

# THE WEEK.

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## The Week,

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## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE characteristics of our Australian fellow-colonists are very different from our own. The difference is strikingly illustrated by the plan of federation which has been drawn up by the delegates of the Australian provinces. This plan is as follows:—

"A Federal Council is to be formed, composed of two representatives and one Crown nominee from each colony. In other words, the Federal Council will be composed of twenty-four members, the numbers increasing as new colonies are constituted on the Australian mainland. The Crown will be in a perpetual minority, should the representative members act in harmony. But the royal assent is needed before any act of the Federal Council becomes effective, and in every instance the decision of the Council, so approved, must be given through the Governor of the colony where the Council may be sitting. The right of revision by the Crown is also preserved. The legislative functions of the Federal Council include, first of all, the relations of the colonies toward the various islands in the Western Pacific. In matters of common interest to the colonies, in which uniformity of practice is desirable, the Federal Council is also to have legislative authority. The subjects are marriage, divorce, naturalization, enforcement of criminal processes, extradition, colonial defences, quarantine regulations, patents, copyright, and bills of exchange."

After the vigorous way in which the Australians have asserted themselves in the matter of annexing New Guinea, a course which inclined some of us to think that they were ahead of Canadians in independent spirit, that they were going to show us the way in self-reliant and resolute action, it is disappointing to find them hampering themselves with forms and institutions not unlike those which Canada, after strenuous effort, sloughed off some decades ago. The appointment of one Crown nominee for every two representative members of the Federal Council is tolerably safe to secure to the Australians such a select assortment of evils as Canadians were only delivered from by the overthrow of Family Compact domination. It is an antiquated expedient which our brethren of the Antipodes would adopt; and, unless we quite mistake their real character, they will soon discover that this method of constituting a federal legislature was intended by them to be merely temporary and experimental, and will devise something more agreeable with the tenor of modern ideas. They flatter themselves that in the Council thus constituted "the Crown will be in a perpetual minority," if—observe the contingency—"the representative members act in harmony." In the case, perhaps a not impossible one, of the represent-

atives differing slightly in their views, after the ancient manner of representatives, then the solid Crown minority would hold the balance of power; and it is in the very matters of most vital importance to the colonies that diversity of opinion would surely arise among the representative members, and that unanimity would be most perfect among the nominees of the Crown. The present movement toward confederation appears to have been precipitated by external considerations, above all by the desire to secure themselves, by annexation of surrounding islands, from the possibility of dangerous neighbours in the future, rather than by any internal need of more intimate relationship. The movement is accompanied also by a good deal of mutual suspicion, as might be expected to exist between provinces holding commercial creeds so antagonistic as those of Victoria and New South Wales. There is nothing in what we have quoted above that permits us to infer that these differing creeds will be reconciled under the proposed scheme. When each province is to be left to work out its own salvation in its own way, with every opportunity preserved to it of developing the finest quality of provincial selfishness, which is usually short-sighted, it is improbable that Australia will have any advantage of Canada in attaining the unity of feeling and aim, the complete amalgamation, the broadly patriotic spirit essential to the permanent greatness of a nation. Without at least a uniform fiscal policy, the provinces may come at last to resemble the states of ancient Greece, which stood together, generally, in the face of the barbarian outsider, but were promptly at each other's throats when the objectionable presence was removed. The comparison is less extravagant than it at first appears, because the populations of the states of Greece were so largely dwellers in cities. National jealousies, which are almost synonymous with trade jealousies, have their origin and existence in the cities, the trade-centres. And in the Australian provinces we are not surprised to find more tenacious inter-provincial distrust than even differences of religion and race have been able to create in our own confederation, because in Australia the proportion borne by the urban to the rural population is so vastly greater than it is in Canada. We should be slightly skeptical with regard to the efficiency of a federal government established with the defence of the country as one of its most important functions, yet with no means absolutely at its disposal wherewith to provide for this defence. An omelette may be spoiled by breaking too many eggs; but it may be spoiled much more readily by not breaking eggs enough. As for the danger of over-centralization, it is obvious that such danger exists; but for any confederation of states or provinces aiming to become a homogeneous nation, we believe that quite in an opposite direction lies the greater peril.

At a recent dinner in Brooklyn, there was some discussion of the Mormon problem, and Mr. Beecher spoke of the folly of supposing that Mormonism could be suppressed by the sword. "Every man," he said, "that wants to extirpate any form of mistaken belief in politics or religion, by law and stricture and force, is a Puritan pure and simple." The Rev. Dr. Newman, on the other hand, contended in fact that polygamy should be legislated against, on the ground that it is a fraud; because if one man takes unto himself twenty-five wives he thereby defrauds twenty-four men of their natural rights. This view of the question, thus forcibly advanced, will probably strike the Mormons with sudden shame. They are a scrupulously honest people, and the large wife-owners will doubtless at once begin to deliver up in favour of the many needy bachelors.

THERE is a great deal of matter published respecting the state of political affairs in Quebec, but no one who is desirous of seeing a family brawl among the *Bleus* ought to take any comfort in the prospect of a quarrel between Sir Hector Langevin and Mr. Chapleau. These are shrewd, cool men, with a capacity almost equal to that possessed by Sir John himself of calming angry water; and they will swallow more vexations and mutual dislikes than the brain of the most imaginative "special correspondent" can dream of rather than permit any such break in the party as their opponents surmise.

TORONTO seems in a fair way to be made to pay pretty dearly for the reputation she has so long enjoyed of being a very charitable city. Since the early autumn numbers of destitute, and in many cases worthless, Irish immigrants have been pouring in, and all these she has had to house, clothe,

feed, and endeavour to provide for; but the number is fast passing the bounds that even charity can tolerate, and it is the duty of the press, as the Mayor of this city pointed out at a recent meeting of journalists, to raise a protest against a further influx, and to warn those who come here, that they are not to count on harborage. A few incoming poor who are deserving objects of public charity there always must be, but the inflow to Toronto looks like an organization, and an organization not alone composed of those who can't work, and those who are not able to do skilled labour, but of many who not alone refuse to work, but turn up their noses at being asked to do so.

THE latest development in the way of sensation was that one McBride and a number of other ruffians in Buffalo, had decided to blow up several of our Canadian public buildings and carry off the Governor-General. But even a crank like McBride would have cunning enough to know that an announcement of his designs was not the best way to make easy the capture of the Governor; so that we cannot but wonder that so much prominence has been given to the pretentious bluster in certain quarters of the Canadian press. Nevertheless, it is as well we should all persuade ourselves that dynamite is no respecter of nations, and that Canada, no more than any other country, is guaranteed the forbearance of "satanism." By-and-by when some of those countries that are now the workshops of infernal machines to be used in terrifying sister nations, shall have nitroglycerine exploded in their own midst, they may be convinced that it is their duty, and their imperative duty, as it will be that of all the nations to take means of a common defence against a common murder; to frame an international law that will make an attempt against the life and property of the resident in one nation an offence against all the rest, and punishable wherever concocted, and to establish an international police to carry out that law. Republican indifference, converted into generosity towards assassination by the consideration of Irish votes, now cannot steel itself to discountenance the operations of dastardly murder-plotters of the Rossa school, but by and by the liberators will put a few cans of dynamite under the White House, and the case will be altered. Perhaps the sooner something like this happens the better.

#### CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

By the agreement to which the two parties in the Boundary case have at length come, the Privy Council will be asked to decide first whether the award is binding; and if they decide that it is not, they will be asked to settle the true boundary. To settle the true boundary may prove to be in strictness beyond their power as a Court of law, the judgments of which must be founded not on expediency but on evidence; for the evidence may be found to be incomplete or perhaps hopelessly ambiguous. The knowledge of the North-West possessed by British statesmen at the period in question was about upon a par in accuracy with the knowledge displayed by medieval geographers in their general maps of the world. All that can be said is that when in their demarcations they use such a word as "northwards," the reasonable presumption is that they intend to follow some natural boundaries, not to draw a political line the course and territorial bearings of which their ignorance would not have permitted them to trace. But the inclination of the Court will probably be to uphold the award; and in the case of the Privy Council, inclination goes for more than it would in the case of an ordinary Court. The worldly-wise old men who sit there are Counsellors of the Crown as well as lawyers, and in the class of questions which come before them, it not seldom happens that room may be made for considerations of policy by a sagacious use of the powers of interpretation. This has appeared especially in their treatment of ecclesiastical cases. Carlyle with grim merriment describes them as "sitting with the gravity of Roman augurs to decide questions of prevenient grace, supervenient moonshine, and the colour of the Bishop's nightmare, if that happened to turn up." Yet the general motive of their judgments has been practical in the highest degree; they have always leaned to the side of comprehension, and done all that interpreters of the law could do to avert the rupture which the condemnation of any school of theologians must have brought on, and which to them would have appeared the greatest of political as well as ecclesiastical disasters. Of all the heretics who have been brought before them one only has succeeded in getting himself condemned. "The passage, my lords, must have that meaning or none" was the triumphant exclamation of the counsel for the prosecution, who thought he had pinned heresy at last. "Is it not possible that it may have no meaning?" was a reply of a member of the Court.

In this dead season the papers have been filled with the controversy about university endowments. The discussion is, in every sense, academi-

cal, though in some quarters it has been carried on with more heat than becomes the serenity of the academic soul. The adversaries of endowment may rest happily assured that the Chancellor will not press the matter on the Premier, nor the Premier on the Legislature; and that if the Premier did press it on the Legislature, his appeal would be given to the winds by the members of that respectable but not enthusiastically scientific or literary assembly. The time might almost as well be spent in debating the possibility of squaring the circle. That, as a matter of principle, no denominational institution can have a right to veto an increase out of the provincial funds of the endowment of a provincial institution, seems to the "By-stander" as clear as anything can be; and he trusts that this opinion may be stated without casting any imputation on heads of denominational universities, for whose personal liberality, as well as for their ability, he has always felt, and often expressed, the highest respect. He is himself denominationalist in this sense, that he believes character to be worth more than intellect and religion to be essential to character. But as he has said perhaps already too often, it seems to him, that an application on a small scale of the Federal principle would afford a satisfactory solution of the problem. Let us have denominational colleges in a common university. Victoria and Queen's will gain more, even in a financial point of view, by the advantages which they would share if they came to the centre, than they would lose by the process of migration. But local interests are strong and combine with denominational sentiment in resistance to the change. Overtures respecting consolidation, like the attempts of Popes and Patriarchs to unite the Greek and Latin Churches, lead only to a renewal of the fray. The net result will be that Cornell, which is within a day's journey of Toronto, and will soon have an endowment of ten millions, will some day be the university of Ontario.

By the fiat of the new Minister of Education, the question of the Reading Books has been suddenly resolved into its original elements, so that the discussion will commence anew. It seems to be thought that the Minister contemplates something in the way of a fusion of the rival sets of books; if he does he has an enviable task before him. While so much is being said for the publishers and the parents, there is a word to be said for the children. There is little use in setting before them specimens of style, which only a mature taste can appreciate. In respect of style, simplicity is the one excellence to be kept in view. Nor is there much use in trying to make the reading book a machine for inserting into the youthful mind a number of detached pieces of information. The function of a reading book is to teach the pupil to read; and the pupil will learn to read as well with a book which interests, as with one which does not, probably a good deal better. Simple tales, such as address themselves to the feelings as well as to the fancy, fables, and lively accounts of things about which the children care will make the lesson less of a task, and answer the main purpose just as well as dry extracts from a string of standard writers.

O'DONNELL has paid the penalty of a murder which the infamy of the murdered could not palliate. Would that this might be the last in the hideous list of executions! Executions and crimes alike, with the deadly memories which they leave behind them in the hearts of a nation, might all have been wiped from the book of fate, had the British Parliament at the outset laid faction aside and shown a firm and unanimous resolution to uphold the law. Now come, as might have been expected, mutterings of retaliation, and blustering threats of Fenian invasion are heard from Buffalo where some Invincibles have congregated under the presidency of "lawyer Muldoon," who, it seems, however, is in some danger of being "bounced" as not coming up to the level of dynamitic melodrama. "There was a big crowd at Schmidt's to-night, and England was denounced roundly and dire threats were made, while big tumblers of beer raised their enthusiasm." Threats of Fenian invasion were serious just after the war, when thousands of Irish soldiers had been disbanded, and when the American Government, exasperated by the Trent affair and the Alabama, could only be half trusted to do its international duty. There are no disbanded soldiers now and the American Government, in case of need, would do its international duty with alacrity. The really dangerous invasion is that of which the vanguard has effected a lodgement in Conway Street, and which no Queen's Own can repel from our borders. All those who go among the Irish immigrants agree in their account of them and are alike earnest in deprecating, on behalf of our community, any more importations of the same kind. And here is seen, in miniature, the Irish question. What good would the possession of the suffrage do to these unfortunates? What use could they make of political power which would not be mischievous to the commonwealth and to themselves? Those who believe that every human being has a metaphysical right to a vote, would, of course, thrust votes at once upon the

acceptance of the immigrants of Conway Street, but rational Liberalism surely would pause.

If Newfoundland were in the Confederation, the murderous attack made by Roman Catholics in that island on an Orange procession would be setting the Dominion in a flame. As it is, the occurrence only calls attention to another important but often neglected factor in the Irish question. Not only the self-styled Nationalists, but the people generally, and especially American journalists, are always talking of the Roman Catholic Irish as the Irish people and of their cause as the Irish cause. They forget the existence of the Irish Protestants, who, though a minority, are, and have more than once proved themselves to be, the very sinews of the country. If Ireland were cut loose from England to-morrow, she would contain within herself these warring elements, and the assumption that the element which is numerically the strongest would prevail over that which has the moral forces on its side, to say nothing of the sympathy of England and Scotland, is to contradict the records of Irish history.

THE movement of American opinion in the direction of Free Trade, which was denoted by the election of Carlisle to the Speakership, seems to have been succeeded by a sort of qualm. This always happens. The Democrats are in the main a Free Trade party, and they evidently feel that the question is becoming practical, but when the moment for action comes, and they are brought face to face with the issue, their resolution ebbs away. They have a Protectionist section in their own ranks, which threatens secession, and they are afraid to grapple with the vested interests. The commercial movement is thus rendered ineffectual by want of a political organ. Still the wave continues to swell; it will gather volume with every addition to the surplus; Free Trade has powerful organs in the press, and all who are interested in the question may make up their minds before very long to see the end. A nation must indeed be in its dotage if it could submit forever to a heavy burden of taxation solely for the purpose of securing to any set of producers higher profits than they would make in a fair market. The Protectionists, if they are not blind, will begin to set their house in order and prepare to carry on their trade on a natural basis. Nor need they despair or even despond. The day which they dread as that of doom will probably be nothing of the kind. It will more likely be the birthday of a sounder and more stable, as well as a better earned prosperity. Assuredly it will, if it opens the great foreign market from which the Americans entirely exclude themselves under the present system. Instead of falling into the abyss of ruin when the artificial support is withdrawn, they may find that for the first time they have solid ground under their feet.

