring
Illuminate visions to the eye of rest—
Or rich romances from the florid West—
Or to the sea, for mystic whispering;
Still by thy charmed allegiance to the will,
The fruitful wishes prosper in the brain,
As by the fingering of fairy skill—
Moonlight, and waters, and soft music's strain,
Odours and blooms, and *my* Miranda's smile,
Making this dull world an enchanted isle.

The following is a good study of King Lear, written in the form of a soliloquy, also by Tom Hood:

A poor old king, with sorrow for my crown,
Throned upon straw, and mantled with the wind,
For pity, my own tears have made me blind
That I might never see my children's frown;
And, may be, Madness, like a friend, has thrown
A folded fillet over my dark mind,
So that unkindly speech may sound for kind—
Albeit I know not. I am childish grown—
And have not gold to purchase wit withal—
I that have once maintain'd most royal state—
A very bankrupt now that may not call
My child, my child—all beggar'd save in tears,
Wherein I daily weep an old man's fate,
Foolish—and blind—and overcome with years.

But the grand tragedy of Lear brought a sonnet from Keats which is characteristic of that poet. It will be noticed that the last line contains twelve syllables, an ending of which Keats was rather fond:

WRITTEN BEFORE RE-READING KING LEAR.

O golden-tongued Romance with serene lute!
Fair plumèd Syren! Queen! if far away!
Leave melodizing on this wintry day,
Shut up thine olden volume, and be mute.
Adieu! for once again the fierce dispute,
Betwixt Hell torment and impassioned clay
Must I burn through; once more assay
The bitter sweet of this Shakesperian fruit.
Chief Poet! and ye clouds of Albion,
Begetters of our deep eternal theme,
When I am through the old oak forest gone,
Let me not wander in a barren dream,
But when I am consumèd with the Fire,
Give me new Phœnix-wings to fly at my desire.

Poets of the United States—(for after recent utterances from young Canada, the whole literary continent of America can no longer be claimed by those living below the line)—have written a few sonnets connected with Shakespeare. The following is by Richard Watson Gilder, and was, according to the title, "Written on a fly leaf of Shakespeare's Sonnets." Although not directly associated with our subject, we give it a place from its having been occasioned by the love-sonnets of the great dramatist:

When shall true love be love without alloy;
Shine free at last from sinful circumstance?
When shall the canker of unheavenly chance
Eat not the bud of that most heavenly joy?
When shall true love meet love not as a coy
Retreating light that leads a deathful dance,
But as a firm fixed fire that doth enhance
The beauty of all beauty? Will the employ
Of poets ever be too well to show
That mightiest love with sharpest pain doth writhe;
That underneath the fair, caressing glove
Hides evermore the iron hand; and though
Love's flower alone is good, if we could prove
Its perfect bloom, our breath slays like a scythe?

Charles Edward Markham has recorded his feelings "After reading Shakespeare" in the following sonnet which is a very fanciful treatment, and certainly not of the highest order of sonnets.

Blythe Fancy lightly builds with airy hands,
Or on the edges of the darkness peers
Breathless and frightened at the Voice she hears,
Imagination (lo! the sky expands)
Travels the blue arch and Cimmerian sands,
Homeless on earth, the pilgrim of the spheres,
The rush of light before the hurrying years,
The Voice that cries in unfamiliar lands.
Men weigh the moons that flood with eerie light
The dusky vales of Saturn—wood and stream—
But who shall follow on the awful sweep
Of Neptune through the dim and dreadful deep?
Onward he wanders in the unknown night,
And we are shadows moving in a dream.

Mr. George Martin, of Montreal, has in his published collection of poems a very irregular poem, called a sonnet, addressed "To G. I. at Stratford on Avon." In the matter of structure it is peculiar, and breaks all rhyme-ending traditions. The similarity of vowel-sounds in the rhymes of the last six lines entirely spoil the close. The last line is, singular to say, in blank verse so far as the rest of the poem is concerned. As a sonnet it is a failure; but as an expression of sentiment no fault can be found with it. It was occasioned by the author having received a leaf from Shakespeare's garden. Whether it was from the modern garden of the New Place, which was brought into existence by Mr. Halliwell's loving exertions, or from the garden of the Henley Street cottage, where Shakespeare is said to have been born, cannot be determined, nor can we discover whether the leaf was from the famous mulberry tree (the lineal descendant of Shakespeare's own mulberry, which the Reverend and Irreverent Francis Gastrell cut down in 1756 because people came to sit in its shade—*magni nominis umbra*). But the leaf may not have come from the New Place at all, or rather from the new garden that occupies the place of the old New Place, which the Reverend and Uncharitable Mr. Gastrell aforesaid also pulled down because he did not care to pay a *poor tax* on Shakespeare's old residence; after all it may have been gathered by that historical old lady who looked after Shakespeare's house and sold as a souvenir a small selection of flowers from the garden attached. In either case the leaf is valuable, as having called up the following expression of Mr. Martin's feelings and opinion on the question of Shakespeare's immortality. It has also led us into a little Stratford ramble, for which the reader will probably excuse us:

The leaf you plucked from Shakespeare's garden plot,
And sent me, my most estimable friend,
The voyage of the Salt Sea injured not.
Green as it grew upon its native spot.
It nestled mid the kindly words you penned.
The poet's genius, free from flaw or blot,
In which Melpomene found naught to mend,
My fancy with this leaflet loved to blend;
But though with care I guard it all my days,
In fret of time 'twill fade and fall away,
Like hope, once fresh, will crumble to decay.
Not so our Dramatist's perennial bays;
Not so the bloom and sunshine of his Plays,
Rejoicing in their immortality.

We end our selection of sonnets on Shakespeare with the convictions that the subject is scarcely one which is suitable for the talent of the average sonnet-writer, and that there is a small chance for any sonnet to be written which will take its place in the high rank reached already by the three specimens quoted from Hartley Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, and Frederick George Scott.

SAREPTA.

WE have too many reformers who think to take society by the bit and fetch it about by main force into the path of rectitude. This is not easy, especially if the end aimed at be to keep it there.

THE Burma papers announce that rubies of good quality have been found at Nansaka, in the Shan State of Mamlong, a tributary State of the Theebaw Tsawbwa. Mining is carried on successfully at Nansaka by the Shans. Rubies are also found in the Shan State of Momeit. The *Rangoon Gazette* states that rubies are known to exist in many localities in Upper Burma outside the tract leased to the Burma Ruby Mines Company. It urges that all future concessions of mining rights should be offered for public competition, and says that a substantial increase of the revenue may be anticipated.

AN ARTIST'S LETTER FROM THE ROCKIES.

CROSSING the prairies on our way to the mountains, it was a pleasure to see, from the safe protection of a C.P.R. carriage, a grizzly bear making his way to Medicine Hat at a pretty rapid pace, as if in a hurry to visit his young relative who is confined in the enclosure by the station. The train being still at the time, and a telescope handy, his rambling trot was seen to better advantage. Some wolves and coyotes, a kit fox and an eagle were the other denizens of the plains that rewarded our diligent search till we reached Calgary and found that the longed for mountains were enshrouded in smoke, which was still more painfully apparent on reaching Canmore, and caused us to turn attention to matters nearer and visible. Calgary, as a specimen of a five-year-old town, may be considered an unqualified success, and its future as a supply point for the ranching and mountain section seems to be assured. Handsome stone buildings are arising on the streets, a plentiful supply of the same yellowish sand stone being obtainable in the hills which almost surround the town. The stone itself is so soft as to be very easily worked, but hardens as well as improves in colour with age and exposure to the air. The new hotel, the "Alberta," not yet open, would be an ornament in Toronto, and a block in course of erection is to cost $60,000, a considerable outlay for so young a place.

Indians from the Blackfoot, Cree and Sarcee reserves are rather troublesome neighbours, so troublesome in fact that they are not allowed to overrun the town at their pleasure, and an ordinance has been passed that they shall not leave their reserves without a permit from the resident agent. The Sarcees are the nearer, and during our stay in Calgary they held their annual sun dance about four miles from the town. This festival usually takes about a week and winds up with the ceremony called "making the brave." This barbarous performance consists in inserting a piece of wood beneath the muscles of the chest crosswise and attaching a strong cord to the ends of the stick on which the victim, or as we should perhaps call it the celebrant, swings until the muscles are torn out. Having thus proved his courage and endurance, he is considered worthy to be enrolled in the ranks of the warriors, but as the warriors have nothing more warlike to do than to consume the beef and rations provided for them by a paternal government, there can be now no necessity for "braves" being made, and the making of them in this fashion has been formally prohibited, but with little effect as it seemed to be nobody's business to interfere. However, having no desire to see a man torture himself for mere bravado, we passed on from this pleasant little town at the untimely hour of 1.20 of the morning on the day of the event, and landing at Canmore, pitched a tent beside the river on which a few wild ducks—curlews and sandpipers—were disporting themselves. At Canmore the surveyors were engaged in staking out streets and laying out a town of considerable dimensions on the plain—the very dusty plain—between the Bow River and a tributary of the same which runs not far from, but parallel to, the railway, and on the south side of it. The *raison d'être* of this town is the immense deposit of coal of the finest description which has been discovered a mile or so away to the south of the Bow. Two mines are being worked. One, the Brinkerhoff, having a shaft sunk about two hundred feet. The other, an almost level tunnel into the base of a mountain, was turning out quantities of a very fine quality of anthracite coal which was being conveyed away to the shipping point near the station by a train of waggons which crossed the rapid and impetuous Bow River on a ferry contrived so that the force of the current was utilized to convey the heavily loaded teams across without more help than one man at the wheel. Having delighted the rugged miners by sketching their abiding place with their stalwart figures in the foreground, I and my brother artist, Mr. Matthews, took a day or two for exploration. We were rewarded by finding a gorge of wild and, in fact, awe-inspiring character north of the railway where a stream comes out between lofty precipices which, although now comparatively insignificant, must in the spring be a surging torrent to the force of which the acres of clean washed rocks testify. Looking up this chasm in the mountains, height after height is seen till the last mountainous precipice is lost in the haze. Penetrating up we find a fresh picture at every turn, with signs that bears have been here not long before us.

On our way home we sketched the mysterious "Hoodoos," three grotesque figures about twenty feet high, left standing on the edge of a foot hill behind the station, the rest of the escarpment having been abraded away by the elements; the substance is a conglomerate of water-worn pebbles of various size, held together by a natural cement very like mortar. The ubiquitous vandal of modern times, the tourist, seems to be trying to destroy these ancient relics that nature has so long spared, and soon, I suppose, the last of them will be gone. From the strangeness of the situation and the regular disposition of the three figures, I cannot help thinking that some forgotten race of men must have helped nature to fashion them, or at least have cleared away the surrounding detritus, as they are so placed at the edge of the large plain that they look exactly like heathen deities erected for worship, perhaps including sacrifice. Immediately in front of them, at the foot of the hill, is the grave of a man who died during the construction of the railway, and a large wooden cross bears the record of his name and birthplace. Why this should make one sad, when we consider that nothing of the man himself is there, is a mystery hard to solve, but is perhaps traceable to those mournful English poets whose works we were nurtured on in early youth, and who moralized much more on dead leaves and graveyards, than they did on the glories of sunshine and health, and the evident intention of the Creator that happiness should be the result of orderly life.