THE report that a new Conservative coalition is about to be formed in England, with the Duke of Argyle at its head, has very likely no better foundation than a visit of Lord Salisbury to Inverary. In England, though not in France, the social relations of public men remain unaffected by political differences, and no political inferences can, as a rule, be drawn from their social movements. If Lord Salisbury has any sense, however, he must be considering in what way he can strengthen his party, for with the forces which he at present leads it is impossible that he should make head against revolution. Morally bereft of its coronet by the progress of Liberal opinions, the aristocracy is now losing, through the depression of agriculture, the material wealth which has always formed its most solid support; while the House of Lords, by alternations of selfish resistance and timorous concession, has sunk itself deep at once in odium and contempt. If an effective stand is to be made, a much broader basis must be found, and all the opponents of Disunion and Socialism must be welcomed into the Conservative lines. If the very name Conservative could be discarded and that of Liberal, as contrasted with Radical, could be assumed, the party would be the gainer by the change. Toryism of the old type is dead without hope of resurrection, and Tory Democracy has proved, like all political legerdemain, a total failure. But it may be doubted whether the Duke of Argyle is the man to lead the combined forces. Eloquent he is, accomplished, and the first magnate in Scotland, but he fatally lacks force and weight; his apparent superciliousness makes him personally unpopular, and, above all, he represents, in the most marked manner, the special interest of territorial aristocracy. What is wanted now is a man who represents no special interest, but the good sense, patriotism and honest industry of the nation, in short, another Peel. But Peel's name, like that of Turgot, reminds us of the invariable inability of aristocrats, nurtured as they are in a fool's paradise of caste opinion, to discern the signs of the times and grasp the hand of the preserver when on the eve of doom it is held out to them. Peel had by his practical genius placed the British Conservatives

in the strongest of all positions, and he would in all probability have transmitted power to statesmen trained in his school; but because he was not foolish and wicked enough to maintain the bread tax in the supposed interest of a caste, he was struck down as a traitor. The catastrophe of 1884 is the Nemesis of 1846.

THE Ilbert Bill, subjecting Europeans to the jurisdiction of native judges, which has caused such a commotion in British India, seems likely to be practically nullified under the decent guise of amendment. Any attempt to make conquest beneficent and to raise the conquered people to the level of the conquerors must be hailed by the friends of humanity as a boon to the race, by the children of England as an addition to her wreath of glory more genuine than the triumphs of Plassey and Assaye. But the Ilbert Bill, if good in itself, was certainly not well-timed. A more unlucky moment could not have been chosen for kindling a conflagration in India than that at which Ireland was already in a flame, while the embers of war were still smoking in Egypt. Sentiment is apt to be misguided on those subjects by the false notion, which often lurks in the pages even of well-informed English writers, that India is a nation, with national susceptibilities such as are wounded by the promotion of foreigners to all places of power. India is not a nation, but a museum of races and religions fully as hostile to each other as any one of them, except perhaps Islam, is to the British rule. To be governed by a conquering race is to the languid inhabitant of unsheltered plains a normal condition against which his heart no more rebels than it rebels against the dry season or the monsoon. Touch the Hindoo's caste and he mutinies; other susceptibility he has none. The British are to him a caste of rulers, a race of conquerors which has come in from the sea as previous races of conquerors had swooped down from the mountains of the North. As to the "cultivated Bengalee," whose claims and alleged grievances are practically in question, he is a creature of the Empire, and if the Imperial power were withdrawn would at once be crushed like an egg shell. To suppose that his exclusion from the judicial bench offends, or that his admission to it would gratify, the pride of the Mogul, the Mahratta, or the Sikh would be to show a grotesque ignorance of the leading features of the situation.

THOSE who watch with interest the course of events in India will notice as an element of increasing importance in the case the growth of what may be called the European colony in India. The company, ever wise in its generation, did its best in a quiet way to discourage the intrusion of any Englishmen unconnected with its own service. But since the transfer of the dominion to the Crown, this policy has not been maintained, and there has now evidently been formed a considerable British interest outside the official body. The growth of this element must be limited by the climate which prevents European families from being brought up in India. Yet with a free press the colonists may be a considerable power, and their equivocal position as members of a dominant race lording it over the natives, and at the same time asserting the rights and liberties of British citizens against the Government, can hardly fail to add to the complications of the Indian problem.

THAT electricity has annihilated distance is now becoming, if not the faith of statesmen, that of political writers like Professor Seeley, who undertake to give practical advice. Yet the assertion requires a good deal of qualification to make it true. Electricity has no doubt done wonders; as somebody says, it has rendered a parish life henceforth impossible; nobody in a community which reads newspapers can any more shut out the events and questions of the great world. Yet the mere circulation of the news among the nations by no means suffices to produce a fusion of sentiment or interest. It does not even give the people of one country a very intimate knowledge of the people of another. The last number contained an extract from "John Bull and His Island," written by a Frenchman, which comes into our hands in the form of a translation. It might have been taken for a squib, only that a squib would not have been loaded with so much matter-of-fact description. But the writer literally talks about the inhabitants of a country separated by twenty-two miles of sea from his own as he might about a newly discovered tribe in the centre of Africa. He is by no means ill-natured or Anglophobic; he sometimes shows quickness of observation as well as smartness of style; but in spite of electricity he is the Frenchman of Leicester Square. As an illustration of British uncommunicativeness he gravely tells us that if you remark to an Englishman in a smoking compartment that he has dropped some cigar ash on his trousers, he will probably answer: "For the past ten minutes I have seen a box of matches on fire in your back coat pocket, but I did not interfere with you for that." In English family life, according to this

## A SIDE-LIGHT ON ACADIAN HISTORY.

observer, there is no intimacy, no openness of heart; affection but little love. A son writes to his parent, "I am about to be married," or "I am married." The parents answer, "We are glad to hear it; we shall be happy to make the acquaintance of your wife." It is a remarkable fact, that among these curious islanders, the mother-in-law has no influence, and never thinks of interfering. When a son stays as a guest in his father's house, he finds on the breakfast table, at the end of his visit, a little paper carefully folded, which is his bill; before he parts with his coin, he satisfies himself that the items are accurate, and objects if he finds that his father has charged him for eggs and bacon, when he only eat the bacon and not the eggs. All ladies of fashion at one time limped, in imitation of the Princess of Wales, who had been made lame by rheumatism. The only substantial trades in London are those of beer and old clothes. Winter lasts eight months. Of course every Englishman dines daily on a pound of beef and a pound of plum-pudding. It is a literal fact, that Mr. Taine, the author of the well-known works on England and English literature, was found lunching at an hotel on beefsteak and *buttered toast*, which he confidently assured his surprised visitor was the national fare. He had asked for beefsteak and *potatoes* with such an accent that the waiter always brought him, instead of potatoes, *buttered toast*. We find proof every day in the French press that French knowledge of British character and habits has scarcely advanced since the time of Voltaire. The Englishman in *Zadig* is almost as near the life as the present writer's "John Bull."

AS MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is expected to lecture here in February, it is rather unlucky that such an effusion of spite as the following should have found its way from the American into the Canadian press:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 23.—An admirable illustration of the supreme assurance of the Englishman in America, even though he is a litterateur and thoroughly permeated with sweetness and light, is the manner in which Matthew Arnold has planted himself and family upon the Leiters. Some time ago Mrs. Leiter invited Arnold to spend some little time in Washington during the social season to see something of the fashionable life of the Capital. Social life in Washington is extremely stupid and unentertaining before the holidays. The season does not begin until New Year's. The lecturing business is also extremely dull at this time of the year. It is cheaper to visit than pay hotel bills, and Arnold has taken advantage of an invitation which was given for a later day to take up his residence in the Leiter mansion with his wife, daughter, nurse, and a small yellow dog. Mrs. Leiter is said to be decidedly mad about it, but she cannot do anything except entertain them to the best of her ability and much to her inconvenience, as the inopportune visit has disarranged all her plans. Last evening Mrs. Leiter gave a reception for the Arnolds, but the thrifty Englishman for whom the reception was chiefly given, and who was the only one of the family whom anyone cared to see, had received an invitation to lecture and flatly insulted his entertainers by accepting it, thereby accumulating the usual fee.

In this, as in most libellous or malicious paragraphs, every sensible reader will find the antidote beside the bane. Who does not see that a writer so malignant and so unscrupulous with regard to social decency, would be equally unscrupulous with regard to truth? One item in the paragraph is certainly false: Mr. Arnold has no children with him and therefore he can have no nurse. The daughter who is with him is grown-up. The insinuation that he has quartered himself in a house in which he is not welcome for the sake of "cheapness," is on a par with the statement so confidently put forth by certain journals, that Lord Coleridge's reason for not coming to Canada was the refusal of the Grand Trunk Railway to grant him a pass. Besides, who can believe that a lady who lives in a "mansion" would unbosom herself about her guests to a gentlemen of the social press?

Through the criticisms which have appeared on Mr. Arnold as a lecturer, there has run a perpetual forgetfulness of the distinction between the literary and the platform lecturer. As a literary lecturer Mr. Arnold is excellent: he gives his audience thought and instruction of the highest kind. As a platform lecturer nobody can be successful who has not specially devoted himself to a calling which is a profession in itself, and is far nearer of kin to that of the actor on the stage than to that of the teacher in the University chair. The platform lecturer in the United States has a repertory of lectures composed for popular effect, which he learns by heart, and delivers, like an actor, with studied accents and premeditated gesticulations. Everett, who was the prince of the tribe, gesticulated not only with his arms but with his legs, and he was said sometimes to arrange beforehand for the accidental occurrence in the course of his performances of incidents which might give an opening for a well-prepared burst of extempore eloquence. An English man of letters when invited to lecture in the States or in any country where the American fashion prevails, should inquire whether a literary or a platform lecture is desired; if a platform lecture is desired, wisdom will bid him to decline the invitation. This is a trap into which more than one English lecturer has fallen.

A BYSTANDER.

ACCORDING to *Bradstreet's*, Canada had twenty-four failures last week as against seventeen for the corresponding week of 1882, and twelve for the corresponding week of 1881.

THREE years ago Mr. Dennis, a Halifax journalist, when visiting Cape Breton, learned that a Miemac squaw in his neighbourhood possessed a manuscript written in French and wearing the wrinkles of a venerable old age. This musty document his persuasive zeal secured for the Provincial library at Halifax. The owner, who at first thought herself amply remunerated by the prospect of her heirloom being numbered among the Provincial archives, repented of her generosity when an American visited her soon afterwards and talked grandly, but inexpensively, of the dollars he would have paid her for the document she had given away. She then followed the manuscript all the way to Halifax, but, arrived there, she finally agreed (at the special request of Archbishop Hannan, I am told) to surrender her proprietary rights for a trifling sum.

The manuscript in question consists of two sheets of paper, pasted together on linen. On one sheet is a commission from Desherbiers, Governor of Cape Breton, then called *Isle Royale*, as follows:—

"Charles Desherbiers, chevalier de l'ordre royal et militaire de St. Louis, Capitaine des vaisseaux du Roy, Commandant de l'isle royale et de ses dependences.

"Etant necessaire de pourvoir les sauvages de l'isle royale d'un major sous un capitaine qui ait de l'experience dans la guerre et qui soit tout a fait attaché au service de Sa Majesté, nous avons (*cru*) ne pouvoir faire un meilleur choix que la personne de Janot Sequidoualouet pour les commander. C'est pourquoi nous l'avons commis et établi pour commander les sauvages sous les ordres des chefs de guerre. Enjoignons aux dits sauvages de le reconnaître et de lui obeir en tout ce qu'il commandera pour le bien du service.

"En foy de quoy nous avons signé \* \* \* et fait apposer le cachet de nos armes.  
"Donné à Louisbourg, 8 Novembre, 1750.

[L.S.] DESHERBIERS."

(Translation.)

Charles Desherbiers, Chevalier of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, Captain of the King's vessels, Commandant of *Isle Royale* and its dependencies.

It being necessary to provide the Indians of *Isle Royale* (Cape Breton) with a major under a commander who may have experience in war, and who may be entirely devoted to the service of His Majesty, we have thought we could not make a better selection than Janot Sequidoualouet to command them. Wherefore we have commissioned and appointed him to command the Indians under the orders of the military leaders. We enjoin upon the said Indians to recognize him and to obey him in every order that he shall give them for the good of the service.

In attestation of which we have signed \* \* \* and caused the seal of our arms to be affixed (thereto).

Given at Louisbourg, the 8th day of November, 1750.

[L.S.] DESHERBIERS.

The other sheet of manuscript is a renewal of the same commission by Count de Raymond, successor to Desherbiers, and reads thus:—

"Jean Louis, Comte de Raymond, Chevalier Seigneur d'Oyé, la Cour, et autres lieux, Maréchal des camps et armées du Roy, lieutenant pour Sa Majesté des villes et chateau d'Angoulême, Gouverneur et Commandant des Isles Royale, Saint Jean, et autres;

"Sur les bons témoignages qui nous ont été rendus de la fidélité et attachment aux Français du nommé Janot Sequidoualouet et de son zèle et affection à la religion et au service du Roy, l'avons nommé et établi et par ces présentes nommons et établissons Chef des Sauvages de l'Isle Royale.

"En foy de quoy nous avons signé ces presentes et y avons fait apposer le cachet de nos armes et contresigner par l'un de nos secretaires.

"Fait à Louisbourg le dix Septembre mil sept cent cinquante (et) un.

"le cte de Raymond

"Par Monsieur le Comte

[L.S.] "PICHON."

(Translation.)

(We.) John Louis, Count de Raymond, etc., etc., Governor and Commandant of Cape Breton, Saint John (P.E.I.), and other islands,

In consequence of the favourable testimony given us of the fidelity and devotion to the French of the aforesaid Janot Sequidoualouet, and of his zeal and affection for the religion and for the service of the King, have nominated and confirmed him, and by these presents nominate and confirm him as Chief of the Indians of Cape Breton.

In attestation of which we have signed these presents and caused the signet of our arms to be affixed to them, and the same to be countersigned by one of our secretaries.

Done at Louisbourg, September 10th, 1751.

le cte de Raymond,

By the Count

[L.S.] PICHON.

Both papers are duly sealed and written in the official jargon of the time, and calculated to impress the Indians, and perhaps, as we shall see, the Acadian French also. Many of the letters are blurred by age, while the word that I have replaced by "*cru*" and a few others in the formal close of the former document are wholly obliterated.

It will be noticed that these commissions were issued when England and France were at peace. Desherbiers' commission, which speaks of the necessity of appointing a commander "who may have experience in war, and be entirely devoted to the service of His Majesty," and which actually appoints the bearer "to command the savages under the orders of the military leaders," was signed two years after the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle and one year after the founding of Halifax.

De Raymond's secretary, Thomas Pichon, who countersigned the second manuscript, and seemingly wrote it all except the peculiar signature of his chief, published afterwards a very readable and now rare book, entitled "Lettres et Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire Naturelle, Civile, et Politique du Cap Breton," and printed at La Haye in 1760. The tenth Letter reports an adroit speech made by Count de Raymond during his governor-

ship, strongly dissuading the Indians from making peace with the English. In Letter XVI. Pichon states that he has a knowledge fatal (*une fatale connaissance*) to the contention, that the French were not to be blamed for Indian outrages, and that this contention, made by De Raymond to the French Government, was accompanied by a private memorandum, of which the following is part:—

"The minister will easily guess that I have made this statement in such a way that it can be shown to the ambassadors of His Britannic Majesty, and that I have taken good care not to insert in it the barbarous acts of the savages."