T. Mower Martin.

CANADIAN LOYALTY.

SOVEREIGNTY has in these latter days so largely passed from its nominal possessors into the hands of the people, its rightful owners, that kingcraft has necessarily been shorn of much of its dignity. Among the more progressive nations, sceptres have become merely the mile posts along Time's highway. Yet the patient, long-suffering, tradition-loving spirit of Anglo-Saxon civilization has so gently exorcised the demon of tyranny from the British monarchy, that that part of the body politic has sustained no violent rending, but remains intact, and instinct with a rejuvenated life, less obtrusive and powerful indeed, but infinitely more healthful than that displayed by the diabolic legion which in the past possessed the throne of the nation. This harmless effigy of royalty, this Miltonic shadow, which seems the head of state, wearing the likeness of a kingly crown, is worshipped by many with as fervent devotion as they would probably feel were their idol endowed with all the irresponsible powers of the cruel Tudors and treacherous Stuarts. The adherents of the old faith have seen their Supreme Pontiff stripped of all temporal authority, but not the less do they pour out before his throne the incense of an etherealised spirit of loyalty, as sincere in its way as that which in former days placed England under the feet of her Henries and Charleses.

The Jubilee year has set free this spirit to an extent *ad nauseam*. And among all the throngs of servile flatterers of royalty which have been gathered from the four corners of the globe we find Canadians unpleasantly conspicuous with their abject prostrations.

There are reasons for the longevity of this echo from the past among Canadian rocks and forests. The United Empire Loyalists have left behind them a considerable posterity of devout believers in the divine right of Kings. Loyalty, too, is in Canada a cheaply indulged sentiment. The British taxpayer groans under the weight of aristocratic shams and puppet loyalties which, like Sindbad's old man of the sea, make life a burden on his Island. Canadians, free from such oppressions, can hurrah with unfettered throats.

It seems a heartless task to assail an apparently harmless sentiment which has a favour of ancient chivalry about it, and may have some slight influence as a bond of union over the widely scattered races of the Dominion. Were its only effect to keep alive the emigrant's imported patriotism, no reasonable fault could be found with it. By all means let us cherish British connection, seeing it as the only connecting link between our mechanically jumbled together provinces. Let the National Anthem as a secular doxology still continue by the force of its anathematical doggerel and snobbish nonsense to promote brotherly love and concord among our dispersing assemblies. No true patriot would say a word against the dear old fatherland, which has sent him, or his sire, into this far country to feed swine, because of its prodigal sons who spend its wealth by riotous living at home. But he who most truly remembers his native land, will reserve most of his sympathy for its toiling millions, and will refuse to be inoculated with the virus of this King's evil of medieval loyalty. He will leave to the "unfeeling, the falsely refined," that superficial sentiment which sees the top as the whole, letting the sea view juggle the mental as well as the physical sight, until, shut out by the narrowing horizon, the trivial flag pole is seen as the only thing worth reverencing about the grand old ship of State.

To this false sentiment we must ascribe that curious perversion of ideas on the subject of monarchy which is so prevalent in Canada. We find Commercial Union Orators, taking advantage of this perversion, and gravely arguing that the bugbear of disloyalty should cease to frighten the colonial mind, because the real rulers of Britain are no longer of the blood royal, but butchers, and bakers, and candle-stickmakers, even as here. Is Canada so much indebted to the British aristocracy that from it alone she should choose her household gods? Considering her own experience with that mild type of blood-poisoning, the Family Compact, one can hardly understand the ease with which her sons forget the teachings of the ages, and while rejoicing in their present freedom slip back into a mental attitude of fifteenth century prostration before the empty symbols of tyranny.

William McGill.

Relatives of young Mr. Macmillan have arrived at Constantinople to prosecute the search for the missing gentleman, of whom no trace has been so far discovered. It is supposed that he must either have been murdered by Albanian shepherds and buried by the criminals with a view to escape detection, or have been captured by brigands, who are waiting for the excitement concerning the event to subside before coming forward to claim a ransom. The latter conjecture, however, is discredited by the majority, and the matter remains most mysterious.

GOLGOTHA.

I said, this house, the homestead of my youth,
Whose walls are monuments to childish deeds,
Whose very path is paved with dead desires,
I will restore; and so I rested not
Until I had reclaimed that sacred spot.
I made the walks wind the same well-known way,
And tall white pillars rise, like strong, true arms
Protecting treasures, honeysuckles twined
O'er the trellisses, old-fashioned flowers
Lifted fair faces to the passing winds,
Which trailed their perfume through the summer air.
Each room I well recalled, and dressed once more
In the gay garb that it had worn of yore.
And when the task was done, revived the dead!
And so "All is as it was then," I said.
I flew along the stair, and trembling stood
Before the portal at its summit, where
My footsteps oft had stayed: but, ah! no good;
No low-toned, loved voice did me welcome there.
And then there surged the knowledge through each vein
That naught can ever be the same again.
I slowly passed into one room that held
All holy thoughts; no direful dream of care
Could touch me, for these hallowed thoughts dispelled
All harm; I felt that presence like a prayer.
"Oh, God!" I cried, "has it all been for naught,
By pain and penitence may peace be bought."
And as I cried a something in me woke,
And slowly, sadly, madly mocking spoke:
"Now raise the bridge of faith which safely bore
Thy soul along thy childhood's cherished shore,
Which fell by thine own fault 'neath folly's tide,
And left thee lonely on the further side."
Wildly I sought the fields, their paths I flew,
While mocking whispers, memories pure and true,
Pursued my footsteps; every murmur low
Recalled my childhood and increased my woe;
And then I knew *the vainest of things vain*
Is for a soul to seek the past again.

Montreal. May Austin.

LOTOS-EATING IN MUSKOKA.

THE island, some eighty miles in extent and half a mile in length, has many and varied beauties. The house, or rather houses (for drawing-room, dining-room, kitchen, etc., are all separate buildings), is delightful. The life is glorious; the events of each day much the same. A morning swim before ten o'clock, and after breakfast a loaf on the verandahs or about the island. At twelve or one a start of the whole party, the elders alone excepted, in canoes and boats to some distant island. The same place is rarely chosen twice in a whole summer, and each lunching-place seems more beautiful than its predecessor. The only requisite, a slab of rock, where a fire could be lighted without danger, and such a place it was never difficult to find; a boy to collect firewood and wash dishes, and a picnic basket of which the experience of years has ascertained the proper contents—these were always important factors in our enjoyment. Tea was the universal beverage at these picnic lunches, and it never tastes so good as when the kettle has been boiled over a camp fire, and when the water used is Muskoka water, soft, and with a trace of iron in its composition, admirable for the drawing of tea. Muskoka cream, too, is of the very best, thick and rich as that of Devon. With the butter it was always packed on ice, so that both were kept properly cool. The jolly meal over, the "good things" said, and the good stories told, the cigarette from far-away Egypt, without a box of which the basket was never complete, smoked, how various was the choice of pleasures until such time as the setting-sun warned us that dinner-time must be near, and that we must embark for our island home. With a single companion one might explore the still dark waters of some lonely creek, gliding idly, with noiseless paddle, to marvel at the perfect quiet, the exquisite effects of light and shade, and the beauty of the overhanging tangled bush; or, with rod and line one might seek to lure from his deep pool beneath some overhanging rock, that prince of Muskoka fish, the black bass, with the confidence that an hour's time would see one or two beauties on the rock beside one; or again, if exercise seemed good, one might row or paddle with heavily-weighted troll astern, and be probably rewarded with one or more delicate salmon-trout; or last, and perhaps best of all, one might join the small group who have found delicious couches on "cool mosses many inches deep," and one of whom is reading aloud—Tennyson usually, and his "Idyls of the King" for choice. And then at length the homeward paddle over the fast-darkening lake. The canoes, so close together that they almost touch, and the soft dip of the paddles keeping time to some air to which harmony is easily joined, and which is always led by one true nightingale. In the West, not unfrequently as we return, is that glory of the setting-sun, the crimson of gold and scarlet, which has made a Canadian sun-set world-famed, and which is here doubly beautiful by reason of its reflection in the murky waters of the lake. As home is neared our voices give notice of our approach, and ere we land our ears are generally greeted by that "tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell." How delightful is the meal when hours in the glorious Muskoka air had produced appetites, which town knows not, and when, more important still, amongst those who partake of it, there is no one that jars, all possessing "the element that makes them

intelligible and agreeable to each other." For a short period, that devoted to tobacco, the party breaks up, but all shortly meet, where, on a promontory of smooth flat rock, the materials for an enormous fire have been collected in our absence. Far into the night we sit round the great pile of hissing, blazing timber; camp games are played, camp stories are told, and camp songs sung, for is not this life of luxury and ease surnamed "camping-out"? It is true, that when at last we do retire, it is not to a tent and couch of pine boughs, but to rooms and beds of civilization. On the other hand we wear flannels, etc., all day, we don't dress for dinner, and so when we go to Muskoka, emphatically, we do camp out.

To the worker or man of pleasure from a city, this life is a salvation. If he be wise he has left instructions that his letters are not to follow him, and even the daily papers he taboos. He is fifty miles from a railway and some distance from the daily steamboat's course; he is in society congenial but essentially unexacting, while all nature is restful, peaceful, quiet. If he is observant of these qualities and knows a very beautiful poem, he will often ask himself, as he eats his lotos,

> Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
> And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
> While all things else have rest from weariness?
> All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
> We only toil, who are the first of things,
> And make perpetual moan.

W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AMERICAN IDEA OF GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—An article in a recent number of the *Magazine of American History* on the "Evolution of the Constitution," by C. Oscar Beasley, calls attention to the fundamental distinction between constitutional and monarchical governments as illustrated by the development of the American Constitution. The writer shows first of all that the earliest form of government in the United States was derived from the authority of the crown. Gradually, however, a change occurred, and we find a long series of documents in which authority is derived directly from the people themselves. This is the essential American idea of government, and while the articles of Federation exhibit a return to the old idea, in which authority is derived from the state, ignoring the people altogether, the Constitution itself, as finally adopted, begins and ends with a recognition of the people as the source of all power.

The acknowledgment of the people as the grantors of authority was, in truth, a new incident in the history of governments. It showed the complete decline of the ancient belief in a "divine right," and a transmission of power through the person of the king. The American Constitution and its forerunners settled for all succeeding time the fountain from which all authority was to be derived. Its influence has been immense. Not only has this idea developed so as to bind together one of the strongest and most progressive people on the earth, but it has served as a guide for other countries, and has been the model for every constitutional reform since it was promulgated. In England, where, notwithstanding the wonderful bursts of liberalism this century has witnessed, there is a deep-seated conservatism, the authority has been gradually stripped from the royal personage and transferred to the people as represented in the House of Commons. The Sovereign and the House of Lords have for years ceased to be an item of even ordinary importance in politics, though the personality of the former may rehabilitate, for a time, the seeming importance of the royal office. In all other countries of Europe the same phenomenon may be noticed, though nowhere to so great an extent is in England. Even in Germany and Russia, where the power of the sovereigns is autocratic, there are large and powerful liberal elements that are destined, sooner or later, to overcome by their superior impetus, the power of the monarchy.

It is an unquestioned fact that among unthinking people, those who for years, it might almost be said for centuries, have been accustomed to one form of government, and who look upon the sovereign with superstitious awe, no such indication of a transference of power is to be noted. But each succeeding year this class though still very large in some districts recedes before the march of superior intellect, and while it would be far from wise to predict a time when such ideas will cease to have circulation, their extinction is simply a matter of time. The world is destined to see at no distant day a complete reorganization of governments on the American plan, in which the people shall themselves be the source of all power, delegated by themselves to their own representatives. The American Constitution, as Mr. Beasley has so ably shown, marks the beginnings of this gigantic movement. The Constitution did not spring into existence with one bound, but is the resultant of a series of preliminary essays or experiments in constitutional methods. This is an important historical fact that is apt to be ignored by those who are familiar with the Constitution itself alone, without reference to the earlier documents which preceded it. Yet while the Constitution stands to-day as the universally recognized perfect paper of its kind, it is the result of an evolution extending over less than a hundred years. The doctrine of evolution cautions us that we must not affirm it cannot be improved, or even admit that it is incapable of improvement, but it is nevertheless a fact of the deepest significance that this great state paper has stood the test of a hundred years' wear and tear; it has stood the shock of the greatest internal struggle the world has ever seen, and the man has yet to come boldly forward to improve it or to venture to assert that it is not the best conceivable document for its purpose. And above all this is the great distinction of having given to the world a new political conception that will be known for all time as the American idea of government.

New York. BARR FERREE.

THE SONNET.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

Sir,—In common with all your readers who love the Sonnet, I have read, with great interest and pleasure, the contributions on that "alphabet of the heart" by "Sarepta," in THE WEEK. Although I am unable to act on "Sarepta's" suggestion, "to add more sonnets on 'The Sonnet,'" I should like to supplement the specimens of that form of verse by the two following:

THE GOOD, GREAT MAN.

> How seldom, friend, a good, great man inherits
> Honour and wealth, with all his worth and pains!
> It seems a story from the world of spirits
> When any man obtains that which he merits,
> Or any merits that which he obtains.
> For shame, my friend, renounce this idle strain!
> What would'st thou have a good, great man obtain?
> Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
> Or heaps of corpses which his sword hath slain?
> Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
> Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
> The good, great man? Three treasures—love and light
> And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
> And three fast friends, more sure than day or night
> Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

Can "Sarepta," or any of your contributors or readers, tell us who is the author of this sonnet, which was quoted many years ago in an English newspaper, and is, I believe, one of the finest pieces of sonnet verse in the English language. I have tried in vain to discover its paternity. I have heard it ascribed to Coleridge, but it does not appear in any edition I have seen of his attested works; and although it is unmistakably of the Lake School, neither is it to be found among Wordsworth's or Southey's. Who, then, is the author?

This sonnet was printed in 1847, because in that year the following "Answer," first published in an English journal in June, 1851, was written; at least so we are told by the anonymous author of the "Answer." The latter is much inferior to the former, but I quote it as being of special interest in this connection:

ANSWER.

> I would not have a great, good man defile
> His hand with grasping, nor his soul with guile,
> Nor sacrifice to any outward things,
> His inward splendour and his upward wings.
> But, also, would I not behold him blind
> To the world's bitterness and pinching facts
> Far less, if means of life with a free mind
> Be *his*, while penury his friend distracts.
> Oh, noble sage, forget not, when the hour
> Of inspiration ends, that for its lamp
> To burn with purity and constant power,
> Oil, and four walls, that reek not with the damp,
> Are needful, that the man with steady eye
> May look in his wife's face, nor o'er his children sigh.

Who, may I ask, is the author of this "Answer?"

Woodside, Berlin, Aug. 20, 1889. JOHN KING.

PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

"FRANCOIS MIGNET." By E. Petit (Perrin). M. Mignet, the life companion of Thiers, and permanent secretary of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, merits his biography. He occupies a very distinguished place in letters, and his relations with all the eminent men of his day add a further attraction to his life. The volume presents Mignet from the earliest years of manhood-work, when writing for the Press, his college-chum Thiers, being then an art critic on the same journals. At thirty-nine years of age, Mignet was elected one of the Forty Immortals of the Academy. He was a Councillor of State in 1830; Ambassador to Spain in 1833, and subsequently director of the Archives at the Foreign Office till 1848. He was, besides, an historian, a publicist, and he mixed much in cultured society. No Frenchman, in dress and manners, ever came up to the English gentleman so much as Mignet. The author rather evades the social side of Mignet's character, which is regrettable, as he was a brilliant conversationalist. Mignet set out from Aix, in company with Thiers, for Paris, to seek fortune. They had no money beyond their fares, and a trunk in common represented their total baggage. In after years, Mignet was the everyday guest of Thiers at dinner, and resided, free, in one of his houses in the Rue d'Aumale. As member of the Academy, Mignet gave all the time he could spare to editing the "National Dictionary," which, let it be said *en passant*, will some day be finished as was even the Cologne Cathedral. When director of the Foreign Office Archives, it was a peculiar pleasure of Mignet to show the map, drawn up by Prussia, for the dismemberment of France in 1814. The biography will repay attentive perusal.

"NOUVELLES DE L'HISTOIRE DE LA CIVILIZATION." By M. Riehl (Müller; Berlin). This eminent writer has now collected all his novels, and divided them into epochs. The seven volumes are the out-put of forty-two years of consecutive work, and that the public never grew weary of applauding. His last novel, "Life Enigmas," appeared last year. All these *nouvelles*, despite their variety in tone and subject, have for aim, to paint the manners of the past and the present. They are the result of personal observation, of historic inspiration, but in which act, speak, laugh and cry very living persons, for they are animated by the passions and the ideas of their epoch and country. The personages dealt with are not those whose traits history has fixed, and that cannot lightly be altered; they are modest creatures, who truly belong to their age, by their manner of seeing and feeling. Riehl, then, does not fall into the error of the historical novelists, who bring on the scene, the notorieties of a past age, and lose themselves in descriptions of old furniture, old utensils, old faience, etc., like a catalogue of antiquities. Nor does he "image history," as Hebbel observed of Walter Scott; neither does he employ the language of the epoch—under the pretext to be realistic, and cover each page with foot-notes to show he is learned and of Dryasdust accuracy. Riehl leaves the externals—costumes and furniture—aside, and replaces these by ideas. It is the moral side of an epoch he handles, and moulds his characters so to move and speak as if we were perusing memoirs of the period. Such will not please those who deny a novelist the right to select subjects out of the present and its environments. Of the fifty nouvelles that compose the volumes, four belong to an antiquity as distinct as Rider Haggard could desire; five also appertain to the Revolutionary epoch, while others relate to the intervening periods. The latest—is the present. The seven stories laid in the Middle Ages are reckoned among his best—the "Old Oak" being the gem of the collection. Love fills an important rôle, but is not the dominant factor. Riehl ranks among the first of German novelists; he is a realist, as comprehended in the broad artistic sense. His style is clear and limpid, his characters very true and living, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. Like a sagacious observer, he does not stop at the surface of things; he penetrates downwards to bring up their lesson or their mystery. He does not leave the reader cold—for he is not a pessimist; his studies are healthy and full of moral bracing. As he boasts himself, he has never written a line that he would object to his own daughter perusing.

"HISTOIRE DE LA MONARCHIE DE JUILLET." By P. Thureau-Dangin. This is a work of the historical apology school, where an author selects his central object, aim or figure, and accumulates materials to buttress it up. Perhaps there is no reign more difficult to write, although within the memory of our grandfather generation, than that of Louis Philippe. Certainly no reign has more contributed to produce the political difficulties that have followed the deposition of that monarch. He was the incarnation of the sovereignty of the people; as "King of the French," by a parliamentary vote, his throne was thus seated on the debris of the *ancien régime*. Thiers once said that Louis Philippe "reigned but did not govern." It was because the king did not act up to that canon of constitutionalism that he was swept away. He was always aiming to come to the front, to impress on the minds of the citizens that he, majesty, was their political guide, philosopher and friend, and not the ministers; that it was he who had secured them their material prosperity. "Get rich," was the axiomatic counsel which the stern Calvinist, Premier Guizot, gave to middle class Frenchmen. And it was while gluttonizing in wealth-begetting that that same class ignored the stratum of society, the *nouvelle couche*, below them—the workingmen. So ignorant was the Guizot Government of the "capacity" of the artizans that it refused to extend to them the suffrage. And the strange spectacle was presented to the world, that of modern France, the output of the Revolution of 1789, with a population of over thirty millions, having only a total national voting roll of 300,000 electors. On February 20, 1848, Louis Philippe and his advisers refused to concede any extension of the suffrage to the new "capacities." Four days later the electoral roll welled up to 10,500,000, by the immediate adoption of universal suffrage. The smallness of the "capacities" was remedied by the accession of a mass of "incapacities." It was this sudden addition to the constituencies, the offspring of the "Revolution of Contempt" of 1848, that has since proved the disturbing factor in the succeeding régimes to which France has been subjected. Democracy was unprepared for the supreme gift of absolute power; its education had not been more than commenced in 1848, and indeed it is only now going on—slowly but surely. There lies the fault of Louis Philippe, and next to a crime on the part of the middle classes, who in their egoism, having ceased to be *roturiers* themselves, selfishly united to bar out from a legitimate share in the government of the state the fitted among the members of the new society. And this explains the hatred of the workingmen, of the *prolétaires*, to-day against the middle classes, for the nobility is not in cause, as it was vanquished in the night of August 4, 1789, when Feudalism and Privilege yielded up the ghost. The Bourbon-Orleans had ever a questionable past. The father of Louis Philippe was the disreputable Philippe Egalité, who was the great-grandson of the infamous Regent. Louis Philippe himself fought at Valmy, and after the battle went over, along with Dumourier, to the Austro-Prussian allies. Later, when he spoke about his countrymen, he alluded to them as "the enemy." Beneath Louis Philippe's white hat and buttoned-up-to-the-chin frock coat there was less of a constitutional king than of an authoritative monarch and a jealous ruler. He observed, "My friends have overthrown me because they believed me indestructible." The miracle about his eighteen-years' reign is that he was able to retain his clutch of the throne amidst infernal machines, pistol shots, poignards, denunciations from all parties and satires from every pen. And yet the reign of Louis

Philippe was not devoid of merits. Material prosperity flowed till it overflowed and submerged. Algeria was conquered; the arts flourished, industry thrived and commerce prospered. The Orleans are not popular in France —nor will they ever be. They have the reputation for intrigue, rapacity and a lack of pluck. Yet Louis Philippe displayed courage—against the weak; to wit, his attempt to invade Switzerland for sheltering Prince Louis Napoleon. Yet the little republic had opened its arms to the monarch himself when, as Duc de Chartres, he sought a refuge in Helvetia, and was glad to earn a livelihood for himself and his sister by acting as a grinder in mathematics and Greek. English readers will be interested in the sections treating of the *entente cordiale* (1843-1844) and the Pritchard affair (1844-1845), which the late Admiral Pierre rehearsed a few years ago at Madagascar—and with the same result—that of seizing a British subject without any warrant for the arbitrariness. In both cases an indemnity had to be paid to Pritchard and Shaw.