The same Pichon, whose mother's name was Tyrrell, was the author of the "Tyrrell Papers," a manuscript volume among the Nova Scotia archives, extracts from which have been printed by Mr. T. B. Akins in his valuable "Selections from the Public Documents of Nova Scotia." As reported in this publication (p. 230), M. Duquesne, Governor-General of New France, wrote on the 15th of October, 1754, to M. Le Loutre: "Your policy of threatening the English by your savages is an excellent one. They will fear them still more when they do strike. The present position of this colony demands that I should cause the negotiations of the English with the savages to be broken up," etc.

Of all the means employed by the French to attach the Indians to their side, says Pichon in the seventh of his Letters, "religion is beyond a doubt the most effective," and "the form of worship which best suits the savages is that of the Roman communion." De Raymond seems to have shared, if he did not inspire, these opinions of his secretary. "Consult your patriarch, who has the feelings (*entrailles*) of a father for you," he said to the Indians in his speech dissuading them from peace, in which address he alludes to the French monarch as having "above him only the true God of whom he has given you a knowledge for the salvation of your souls." On the same occasion, *after* detailing the real or imaginary atrocities of the English, he observed (with a Tartuffian expression of holiness, one may suppose, and perhaps with an invisible smile):—"I do not recall so many atrocious acts, my children, to excite you to a cruel and barbarous war. A true Christian is incapable of inciting you so (*d' une pareille instigation*)." In the manuscript recommissioning the Indian sachem, Sequidoualouet, "his zeal and affection for the *religion* and for the service of the king," it is to be observed, are the only qualifications recited.

Notwithstanding that his book seems marked by philosophic frankness, notwithstanding that it adopts a Ciceronian motto to the effect that a historian's first duty is not to dare to narrate falsehoods, and his second duty not to dare to suppress truths, notwithstanding that an English translation of the work (London, 1760), has in the title page the added words, "By an Impartial Frenchman," yet Pichon is known to have furnished secret information to the English in Nova Scotia for some years; and, as a traitor, his testimony should of course be accepted with great diffidence and reserve. But his treachery seems only to have begun in 1753, when he had ceased to serve De Raymond, who had brought him out from France as his secretary; and his interesting account of the Indian policy of his countrymen in Nova Scotia is certainly corroborated by the finding of the manuscripts now under our consideration.

There is some reason for suspecting that one object of the governors of Cape Breton in thus formally commissioning an Indian chief was to secure for the savage the furtive aid of the "neutral" Acadians. On the 16th of May, 1753, the peace still nominally existing between France and England, and the Micmacs having lately concluded a treaty with the latter power, Anthony Casteel deposed ("Selections from the Public Documents of Nova Scotia," p. 696) that he and six shipmates and their sloop were treacherously captured not far from Halifax by "Major" Cope, a Micmac chief. After killing and scalping Casteel's comrades, the savages came to a Frenchman's house, where "they demanded provisions, which the Frenchman would have excused himself from giving, *demanding their orders*, on which the Indians produced a paper signed 'Delausett' (a French officer commanding at Fort Gasparo), which he was desired to read." This paper commanded the French inhabitants, as nearly as the deponent could remember the words, "wherever this detachment passes to furnish them with ammunition and provisions and any other necessaries, they being upon the King's duty." After reading this the Frenchman gave the Indians powder and provisions, receiving therefor a certificate, which the deponent was required to draft.

The wording of Sequidoualouet's commission, without constituting a decided breach of the peace, was admirably calculated to make ignorant Micmacs and "neutrals" suppose that war existed, virtually if not officially, between the rival powers. It forms another illustration of the unscrupulous policy of the French in Acadia, another proof that they never meant

to keep the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and another argument for the expediency of expatriating the Acadians—for the wisdom of the plan, but not for the mode of its execution.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

#### THE SCHOOL READERS.

THE School Readers question, since the advent of the new Minister of Education, has assumed another and a perplexing aspect. The Hon. Mr. Ross, if we may trust the quasi-official editorial in the *Globe* of Thursday last, has evidently no idea of being hampered by the legacies of his office. He must find it embarrassing, however, to act with independence if he is forced to have regard to the responsibilities of his colleagues for their share in producing the muddle into which educational matters—particularly concerning the authorization of the School Readers—have of late fallen. Against just such folly as the new Minister would seem to be conscious of were the Education Office and the Provincial Administration again and again warned by writers in one at least of the Educational journals, as well as by non-political friends in the teaching profession, and by the zealots of a competent and pure administration of the Education Department. The most urgent appeals were repeatedly made to the Government and to the acting-Minister of Education on behalf of a *single set* of readers for the schools of the Province; but though the counsellings of manifest wisdom, these appeals were disregarded, and the Executive made itself responsible for the hasty and impolitic authorization of two series of rival Readers and the rejection of a third—the latter of which, all things considered, being the one most worthy of authorization, and *the set* of Readers that fully three-fourths of the teachers of the Province are now insisting shall be the *one series* authorized for exclusive use in the schools. It is little to the credit of the Central Committee that the series which was rejected or rather jockeyed out of consideration, when the three sets were submitted for its report to guide the Government in its decision, is now seen to be the one almost universally called for by the teaching profession of the Province, as the Reading Books best adapted both for literature and for teaching purposes, of the several series offered to the Department. It is the authorization of this series, which the Government cannot now ignore or longer shut out from competition, that the new Minister finds himself necessitated to deal with. Unfortunately, as the public are aware, two series have already been authorized, and the din of their assaults on the school-doors of the Province has for months back been a scandal and disgrace. To let loose the forces of a third publishing-house, in the rude rivalry for place in the schools, the Minister no doubt feels would be little short of a public calamity. The injury to Education and the demoralization of the profession which have followed the sanctioning of the two sets of Readers, would be intensified by the authorization of a third, however just and politic the act would be in itself. To meet the difficulty, the Minister would seem to wish to undo the acts of his colleagues, to be disposed to withdraw the authorizations that have been already given, and to submit the whole matter anew for consideration. The impelling motive, according to the *Globe*, is the desire to have but *one series* of Readers, the choice of the three submitted, or a composite one, formed of the best volumes of the various competing issues—as may be found practicable in the Minister's negotiations with the publishers. To be free to take this line, the Minister of Education must first, however, arrange a delicate bit of business. To withdraw the authorizations that have been granted, in view of the expenditure on the manufacture of the books and the outlay incurred in securing their introduction into the schools, cannot be legally or morally set about without compensating the publishers interested. To ask the Legislature for an appropriation for any such purpose would obviously be fatal just now to the Government, which has sins enough to answer for in connection with many years mal-administration of education, and which, moreover, is primarily responsible for the scandal arising out of the advertising and canvassing operations of the rival publishing firms. If the appropriation cannot be asked for, what must be done? An apparent solution of the problem is hinted at in an anticipated compromise with the publishing-houses, which would enable the Education Department to select a series of Reading Books from the three separate ones in the market, and in return the Department would secure to each surrendering firm of publishers the benefits arising from the exclusive manufacture of the volume or volumes selected to form part of the finally authorized series. The obstacles in the way of effecting this arrangement, not to speak of the doubtful results of accepting and placing in the schools a patch-work series of Readers, are many, and we fear, insurmountable. The wholesale expenditures and portentous rivalries of the publishing-houses interested are not likely to be appeased with a sop; nor will public interest and public morals be protected by allowing

the school-book trade of the Province to be made the pool of publishers. Had Departmental intrigue and party intolerance not been hostile to the third set of Readers (the "Royal Canadian") when the various series were first under the consideration of that incompetent body, the Central Committee, matters would not have got into the tangle they are in at present. To unravel the tangle, while keeping faith with the trade, will call into exercise Mr. Ross' deftest diplomacy. In the Minister's desire to take his own and the right line, it is impossible to withhold from him public sympathy. Until the present machinery of authorization is got rid of, and a return made to an independent and irreproachable Council of Public Instruction, no head of the Education Office will be credited with acting impartially, with the requisite intelligence, and with good faith. Mr. Ross may as well recognize this at once. His compromise scheme, without compensation, we may assure him, will not carry. Nor ought it to carry with any but dishonourable men. If we are right, and the publishing firms should refuse to enter into the proposed arrangement, and insist on the Government's fulfilling its pledges, or be held responsible for damage, then but one other course is open. That is, to authorize the third series in the market, and let the fittest survive in the struggle that would ensue—terminating the period of authorization, with all alike, say, in two years from now. It is, we believe, the right reserved to the Government to cancel, after due and reasonable notice, the privilege of introduction into the schools of the text-books prescribed by the Department. Let this right be exercised, the trade and the public at once be notified, and at the expiry of the period let there be "a new deal." The mistake made in this whole matter of introducing new readers was made at the outset, when the Department failed to commission a few literary experts, counselled by the Government, to undertake the preparation of an official series, which, when completed, it might throw open to the trade, upon its own terms, in the public interest, for manufacture and sale. Departing from this policy, each step in the history of the Government's dealings with the trade in connection with the Readers has been a blunder, and, seemingly, the reign of incompetence and fatuity has not yet ended. Bold Ministerial measures may give assurance that educational matters are henceforth to be better managed; but bold measures, to be successful, should be founded on justice and worked out in good faith.

G. M. A.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## NEW BRUNSWICK LETTER.

OUR politicians are considerably exercised, at present, in deciding who is to be the successor in the House of Commons of honest John Pickard, deceased. A few persons, calling themselves the Liberal party, are determining who shall run in opposition to the Dominion Government, and a few other persons, calling themselves the Liberal-Conservative party, are selecting their Government candidate. After these persons have made their selections the electors are to be graciously permitted to say which of the two men shall have the seat. Both of the men may be objectionable, morally or politically, but the constituency will have no choice but to take one of them, as no man has any chance as an independent candidate with two party machines at work in the constituency.

Mr. Pickard had a strong personal grip of the county, altogether apart from political considerations, and was not dependent upon any party machinery. He could and did defy the wire-pullers, who more than once conspired to nominate some other Liberal in his stead, and the result of the voting showed how hopeless it was to oppose him. Not because he was an orator, swaying the minds of men with his eloquence; not because he was a statesman, propounding theories of government which commended themselves to the popular intelligence; not because he was a legislator, who could point to useful laws that he had caused to be placed on the statute book, was he so great a person in the county, but merely because he knew everybody and met everybody in a frank, hearty, breezy way, making them feel that he liked them and was glad to see them, and leaving them impressed with the feeling that John Pickard was "a downright good fellow." He was honest, kindly, friendly with all, and had the juvenile air and manner of men who retain late in life a taste for the things of youth.

How characteristic this juvenility is of popular politicians, and how important a factor it is in their hold on the public mind, you may not have considered. But look at Sir John Macdonald, the jaunty leader of the dominant party. What a schoolboy he is among his brother legislators! How he loves a frolic! How he steals off to the smoking room to tell or hear a story while a soul-impassioned orator is showing how to save or ruin the State! And Sir Leonard Tilley, who has also kept his hold on the public mind of two generations. See him don his Windsor uniform, adorn himself with the insignia of the order of St. Michael and St. George, and step around with a jauntiness only second to that of his chief, showing and not ashamed to show that he takes pleasure in displaying the glittering baubles on his breast. And here is our own Provincial Secretary, playfully styled the deacon, who has gained an invulnerable position in the large constituency of the city and county of St. John, acting like a regular school-

boy out for recess when the duties of the moment are not such as to call for a more dignified bearing.

Speaking of politicians and parties I may remind you that partyism, pure and simple, is not the governing principle in our Provincial affairs. We have the ins and outs, of course, but changes are frequent. A supporter of the Government crosses the floor because a scaler of logs has been appointed in his county contrary to his wishes, and a member of the Opposition becomes a supporter of the Government when he is led to believe that he may secure a bridge or railway subsidy for his constituents, or a seat in the Legislative Council for himself, by so doing. The last Government, a majority of whose members belonged to the Liberal-Conservative party in Dominion politics, was overthrown by the defection of three of its Liberal-Conservative supporters—Mitchell, Turner, and La Billois—thus making room for the present Government, a majority of whose members belong to the Liberal ranks. At the recent election in Albert County Mr. Turner employed the Government influence for the election of Sir Leonard Tilley's candidate, and at the coming elections in York Mr. Blair will use the same influence on behalf of Mr. Burpee's candidate, Mr. Burpee being the Liberal leader in this Province. This may appear to be a rather disorganized state of things, but it is inseparable from our no-party system of managing provincial affairs. The supporter of the Government must have the patronage of his county, and he will use his power to help his friends in Dominion elections. The Premier may not like it, but what can he do about it?

The weakest element in our business affairs, this winter, is the lumber interest. Shipments were made all the season at a loss, and the drain upon the capital of the "lumber lords" has been heavy. Their loose change has been used up, and many of them are at the mercy of the banks. These institutions have always been rather conservative in their dealings with the lumber manufacturers, so the latter say, and are disposed to be even more so now. Our principal local bank is said to have refused a loan of \$50,000 the other day to an embarrassed lumber merchant, although he offered security valued at \$150,000, and his paper went to protest accordingly. The business has been overdone, thus glutting the markets and reducing the prices below the cost of production. The fiscal policy of the Government has had nothing to do with the causing of the depression. A few things entering into a lumberman's supplies are taxed more heavily, while other things are taxed more lightly, and the cost of manufacturing deals has not been sensibly affected by the protection policy. The sole cause of the depression is the overstocking of the European market by Norwegian and Canadian lumber shipments.

One of the embarrassing effects of this dullness in the lumber trade, with a decreased amount of logging this winter, will be a falling off in the provincial revenue. A large percentage of the revenue of New Brunswick—nearly all of it, in fact, except the Dominion subsidy—is derived from the sale of lumber licenses and the imposition of stumpage dues, and the restricted operations of this winter will seriously reduce the income from this source. As the Province has barely enough to keep house with and pay the interest on the debentures that have been issued for the erection of public buildings and the subsidizing of railways, any falling off must cause a deficit. But the railway debt is not so large as it will be when the authorized lines are constructed, and our finances will soon have as embarrassing a situation to face as those of Quebec.

The tendency, an apparently irresistible tendency, here and everywhere, is towards an increase in expenditure, even though everybody is calling for retrenchment, and political financiers find it difficult to reconcile this tendency with a fixed income. If a cent a pound could be put on sugar, a ten per cent. increase on rum, or an extra cent or two on tobacco, as in the good old times when the Legislature had this power, the Government might subsidize right and left, and build bridges at the demand of every supporter, and still run no risk of embarrassing the treasury, and the longing to be able to raise money in this way is one of the causes that keep alive a certain degree of dissatisfaction with Confederation. JAY.

St. John, N. B., Dec. 26, 1883.

## BALLAD OF A SUMMER HOUR.

HERE, where the sward is thick and green  
Under this spreading oak and old,  
Where flocks of daisies shy are seen  
Like fairies shrinking from the cold,  
And dandelions crowned with gold,  
And sunflowers that search the sky  
Like wizened sorcerers of old,  
Rest till this sunny hour goes by.

Look forward through the leafy screen  
To where those old grey towers uphold  
A mass of ivy that has been  
Still thickening as the long years rolled,  
Still drooping many a soft thick fold  
Of leaves to hide from curious eye  
The rents and scars that time has doled  
As many a stormy hour went by.

Birds on the turrets sit and preen  
Their wings, not dreaming that the mould  
Of time can ever dim the sheen  
Of their bright colours manifold.