"Un nouveau Pharon." By Frederick Spielhugen. "Berlin: Mayer and Müller." Only a German—perhaps Mr. Rider Haggard excepted—would think of finding in ancient Egypt the materials of a story for modern readers. Do not hastily conclude that the "New Pharaoh" is a Nabob, an omnipotent potentate, who holds enchained an entire people, and employs them to build pyramids, dig lakes or pierce isthmuses. The author merely selects the Biblical text, "And there arose a new king which knew not Joseph." The heir of the romance is a German, who had been exiled in 1848, and now returns to modern Germany. The latter is the Joseph that he ignores, about which he knows nothing. The book is a kind of Rip Van Winkleism. Condemned to death by a Council of War, the hero takes the prosaic name of Smith—as did Louis Philippe in his flight to England in 1848—and seeks an asylum in the United States. Years pass away; Smith, now an old man, cannot resist the temptation to revisit Fatherland, so he brings a young American, one Ralph Curtis, with him as a travelling companion. There are four volumes, all taken up with dialogues; between Smith, the American, and the pardoned revolutionist, Dr. Brunn. Smith accuses modern Germany of gross materialism, want of faith, and absence of principle. Dr. Brunn has drifted into an old Tory, and maintains that the masses must be made to feel the governing hand. There is a young statesman in the story, who is a worshipper of Bismarck; he believes that there is but one country in Europe—Germany, and that Bismarck is its prophet. There is no action at all in this singular novel, and the two heroines, one an American lady, and the other a Cinderalla, fade into forgetfulness when the grand palaver opens.

La Commune; or, Nouveau Journal d'un Officier d'Ordonnance. The latter is the *nom de plume* the Comte d'Hérisson adopted when he was attached to the staff, as captain of the Garde Mobile, during the siege of Paris. He was also on the staff of General Montauban, as interpreter, during the allied expedition to China. He is also the author of "Metz," which is an attempt to whitewash Marshal Bazaine. He was not in Paris during the reign of the commune, so his book is not that of an eye-witness. But he has gone to much labour and archaological research, to secure authentic materials, from actors—and actresses —in the terrible story of Paris, from 18th March to 25th May, 1871. M. d'Hérisson makes the Commune live again under his pen, he has discovered so much that is abominable, and re-found recitals that are truly horrible. It is the story dramatised; all is flesh—creeping in the action. The affair of the hostages is well told, and considerable stress is laid on the negotiations between the Thiers' Executive and the chiefs of the Commune, regarding the exchanging of the anarchist Blanqui, against the Roquette hostages. The latter would have been given up for Blanqui, but Thiers decided otherwise. This is strange, as it never was intended to execute Blanqui, and who ultimately died peaceably in his bed, as will ex-President Jules Grévy, who commenced political life by shouldering a rifle, when a law student, alongside Blanqui in the revolutionary days of July, 1830.

A POET OF FRENCH CANADA.

DE BANVILLE, in one of his charming "Esquisses Parisiennes," tells of a prize offered by a rich and eccentric Englishman to the man who practises the most extraordinary profession imaginable, and after a long consent it is assigned "à un poète lyrique qui vit de son état." Canada is neither very eccentric nor very conspicuously wealthy, so that what rewards she can afford to give are oftener bestowed upon successful politicians than upon poets, however deserving. In spite of the praise given in plenty to his earliest verses, M. Louis Honoré Fréchette found himself driven into journalism for some years; and the lack in Canada of a large appreciative public induced him to entrust the first edition of "Les Fleurs Boréales" to a Parisian publisher. Its appearance was soon followed by the commendations of the French Academy and a crown of honour. His last volume, "Légende d'un Peuple," was brought out in the same way, and enjoyed the favour of a eulogistic preface from the pen of M. Jules Claretie. So well was M. Fréchette received in Paris that he had at one time almost made up his mind to settle there, in the hope of a suitable return for his work. One could hardly help thinking that he had at last wearied of the Canadian mistress, whose smiles were slow in coming, and that in leaving her he remembered the truth of the saying, "Pour quitter la maitresse, il faut quitter la ville." However, this purpose has not been carried out, for the poet has returned, laden with honours, to his Canadian home, probably intending to show his countrymen that he is still alive to the feelings of patriotism which he has sung so often and so well.

His poems fall naturally into two classes: one treating of national, that is French-Canadian subjects; the other consisting of verses which might have been written in any country, with due regard to local colours. The former are found almost entirely in "Légende d'un Peuple," to the contents of which must be added two or three from "Les Fleurs Boréales." They perpetuate the remembrance of the nobler days of our country, when patriotism had not degenerated into mere provincial sentiment and race hatred, when the antagonism between English and French was as legitimate a feeling in Canada as on the battle-fields of Blenheim and Ramilies. But they do much more than this. Begining with the solitudes of the primeval forest, broken only by the red man in pursuit of his game, they retrace in a long series of pictures the history of a colony brilliant even under a cloud of obscurity. As it comes down through successive ages, this epic in short poems shows in three epochal divisions the development of the country from wilderness into settlement, from settlement to the strife of the occupants, and from the victory of the English race to events still painfully fresh in the memory of Canadians.

> O notre histoire, écrin de perles ignorées.

says the poet; and with the most finished art he arranges the jewels of his casket, disposing each so as to bring out its best and purest glitter. But although in his superb historical pictures, grouping, light and shade, and other matters of technique are attended to even in their minutest details, it is evidently with the forerunners of civilization that he best loves to dwell,—with the men impelled by that spirit

> Which bids men be and bear and do
> And die beneath blind skies or blue.

Only such a profound knowledge of history as this poet possesses can give one an adequate idea of what was done by our forefathers in their struggle of centuries against the treachery of the Indian, the rigour of the climate, and the advance of a foreign race. M. Frechette, learned and patient as a monk, has expended all his energy and poetic gifts in immortalizing the courage and strength of the heroes who proved what was the stuff of which the old Gallic temper was made. Cartier, La Salle, Jolliet, Daulac, the missionary martyrs, and others usually left "unnamed among the chronicles of kings" stand first with him; and though generals and statesmen get a full share of praise, it is with humbler men that he chiefly loves to linger. In a poem addressed to his friend, l'Abbé Tanguay, he commends him for setting right "the thanklessness of history," but to M. Fréchette himself all thanks are due for thus placing in their niches of fame men so long neglected. Such were Daulac, Cadieux, and Sauriol. Daulac was the leader of a little band of men who defended Montreal against an attack of the Iroquois. Entrenched at the head of a rapid on the Ottawa which the canoes had to pass, these seventeen brave fellows suddenly found themselves surrounded by a yelling horde; their ambuscade had been discovered. After three days' resistance, Daulac alone was left. Seizing a keg of gunpowder, he hurled it kindled, at the assailants; but falling short, it exploded, and showed the savages this horrible picture:—

> Sur un monceau de morts et dans le sang qui bout,
> Un seul des assiégés était resté debout,
> Et tragique, hagard, devenu fou, farouche,
> Les yeux fixes d'horreur et l'écume à la bouche,
> Afin de les soustraire aux vainqueurs courroucés,
> Une hache a la main achevait les blessés!

A volley ends the tragedy, and the Indians, overcome by the dauntlessness of the pale-face, put off their plan of massacre. Once more the colony was saved.

The story of Cadieux is a touching one. He and a party of trappers, richly laden with furs, were descending the Ottawa in canoes, when one of the men declared, just as they had camped for the night, that Iroquois scouts were in the neighborhood. Defence is impossible; some brave man must sacrifice his life by putting the enemy on a wrong trail. Cadieux is ready; and the poet sets off his devotion by a description of the hero:—

> Nul d'entre d'eux ne savait raconter mieux que lui,
> Ni rendre avec des chants rythmés sur la pagaie,
> Le voyage plus court et la route plus gaie.
> Il était même un peu père de ses chansons;
> Et poète illettré, sans aucunes leçons
> Que les strophes du vent qui berce la feuillée,
> Le jour sur l'aviron, le soir à la veillée,
> Dans la naïveté d'une âme sans détours,
> Aux échos du désert il chantait ses amours.

As Cadieux fires a farewell shot on his way up the stream, the canoes are launched in a most dangerous part of the river. Harken to the description of the descent of Sept-Chutes:—

> Tout disparaît soudain dans l'ombre et dans l'écume:
> Emportée au courant qui tournoie et qui fume,
> Dans le bouillonnement des lames en rumeurs,
> Chaque embarcation fuit avec ses rameurs.
> Les hardis canotiers luttent dans la tempête;
> Le coup d'œil en arrêt, le bras sûr, tenant tête
> Au choc tumultueux des flots échevelés,
> Ils guident sans pâlir les canots affolés,
> A travers les écueils qui sans cesse surgissent.
> Bondissant au sommet des vagues qui mugissent,
> Ou plongeant tout a coup dans les écroulements
> Des remous en fureur, ces dompteurs d'éléments
> Sur l'abîme fougueux passent comme des rêves:
> Pendant que derriére eux sur la pente des grèves,
> Les grands pins chevelus, pleins de brume et de bruit,
> Comme des spectres noirs s'enfoncent dans la nuit.

Cadieux, it is supposed, eluded all pursuit, for some time after his body was found, unmutilated, in a shallow, uncovered grave, beside which had been planted a rude wooden cross. A few verses rudely scrawled on a piece of bark found in the dead man's hand are still sung in the country under the name of "Complainte à Cadieux."

In the sinister episode of Sauriol the author shows how a long warfare with the Indians had developed in the white man the love of complete if treacherous revenge. The ruins of a tavern on the outskirts of Montreal were once the scene of a capitulation signed by Vaudreuil in the presence of Amherst, the owner of the tavern, and his son Jean. The city is given up, but those two men have not surrendered. Jean, seizing his gun, takes to the woods, whence, secretly supported by his father, he keeps up for months a solitary guerilla war on the new English garrison. Day after day, with the regularity of the Angelus, a shot is heard, and a redcoat rolls over into the dull green waters of the moat, or falls dead into the arms of another sentry. So constant is this, and so fruitless are the *battues* of the neighbouring woods organized by Amherst, that the garrison, in terror of this one man's unerring shot, hardly dare to stray outside the town. But the approach of winter with its snowfall at last betrays Sauriol, for his footsteps are traced to his hiding place,—the cave of a she-bear that he has killed. Surrounded by his foes his courage does not flinch.

> Messieurs, dit-il, avant que nous partions ensemble,
> Écoutez bien ces mots que je dis sans remord;
> Je suis un meurtrier, je me condamne à mort:
> Mais vous, les agresseurs! vous, nation vorace!
> Oui, vous, les éternels ennemis de ma race!
> Bourreaux de mon pays, vous mourrez avec moi!
> Il dit, et, froidement, sans hate, sans émoi,
> Tire son pistolet dans le baril de poudre;

and some thirty fresh victims, with himself, are added to the list of the slain.

> Le lendemain matin, parmi les corps gisants,
> Sur les débris glacés d'un désastre qui navre,
> On trouvait un vieillar depenché sur un cadavre
> Qu'il semblait à son cœur presser avec transport.
> On s'approcha de lui; le pauvre homme était mort.

The horrible and the pathetic seem to rouse the sympathies of M. Fréchette as nothing else can. "Le Drapeau Fantome" is an illustration of the skill with which he depicts a touching incident. On a pine-covered cape near the Sault Saint Marie, whose musical name our neighbours now vulgarize in the "Soo," the French formerly held a fort, left in charge of a small body of men at about the time of the cession of Canada to England. The guards die of neglect and old age, with the exception of Cadot, an old sergeant. Refusing to believe in the departure of the main body of the French troops, he remains alone for long years, undisturbed except by the *voyageurs*. He even defies a party of English soldiers sent to take the fort. Year after year rolls by while the poor old soldier faithfully goes his solitary rounds, hoping against hope, and finally dying like an abandoned animal. The deep pathos of this poem, which finds an echo in the occasional slow movement of its verses, would only be spoiled by quotation.

Here and in Jean Sauriol, we begin to see the feeling that underlies the later work of M. Frechette,—a strong attachment to France and French influence in Canada, with a corresponding hatred of everything English. "Underlies" scarcely expresses the intensity of the spirit which animates many poems, and forms the sole inspiration of others. There is nothing *fleurdelisé* in this sentiment; it is purely national, though at times a little vague. The poet's rich vocabulary can hardly supply him with epithets enough with which to brand the name of Bourbon and the councellors who encouraged that dynasty in their contempt for Canada. Voltaire's unlucky expression is once more dragged out and pilloried; Louis XV. is described as "*satyre au Parc aux Cerfs, esclave au Trianon;*" and Madame de Pompadour is "*gueuse,*" "*femme lubrique,*" and what not. With the advance of the work, the expression becomes, if possible, harsher; the acme being reached with the treatment of the last period,—that which comprises French-Canadian history from the rebellion of 1837 to the outbreak in the northwest provinces, nearly four years ago. In "Saint Denis," "Spes Ultima," and other poems the old race hatreds are encouraged, national differences are envenomed, and the poet's strength is employed in embittering the heart of the Frank against the Saxon. Pushed so far as it is in his last writings, those which discuss the unfortunate Riel affair, the feeling becomes positively rabid and absurd. Fancy a poet so lost to taste as to speak of the Orangemen in such verses as these:—

> Laches buveurs de sang! pieds plats en fronts étroits
> . . . . . .
> . . . la potence seule réjoui votre âme.

The misnomer of *dernier martyr* applied to Riel, a mere raiser of sedition, contumacious to the last, would be laughable, were it not a sign of the storm feelings still agitating the breasts of the French-Canadian people. M. Fréchette may at some future day have the mixed pleasure of being charged with the grave responsibility of provoking ill-will which the last disturbance in Canada brought into most regrettable activity. Far be it from any one's intention to cast upon him undeserved imputations, for it is impossible not to be struck with the genuineness of the feeling which inspired these poems; the language, too, is often noble and stirring; but it may be asked whether a broader and less selfish spirit would not have tried to see another side to the question, and would not have attempted, if only one poem (for "Le Drapeau Anglais" does not count), to show the English view of the trouble. But

our writer prefers most chirurgeonly to rub the sore, when he might have brought the plaster. A partisan, it is true, whether pamphleteer or poet (M. Fréchette is both) rarely deliberates; the flattering sensation of aping Tyrtæus is much too tempting. No one who has read Canadian history to any purpose can be ignorant of the truth. In the treatment of the French-Canadians there was at one time much oppression; there was crying injustice; there was favouritism shown to the dominant race; there was contempt of the most galling kind for the conquered; and too often concessions were made with bad grace. Still, much has been done by the more tolerant men of English blood (Lord Durham, Lord Dorchester, and many Canadians) in attempting to weld the conflicting races and creeds into a homogeneous mass. This it is which a great number of French-Canadians—*le parti national*—not only resist, but with grossest selfishness persistently ignore in all their writings. Rightly jealous of religion and language, they allow this commendable feeling to sour into the worst forms of prejudice, the result of which is wrangling and perpetual discontent on both sides. Poems like several in "Légende d'un Peuple" must bear a large share of the blame if efforts to consolidate this divided people into a nation have till now met with very imperfect success.

The same want of balance occurs in M. Fréchette's treatment of the leaders in the rebellion of 1837. The poem of Papineau, in "Les Fleurs Boréales," is fairly representative. Now, Papineau, like several of his fellow-rebels, was amnestied, and soon after his return to Canada withdrew to Montebello on the Ottawa, where he seems to have spent his declining years in dreaming over the past and framing great schemes for the future of his race.

> Gloire, succes, revers, douleurs sans trève,
> Tout un monde endormi s' èveillait comme un rêve ;
> Il lui semblait entendre, au milieu des rumeurs,
> Appel désespéré d' un peuple qui s' effare,
> Son grand nom résonner, ainsi qu' une fanfare,
> An dessus d'immenses clameurs.

The tone of this is too high-pitched. Such eulogy on such a man is overdrawn, if not tumid. One thing for which Papineau was not distinguished in that parody on rebellions was courage. He did not take part in a single engagement; and when the cause became hopeless he rapidly crossed the frontier, leaving, as usual in such cases, several far less guilty men to suffer the penalty of high treason. Most of the leaders did the same; he was merely *primus inter pares*. In fact, the end of the rebellion, so far as its chiefs were concerned, is rather a pungent satire on its pompous *début*—the old, old tale of the chestnuts in the fire. To celebrate the coryphæus of this movement in the following verses:

> L'on eût dit que déja sa tête glorieuse
> Rayonnait d'immortalité

to speak of his death as

> cet astre qui s'éteignait,

or

> Ce n'etait pas le mort, c'etait l'apotheose.

is to employ the most grandiose manner of Hugo on a very unworthy subject. When Hugo writes of Napoleon, he tells us that the numbers throng in crowds upon his fiery lips; but when M. Frechette falls into the same mannerism in describing the leader in a provincial struggle, whose name in certain circles raises a smile of not altogether quiet contempt why, "c'est tout simplement faire *boum, boum!*" How much greater is the reader's pleasure on turning from this blistered writing to a poem entitled "Vive la France!" in which love for the old land is unspoiled by any expression of hatred towards England. The facts of the narrative are simple—that a few warm-hearted Canadians offered their services to the French consul at Quebec to aid the cause of France after Bazaine's base surrender of Metz. They were humble working-folk, but in a moment of generous ardour they became heroes. Surely one does not think less of their offer because the law of nations would not admit its being accepted. Listen to the simple, heartfelt words of their spokesman:

> Monsieur le consul, on nous apprend là-bas
> Que la France trahie a besoin de soldats.
> On ne sait pas chez nous ce que c'est que la guerre ;
> Mais nous sommes d'un sang qu'on n'intimide guère,
> Et je me suis laissé dire que nos anciens
> Ont su ce que c'était que les canons prussiens.
> Au reste, pas besoin d'être instruit, que je sache,
> Pour se faire tuer ou brandir une hache ;
> Et c'est la hache en main que nos partirons tous ;
> Car la France, monsieur, la France, voyez vous.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Oui, monsieur le consul, reprit-il, nous ne sommes
> Que cinq cents aujourd'hui, mais, tonnerre ! des hommes
> Nous en aurons, allez ! Prenez toujours cinq cents,
> Et dix mille demain vous répondront, Présents !

The note is strong and true; never has this poet's hand struck firmer. When in humble places he finds a generous impulse, a thrill of honest love or enthusiasm, or an act of self-sacrifice, his genius answers with a sympathetic burst, and a noble poem is written. Higher praise it is impossible to find; for when a poet's inspiration rises with the moral strength of his theme, and when, on the contrary, the meanest passions and strife of men can stir him up only to brassy verses and language which is little better than the veriest billingsgate of literature, it tends to show that heart and judgment are after all in their right place, and that his wanderings from the narrow way of true poetry must be pardoned fully and freely.

Another example of the best that M. Fréchette can accomplish in this vein is the poem "La Découverte du Mississippi," which stands first in "Les Fleurs Boréales." Its breath of conception and loftiness of tone convey a strong suggestion of "Les Orientales." Whom, indeed, have those fire-laden verses not inspired? So complete is their influence that it is seen even to the adoption of Hugo's familiar swinging stanza.

> Le grand fleuve dormit couché dans la savane,
> Dans les lointains brumeux passait la caravane
> De farouches troupeaux d'élans et de bisons.
> Drapé dans les rayons de l'aube matinale
> Le désert déployait sa splendeur virginale
> Sur d'insondables horizons.

Fertile in historic suggestion, the stream calls up a host of names, but first of all Jolliet.

> Le voyez-vouz là-bas, debout comme un prophète,
> Le regard rayonnant d'audace satisfaite,
> La main tendue au loin vers l'Occident bronzé,
> Prendre possession de ce domaine immense
> Au nom du Dieu vivant, au nom du roi de France,
> Et du monde civilisé !
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Deux siècles sont passés depuis que son génie
> Nous fraya le chemin de la terre bénie
> Que Dieu fit avec tant de prodigalité ;
> Qu'elle garde toujours, dans le plis de sa robe,
> Pour les déshérités de tous le coins du globe,
> Du pain avec la liberté !

Yes, to those sturdy pioneers all honour is due—to the the men whose dauntless courage led to the opening up of the Western world. It was time that a fine tribute was offered to the memory of Jolliet and Cavelier de La Salle in his unknown grave. Note, too, the happy manner in introducing the names suggested by the stream:

> O grand Meschacébé ! Voyageur taciturne,
> Bien des fois au rayon de l'étoile nocturne,
> Sur tes bords endormis je suis venu m'asseoir ;
> Et là, seul et rêveur, perdu sous les grands ormes,
> J'ai souvent du regard suivi d'étranges formes
> Glissant dans les brumes du soir.
>
> Tantôt je croyais voir, sous les vertes arcades,
> Du fatal de Soto passer les cavalcades,
> En jetant au désert un défi solennel !
> Tantôt c'était Marquette errant dans la prairie,
> Impatient d'offrir un monde à sa patrie,
> Et des âmes à l'Eternel !