Bats and white owls, by night time bold,  
Haunt the dim halls with pillars high  
Where oft with song and mirth untold  
Of old the merry hours went by.

ENVOI.

But now the distant bell has tolled  
For evensong; the sunbeams die  
And droop across the open wold:  
Swift has this sunny hour gone by.

JANE E. G. ROBERTS.

## SONNET.

Do you remember—but I think you do  
This recollect, O cruel love, at least!—  
How once you took my hand and marked its creased  
Life-furrowed palm? "An old-world hand," said you.  
"You my new world, who make an old world new,  
With lines and seams like these! How long have ceased  
The glacial drifts from bitter north and east;  
The grinding weights of suffering that drew  
Their cruel lengths over this little palm?  
Striated so and graven, cut and marred,  
Skin-crumpled, yet not dimpled, is ill-starred!  
For you no happy ease, no gracious calm,  
But agonizing in the narrow way,  
And Love, the boy, born on a bitter day."

SERANUS.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case,"  
"An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

## II.—Continued.

There was something piteous, and yet humorous as well, in her present intellectual state. She was a young leader in the cause of culture, without a following. She believed firmly in herself, and yet deceived herself. Much in the world that it was now her fixed principle to shun and reprobate, she liked and clung to. These points of attraction were mostly superficialities, it is true, like the fashion of clothes or the conventionalism of accepted social customs. But even these she had more than half persuaded herself that she despised, and when she observed them in others they too often blinded her to attractions of a less flimsy sort. She had verged upon a sanguine and florid fanaticism, and was wholly unconscious of her peril. Some of Courtlandt's tepidly sober comments might effectually have warned her, if it had not been for a marked contrary influence. This was represented by the gentleman whom we have already heard her name as Mr. Kindelon.

She had been presented to him on the steamer during her recent homeward voyage, by an acquaintance who knew little enough regarding his antecedents. But Ralph Kindelon had been at once very frank with her. This was the most prominent trait that usually disclosed itself in him on a first acquaintance; he always managed to impress you by his frankness. He had a large head set on a large frame of splendid virile proportions. His muscular limbs were moulded superbly; his big hands and feet had the same harmony of contour, despite their size; his grace of movement was extraordinary, considering his height and weight; the noble girth and solidity of his chest struck you as you stood close to him—men found it so substantially, women so protectively, human. A kind of warmth seemed to diffuse itself from his bodily nearness, as if the pulse of his blood and the action of his heart must be on some exceptionally liberal scale. But for those whom he really fascinated his real fascinations lay elsewhere. You met them in the pair of facile dimples that gave genial emphasis to his sunny smile; in the crisp, coarse curl of his blue-black hair, which receded at either temple and drooped centrally over a broad full brow; in the sensuous, ample, ruddy mouth, which so often showed teeth of perfect shape and unflawed purity, and was shaded by a mustache tending to chestnut in shade, with each strong crinkled hair of it rippling away to the smooth-sloping cheeks; and lastly in the violet-tinted Irish eyes, whose deep-black lashes had a beautiful length and gloss.

Kindelon spoke with a decided brogue. It was no mere Celtic accent; it was the pure and original parlance of his native island, though shorn of those ungrammatical horrors with which we are prone by habit to associate it. His English was Irish, as one of his own countrymen might have said, but it was very choice and true English, nevertheless. Well as he spoke it, he spoke it immoderately, even exorbitantly, when the mood was upon

him, and the mood was upon him, in a loquacious sense, with considerable pertinacity. He was the sort of man concerning whom you might have said, after hearing him talk three minutes or so, that he talked too much; but if you had listened to him five minutes longer your modified opinion would probably have been that he scarcely talked too much for so good a talker.

It has been chronicled of him that he was extremely frank. Before he had enlivened during more than an hour, for Pauline, the awful tedium of an Atlantic voyage in winter, she discovered herself to be in a measure posted concerning his personal biography. His parents had been farmers in his native Ireland, and he was the fourth of a family of eleven children. At the age of twelve years a certain benevolent baronet, whose tenant his father was, had sent him to school in Dublin with a view toward training and encouraging a natural and already renowned precocity. At school he had done well until seventeen, and at seventeen he had suddenly found himself thrown on the world, through the death of his patron. After that he had re-visited his somewhat distant home for a brief term, and soon afterward had taken passage for America, aided by the funds of an admiring kinsman. He had even then developed evidence of what we call a knack for writing. After severe hardships on these shores, he had drifted into an editorial office in the capacity of printer. This had been a god-send to him, and it had fallen from the skies of Chicago, not New York. But New York had ultimately proved the theatre of those triumphs which were brilliant indeed compared with the humdrum humility of his more Western pursuits. Here he had written articles on many different subjects for the local journals; he had served in almost every drudging department of reportorial work; he had risen, fallen, risen, and at last risen once and for all, durably and honorably as an associate-editor in a popular and prominent New York journal. He told Pauline the name of his journal—the New York *Asteroid*—and she remembered having heard of it. He laughed his affluent mellow laugh at this statement, as though it were the most amusing thing in the world to find an American who had only "heard of" the New York *Asteroid*.

In a political sense, and moreover in all senses, he was a zealous Liberal. How he had managed to scrape together so remarkable an amount of knowledge was a mystery to himself. Everything that he knew had been literally "scraped together"; the phrase could not be apter than when applied to his neutral store of facts. He read with an almost phenomenal swiftness, and his exquisite memory retained whatever touched it with a perfection like that of some marvellously sensitive photographic agent. He never forgot a face, a book, a conversation. He hardly forgot a single one of his newspaper articles, and their name was legion. His powers just stopped short of genius, but they distinctly stopped there. He did many things well—many things, in truth, which for a man so hazardously educated it was surprising that he did at all. But he did nothing superlatively well. It was the old story of that fatal facility possessed by numbers of his own countrymen who have migrated to these shores. Perhaps the one quality that he lacked was a reflective patience—and this is declared of his brains alone, having no reference to his moral parts. He leapt upon subjects and devoured them, so to speak. It never occurred to him that there is a cerebral digestion, which, if we neglect its demands, inevitably entails upon us a sort of dyspeptic vengeance. In crushing the fruit with too greedy a speed we get to have a blunted taste for its finer flavour.

Within certain very decided limits he had thus far made an easy conquest of Pauline. She had never before met any one whom he remotely resembled. In the old days she would have shrank from him as being unpatrician; now, his fleet speech, his entire lack of repose, his careless, unmodish though scrupulously cleanly dress, all had for her an appealing and individual charm. After parting on the arrival here, she and Kindelon had soon re-met. He bore the change from oceanic surroundings admirably in Pauline's eyes. With characteristic candour he told her that he had come back from the recent visit to his old parents in Ireland (Pauline knowing all about this visit, of course) to find himself woefully poor. She was wondering whether he would resent the offer of a loan if she made him one, when he suddenly surprised her by a statement with regard to "present funds," that certainly bore no suggestion of poverty. The truth was, he lacked all proper appreciation of the value of money. Economy was an unknown virtue with him; to have was to spend; he was incapable of saving; no financial to-morrow existed for him, and by his careless and often profuse charities he showed the same absence of caution as that which marked all other daily expenditures.

In her immediate purchase of a new residence she consulted with him, and allowed herself to be guided by his counsels. This event brought them more closely together for many days than they would otherwise have

been. His artistic feeling and his excellent taste were soon a fresh surprise to her. "I begin to think," she said to him, one day, "that there is nothing you do not know."

He laughed his blithe bass laugh. "Oh," he said, "I know a lot of things in a loose, haphazard way. We newspaper men can't escape general information, Mrs. Varick. We breathe it in, naturally, and in spite of ourselves."

"But tell me," Pauline now asked, "are these other people to whom I shall soon be presented, as clever as you are?"

He looked at her with merriment twinkling in his light-tinted eyes. "They're a good deal cleverer—some of them," he replied. "They could give me points and beat me, as we say in billiards."

"You make me very anxious to know them."

"When you talk like that I feel as if I might be tempted to postpone all introductions indefinitely," he responded. He spoke with sudden seriousness, and she felt that mere gallantry had not lain at the root of this answer.

As a matter of course, Kindelon and Courtlandt soon met each other in Pauline's drawing-room. Courtlandt was quite as quiet as usual, and the Irishman perhaps rather unwontedly voluble. Pauline thought she had never heard her new friend talk better. He made his departure before her cousin, and when he had gone Pauline said, with candid enthusiasm:

"Isn't he a wonderful man?"

"Wonderful?" repeated Courtlandt, a trifle drowsily.

She gave him a keen look, and bristled visibly while she did so. "Certainly!" she declared. "No other word just expresses him. I didn't observe you very closely, Court," she went on, "but I took it for granted that you were being highly interested. I can't imagine your *not* being."

"He gave me a kind of singing in the ears," said Courtlandt. "I've got it yet. He makes me think of one of those factories where there's a violent hub-bub all the time, so that you have to speak loud if you want to be heard."

Pauline was up in arms, then. "I never listened to a more scandalously unjust criticism?" she exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me, unblushingly, that you do not think him a *very* extraordinary person?"

"Oh, very," said her cousin.

Pauline gave an exasperated sigh. "I am so used to you," she said, "that I should never even be surprised by you. But you need not pretend that you can have any except one *truthful* opinion about Mr. Kindelon!"

"I haven't," was the reply. "He's what they call a smart newspaper man. A Bohemian chap, you know. They're nearly all of them just like that. They can talk you deaf, dumb and blind, if you only give them a chance."

"I don't think the dumbness required any great effort, as far as *you* were concerned!" declared Pauline, with sarcastic belligerence.

She never really quarrelled with Courtlandt, because his impregnable stolidity made such a result next to impossible. But she was now so annoyed by her cousin's slighting comments upon Kindelon that her treatment was touched with a decided coolness for days afterward.

Meanwhile her aunt, Mrs. Poughkeepsie, had undergone considerable discomforting surprise. Mrs. Poughkeepsie had been prepared to find Pauline changed, but by no means changed in her present way. On hearing her niece express certain very downright opinions with regard to the life which she was bent upon hereafter living, this lady at first revealed amazement and afterward positive alarm.

"But my dear Pauline," she said, "you cannot possibly mean that you intend to get yourself talked about."

"Talked about, aunt Cynthia? I don't quite catch your drift, really."

"Let me be plainer, then. If you remain out of society, that is one thing. I scarcely went anywhere, as you know, for ten years after my husband's death—not, indeed, until Sallie had grown up and was ready to come out. There is no objection, surely, against closing one's doors upon the world, provided one desires to do so—although I should say that such a step, Pauline, at your age, and after two full years of widowhood, was decidedly a mistake. Still—"

"Pardon me, Aunt Cynthia," Pauline here broke in. "Nothing is further from my wish than to close my doors upon the world. On the contrary, I want to open them very wide indeed."

Mrs. Poughkeepsie lifted in shocked manner both her fair, plump, dimpled hands. She was a stout lady, with that imposing, dowager-like effect of *embonpoint* which accompanies a naturally tall and majestic stature. Her type had never in girlhood been a very feminine one, and it now bordered upon masculinity. Her eyes were hard, calm and dark; her arching nose expressed the most serene self-reliance. She was indeed a

person with no doubts; she had, in her way, settled the universe. All her creeds were crystallized, and each, metaphorically, was kept in cotton, as though it were a sort of family diamond. She had been a Miss Schenectady, of the elder, wealthy and more conspicuous branch; it was a most notable thing to have been such a Miss Schenectady. She had married a millionaire, and also a Poughkeepsie; this, moreover, was something very important and fine. She had so distinct a "position" that her remaining out of active participation in social pursuits made no difference whatever as regarded her right to appear and rule whenever she so chose; it had only been necessary for her to lift her spear, when Miss Sallie required her chaperonage, and the Snowes and Briggses had perforce to tremble. And this fact, too, she held as a precious, delectable prerogative.

(To be continued.)

## A DETECTIVE STORY.

BY POLICE CAPTAIN HOWARD.

IT was morn in the city of New York. A man was alone in a chamber of which the architecture was a caricature of the Egyptian tombs. This man was the ablest of the detective force and had raised himself, by his own unaided exertions, from the humble position of editor of a daily paper. He was a mixture of Vidocq, Le Coq and Sergeant Ballentyne of Scotland Yard. His ability was such that he was always spoken of in society as Screwbolt Jim. The furnishing of the apartment in which we find him consisted of a plank bench and a stupendous spittoon. He lounged on the former and spat in the latter. A captain of a precinct entered with a message from the chief. The abduction of a hog had taken place under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, and none but Screwbolt could be trusted to work it up. Hastily filling two Saratoga trunks with disguises he took the 12:05, standard time, and reached the scene of the crime.

His first duty was, of course, to show his shield to the gentlemanly clerk of the hotel [THE WEEK notices that in detective stories the shield has the same properties as the shield of Ruggiero] and to find a *clew*. Disguising himself as a member of the Canadian House of Commons he found that the ground, having been wet, showed the well-defined footsteps of a pig, who had evidently been hauled against its will across the road from Deacon Nathan Dumpling's farm-yard to premises occupied by one Murty O'Hoolough. Changing his disguise for the costume of a fisher of eggs he applied his ear to an orifice in O'Hoolough's piggery and distinctly heard a grunt. The *clew* was complete.

Finding that the only police force in the locality was one Dutchman who halted on both limbs and spoke no English, the astute Detective telephoned to the chief to send down 115 men by 6:22. Meantime he would see what could be done by his own unassisted cuteness.

Disguised as the Rev. Mr. Talmadge he called at the house he had spotted and asked for a subscription towards publishing that gentleman's sermons. Murty told him to go to blazes. Changing his disguise for that of the Wandering Jew he returned and offered to sell two pairs of Lazarus' spectacles. Murty couldn't see it. Returning to the hotel and winking at the gentlemanly clerk as he passed, a few rapid changes of costume converted him into a member of the Stock Exchange, who offered O'Hoolough some preferred Canada Pacific guaranteed three per cents on time. The surmised pig stealer had no spare funds to invest. Driven to his last card the detective got himself up elaborately as a dude and again called at O'H.'s door. Murty stared. After his first shock of astonishment was over the O'Hoolough yelled in a voice that brought up a young woman from the basement, "I say, Mirandy! *what is it?*" Mirandy, who had seen a similar animal on Fifth Avenue, smiled so sweetly that the detective became alarmed and fled.

It was now time to show his shield. [The narrative here becomes somewhat complicated. The 115 men telephoned for came, and were arranged at the front door to prevent escape. The brave detective went in and showed his shield, when suddenly the wall opened and nineteen men in masks appeared, each man with two Colt's revolvers in his right hand and sword-bayonets, of the finest Damascus steel, in his left. Worse still, two trained bull dogs of most malignant aspect threw the detective down and stood over him with their fangs in dangerous proximity to his jugular. From this dilemma the hero extricated himself by means of sulphuric acid and a file, but how he did it is not stated.] When morning dawned the people in the vicinity mentioned that Murty O'Hoolough had come out of his back door during the night and driven off rapidly towards the city with a carcass of pork. Nothing therefore remained for the detective but to return to the chief and report that the negotiation had failed.

H. D.

Prince Edward Island.



## READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

*(Suggested by a picture by Mr. Romney.)*

This relative of mine  
Was she seventy-and-nine  
When she died?  
By the canvas may be seen  
How she looked at seventeen,  
As a bride.