The poet at one time used to spend many hours on the sedgy banks of the slow-moving river, and there, during the intervals of his work, he found the *motif* for what is after all his finest single conception. No pen had before made a special subject of this inland tide, now laden with vessels, but in far-away days disturbed only by the paddle of the red man. So much history lay concealed in the now flourishing western country that one cannot but marvel at the suggestive power which could condense it into the limits of one short poem. The historic sense of M. Fréchette is so marked (except when he writes of the "Anglo-French duel") that light and shadow, perspective and artistic effect, all find due notice in this masterly production. Each great discoverer gets his share of notice and praise.

Such, then, are the poems which win for their author the name of national poet, a title which he may perhaps be willing to accept at the hand of one in whom he has instilled a living interest in his country and its history. For, instead of wasting time and strength on foreign topics, as Crémazie and other French-Canadian poets have done, he has seen in the annals of his native land a wealth of poetical subjects little suspected by those whose knowledge of Canadian history has been formed in the class-room, under a dry and prejudiced pedagogue. That he should defend his own side is not surprising, but that his fire and conviction have not led to false impressionism is indeed remarkable. From the first almost to the last the balance of judgment is preserved, and such exceptions as have been mentioned above, regrettable though they be, serve to give greater vividness to the general excellence of the work. Indeed his good sense is throughout so noticeable that the more rabid writers in Quebec utterly repudiate M. Fréchette's claim to the honour of a national or representative Canadian poet. Can the reader guess why? At the beginning of this article reference was made to the strength of the clerical element in Quebec, but no definite idea was given of the degree to which the Province is priest-ridden. To outsiders it is hardly possible to convey in words an adequate conception of the grinding power of the Church in this country. Suffice it to say that in many of the most barren districts of the Province—in the Saugenay District, for example—the traveller sees, in the midst of a collection of hovels, churches and *presbytères* which would do credit to thriving towns; and to one whose human sympathies are active the contrast between the unctuous *curè* and his etiolated parishioners is at once significant and discouraging. The Church flourishes in followers and defenders as well as in purse. Now, M. Fréchette's reading in history has taught him that the influence of the priest, whether single or in cohorts, has never been in the direction of liberty and enlightenment. He has found, as must every candid student find, that, notwithstanding their boasted martyr-monks their endeavours have always been towards temporal power, which, once obtained, degenerates into ecclesiastical tyranny of the most inflexible kind. Could a man of true feeling, a lover of freedom, political and intellectual, find any inspiration in the chronicles of the Church of Rome in Canada, except in so far as a few isolated heroes reminded him that the man was not invariably absorbed in the priest? Save a few touches about the first monks butchered by the Indians, not a line is given to the memory of the Church on this side of the Atlantic. M. Fréchette is far too honest to praise where he does not feel, and he deserves no small credit for having passed over in almost complete silence the acts of an organized despotism with which he has evidently not the faintest sympathy. Had the Church been the loser in her struggles, he would doubtless have had much to say of her patience and bravery; but seeing that her success has led to systematic oppression and a policy of obscurantism, he cannot, with his principles of liberty, find one word in her favour as an institution. The devotee, who sometimes takes to review writing, is shocked at such an omission, for a writer in *La Revue Canadienne* has recently made a desperate effort to prove that M. Fréchette is no national poet.

The remaining poems are contained partly in "Les Fleurs Boréales," partly in "Les Oiseaux de Neige," and in a small collection entitled "Pêle-Mêle." They are for the most part short copies of verses written for friends, for special occasions, for albums; they naturally show the merits and the defects of such writings. Scrupulously finished in metre and diction, they reach a high level of stylistic excellence, and might be held up to many a provincial verse writer as models of neat form. Rarely does a writer, trained by himself rather than by the criticism of enlightened reviewers, succeed in attaining so high a standard as does M. Fréchette in most cases. But a poet who has, like him, adopted without question the principles of the Romantic school, who openly confesses to *Hugolatry*, is bound to pay strict attention to details of execution; and the reader need not be reminded of the variety demanded of a writer of French verse. He displays in these compositions written many years ago, a thorough knowledge of versification that proves his study of the greatest of modern masters. Details would be superfluous, but any reader would at a glance be struck by the turns and mannerisms, the diction and technique, so familiar to every one from his first reading of Hugo. The hiatus, the shifted cæsura, the full stop in the middle of the verse, the broken couplet, the abuse of the note of exclamation, are perhaps less noticeable in the early work than in "Légende d'un Peuple," upon the style of which a word will presently be said; but the stanzaic form, the sway of the verse, the flashing epithet and simile, are everywhere, brilliant examples of the wish to write in keeping with the magnificent model. An excellent specimen is found in "La Dernière Iroquoise," a hideous tale of Indian cruelty. The squaw has stolen a white child. Before tearing it to pieces and dancing around the remains in a style that would have delighted Dante, she breaks out into a frenzied address to the St. Lawrence, calling to the spirit of the river to remember the past, when the Indian was sole lord of forest and stream.

> Fleuve, te souvient-il de ces jours sans nuage,
> Quand dressant au printemps son wigwam sur la plage,
> L'Iroquois sur tes bords venait chasser le daim ?
> De nos courses sans fin te souvient-il encore
> Quand le vol cadencé de l'aviron sonore
> Emportait nos canots bondissant sur ton sein ?
>
> Te souvient-il encore de la brune Indienne
> Dont la voix se mêlait, sonore, aérienne,
> Aux mille murmures du soir,
> Quand elle suspendait à la frêle liane,
> Et balançait au vent sa mouvante hâgane,
> Berceau d'un guerrier à l'œil noir ?

In spite of the highly poetized expression, the Indian is not treated as a hero of romance; there is no trace of Cooperism. The poet is far too well aware, as all Canadians are, of the general moral worthlessness of the redskin to be carried away by single cases of good conduct into vague admiration for the race. Still, savage pride and persistence are worth preserving, even though one may think America happy in reducing the Indian's hold upon the land, while deploring the method and its results. Such examples of aimless and beast-like vengeance are only too common in the history of this continent.

Without further multiplying quotations, it is worth noting that here and there our poet breaks out into flashes of poetic imagery, now vivid, now graceful. In "La Liberté" occurs the following:—

> De saints espoirs ma pauvre âme s'inonde,
> Et mon regard monte vers le ciel bleu,
> Quand j'aperçois dans les fastes du monde
> *Comme un éclair briller le doigt de Dieu!*

Again, in a sonnet on the Thousand Islands, we find them described as

> Chapelet d'émeraude égrené sur les eaux.

Any one who has seen the lovely group will feel the fitness of this delicate figure. Touches of this sort are frequent in M. Fréchette's lighter work. So far as sonnets go (and pity it is that every verse-writer feels bound to engender sonnets), the less said is perhaps the better. A cluster of purely descriptive ones, entitled "L'Année Canadienne," in which a sonnet stands for each month and tells of Canadian duties or pleasures, with several odd ones originally written for albums, which might have been left to fulfil their blameless function in peace, complete his tale. Mr. William Morris once declared that "a mediocre sonnet is more hateful to gods and men than any other versified mediocrity, . . . and complete success is not common, even where the thought is not over deep." Learning and practising a dictum of this kind are only second to formulating it; but a good second is not always attained,—certainly not by M. Frechette in this instance. It is well to remember that an indifferent sonnet is scarcely more acceptable than an indifferent egg. Let us hope that the forthcoming volume, "Feuilles Volantes," will not be marked by weakness in sonnet-writing.

The later work, "Legende d'un Peuple," shows little of that exquisiteness of finish so characteristic of the early poems, the attention to trifles which suggests a morning spent in chasing a rhyme or a sounding epithet. Vigorous

alexandrines are the form of the national poems, in which greater stress is laid upon clear, forcible expression than upon chiselled metres or elaboration of language. What is lost in smoothness is atoned for by manlier vigour; and these poems are apt to please, not so much by single excellence as by a harmonized strength, which the readers of his more youthful poetry were far from suspecting possible from his pen. If it is no injustice to M. Frechette, one may venture to refer to an analogous change in the manner of Victor Hugo.

But, it may be objected by a reviewer of this review, what does all this prove?—for it cannot be said from this showing that the Canadian poet is the originator of a new school. Perfectly true; but it is not given to every one to be a great inventor. Some things are much better than that form of self-seeking vanity which displays itself in eccentricities, or in paradoxical theories of poetry with applications touching the burlesque. One of these better things is to follow the lead of a master greater than one's self, a duty which M. Frechette has assumed with a modest confidence that has assured him success. He has played no tricks with metre or rhyme; he has not even invented a new and fantastic stanza; but the materials he found to hand have been employed patiently and conscientiously, in the hope of a reward which posterity is certainly preparing for him, and of which he has already reaped the first-fruits.

And now, as readers of critiques generally expect a *bonne bouche*, let us see what our poet has to offer in the shape of almost the only love poem he has ever published, the purest, sweetest verses that have left his pen. The theme of "Renouveau," which is inscribed to his wife, is as old, perhaps, as the poetic art, but perfection of form covers the weakness of age. A walk in the autumn woods, with the sight of a deserted nest, brings up a flood of recollections of past happy springtides. That happy season of pairing stands out in contrast with the present, gray with the sere of falling leaves. Then, in the old days,—

Le soleil était chaud, la brise caressante;
De feuilles et de fleurs les rameaux étaient lourds,
La linotte chantait sa gamme éblouissante
Près du berceau de mousse où dormaient ses amours.

Alors au souvenir des ces jours clairs et roses,
Qu'a remplacé l'automne avec son ciel marbré,
Mon cœur,—j'ai quelquefois de ces heures moroses,
Mon cœur s'émut devant ce vieux nid délabré.

Et je songeai longtemps à mes jeunes années
Frêles fleurs dont l'orage a tué les parfums;
A mes illusions que la vie a fanées,
Au pauvre nid brisé des mes bonheurs défunts.

. . . . . .

O jeunesse, tu fuis comme un songe d'aurore, . . .
Et que retrouve-t-on quand le rêve est fini?
Quelques plumes, hélas, qui frissonnent encore
Aux branches où le cœur avait bâti son nid.

Time, however, passes a soothing hand over these sorrows, when the poet seeks his home:—

O Temps, courant fatal où vont les destinées,
De nos plus chers espoirs aveugle destructeur,
Sois béni! car, par toi, nos amours moissonnées
Peuvent encore revivre, ô grand consolateur!

. . . . . .

Au découragement n'ouvrons jamais nos portes;
Après les jours de froid viennent les jours de mai;
Et c'est souvent avec ses illusions mortes
Que le cœur se refait un nid plus parfumé.

Does not this "love of old loves and lost times" remind one, even in its consolation, of the immortal "Tristesse d'Olympio"? What more can be wanted to show that the poet can feel, not only the thrill of patriotism which unites him with his own people, but also that wide-reaching sympathy which makes him a singer for humanity? It is on these grounds that I venture to place M. Frechette definitely before the American reading public as the first landmark in the history of Canadian literature.—*Paul T. Lafleur, in Atlantic Monthly.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Madeline, and other Poems. By James McCarroll. With a portrait of the author, and an introduction by Charles Loton Hildreth. Chicago and New York: Belford, Clarke and Co.; Toronto: Williamson and Co.

This dainty book of poems will possess, apart altogether from its merits, interest for many Canadians, especially those who resided in Toronto twenty years or so ago. For among the clever contributors to the *Grumbler*, the satirical paper of those day, and to other Canadian publications, was the author of this volume. To those who remember the man it is needless to praise his poetry or to describe its qualities; to those who did not, it will only be needful to quote some stanzas here and there to show that he has power of expression as well as depth of feeling. It happened a few years ago that the writer recited, in the hearing of Nicholas Flood Davin, some stanzas from "The Grey Linnet," found on page 176 of the present volume. "Aha!" said Davin, "*there's* beauty; the man's a poet who wrote that, who is he?" And he asked to have the poem transcribed, and was delighted to find the author, then residing in New York, a fellow Irishman. The principal poem in the book, the one at all events placed foremost in the author's estimation, "Madeline"—which reminds the reader, in quality as well as measure, of Hood's "Hero and Leander"—is not, we think, the one which best deserves the place. Many will prefer the address, "To the Right Hand," which is grave and philosophic, whimsical and didactic, by turns. Errors, he reminds us, are but the husks of truth, and the stripping off of these the method of all progress:

Only a myth can serve those higher needs
Where fact would but discomfiture entail;
There's something in the errors of the creeds
That each time lifts us higher up to fail;
And though we never may the light unveil,
The denser darkness of the gloom recedes
As each succeeding height we slowly scale,
Until at last below us calmly lies
A faint reflection of the upper skies.

In "The Grey Linnet" he makes the little warbler conscious of his tame and russet plumage, but therefore all the more eager to dazzle by his song, for

On finding he can't reach your soul through your eyes,
He steals in through the gate of your ears.

And again, as marking the compensations of Nature, he says of "The Humming Bird,"

The song denied your throat is heard
Among your wings.

Delicate are the lines on page 98 where the gratitude of a flower for a shower of rain is compared with those:

How few, who feel affliction's chasteningrod
Are like the poor pale, thirsty, little flowers,
With their weak faces turned towards their God.

There is something of grandeur in the poem written during the American Civil War and entitled "Amen:"

They are the children of one sire,
And both have claims alike on Thee:
Then stay the work of sword and fire
And let the freed-men still be free.

Lines to the Prince of Wales on his visit to Canada are throbbing with patriotism. "In thee," says the author, meaning the Prince, "In thee, Britannia clasps us closer to her breast;" and he would like the Heir Apparent to feel

That thou hast a citadel in every loyal heart
Where thou canst rest amid a thousand bloodless victories.

Canadian reminiscences are to be found throughout the volume, as for example the lines written at Peterboro'; also "The Prisoner," naming the gaol across the Don, and "The Bridge of Sighs," as the Desjardins Canal is named after the dreadful accident which befell there. In the thirty specimens of humorous poems will be found some good illustrations of the author's lighter vein. For example, the Impromptu (p. 310) on seeing the balloon "Europa," made of Irish linen, ascend at Toronto:

Why in commerce, ould Ireland, I'm glad you're beginnin'
Just to hould up your head and to "never say die,"
For, begorra, I'm sure that your beautiful linen
Never went off before half so quick or so high.

Quite Swinburnish are the stanzas describing "Ino and Bacchus," while the lines on page 142, if set to music, would make a delicious love song; and this reminds us that Mr. McCarroll is a musician and composer as well as a poet, and the Toronto Vocal Society might add a desirable number to its repertoire should it prevail upon the author to set to music "Up in the Moon," page 238. No one who has felt the charm of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" will wonder at the admiration expressed in various poems in this collection of that writer's delightful qualities. In the appendix may be found half a dozen warm acknowledgments from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, of tributes the writer has paid to their genius. The poems entitled "Dawn," and "The Sea," display fine imagery. We have looked in vain in the volume for "Insula Sacra," which expresses the passionate love of a Celt for the isle of his birth, and which, if we remember aright, finds place in Dr. Dewart's collection of Canadian poetry. We take a reluctant leave of Mr. McCarroll's attractive book, expressing the hope that many Canadian readers will possess themselves of a copy; for it is, as Mr. Hildreth says in his preface, "full of flowers and sunlight, the notes of birds and the murmur of streams." Genial hopefulness, as opposed to pessimistic gravity, is the keynote of his verse.

Sweetbrier. By Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

This entertaining little book is the story of the development of a young country girl who comes to make her home with wealthy relatives in the city. She has beauty, health and a good disposition, but is unused to polite society and inclined to rebel against those little usages which in city circles are indicative of good breeding, and which cannot be violated without loss of social standing. Little by little she comes to see, however, that what she calls independence is really rudeness, and that by persisting in ignoring social rules, she is not only drawing ridicule upon herself, but is making it very unpleasant for her friends. With her willingness to be taught her improvement is rapid, and she develops into a charming young lady, not only in outward manners, but in those graces which are of the heart. The story is sprinkled with hints which will be of immense service to girls who wish to know of the minor customs of society, but who have as yet had no opportunity of learning them.

A work entitled "Le Vite dei Pittori, Scultori ed Architetti Veronesi," is being published in parts in Verona. It was written between 1768–1836, and has been preserved in MS. in the Public Library of that city. It offers a precious material for the history of art, dating from the earliest time to the present, as the index containing the lives of 500 persons sufficiently points out.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

General Lloyd Brice has succeeded the late Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice as editor of *The North American Review.*

The J. B. Lippincott Co. have advices from Paris that they receive from the jury of award in the Exposition a gold medal for the merit and excellency of their publications.

Mr. W. Blackburn Harte has decided to abandon journalism for literature, and is now engaged on a number of articles dealing with Canadian topics for early publication.

The report goes that Messrs. Macmillan will publish in the autumn a new volume of poems by Lord Tennyson, consisting partly of verses recently composed and partly of old ones.

The firm of Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of Boston and New York, has been awarded a gold medal for the excellency of its display, at the Paris Exposition, of books by American authors.

"Life and Letters of Maria Mitchell" is the title of a book in preparation by a sister of Miss Mitchell. The correspondence is rich in letters of Herschel, Humboldt, and other famous people.

Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," has a son with literary ambitions. The young man is writing a romance entitled "The Wonderful Adventures of Phra, the Phœnician."

The lectureship in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, recently vacated by Mr. Edmund Gosse, has been conferred on Mr. John Wesley Hales, Professor of English Literature at King's College, London.

Her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to cause letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal granting a Royal Charter of Incorporation to the Royal Historical Society, of which Her Majesty is patron.

A memorial signed by about one hundred persons of literary note was sent to the Home Secretary, at the end of July, praying for the remission of the unexpired portion of Mr. Henry Vizetelly's sentence.

Some Boston literary and newspaper men will bring out a new paper early in the fall. It will, it is said, be unlike any other paper published, and will be backed heavily with capital.

Ivan Kukulievic de Sacci, one of the most distinguished savants and authors of Croatia, has just died at the age of seventy-three. His historical researches were wide, and he has left many contributions to science and *belles lettres.*

The British Museum has bought the splendid Prayer Book which the late king of Bavaria, Ludwig II., ordered from Franz Fleschutz, and which is adorned with copies of the decorations of the famous so-called "great church treasure." The price paid was 37,000 marks.

Another illustrated weekly makes its appearance, this time in New York, devoted to literature, the arts and sciences, politics, and general topics. It is called *Le Nouveau Monde*, and addresses French-Americans and speakers of French in Canada, Mexico, and the United States.

The Bedford Edition of Shakspeare is announced by Frederick Warne & Co.—a red-line, pocket edition, in which all the plays and poems, a memoir and a glossary are comprised in a dozen volumes measuring 3½ by 5 inches each. Notwithstanding the diminutive size of the page, the type is fairly large.

Prof. John A. Paine, who wrote an article on "Pharaoh the Oppressor, and His Daughter," which attracted wide attention when it appeared in *The Century* two years ago, contributes to the September number of the same magazine a fully illustrated paper on "The Pharaoh of the Exodus, and His Son."

Diderot, the celebrated editor and director of the "Grand Encyclopedie," which was published in Paris, 1751-80, in thirty-five volumes, received only the very modest annuity of $200 for his services in this colossal undertaking. The work cost nearly $1,600,000, and brought the booksellers $2,000,000 of profits.

An anecdote of Dickens is related in *The Athenæum* which attests anew his great kindness of heart. An old servant, supposed to be faithful as he had been long in the novelist's service, robbed him of about $350 to cover some betting losses, and Dickens, instead of letting him go to jail, or retaining him on a promise not to repeat the offence, retired him on a pension of about $300 a year.

The literary remains of Schiller have just been removed to the "Schiller-Goethe Archive" at Weimar, whither the contents of twenty cases have been conveyed. They contain his library and some MSS. Whether they contain anything of value hitherto unpublished remains to be seen, but in any case we have here the MSS. of his work well preserved.

On the 14th of August Düsseldorf celebrated her 600 years of existence, and it is customary to publish some volume bearing on its history on this date. This year will be marked by Ferber's "Historical Wanderings through the City of Düsseldorf." His references to the old houses of the city are said to be derived from sources not hitherto printed, and when we remember that they include those of Heine, Cornelius, Jakobi, von Ense, Immermann, R. Schumann, Freiligrath, and others, the book cannot fail to be of interest to other than the natives of the city for whom it is written.

Sir Morell Mackenzie has decided, it is said, to set apart a portion of his autumn holiday for the preparation of a work to be entitled "Six Months' Residence at the Court of the Crown Prince and the German Emperor," but not to be published during the lifetime of the Empress Frederick. Sir Morell took notes of every conversation in which he took part or at which he was present.

The *Rassegna Nazionale*, for August, devotes an "In Memoriam" article to Michael Amari, whom it describes as a worthy citizen, a great author, and a distinguished orientalist. He held the professorship of Arabic at Pisa, It may interest readers that among numerous valuable works of a linguistic and historic value, he also introduced Scott's "Marmion" to his countrymen, by translation, as early as 1822.

The London *Athenæum* reports that "all the capital has been subscribed for the new weekly which Mr. Wemyss Reid intends to edit when he has finished his biography of Lord Houghton. The journal will in some degree be on the model of the New York *Nation*. Prof. Bryce and Mr. Morley have been giving advice as to the literary part of the paper." It is intended to replace the *Spectator* with the Liberals.

The new edition of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," soon to appear from the firm of Houghton, Mifflin and Co. is to have an engraved title page, and is expected to be an especially attractive book in printing, press-work, and binding—in fact, a *chef d'œuvre*. Such a book ought to prolong the life of the genial author, as well as give pleasure to all literary people.

A work on Russia in Central Asia, by the Hon. George Curzon, M.P., will be issued by Longmans, Green and Co. in the autumn. It will make a single volume of about five hundred pages, containing maps and illustrations and a bibliography of Central Asian literature. Besides an account of Mr. Curzon's recent travels, the book will contain a discussion of the Anglo-Russian question in its most recent phases.