Beneath a summer tree  
Her maiden reverie  
Has a charm;  
Her ringlets are in taste;  
What an arm! What a waist  
For an arm!

With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,  
Lace, farthingale and gay  
Fallala—  
Were Romney's limning true,  
What a lucky dog were you,  
Grandpapa!

Her lips are sweet as love;  
They are parting! Do they move?  
Are they dumb?  
Her eyes are blue, and beam  
Beseechingly, and seem  
To say, "Come!"

What funny fancy slips  
From atween these cherry lips?  
Whisper me,  
Sweet sorceress in paint,  
What Canon says I mayn't  
Marry thee.

That good-for-nothing Time  
Has a confidence sublime!  
When I first  
Saw this lady, in my youth,  
Her winters had, forsooth,  
Done their worst.

Her locks, as white as snow,  
Once shamed the swarthy crow.  
By-and-by  
That fowl's avenging sprite  
Set his cruel foot for spite  
Near her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,  
And her silk was bombazine;  
Well I wot  
With her needles would she sit  
And for hours would she knit  
Would she not?

Ah! perishable clay;  
Her charms had dropped away,  
One by one.  
But if she heaved a sigh  
With a burthen it was "Thy  
Will be done."

In travail as in tears,  
With the fardel of her years  
Overprest,  
In mercy she was borne  
Where the weary and the worn  
Are at rest.

O, if you now are there,  
And as sweet as once you were,  
Grandmamma,  
This nether world agrees  
'Twill all the better please  
Grandpapa.

A GARDEN IDYLL.

We have loiter'd and laugh'd in the flowery croft,  
We have met under wintry skies;  
Her voice is the dearest voice, and soft  
Is the light in her wistful eyes;

It is sweet in the silent woods, among  
Gay crowds, or in any place,  
To hear her voice, to gaze on her young  
Confiding face.

For ever may roses divinely blow,  
And wine-dark pansies charm  
By the prim box-path where I felt the glow  
Of her dimpled, trusting arm,  
And the sweep of her silk as she turned and smiled,  
A smile as fair as her pearls;  
The breeze was in love with the darling child,  
As it moved her curls.

She show'd me her ferns and woodbine sprays,  
Fox-glove and jasmine stars,  
A mist of blue in the beds, a blaze  
Of red in the celadon jars;  
And velvety bees in convolvulus bells,  
And roses of bountiful June—  
Oh, who would think the summer spells  
Could die so soon!

For a glad song came from the milking-shed,  
On a wind of that summer south,  
And the green was golden above her head,  
And a sunbeam kissed her mouth;  
Sweet were the lips where that sunbeam dwelt—  
And the wings of Time were fleet  
As I gazed; and neither spoke, for we felt  
Life was so sweet.

And the odorous limes were dim above  
As we leant on a drooping bough;  
And the darkling air was a breath of love,  
And a witching thrush sang "Now!"  
For the sun dropped low, and the twilight grew  
As we listen'd and sigh'd, and leant—  
That day was the sweetest day—and we knew  
What the sweetness meant.

—From "Poems" by Frederick Locker.

## PERIODICALS.

IN the January number of *The Century Magazine* that much discussed novel, "The Bread-winners," reaches its conclusion. It strikes us as a story strong throughout; here and there a trifle unrefined, and now and again in error in its analysis; but on the whole a vigorously conceived and boldly outlined picture of full-blooded life. An unusually readable and well illustrated paper is that by Mr. Andrew Lang, entitled "Edinboro' Old Town," with drawings by Mr. Pennell. A bright artistic paper is the "Log of an Ocean Studio," by Clarence C. Buel. There is an interesting article on a young Hindu genius, a girl by name Toru Dutt, who died at the age of twenty-one, after having added work of permanent value to our literature. Mr. Robert Grant's "An Average Man," does not by any means strike us as possessing the dulness one critic has ascribed to it. The heroes are two young men who are not slow; one of the heroines, a charming and beautiful young woman wedded to a feeble-minded husband, is dissatisfied, and reads with one of the before-mentioned heroes, on first acquaintance, sundry stanzas from Swinburne's exquisite but not exactly prudish "Before Dawn." We do not think the novel gives any promise of dulness. In fact everything points quite the other way. An article signed "Y. D." gives an account of "The Forty Immortals" of the French Academy; there are extracts from Garfield's "Journal of a Trip to Europe in 1867"; Mr. Edward Eggleston contributes a paper on "Husbandry in Colony Times"; and Mr. E. V. Smalley writes a timely note on General Sherman, whose portrait, engraved to perfection, opens the number. Mr. John Burroughs contributes one of his finely sympathetic essays, under the title of "In Wordsworth's Country." Mr. Cable continues his novel, "Dr. Sevier," of which we do not yet find ourselves able to formulate an opinion. The characterization, it goes without saying, is beyond praise, as are the descriptive touches. Like all of Mr. Cable's work, it has a quality which prejudices the critic in its favour. The hero is a somewhat contradictory and uncomfortable doctor. The heroine is a sweet and lovable little woman, whose husband commands our liking and respect, while we are conscious of a lack in his make-up which vexes us. Narcisse is admirably drawn. In the department of "Open Letters" there is a letter from Mr. J. Fred Harley, a young Canadian writer of great promise, dealing with the question of "Free Trade with Canada." Mr. Frank R. Stockton has in this number one of his delicately humorous stories, entitled "His Wife's Deceased Sister," from which we quote. The name itself is a hit. The poetry of the number is not remarkable.

## HIS WIFE'S DECEASED SISTER.

It is now five years since an event occurred which so coloured my life, or, rather, so changed some of its original colours, that I have thought it well to write an account of it, deeming that its lessons may be of advantage to persons whose situation in life is similar to my own.

When I was quite a young man I adopted literature as a profession, and, having passed through the necessary preparatory grades, I found myself, after a good many years of hard and often unremunerated work, in possession of what might be called a fair literary practice.

It was at this time I married. I had been engaged for more than a year, but had not been willing to assume the support of a wife until I felt that my pecuniary position was so assured that I could do so with full satisfaction to my own conscience. We were by no means rich; but we had enough and were thoroughly satisfied and content.

Those of my readers who are married will have no difficulty in remembering the peculiar ecstasy of the first weeks of their wedded life. It is then that the flowers of this world bloom brightest; that its sun is the most genial; that its clouds are the scarcest; that its fruit is the most delicious; that the air is the most balmy; that its cigars are of the highest flavour; that the warmth and radiance of early matrimonial felicity so rarely the intellectual atmosphere that the soul mounts higher and enjoys a wider prospect than ever before.

These experiences were mine. The plain claret of my mind was changed to sparkling champagne; and at the very height of its effervescence I wrote a story. The happy thought that then struck me for a tale was of a very peculiar character, and interested me so much that I went to work at it with great delight and enthusiasm, and finished it in a comparatively short time. The title of the story was "His Wife's Deceased Sister"; and when I read it to Hypatia she was delighted with it, and at times was so affected by its pathos that her uncontrollable emotion caused a sympathetic dimness in my eyes which prevented my seeing the words I had written. When the reading was ended, and my wife had dried her eyes, she turned to me and said: "This story will make your fortune. There has been nothing so pathetic since Lamartine's 'History of a Servant Girl.'"

As soon as possible the next day I sent my story to the editor of the periodical for which I wrote most frequently, and in which my best productions generally appeared. In a few days I had a letter from the editor, in which he praised my story as he had never before praised anything from my pen. It had interested and charmed, he said, not only himself, but all his associates in the office.

If anything could make our skies more genial, our flowers brighter, and the flavour of our fruit and cigars more delicious, it was a letter like this. And when, in a very short time, the story was published, we found that the reading public was inclined to receive it with as much sympathetic interest and favour as had been shown to it by the editors. My personal friends soon began to express enthusiastic opinions upon it. It was highly praised in many of the leading newspapers; and, altogether, it was a great literary success. I am not inclined to be vain of my writings, and, in general, my wife tells me, think too little of them; but I did feel a good deal of pride and satisfaction in the success of "His Wife's Deceased Sister." If it did not make my fortune, as my wife asserted that it would, it certainly would help me very much in my literary career.

In less than a month from the writing of this story, something very unusual and unexpected happened to me. A manuscript was returned by the editor of the periodical in which "His Wife's Deceased Sister" had appeared. "It is a good story," he wrote, "but not equal to what you have just done. You have made a great hit, and it would not do to interfere with the reputation you have gained, by publishing anything inferior to 'His Wife's Deceased Sister,' which has had such a deserved success."

I was so unaccustomed to having my work thrown back on my hands that I think must have turned a little pale when I read the letter. I said nothing of the matter to my wife, for it would be foolish to drop such grains of sand as this into the smoothly oiled machinery of our domestic felicity. But I immediately sent the story to another editor. I am not able to express the astonishment I felt when, in the course of a week, it was sent back to me. The tone of the note accompanying it indicated a somewhat injured feeling on the part of the editor. "I am reluctant," he said, "to decline a manuscript from you, for you know very well that if you sent me anything like 'His Wife's Deceased Sister' it would be most promptly accepted."

I now felt obliged to speak of the affair to my wife who was quite as much surprised, though perhaps not quite as much shocked, as I had been.

In due course of time I had another manuscript finished, and I sent it to my favourite periodical. It was retained some weeks, and then came back to me. "It will never do," the editor wrote quite warmly, "for you to go backward. The demand for the number containing 'His Wife's Deceased Sister' still continues, and we do not intend to let you disappoint that great body of readers who would be so eager to see another number containing one of your stories."

I sent this manuscript to four other periodicals, and from each of them it was returned with remarks to the effect that, although it was not a bad story in itself, it was not what they would expect from the author of "His Wife's Deceased Sister."

The editor of a western magazine wrote to me for a story, to be published in a special number which he would issue for the holidays. I wrote him one of the character and length he asked for, and sent it to him. By return mail it came back to me. "I had hoped," the editor wrote, "when I asked for a story from your pen, to receive something like 'His Wife's Deceased Sister,' and I must own that I am very much disappointed."

I was so filled with anger when I read this note that I openly objurgated "His Wife's Deceased Sister."

"You must excuse me," I said to my astonished wife, "for expressing myself thus in your presence, but that confounded story will be the ruin of me yet. Until it is forgotten, nobody will ever take anything I write."

"And you cannot expect it ever to be forgotten," said Hypatia, with tears in her eyes.

It is needless for me to detail my literary efforts in the course of the next few months. The ideas of the editors with whom my principal business had been done, in regard to my literary ability, had been so raised by my unfortunate story of "His Wife's Deceased Sister" that I found it was of no use to send them anything of lesser merit; and as to the other journals which I tried, they evidently considered it an insult for me to send them matter inferior to that by which my reputation had lately risen. The fact was that my successful story had ruined me. My income was at an end, and I actually stared me in the face; and I must admit that I did not like the expression of its countenance. It was of no use for me to try to write another story like "His Wife's Deceased Sister." I could not get married every time I began a new manuscript, and it was the exaltation of mind caused by my wedded felicity which had produced that story.

"It's perfectly dreadful," said my wife. "If I had had a sister, and she had died, I would have thought it was my fault."

"It could not be your fault," I answered, "and I do not think it was mine. I had no intention of deceiving anybody into the belief that I could do that sort of thing every time, and it ought not to be expected of me. Suppose Raphael's patrons had tried to keep him screwed up to the pitch of the Sistine Madonna, and had refused to buy anything which was not as good as that. In that case I think he would have occupied a much earlier and narrower grave than that on which Mr. Morris Moore hangs his funeral decorations."

"But, my dear," said Hypatia, who was posted on such subjects, "the Sistine Madonna was one of his latest paintings."

"Very true," said I; "but if he had married as I did, he would have painted it earlier."

I was walking homeward one afternoon about this time, when I met Barbel, a man

I had known well in my early literary career. He was now about fifty years of age, but looked older. His hair and beard were quite gray, and his clothes, which were of the same general hue, gave me the idea that they, like his hair, had originally been black. Age is very hard on a man's external appointments. Barbel had an air of having been to let for a long time, and quite out of repair. But there was a kindly gleam in his eye, and he welcomed me cordially, and on his invitation I went with him to his room. It was at the top of a very dirty and well-worn house, which stood in a narrow and lumpy street, into which few vehicles ever penetrated except the ash and garbage carts, and the rickety waggons of the vendors of stale vegetables.

"This is not exactly a fashionable promenade," said Barbel, as we approached the house, "but in some respects it reminds me of the streets in Italian towns, where the palaces lean over toward each other in such a friendly way."

Barbel's room was, to my mind, rather more doleful than the street. It was dark, it was dusty, and cobwebs hung from every corner. The few chairs upon the floor, and the books upon a greasy table, seemed to be afflicted with some dorsal epidemic, for their backs were either gone or broken. A little bedstead in the corner was covered with a spread made of New York *Heralds*, with their edges pasted together.

"There is nothing better," said Barbel, noticing my glance toward this novel counterpane, "for a bed-covering than newspapers. They keep you as warm as a blanket, and are much lighter."

The only part of the room which was well lighted was at one end near the solitary window. Here, upon a table with a spliced leg, stood a little grindstone.

"At the other end of the room," said Barbel, "is my cook-stove, which you can't see unless I light the candle in the bottle which stands by it; but if you don't care particularly to examine it I won't go to the expense of lighting up. You might pick up a good many odd pieces of bric-a-brac around here, if you chose to strike a match and investigate, but I would not advise you to do so. It would pay better to throw the things out of the window than to carry them down stairs. The particular piece of in-door decoration to which I wish to call your attention is this." And he led me to a little wooden frame which hung against the wall near the window. Behind a dusty piece of glass it held what appeared to be a leaf from a small magazine or journal. "The said he, 'you see a page from 'The Grasshopper,' a humorous paper which flourished in this city some half dozen years ago. I used to write regularly for that paper, as you may remember."

"O yes, indeed," I exclaimed. "And I shall never forget your 'Conundrum of the Anvil,' which appeared in it. How often have I laughed at that most wonderful conceit, and how often have I put it to my friends."

Barbel gazed at me silently for a moment, and then he pointed to the frame.

"That printed page," he said solemnly, "contains the 'Conundrum of the Anvil.' I hung it there so that I can see it while I work. That conundrum ruined me. It was the last thing I wrote for 'The Grasshopper.' How I ever came to imagine it, I cannot tell. It is one of those things which occur to a man but once in a life-time. After the wild shout of delight with which the public greeted that conundrum, my subsequent efforts met with hoots of derision. 'The Grasshopper' turned its hind legs upon me. I sank from bad to worse—much worse—until at last I found myself reduced to my present occupation, which is that of grinding points to pins. By this I procure my bread, coffee, and tobacco, and sometimes potatoes and meat. One day, while I was hard at work, an organ-grinder came into the street below. He played the serenade from 'Trovatore,' and the familiar notes brought back visions of old days and old delights, when the successful writer wore good clothes, and sat at operas; when he looked into sweet eyes, and talked of Italian airs; when his future appeared all a succession of bright scenery and joyous acts, without any provision for a drop-curtain. And as my ear listened, and my mind wandered in this happy retrospect, my every faculty seemed exalted, and, without any thought upon the matter, I ground points upon my pins so fine, so regular and smooth, that they would have pierced with ease the leather of a boot, or slipped, without abrasion, among the finest threads of rare old lace. When the organ stopped, and I fell back into my real world of cobwebs and mustiness. I gazed upon the pins I had just ground, and without a moment's hesitation threw them into the street, and reported the lot as spoiled. This cost me a little money, but it saved me my livelihood."

After a few moments of silence Barbel resumed: "I have no more to say to you, my young friend. All I want you to do is to look upon that framed conundrum, then upon this grindstone, and then to go home and reflect. As for me, I have a gross of pins to grind before the sun goes down."

I cannot say that my depression of mind was at all relieved by what I had seen and heard. I had lost sight of Barbel for some years, and I had supposed him still floating on the sun-sparkling stream of prosperity, where I had last seen him. It was a great shock to me to find him in such a condition of poverty and squalor, and to see a man who had originated the "Conundrum of the Anvil" reduced to the soul-depressing occupation of grinding pin-points. As I walked and thought, the dreadful picture of a totally eclipsed future arose before my mind. The moral of Barbel sank deep into my heart.

When I reached home I told my wife the story of my friend Barbel. She listened with a sad and eager interest.

"I am afraid," she said, "if our fortunes do not quickly mend, that we shall have to buy two little grindstones. You know I could help you at that sort of thing."

The next day I determined to go and call upon the editor of the journal for which, in happier days, before the blight of "His Wife's Deceased Sister" rested upon me, I used most frequently to write; and, having frankly explained my condition to him, to ask his advice. The editor was a good man, and had always been my friend. He listened with great attention to what I told him, and evidently sympathized with me in my trouble.

"As we have written to you," he said, "the only reason why we did not accept the manuscripts you sent us was, that they would have disappointed the high hopes that the public had in regard to you. We have had letter after letter asking when we were going to publish another story like 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.' We felt, and we still feel, that it would be wrong to allow you to destroy the fair fabric which yourself has raised. But," he added, with a kind smile, "I see very plainly that your well-deserved reputation will be of little advantage to you if you are to starve at the moment that its genial beams are, so to speak, lighting you up."

"Its beams are not genial," I answered. "They have scorched and withered me."

"How would you like," said the editor, after a short reflection, "to allow us to publish the stories you have recently written under some other name than your own? That would satisfy us and the public; would put money in your pocket, and would not interfere with your reputation."

Joyfully I seized that noble fellow by the hand and instantly accepted his proposition. "Of course," said I, "a reputation is a very good thing; but no reputation can take the place of food, clothes, and a house to live in; and I gladly agree to sink my over-illuminated name into oblivion, and to appear before the public as a new and unknown writer."

"I hope that need not be for long," he said, "for I feel sure that you will yet write stories as good as 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.'"

All the manuscripts I had on hand I now sent to my good friend the editor, and in due and proper order they appeared in his journal under the name of John Darmstadt, which I had selected as a substitute for my own, permanently disabled. I made a similar arrangement with other editors, and John Darmstadt received the credit of everything that proceeded from my pen. Our circumstances now became very comfortable, and occasionally we even allowed ourselves to indulge in little dreams of prosperity.

Time passed on very pleasantly one year; another, and then a little son was born to us. It is often difficult, I believe, for thoughtful persons to decide whether the beginning of their conjugal career or the earliest weeks in the life of their first-born be the happiest and proudest period of their existence. For myself, I can only say that the same exaltation of mind, the same rarefaction of idea and invention, which succeeded upon my wedding day, came upon me now. As then, my ecstatic emotions

crystallized themselves into a motive for a story, and, without delay, I set myself to work upon it. My boy was about six weeks old when the manuscript was finished; and one evening, as we sat before a comfortable fire in our sitting-room, with the curtains drawn and the soft lamp lighted, and the baby sleeping soundly in the adjoining chamber, I read the story to my wife.

When I had finished, my wife arose, and threw herself into my arms. "I was never so proud of you," she said, her glad eyes sparkling, "as I am at this moment. That is a wonderful story! It is, indeed! I am sure it is just as good as 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.'"

As she spoke these words, a sudden and chilling sensation crept over us both. All her warmth and fervour, and the proud and happy glow engendered within me by this praise and appreciation from one I loved, vanished in an instant. We stepped apart, and gazed upon each other with pallid faces. In the same moment the terrible truth had flashed upon us both:

This story was as good as "His Wife's Deceased Sister"!

We stood silent. The exceptional lot of Barbel's super-pointed pins seemed to pierce our very souls. A dreadful vision rose before me of an impending fall and crash, in which our domestic happiness should vanish, and our prospects for our boy be wrecked just as we had begun to build them up.

My wife approached me, and took my hand in hers, which was as cold as ice. "Be strong and firm!" she said. "A great danger threatens us, but you must brace yourself against it. Be strong and firm!"

I pressed her hand, and we said no more that night.

The next day I took the manuscript I had just written, and carefully folded it in stout wrapping paper. Then I went to a neighbouring grocery store, and bought a small strong tin box, originally intended for biscuit, with a cover that fitted tightly. In this I placed my manuscript; and then I took the box to a tinsmith, and had the top fastened on with hard solder. When I went home I ascended into the garret, and brought down to my study a ship's cash box, which had once belonged to one of my family who was a sea-captain. This box was very heavy, and firmly bound with iron, and was secured by two massive locks. Calling my wife, I told her of the contents of the tin case, which I then placed in the box; and having shut down the heavy lid, I doubly locked it.

"This key," said I, putting it in my pocket, "I shall throw into the river when I go out this afternoon."

My wife watched me eagerly, with a pallid and firm-set countenance, but upon which I could see the faint glimmer of returning happiness.

"Wouldn't it be well," she said, "to secure it still further by sealing-wax and pieces of tape?"

"No," said I, "I do not believe that any one will attempt to tamper with our prosperity. And now my dear," I continued in an impressive voice, "no one but you and, in the course of time, our son shall know that this manuscript exists. When I am dead, those who survive me may, if they see fit, cause this box to be split open, and the story published. The reputation it may give my name cannot harm me then."

FROM the *Fortnightly Review* for January we quote portions of a very interesting and timely paper entitled "Fire-Discipline," by Mr. Archibald Forbes. It is valuable as calling attention to the defects of the modern system of military training, which inculcates the principle of "cover at all risks."

#### FIRE-DISCIPLINE.

The compound which I have taken as the title for this paper is the German expression for that conduct of the soldier under the stress of actual battle which is expected from him as the crowning result of assiduous moral and professional training. It is fire-discipline that is the grand test of true soldierhood, not dapper marching on the parade, not smartness in picking up dressing, not ramrod-like setting up, polished buttons, and spotless accoutrements. These all have their value, not, however, as results, but as contributories; they are among the means that help to the all important end, that when the bullets are humming and the shells are crashing the soldier shall be a composed, alert, disciplined unit of a mighty whole whose purpose is victory. The soldier of the great Frederick's era was a machine. Moltke's man is trained with this distinction between his predecessor and himself, that he shall be a machine endowed with, and expected to exercise, the faculty of intelligence. But his intelligence must help toward, not interfere with, that discipline which must be to him a second nature.

My own belief, founded on some experience of divers nationalities in war time, is that most men are naturally cowards. I have the fullest belief in the force of the colonel's retort on his major. "Colonel," said the major, in a hot fire, "you are afraid; I see you tremble!" "Yes, sir," replied the colonel, "and if you were as afraid as I am you would run away!" I have the firmest conviction that in cold blood the mass of us would prefer the air quiet rather than whistling with bullets. Most men are like the colonel of the dialogue—they display bravery because in the presence of their comrades and of the danger they are too great cowards to evince poltroonery. Thus the average man made a capital soldier in the old shoulder-to-shoulder days. British yokels, British jail-birds, German handicraftsmen, German bauers, French peasants, and French artisans, were all pretty much alike made creditable "cannon-fodder." They would all march into fire and thole its sting, each man's right and left comrade re-acting on him and his rear file supporting at once and blocking him. In the fire the national idiosyncrasies developed themselves. The "funk" zone, so to speak, had been traversed, and the Briton marched on steadfastly, the German advanced with slower step, the Russian stood still doggedly, and the Frenchman spurted into a run with a yell. When the blood began to flow and the struck man went down, the passion of the battle became the all-absorbing question. And so, whether by greater or less steadfastness, or greater or less dash, the battle was won or lost. Till the culminating point, no man was ever thrown wholly upon his own individuality, or ever lost the consciousness of public opinion as represented by his comrades.

"Shoulder to shoulder" is dead, and its influences have died with it, but in the new days of the "swarm attack" human nature remains unchanged. The soldier of to-day has to wrestle with or respond to his own individuality; public opinion is separated from him by an interval of several paces. He is tried by a much higher test than in the old close-formation days. And I know, because I have seen, that he often fails in the higher morale which his wider scope of individuality exacts of him if he is to be efficient. Herein lies the weak point of the new method of fighting. Cover is enforced, and while physical contact is lost, the moral touch is impaired. The officer gives the forward signal, but the consequences of not obeying it do not come home with so swift vividness to the reluctant individual man. He is behind cover, having obeyed the imperative instructions of his drill master. How dear is that cover! he thinks, and what a fiendish air torture that is into which he must uprear himself! So he lies still, at least awhile, and his own particular wave goes on and leaves him behind. He may join the next, or he may still lie. It is a great temptation; human nature is weak, and life is sweet.

The German military authorities understand their people, and they know the process which men undergo in being inured to war. Therefore it is that they do not enforce resort to "cover" with so much solicitude as I have noticed our officers do. They know that in every company there are men who will "lie" if allowed too great independence of individual action; and "cover at all risks" impairs every link in the chain of supervision. Again, they know that it is good for soldiers to die a little occasionally. The dead, of course, are "out of it;" but then death encourages the others. It seems brutal to write in this tone, but is not war all brutal? And it is the solid truth. It may be written down as an axiom that fire-discipline unaccompanied

with casualties is weak. I remember standing with a German general before Metz watching a skirmish. The German battalion engaged happened to consist chiefly of young soldiers, and they were not very steady. The old general shrugged his shoulders and observed, "Dey vant to be a little shot; dey vill do better next time." All young soldiers want to be a "little shot;" and it is only by exposing them somewhat, instead of coddling them for ever behind cover, as if cover, not victory, were the aim of the day's work, that this experience can befall them. All soldiers are the better of being "bleed;" they never attain purposeful coolness till they have acquired a personal familiarity with blood and death.

Our catastrophe at Isandlwana was due partly to the error of employing loose formation against great masses of bold men, whom a biting fire would deter no whit from advancing; but, in the end, from the scared inability to redeem this error by a rapid, purposeful resort to close formation in square or squares. Once the loose fringe of men dodging for cover was impinged on, all was over save the massacre. The test of fire-discipline failed whenever the strain on it became severe. The men had worked up to their skirmishing lessons to the best of their ability; when masterful men brushed aside the result of those lessons, there was no moral stamina to fall back upon, no consuetude of resource to be as a second nature. A resolute square formed round an ammunition waggon might have made a defence that would have lasted at least until Lord Chelmsford came back from his straggling excursion; but no man who saw how the dead lay on that ghastly field could persuade himself into the belief that there had been any attempt at a rally. The only fragment of good that came out of the Isandlwana catastrophe was the resolution, in any and every subsequent encounter, to show the Zulus a solid front; and the retrospect of Isandlwana infused a melancholy into the success of Ulundi, where the most furious onslaughts recoiled from the firm face of the British square.

The Majuba Hill affair was simply a worse copy of Isandlwana. There was no methodised fire-discipline. It has been urged as the lesson of Majuba Hill that the British soldier should have more careful instruction in marksmanship. Probably enough, that would do him good—it could not do him harm; but it was not because he was a bad marksman that Majuba Hill was so discreditable a reverse. It was because he is so much a creature of cover and of dodging that he went all abroad when he saw a real live enemy standing up in front of him at point-blank range. It may be contended that there were fire-seasoned soldiers who participated in this unfortunate business. Yes; but these, with no stronger morale to begin with, because of their early training in assiduous "cover" tactics, had suffered in what morale they might have possessed because of previous reverses. One regiment was represented on that hill-top which had not participated in those reverses, and was indeed fresh from successes in Afghanistan. But Afghan fighting is but a poor school in which to acquire prompt, serene self-command when, in old Havelock's phrase, the colour of the enemy's moustaches is visible. It was only once, or at most twice, when the Afghan did not play the dodging game. He does not care to look his enemy full in the face, and he tries all he knows to prevent his enemy from having the opportunity to look him in the face. Fire-discipline of an alert yet sustained character was not to be learned among the rocks and stones of Afghanistan. When the adventurous Boer breasted the crest of the Majuba he and the British soldier confronted each other at close quarters. It was no time for long range shooting, it was simply the time for fire-discipline of the readiest practical order to make its effect felt. I imagine Briton and Boer staring one at the other in a perturbed moment of mutual disquietude. Who should the sooner pull himself together and take action on returning presence of mind? The Boer had the better nerve; to use the American expression, he was quicker on the draw. And then, for lack of fire-discipline, for want of training to be cool, and to keep their heads within close view of a hostile muzzle, the British went to pieces in uncontrollable scares, and the sad issue was swift to be consummated.

The influence of the "get to cover" tactics have made itself apparent, if we care to read between the lines, in numberless pettier instances during our recent little wars. The indiscriminate bolt of a picket may seem a small thing, and it will happen now and then in all armies, but when it occurs frequently it is the surest evidence of a feeble morale. It has happened too often of late in British armies, and I trace its prevalence, which I do not regard as too strong a word, to the lack of fire-discipline brought about by the "cover at any price" training.