Mr. F. Howard Collins, to whom are due the indexes in the recent revised editions of Mr. Herbert Spencer's works, is about to issue 'An Epitome of Herbert Spencer's Philosophy,' being a condensation in a single volume of the ten volumes of Mr. Spencer's series relating to his system of Synthetic Philosophy. The work is issued with the permission of Mr. Spencer, who will contribute a preface, but who is, of course, not responsible for the manner in which it is compiled.

Mr. Hodges has just ready for publication:—"The Dark Ages: a Series of Essays illustrating the State of Religion and Literature in the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries," by the late Dr. Maitland, keeper of the MSS. at Lambeth; a new and revised edition, with an introduction by Frederick Stokes, M.A. "A Commentary on the Holy Gospels." In four volumes. By John Maldonatus, S.J. Translated and edited from the original Latin by George J. Davie, M.A., Exeter College, Oxford, one of the translators of the Library of the Fathers.

Messrs. Cassells and Co. have added to their many works another of great magnitude, entitled "Conquests of the Cross." It will appear in monthly parts, to be completed in about thirty-six numbers. The first part is characteristic of the energy and research which distinguish all Messrs. Cassell's publications. The different parts will be embellished with several hundred illustrations, and "every land under heaven" will be dealt with. This work, when complete, will form a valuable addition to any man's library.

Sir Richard Owen has had $1000 a year on England's civil pension list since 1842, and Lord Tennyson the same since 1845. The widow of Kitto, the Biblical encyclopædist, gets $250, and the widow of Haydn (of the 'Dictionary of Dates') $500. The daughter of Douglas Jerrold gets $250. Mr. Gerald Massey, because he is "a lyric poet sprung from the people," gets $500 a year; the same sum is awarded to Mr. William Allingham, Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. Robert Buchanan, the widow of George Cattermole, and the Rev. Dr. George MacDonald. Faraday's niece gets $750, Mr. Tupper $600, the widow of Charles Kingsley $1,000, two ladies directly descended from Defoe $375 each, the widow of Richard A. Proctor $500, the sister of Keats $400, Mr. Philip James Bailey $500, and the daughter of Nelson's adopted daughter $1,500.

Miss Emily F. Wheeler, in an article published in *The Critic* of August 24, protests against the monotonous and restricted social life of the woman's college of to-day, the tendency of which she believes to be distinctly unwholesome both for teacher and pupil. Miss Wheeler, who is herself a teacher, invites the freest discussion of the subject. Our women's colleges, indeed, suffer for lack of healthy criticism on these and other points, she says. It seems ungracious to carp at such noble foundations. They are so much better than our mothers had, and we are so grateful for the intellectual advance, that the general chorus is praise and always praise. What one hears of them from enthusiastic newspaper and magazine writers does not enlighten us much as to the intellectual and social life nourished within their walls. We are told of the fine buildings, the libraries and laboratories, the pretty rooms the girls make for themselves, and the number of periodicals taken. But, despite the enthusiasm over these things, we may be sure, on general principles, that their life cannot be that which is best for young women.

A great enterprise has been undertaken by the Clarendon Press of Oxford (New York: Macmillan), under the editorship of Bishop Wordsworth, namely a text of Jerome's "Novum Testamentum Nostri Iesu Christi," based upon the best scrupulous comparison of twenty-nine well-chosen codices, and the occasional employment of as many editions. Use has also been made of Bentley's unpublished comparison of the New Testament in Greek and Latin, and a long list of his readings is given in the first part (the Gospel according to Matthew) of the present collation. For the Evangelists the Brixian codex is printed in full directly beneath the Vulgate. Eleven years have been spent by Bishop Wordsworth and his assistant Henry I. White, Fellow of St. Andrew's, on this enormous labour. The Prolegomena are deferred to the close of the work—to become, in fact, Postlegomena—but the introductory matter is copious, and includes Jerome's epistle to Pope Damasus and the Prologue from his Commentary. The belief is expressed that this comparative exhibition of texts may be as useful to philologists interested in the history of the Latin language as to theologians.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

HURRY.

Why are people in such a hurry? Probably if you asked them they would tell you that life is short and work plentiful, and would show a serene conviction (if such an expression as serene could at any time be applied to their state of mind) that their method was the only one likely to succeed in accomplishing that work. True enough there is plenty of work for everyone—no need to tell us that; but, on the other hand, these over-energetic people labour under a great mistake in thinking that they are promoting the general industry. On the contrary, they are adding enormously to the already large amount of laziness in the world. For such is the inherent contradiction of human nature, that the ordinary individual, who would naturally be inclined to do a moderate amount of work, on coming into contact with his friend's excessive zeal, very often then and there makes up his mind that there is nothing in this world he hates so much as fuss, and that no amount of persuasion shall move him from his comfortable fireside. In more ways than one, therefore, our feverishly industrious brothers and sisters fail to attain their end, assuming that that end consists in the accomplishment of as great an amount of work as possible. In the first place, taking the common acceptation of the words, "More haste, worse speed" is applicable to the effects of hurry on the workers themselves—to say so is a truism. We have all had our childish experiences of the evil and inevitable result of pulling up our flowers to see if they were growing; but by no means all of us have learnt thereby the wholesome lesson that most things—whether flowers or human beings—are the better for a little judicious letting alone. We must make the most of our opportunities, we must strive after culture—that is the cry; and so we rush on trying to keep pace with the times, to read this and that new book which everyone ought to have read, and get up more or less superficially this or that subject which is the question of the day, to talk a little art, a little music, a little science, and a vast amount of shallow nonsense on every conceivable subject. And after all, what is the result? True we can, metaphorically speaking, "pack a bag and sweeten a sauce"; but we are not a bit nearer the music of discourse, which can hymn the true life lived by the immortals or men blessed of heaven." We reason that because plants refuse to grow without rain, therefore the best thing we can do is to treat them to a perpetual shower-bath—because our minds want an occasional stimulus from without, therefore the best thing we can do is to apply that stimulus continuously—because sometimes there is need of energy, therefore, like the lawyer, we should be always in a hurry. One phase of this hurrying, this zealous self-culture, appears, I take it, in that disease of modern social life, otherwise known as the Self-Improvement Society. Truly this might be said to be the Age of Societies. You can hardly read your favourite poet without falling into the clutches of a society which professes to interpret him to you; and even if you are heretical enough to prefer your own interpretation, fashion probably proves too strong for you, and carries you off by might and main to be improved and cultivated. If you happen to be a Conservative in politics, straightway you are adopted by the Primrose League, and have such-and-such ready-made sentiments put into your mouth. Indeed, if so minded, a man might read by a society, walk by a society, hear music by a society, and in short be taken in and done for by half a-dozen societies, until there was about as much individuality left in him as could, by the uninitiated, be discovered in his top-hat. And all this because we are possessed by a laudable desire to be cultivated and to make the best of our opportunities, whereas all the while we are giving out poor unfortunate minds not a single moment wherein to digest any part of that ill-assorted and plentiful food which, whether by societies or otherwise, we are always forcing upon them.—*Woman's World.*

Reports from the Rockies are still of despondent artists waiting for the smoke to clear, and making foreground studies of objects near at hand, waterfalls, rocks, etc., in the meantime.

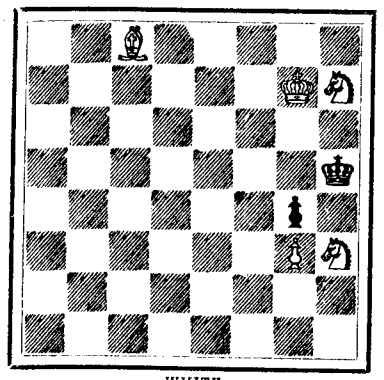
It is encouraging to note that two young Canadian artists have obtained very favourable notice at the Paris Exhibition this year: Geo. Bridgman's "Rescue of a Shipwrecked Man" was said to be a very clever rendering of a difficult subject, while Paul Peel's "French Peasants" very nearly earned for him the gold medal, one vote only being requisite for success.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 387.

E. H. E. Eddis, Orillia.

BLACK.



WHITE.

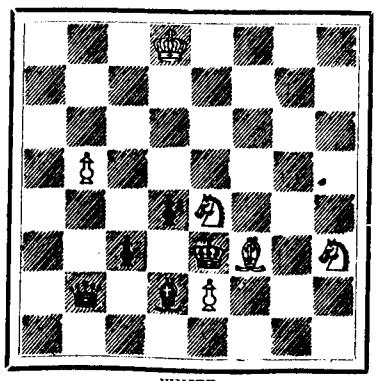
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 388.

By H. F. L. Meyer.

From *Illustrated London News.*

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 381.

White.	Black.
1. Kt—B 5	K x Kt
2. Q—K B 4	K x Kt
3. Q x B P mate.	

No. 382.

R—Kt 7

GAME PLAYED IN THE SIXTH AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS BETWEEN MR. HANHAM AND MR. DELMAR.

From *Columbia Chess Chronicle.*

Mr. Hanham. White.	Mr. Delmar. Black.	Mr. Hanham. White.	Mr. Delmar. Black.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4	19. B x P	R—R 5
2. B—B 4	Kt—K B 3	20. Kt—K 3	Kt—K 4
3. P—Q 3	P—Q B 3	21. Q—Q 1	P—Q Kt 4
4. Q—K 2	B—K 2	22. Kt—Kt 2	B—B 4
5. Kt—K B 3	Castles	23. Kt—Kt 3	B—Kt 3
6. Castles	P—Q 4 (*a*)	24. Kt—Q B 1	Q—K B 3
7. B—Kt 3	B—K Kt 5	25. Kt—Q 3	Kt—Q B 5
8. Q Kt—Q 2	P—Q R 4	26. K—R 1 (*d*)	Kt x B
9. P—Q B 3	P—R 5	27. Kt x Kt	Kt x P
10. B—B 2	Q Kt—Q 2	28. Q—B 2	Q—B 6
11. P—K R 3	B—R 4	29. Kt x R	Q x P +
12. P—K Kt 4	B—Kt 3	30. K—Kt 1	Kt—K 7 +
13. P x P	Kt x P	31. Q x Kt	R x Q
14. Kt—B 4	K R—K 1	32. Kt x B	Q x Kt P
15. P—Q 4 (*b*)	P x P	33. P—R 4	Q—Q 5
16. B x B	R P x B	34. P—R 5	R x K B P
17. Kt x Q P	P—R 6 (*c*)	35. K R—K 1	R—Q R 7 +
18. Q—B 3	P x P	and White resigns.	

NOTES.

(*a*) Threatening Kt x P, which of course cannot be played at once on account of Q—R 4 +.

(*b*) Opening the game too much in view of his exposed position.

(*c*) Very embarrassing for White, as P x P followed by B—R 6 is now threatened.

(*d*) Poorly played, permitting Black to make a neat finish.