Tel-el-Kebir furnishes an incidental illustration of our shortcoming in fire-discipline, which, as I contend, has its main cause in the effects of too stringent urgency to cover. Wolseley showed that discernment which is one of his most valuable characteristics, in refraining from snuffing his soldiers to the strain of a "swarm attack" up to the Egyptian position in fair daylight; and in choosing instead, as a minor risk, a night advance, spite of all its contingencies of hazard, with the hoped-for culmination of a surprise at daybreak. The issue proved his wisdom; and an episode of that issue, set forth with soldierly frankness by Sir Edward Hamley, must have given him a thrill of relief that he had conserved the spirit of his troops for the final dash, without exposing them to a previous ordeal of fire. That dash, made while yet the gloom of the dying night lay on the sand, General Hamley tells us, was 150 yards long, and it cost the brigade that carried it out 200 casualties ere the Egyptian entrenchment was crowned. It was done with the first impulse; no check was let stop the onward impetus of the *élan*; fire-discipline was not called into exercise at all. The whole of the first line pressed on into the interior of the enemy's position. The second line followed, but Hamley, with a wise prescience, "stopped the parts of it that were nearest to him as they came up, wishing to keep a support in hand which would be more readily available than such as the brigade in rear could supply." It was well he did this thing; but for his doing of it, the shadow of a far other issue to Tel-el-Kebir lies athwart the following quotation: "The light was increasing every moment; our own men had begun to shoot immediately after entering the entrenched position, and aim could now be taken. The fight was at its hottest, and how it might end was still doubtful, for many of our advanced troops had recoiled even to the edge of the entrenchment" (beyond which they had penetrated 200 or 300 yards into the interior); "but there I was able to stop them, and reinforcing them with the small body I had kept in hand (who had remained, I think, in the ditch) I sent in all together, and henceforth they maintained their ground." They recoiled, and they recoiled by reason of their weakness in fire-discipline. It is a fair query—How severe was the strain? As regards its duration, but a few moments' fighting sufficed to bring about the recoil; that is made clear by the circumstance that the supporting brigade, following close as it did, was yet not up in time to redress the dangerous situation. In regard to its severity, General Hamley permits himself to use language of the most vivid character. "A hotter fire it is impossible to imagine." The brigade was "enclosed in a triangle of fire." "The enemy's breech-loaders were good, his ammunition abundant, and the air was a hurricane of bullets, through which shells from the valley tore their way." "The whole area was swept by a storm of bullets." Stronger words could not have been used by an enthusiastic war correspondent gushing his level best about his first skirmish; General Hamley's expressions are fuller-volumed than those used by the compilers of the German staff chronicle in describing that Titanic paroxysm, the climax of Gravelotte. What stupendous damage, then, did this hottest of all hot fires, this hurricane of bullets effect? The casualties of the whole division reached a total of 258 killed and wounded. Of these "nearly 200," General Hamley distinctly states, occurred exclusively in the first brigade in the rush up to the entrenchment. If we assume that the second brigade had no losses at all, and that the whole balance of casualties occurred to the first brigade when in "the triangle of fire," the fall of some sixty men out of 2,800 was hardly a loss to justify the "recoil even to the edge of the entrenchment" of troops possessed even of a moderate amount of fire-discipline. General Hamley explains that but for the darkness and the too high aim of the enemy, "the losses would have been tremendous." In other words, if an actual loss of two per cent., and the turmoil of the hottest fire imaginable, yet fortunately aimed over their heads, caused the troops "to recoil even to the edge of the entrenchment," the "tremendous losses" that a better-aimed fire would have produced, it seems pretty evident, would have caused them to "recoil" so much farther that Tel-el-Kebir would

have been a defeat instead of a victory. The Egyptians did not shoot straight because they were flurried, that is, were deficient in fire-discipline; our men "recoiled" after a very brief experience of a devilish but comparatively harmless battle-din, because the ardour of the first rush having died out of them, fire-discipline was not strong enough in them to keep them braced to hold the ground the rush had won them. It was fortunate that in Hamley they had a chief who had prescience of their feebleness of constancy, and had taken measures to remedy its evil effects.

During the afternoon and evening of August 18th, 1870, six regiments of the Prussian guard corps made repeated and ultimately successful efforts to storm the French position of St. Privat. What that position was like the following authentic description sets forth: "In front of St. Privat were several parallel walls of knee-high masonry and shelter trenches. Those lines, successively commanding each other, were filled with compact rows of skirmishers, and in their rear upon the commanding height lay like a natural bastion, and girt by an almost continuous wall, the town-like village, the stone houses of which were occupied up to the roofs." There was no shelter on the three-quarters of a mile of smooth natural glacis, over which the regiments moved steadfastly to the attack; every fold of it was searched by the dominant musketry fire. They tried and failed, but they kept on trying till they succeeded. And what did the success cost them? The six regiments (each three battalions strong) numbered roughly 18,000 men; of these 6,000 had gone down before Canrobert quitted his grip of the "town-like village." One-third of their whole number! It was the cost of this sacrifice that caused the Germans to adopt the unprecedented step of altering their attacking tactics in the middle of the campaign. But the change was not made because the troops had proved unequal to the task set them, but because the cost of the accomplishment of that task, in the face of the Chassepot fire, had been so terrible. Now I am not concerned to exalt the horn of the Prussian fighting men at the cost of the British soldier. I will assume, and there is precedent in favour of the assumption, that the British soldier of the pre-dodging era could take his punishment and come through it victoriously as stoutly as any German that ever digested *erbswürst* and smelt of sour rye-bread. Of the 10,000 British fellows whom Wellington sent at Badajos, 3,000 were down before the torn old rag waved over the place. Ligonier's column was 14,000 strong when the Duke of Cumberland gave it the word to make that astounding march through the chance gap, a bare 900 paces wide, between the cannon before the village of Vezen and those in the Redoubt d'Eu, right into and behind the heart of the French centre on the bloody day of Fontenoy. There is some doubt whether those quixotic courtesies passed between Lord Charles Hay and the Count d'Auteroche, but there is no doubt whatever that when the column, thwarted of the reward of valour by deficiency of support, had sturdily marched back through the appalling cross-fire in the cramped hollow-way, and had methodically fronted into its old position, it was found that at least 4,000 out of the 14,000 had been shot down. Carlyle, indeed, makes the loss much heavier. Yet a notable example of the British soldier's gluttony for punishment is furnished in the statistics of the Inkermann losses. The total force that kept Mount Inkermann against the Russians amounted to 7,464 officers and men. Of these, when the long fierce day was done, no fewer than 2,487, had fallen, just one-third of the whole number. The manner in which our soldiers successfully contested their fearful odds in this battle is a phenomenal example of fire-discipline of the grand old dogged type. It is but one, however, of the many proofs that the world has no stancher fighting man than is the British soldier intrinsically.

Than "annihilation" there is no more favourite word with the critics of manœuvres and sham-fights. In a notice of a mimic battle near Portsmouth in *The Times* of the day I write these lines occurs this observation: "The guns of the fleet would have annihilated Colonel Thompson's advance on the left along the sea shore." In truth it is as hard a thing to "annihilate" a body of troops as it is to kill a scoundrel. In a literal sense there is scarcely a record of such a catastrophe; if used in a figurative sense to signify a loss so great as to put the force suffering it *hors de combat*, there is amazing testimony to the quantity of "annihilation" good troops have accepted without any such hapless result. Here are instances taken almost at random. The Confederates, out of 68,000 men engaged at Gettysburg, lost 18,000, but Meade held his hand from interfering with their orderly retreat. Of that battle the climax was the assault of Pickett's division, "the flower of Virginia," against Webb's front on the left of Cemetery Hill. Before the heroic Armitage called for the "cold steel" and carried Gibbon's battery with a rush, the division had met with a variety of experiences during its mile-and-a-half advance over the smooth ground up to the crest. "When it first came into sight it had been plied with solid shot; then half-way across it had been vigorously shelled, and the double cannisters had been reserved for its nearer approach. An enflading fire tore through its ranks; the musketry blazed forth against it with deadly effect." This is the evidence of an eye-witness on the opposite side, who adds, "but it came on magnificently." Yes, it came on to cold steel and clubbed muskets, and, after a desperate struggle, it went back foiled, to the accompaniments which had marked its advance. But, heavy as were its losses, it was not "annihilated." Pickett's division survived to be once and again a thorn in the Federal side before the final day of fate came to it at Appomattox Court House. In the September attack on Plevna, of 74,000 Russo-Roumanian infantry engaged, the losses reached 18,000. Skobelev commanded 18,000 men, and at the end of his two days' desperate fighting, not 10,000 of these were left standing. But there was no annihilation, either literally or conventionally, if one may use the term. The survivors who had fought on the 11th and 12th September were ready at the word to go in again on the 13th; and how they marched across the Balkans later is one of the marvels of modern military history.

Those examples of stoicism, of fire-discipline strained to a terrible tension, but not breaking under the strain, were exhibited by soldiers who did not carry into practise the tactics of non-exposure. The Russo-Turkish war, it is true, was within the "cover" era, but the Russians in this respect, as in a good many others—such, for instance, as in their lack of a propensity to "recoil"—were behind the times.

OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN, for January, is such a number as we might expect to spring from the union of the two leading out-door magazines of the continent. It is exceedingly tasteful in appearance; in contents it is rich and well varied. It is the only magazine we have devoted entirely to the literature of out-door recreation and physical culture. Mr. Maurice Thompson, in this number, commences a delightful serial called "Summer Sweethearts." Mrs. M. H. Catherwood completes the story "Castle Trundle." Mr. John Burroughs contributes a charming and sympathetic paper entitled "A Salt Breeze." Finely illustrated articles are "Holiday Art," by Miss Amanda B. Harris, and the breezy opening paper called "A Wheeling in Norambega," by Mr. John S. Phillips, which is fortunate in being accompanied by the spirited sketches of Mr. Sandham. "The Crown of Wild Olive" is an out-door "classic," in more ways than one. We quote the "Ballad of the Wheel," by Mr. Clinton Scollard:—

#### BALLAD OF THE WHEEL.

Through the winding lanes where willows lean,  
And the stately elms their shadows throw,  
Past the woodland bowers of sunlit green,  
Where the dusky brave, with bended bow,

In the halood time of the long ago,  
Would soft, like a stealthy panther, steal,  
We fling dark care to the winds that blow,  
And spin away on the whirling wheel.

By the highways broad, where, fair, is seen  
The bloom of the alder, white as snow,  
Down hillsides steep on the road between  
The vineyards wide with their vines a-row,  
Nigh meads where the murmuring brooklets flow  
And rushes tall in the breezes reel,  
We fling dark care to the winds that blow,  
And spin away on the whirling wheel.

On days when spring is a verdant queen  
And bright-eyed buttercups, gleam and glow.  
Mid hours when the forest's emerald sheen  
Is scorched by suns that the tropics know,  
In autumn-tide, ere the winter's woe,  
Whether bells of morn or eve outpeal,  
We fling dark care to the winds that blow,  
And spin away on the whirling wheel.

#### ENVOI.

Come, riders, all, be ye swift or slow,  
And join in the praise of the steed of steel!—  
We fling dark care to the winds that blow,  
And spin away on the whirling wheel.

—CLINTON SCOLLARD.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

BIOGRAPHY OF SIR CHARLES TUPPER. By Charles Thibault. Montreal: L'Etendard print.

This is a paper-covered book of 148 pages, and with respect to the language in which it is written, is intended, so far as can be ascertained, as English. The biography of one, whose public career has been in many important respects so distinguished, and so interwoven with the most prominent movements in our modern history, could not fail, if properly written, to be a book of marked importance to a Canadian public. Therefore, one naturally opens the little work by M. Thibault with much expectancy; but before he has read half a page his interest in the career of Sir Charles will have evaporated, and with loosed garments he will have made up his mind to read the book for its style. For style, it has the most wonderful that we have ever seen. There is nothing in any literature like unto it. Take this: A man "must rise with the tide of popularity, and from the mountain heights on the crest of the waves, dictate to the people beneath." But M. Thibault ought to know that the tide does not rise to the top of the mountains now, that it rose thither only once; and that we have given us the rainbow as a sign of the covenant that the world is not to be drowned again. If M. Thibault has never seen a rainbow, he ought to get somebody to show him one, so that he could be clear on the point before writing another book. The same author also says, p. 3: "Fame may snatch you unawares,"—and we may add that it is sure to snatch him if he writes a book or two more like this one. In endeavouring to show that the subject of the book has some little blue blood, the author trails Sir Charles through a number of irrelevant battle-fields without proving anything, and then bursts out into these sublime statements: "Where is the power that can hold a child separated from the one who gave him life! against the bayonet of the foe a child would rush, that he might fall into the arms of his mother." M. Thibault does not say whether he intends to represent the mother here as holding the bayonet, that the child might run it into himself in trying to get into his mother's lap; but if he does mean this, she is a cruel, heartless mother, and the author in his next book should denounce her. On page eight, M. Thibault has these two sentences, running in the order in which we reproduce them. It would be preposterous for us to say that they mean nothing, for most assuredly are they bursting with meaning; but so profound is their significance that a prize is hereby offered to whomsoever shall expound them: "Blood is the purest criterion of love. Isaac Brock, one of the Tupper family, shall be amongst the number." Of course he will; and next year will be last week, and the cat will walk off with the clouds, and divers other things shall happen to the same effect. On page 12 a birth is recorded, but we are not able to ascertain who it is that was born, whether Sir Charles Tupper or his grandfather. If Sir Charles was born, M. Thibault ought to state it so explicitly; if he was not, then our suppositions are all a mistake, and somebody else was born passing himself off for Sir Charles Tupper. In a second edition, for no doubt thousands of this book will sell, the question of nativity ought to be set at rest. But we cannot linger any longer over this volume further than to extract two or three sentences. Page 12: "Oh, sacred system of a mother's tenderness, why should we take from thee those hidden treasures!"—a perfectly intelligible statement. On page 23: "Sir Charles reasons like a German, fights like a *Hussian*,

expresses himself with the vivacity of an Irishman, and attacks with the fury of a Frenchman." Here is how he describes one of Sir Charles' speeches, page 32: "The peroration was grand, noble. The moaning of a bleeding heart, the cry of a soul that has hope in the future." On page 37 he denounces several politicians who evidently promised him (the author) a situation and then meanly broke their word. He cautions the public against such politicians—"they can do nothing, neither care they to do anything for you," he says. M. Thibault, of course, has his own way in everything about this book, and notably his own method of spelling and of grammar. We meet such words as Guernesey, fecondity, page 6; aides-de-camps, embarqued, page 8; Briton (for Britain) page 12; disdaining, page 20; Hussian, page 23; Hymetta, page 24; while the book abounds in such phrases as "every stroke tell"; "he appeared on a large, solid and generous footing"; "persecution triples the valor"; and a thousand other such gems. As a work of humour this stands higher than anything done yet in Canada, even by Sam Slick, and we congratulate the author. As for Sir Charles, we could wish to see his forceful and brilliant career recorded in some other description of volume. J. E. C.

JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND. By Max O'Rell. Translated from the French. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This work, from which we quoted in last week's issue, is one of the keenest satires of the day. It is written by a Frenchman, whose eyes are exceedingly wide open to the anomalies and discrepancies which go to make up the somewhat complex English character. At the same time, our Frenchman pays many tributes of genuine admiration to this strange charactered John Bull, and the satire derives added trenchancy from the fact that it comes from the pen of one obviously no hater of England. We cannot forbear again quoting: "Magnanimity, in politics especially, is a virtue of which John Bull claims the sole monopoly. Read his books and papers and see how he is always offering himself incense until it is a wonder he does not choke. A moralist of the highest order, defending the rights of small nations, apostle of the suppression of slavery, propagator of the true faith, John does not allow any one else to have a hand in the protection of petty states; it is his privilege, and his only. I have not yet forgotten what a state he was in when the French troops entered Tunis; what a perfect fever of indignation! What a shower of insults he poured out on our heads! What a drenching he gave us! His transports of fury and abhorrence were epic. As his heart relieved itself of bitterness it re-filled with joy. What! can it really be you, friend John, preaching to us on the respect due to small nations? You who, for the past ten years that I have been watching you, have made war upon the Ashantees, the Afghans, the Basutos, the Boers, the Zulus, the Abyssinians, the Egyptians, and Heaven knows who besides. You, who barked at Russia, but did not dare to bite, because you no longer, as in 1854, had France at your side to do the work! And even for this little noise, do I not remember that you made the poor Sultan, automaton of all the Turkeys, hand you over the Island of Cyprus? What, John! has it not also come to my ears that you get a revenue of five millions of francs by enforcing the opium trade *vi et armis*? You know very well where the shoe pinches; you do not like to have your nose rubbed in your foreign policy—it annoys you, O great philanthropist! At least, then, be a little charitable, O great and magnanimous Christian!"

"WRECKED?" A novel. By William O. Stoddard. New York: White, Stokes & Allan.

Mr. W. O. Stoddard is well known through his delightful books for boys. "Dab Kinzer" is almost an ideal boys' story. The novel before us has something of the characteristics which have gained for Mr. Stoddard his reputation. The opening chapter contains an exceedingly spirited description of a "buggy-ride" behind a too fiery pair of horses. The whole story is brimful of movement and life and energy. There is no painting of back-grounds, there is no lingering by the way. The canvas is crowded, and there is a little confusion at times, but it speedily unravels itself. There is not very much effort at subtle analysis, either. The author's aim is to tell a complex story and he succeeds well in this aim. The tone of the story is thoroughly wholesome. There is no one very bad, and most of the characters are decidedly desirable acquaintances. There is a suggestion of stiffness here and there, and a little hint of the obvious and superficial. But on the whole the author has put us under an obligation by writing a story which we have found readable from cover to cover; and we are not disposed to complain because there are no marked traces of the hand of a master, no provocatives of earnest thought or discussion.

CORRECTION.—The last paragraph in last week's article on "The University Question—a Retrospect" should read as follows (one word having been accidentally omitted): I have not touched upon the wide question as to the doubtful policy of a single teaching university for a whole community, etc.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

IN the concert to be given at the Horticultural Gardens on the 7th by Mr. Theodore Thomas and his famous orchestra, the chief composition rendered will be the "Fourth Symphony" of Beethoven. It is earnestly to be hoped that this performance will receive something approaching the support it deserves. Toronto, claiming to be the intellectual centre of the Dominion, should contain sufficient musical culture to summon hither for brief and occasional visits the best musical talent of the continent.

### TORONTO CHORAL SOCIETY.

The first concert this season of the Toronto Choral Society took place in the pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens on the evening of Tuesday, 18th December. The hall was well filled by an attentive and appreciative audience, consisting of subscribers only. The first work on the programme and principal feature of the concert was Rossini's "Stabat Mater." This sensuously beautiful work in part is well known to the musical public, but its complete rendering was an event among the musical performances of the city. The solo parts were sustained by the following ladies and gentlemen: soprano, Mrs. Osgood, of Philadelphia; contralto, Miss Strong, of Boston; tenor, Mr. Jenkins, of Buffalo; bass, Mr. Warrington, of Toronto. The chorus numbered about eighty voices and were fairly well balanced. Our space will not permit of a detail criticism of the rendering of the work, which, as a whole, was very well performed, the features which call for special notice were the solo and chorus "Inflamatus" and the "Amen Chorus." In the former Mrs. Osgood's clear and musical voice was very effective, her high C ringing out above full chorus and orchestra combined. The severe fugue form of the "Amen Chorus" presented difficulties to the chorus which they mastered in a most creditable manner. The orchestra was good as far as it went. The reeds and brass, more especially the horns, were a little off and were not, to say the least, effective in the introduction to the "Qui est Homo." Mr. Warrington showed the artist in the very excellent manner in which he rendered the air "Pro Peccatis," but we were disappointed in Mr. Jenkin's performance of "Cujus Animam," his voice in its upper register being quite unequal to the demands made upon it. Mention should not be forgotten to be made of Miss Strong who, with Mrs. Osgood, sang the beautiful Duo "Quis est Homo," sustaining her part in a very correct and pleasing manner. The second part of the programme was of a miscellaneous character, embracing the "Overture to the Magic Flute" (*Mozart*) by the orchestra; a charmingly rendered part song unaccompanied, "Lullaby of Life" (*Lestie*); a piano-forte solo (*Waltz Caprice Scherwenka*), very clearly and tastefully played, by Miss Alice Cummings, a promising young lady pianiste, of Hamilton. "Good-bye" by Fosti was sung by Mrs. Osgood with such telling effect as to win for her an enthusiastic recall. "Ah! Quel Giorno," from "Semiramis"—this somewhat lengthy and difficult number was fairly rendered by Miss Strong, who in response gave the greater part again. The concert concluded with the "Hallelujah Chorus," from Hiller's "Song of Victory," which was rendered by chorus and orchestra in a very effective manner. The concert, taken as a whole, and without comparison either with former concerts of this society or other society, may safely lay claim to being a performance reflecting credit on the society and the painstaking and energetic conductor, Mr. Edward Fisher.

THE seventh Christmas concert of the Toronto College of Music, took place in the rooms of the college, 283 Jarvis Street, on Friday evening, 21st December. Among the numbers especially deserving notice here were the pianoforte solos "La Predication aux Oiseaux" (*Liszt*), which was charmingly rendered by Miss Lily Smith. The "Sonata Pathetique" (*Beethoven*) by Miss Grace Langlois. "Lucia di Lammermoor" (*Liszt*) and a Polish dance by Scharwenka, played by Mr. Kerrison, the director of the college. Several pieces for eight hands, two pianos, notably the "Grand Galop, Chromatique" (*Liszt*), which, brilliantly rendered, bore evidence to the careful training the pupils received in this now well-established institution.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

It is said that a monthly magazine is to be started in the Sandwich Islands.

Work has been commenced on the proposed Longfellow Memorial at Cambridge.

THE "Conquest of England," the posthumous work of J. R. Green, treats of the period A. D. 829-1071.

MR. J. L. HUGHES, Inspector of Schools for Toronto, has prepared a "Topical History of England," which will be issued by Messrs. W. J. Gage & Co.

COUNT GLEICHEN is moulding a bust of Mary Anderson for the Prince of Wales.

MISS SALLY PRATT MCLEAN, author of "Cape Cod Folks," is bringing out another volume under the title of "Some Other Folks."

SAYS the *Christian Advocate*: "Longfellow said, 'in the world a man must be either anvil or hammer.' He was wrong, however. Lots of men are nothing but bellows."

It is said that Dr. Hodgins, Deputy Minister of Education, is engaged in the composition of a record of the Educational Administration of the late Dr. Ryerson.

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE has become a public reader, influenced by the splendid successes he has lately been scoring in this field. He has put himself into the hands of a manager, and will devote most of his time to public readings.

THE husband of Sarah Bernhardt, M. Damala, made a great and unexpected success in Paris the other night, appearing in a new play entitled "Le Maître de Forges." The *Gaulois* speaks of M. Damala as a great genius, probably much to the surprise of M. Damala.

A BUYER in a London book-store inquired, some years ago, whether he could find there a complete edition of "Robert Herrick's Poems" in neat and small form. "'Errick, 'Errick?" said the book-seller, reflectively. "We avn't any party of that name. But may be he writes under a *nom de plume!*"

THE "Life and Letters of Princess Alice," says a London correspondent, reveals a close friendship between Princess Alice and Strauss. The book shows that the Princess had a fine literary faculty, and was a severe thinker. She assisted Strauss in the composition of his work on Voltaire, though she did not fully endorse Strauss's religious views.

THEODORE TILTON is busy at literary work in the retirement of the Quartier Latin, Paris. He says he has not had a vacation for years, and his portfolio is full of unfinished work. Now he has sought an opportunity of completing some of his undertakings, and will remain quiet in Paris all winter, except for a run to Rome.

It is related of Tennyson that at the famous luncheon party on Sir Donald Currie's yacht in the harbour of Copenhagen he asked the Empress of Russia and the Princess of Wales by what title he ought rightly to address them. "I do not know," he said, "what I ought to call you." "Oh," said the Princess, "there is no difficulty; Minnie and Alec, to be sure."

THE following anecdote of Schopenhauer will not lower him in the eyes of the by no means inconsiderable class of persons who fail to endorse Mrs. Stowe's enthusiastic affection for Lady Byron. "THE GOSSIP" never experienced any marked feeling of good will toward Schopenhauer until he met with this anecdote of him: Schopenhauer used to go every day to a *table d'hôte* at which now and then appeared other distinguished visitors. Once Lady Byron sat next to him. "Doctor," said the host after she had left, with a twinkle in his eye: "doctor, do you know who sat next to you at the table to-day? It was lady Byron." "Why the deuce did you not tell me this before?" replied Schopenhauer. "I should have liked to be rude to her." "That was what I feared," said the host: "and for that reason I kept it quiet."

### CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.—A demon has entered into the camp of the Salvation Army in Kingston.—The Anglican Missionary societies have asked for \$50,000 for the coming year.—At Guelph, a pullman car conductor has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment.—A man named Yates was asphyxiated at the Rossin House, and has since died. There is something said of a newly-devised gas-burner which guarantees immunity from accident by closing the escape-way of the gas, should an incautious person blow out the flame.—No clue has yet been obtained of the murderer of the old woman at the Humber.—The Quebec embroglio is a fruitful source of rumour: there was a statement afloat last week that M. Mercier had been invited to enter the Provincial Cabinet, but had refused.—Some of the border American cities are raising their voices against what they characterize as Toronto's habit of making a dumping ground of their communities for the desolate and the needy. A vagrant arrested in Buffalo the other day, said that the City of Toronto had paid his way thither to get rid of him.—Mrs. Jessie Bernum, of London, attempted to commit suicide on Monday last, by taking an ounce and a half of laudanum. She at once fell into a comatose state, but prompt medical aid saved her life.—On Tuesday last a son of Rev. Dr. Wardrope, of Guelph, was

fatally shot.—Burglars are busy in Ottawa. In one depredation their booty amounted to nearly \$3,000.—Some of the dynamiters in Buffalo and other American cities are said to be taking means to avenge the hanging of the murderer O'Donnell, and they have put abroad the report that they will take revenge on certain things Canadian, making Toronto their base of operations. A murder-talking ruffian named McBride has been making threats, in Buffalo, against Canada, and some of the newspapers have been giving undeserved prominence to the braggadocio. It is from these that the story comes, also, of the contemplated attack on the Ottawa government buildings, and the proposal to capture the Governor-General. Some think that the taking of the Marquis of Lansdowne is to be attempted while festivities are at their highest during the Yacht Club ball. This latter supposition has grown in many places into conviction, and some ladies have decided not to attend the ball in consequence.—Another of Newfoundland's historically bitter and fatal riots has occurred in Harbour Grace, in which three persons were killed, and a great many severely wounded. As usual the collision was between Orangemen and Roman Catholics. The regulation riot weapons in Newfoundland are a boat-hook and a sealing-gun, the latter loaded with about seven "fingers" of "swoil" shot.—M. Lacoste, who, a reform paper states, is M. Senecal's legal adviser, has been elevated to the Senate.—Admirers of Sir George E. Cartier, in Montreal, have proposed to erect a monument to the memory of the deceased statesman.—On Christmas day Patrick McCarthy of Toronto, was choked by a piece of meat while eating his dinner.—The proprietor of a Hamilton store now receives all visitors to his establishment after the doors are closed and the lights are out, in a trap. One such visitor, however, filed his way out of the toils.—The Vicar-General of Quebec has issued a manifesto against intriguing publicists in the ancient city, and much spleen and rebellious muttering against "ecclesiastical interference" are the result.—The usual rumour of rivalry between M. Chapleau and Sir Hector Langevin is abroad, but if smoothness of temper and *savoir faire* can make the difficulty between these two gentlemen naught, then naught will it be. But then it must be remembered that one Frenchman will shoot another with absolute grace and courtesy.—Hon. G. W. Ross, the new Ontario Minister of Education, declares that he will have but one series of school readers, and it is believed that he will cause such a set to be prepared by a body of experts.—There are some counterfeit \$5 notes of the British North America Bank afloat. In the counterfeit the "1st" is omitted in front of "July, 1877," and the paper has a murky appearance.—A sportsman's convention is soon to be held in Toronto.—A bridge over the Niagara River, at Lewiston, is one of the proposals of the hour.—Bishop Baldwin, of Huron, offers the first vacant preferment in his diocese to Dr. Wilson, who has been dismissed from the Kingston parish.—An appalling collision occurred on Wednesday morning, near High Park, between a suburban train and G.T. train, whereby fifteen persons lost their lives and a number received serious injuries. The killed and injured were workmen who were proceeding from the city to a bolt factory in the suburb. The accident is attributed to criminal heedlessness by the despatcher of the G.T. train.

FOREIGN.—The Paris press does not relish the idea of British intervention between France and China.—An infernal machine exploded in Birkenhead on Monday last.—Rumours still float about to the effect that Hicks Pasha's army is safe.—Lord Dufferin has advised the dispatch of Turkish troops to the Soudan. The earl is steering through the rocks with such caution that India is as good now as assured to him. After he has been viceroy then nothing will remain for him but to die.—On thanksgiving day a "crank" attempted to murder President Arthur.—Chinese troops have been ordered to the Tonquin frontier.—American bishops have refused to meddle in the question of fenianism, but fenianism now means murder, and the commandment says "Thou shalt not kill."—The Grand Duke Nicholas made a dashing but ineffectual attempt to escape from confinement.—Again a report is published of inhuman treatment to Nihilist prisoners. At Silverton a terrific wind storm set in on Dec. 19, and raged furiously for six days, and proved the most disastrous to life ever known there. Of fifty persons seriously injured in the Virginus mine on Friday, three have died, making nine in all. A miner named Breet Walla was buried in a snow slide at the head of Clementi creek, and cannot be found till spring. Two men were caught in a snow slide near Irontown, and carried 15,000 feet down a mountain side. When extricated they were frozen from the waist down, the flesh opening in seams. They cannot recover. A train of twenty-five freight cars at Monument was overturned by the high winds on Tuesday, and a number of cattle killed. In another slide from the mountains fourteen miners were buried, eight of whom were dead when extricated.

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From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

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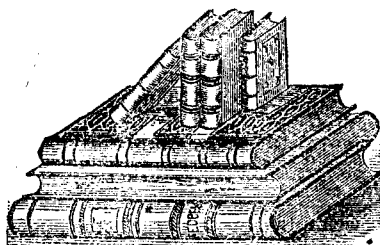
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This journal is becoming so well known for the excellent quality of its average make-up, that it deserves to become yet wider known, that its quality and amount of work may be even greater than now; and it is with the hope of introducing it to new acquaintances to this end, that we give it this general review. Established nearly fourteen years ago by the late Mr. Samuel R. Crocker, as a monthly literary journal, it passed in April, 1877, under the management of the publishers above-named. Edward Abbott, a widely-known writer, assuming its editorial control. In his hands it has continued to increase in public appreciation and literary value; and with the beginning of 1879 its publication was changed to a fortnightly issue, the same general form and appearance being retained.

It may be briefly described as a purely literary review. Each number opens with quite lengthy notices of the freshest and most important books, frequently from the hand of a specialist, followed by minor notices of works of fiction, or those of less importance. Editorials on a great range of current topics of literary interest next follow, succeeded by departments of Literary Personals, sketches of noted authors of the time, News and Notes, etc. Of chiefest value among these departments, perhaps, are those of "Notes and Queries," upon a great variety of topics of interest to writers and readers, usually extending to two or three columns; and "Shakespeareana"—the latter edited by Mr. W. J. Rolfe, the eminent Shakespearean scholar, and frequently occupying a whole page.

Often articles of much historical value are given, as notably those by Mr. Justin Winsor, on the public and private libraries of the early days of American letters, of which several have appeared in late issues. The journal seems admirably well balanced in all its departments, and it is always a pleasure to open its bright, modest pages, so abundant of good scholarship, careful editing, a choice variety of contents, and with no sign of pedantry, no "slashing" criticisms, and no unkindly tone.—Maine Farmer.

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