

THE WEEK:

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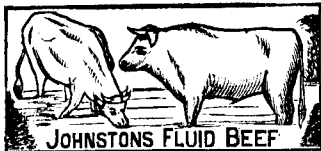
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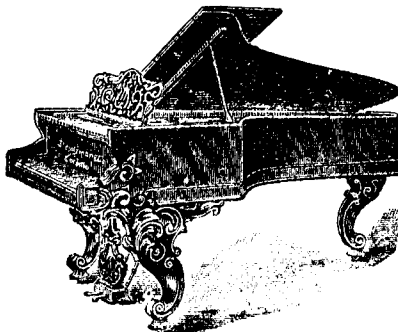
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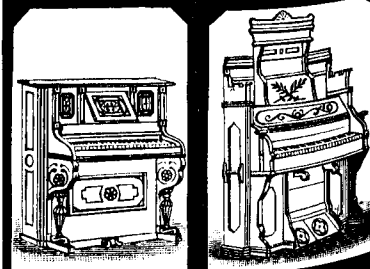
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE decision of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick in the matter of the Queen's County Election petition leaves both parties in rather unsatisfactory positions. It is certainly hard that Mr. King, after using every effort to get the case before the Court, should have his petition dismissed and be obliged to pay the costs through the mistake of an official. Still worse is it for Mr. Baird, the sitting member, to be left with the odium that must follow from the openly expressed opinion of the Chief Justice and one of his colleagues, that he had wilfully evaded the law and pre-arranged the miscarriage of justice. While the petitioner suffers only the pecuniary loss and the smart of disappointment, the member, unless he take measures to purge himself by either a legal or a popular verdict, must henceforth sit in Parliament with the stigma that attaches to suspicion of successful fraud resting upon him. There are to be met with occasionally in business circles men who pride themselves on their cleverness when they have succeeded in evading legal inquiry or penalty by some shrewd manoeuvre. But in the Canadian Commons, where every member is supposed to be entitled in fact as well as in courtesy to the significant prefix of "Honourable," it must be peculiarly galling to any one whose nature is in the least sensitive, to find himself bearing the reputation of a trickster, bestowed by the publicly expressed opinions of high judicial authorities. The situation, too, is one which concerns not simply the member implicated; it deeply concerns both the whole body of Parliamentary representatives and the general public. All have a right to expect that the character of the people's representatives should be above suspicion. The non-legal mind, at least, will be disposed to ask whether there is not something wrong in the system of law, or its administration, when such a result can be produced, and possibly the ends of justice defeated, by a technical or accidental failure in the formal performance of a necessary act by a Government official. There should, surely, be some means of redress.

AFTER a long period of apparent hesitation the appointment of ex-Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney to the position of Minister of the Interior is at length officially announced. As was no doubt anticipated,

the announcement has been received with an outburst of disapproval by the Opposition press. It is noticeable, too, that the defence essayed by the more influential Government organs is in most cases significantly guarded and moderate. True, a number of journals in the Northwest have warmly advocated Mr. Dewdney's appointment, and strong petitions, it is understood, have been presented in his favour. In order to judge fairly of the intrinsic value of these demonstrations it would be necessary to know to what extent they were genuine and spontaneous, and to what extent they were originated and manipulated by those holding or desiring official positions. The very natural and legitimate desire of the people of the Territories to have the portfolio of the Interior in the hands of one personally acquainted with their circumstances and wants, and the absence of other candidates with those qualifications, must also be taken into the account. One thing is at least evident. Sir John A. Macdonald does not, in making cabinet appointments, take the position that his colleagues in the ministry must be like Caesar's wife, "above suspicion." It is, to say the least, unfortunate for Mr. Dewdney and the Government that the unfavourable criticisms do not wholly emanate, as is usually the case, from the Opposition. Some of the strongest condemnations of his career as Governor and Indian Commissioner are quoted from journals on the Government side, and from missionaries, who are supposed to be conscientious if not always politically neutral. Notwithstanding all, now that the appointment has been made, it is but fair to remember that the formidable charges referred to have never been formally proved. As they cannot now be officially investigated, it only remains to judge the new minister by his administration, and to accord him the British privilege of a fair and impartial trial in the discharge of the responsible duties of his new office.

THE popular reception accorded to the new Postmaster-General contrasts very pleasantly with that of his colleague above referred to. Some surprise has indeed been manifested at the Premier's selection, not, however, in disparagement of Mr. Haggart's character or ability so much as in compliment to one or two other eligible gentlemen who have been passed by. Mr. Haggart is personally popular, a fact which, in itself, brings no small advantage to a Cabinet Minister under a democratic system of Government. He is also possessed of abilities admittedly above the average, though it is hinted that these have not always been turned to the best and most useful account, as, no doubt, they will now be under the pressure of ministerial responsibility. Having been a member of the Commons for about sixteen consecutive years, Mr. Haggart is, by no means, lacking in parliamentary experience. It is not often that a Canadian Ministry has met Parliament with so many 'prentice hands in office, as will meet the people's representatives next session at Ottawa. Were the Premier less skilled in leadership, in all kinds of political exigencies, he might well be expected to have a touch of nervousness in anticipation of the event.

THE paragraph in our last issue referring to negotiations between the Government of Manitoba and the Northern Pacific Railway Company, took its colour largely from the assumption that the alleged refusal of the Company to agree to a maximum freight rate on wheat was authentic and final. It is evident that without some guarantee of this kind the relief which has been so earnestly sought would not have been secured. But the terms now given to the public as those finally concluded between the Government and the Company must be fairly satisfactory to the people of the Province. The engagement by which the Company is said to bind itself not to make pooling arrangements with any other company, and not to permit any of its stock to fall into the hands of the Canadian Pacific or its ally, is of a kind which it is usually found difficult to enforce or guard against evasion, but if its observance can be secured the interests of the public will have been protected at the point of greatest danger. If it be correct that the power of fixing and regulating freight rates is vested in the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, or that all rates fixed without the consent of this body are illegal, there certainly does not seem to be much left to be desired by the people of the North-West on that score. The Government is to be congratulated on its success in securing the chief end for which it was put in office, and the people on the prospect of full deliverance from the bondage of railway monopoly.

ACTING on the principle embodied in the familiar proverb "Wide will wear, but tight will tear," Lieut.-Governor Royal proposes to license responsible persons in the Northwest to sell light beer. The proposal is naturally giving rise to much difference of opinion, even among friends of temperance. It can scarcely be denied that the present system is, to a large extent, a failure. Strong drinks of the most fiery character are being constantly smuggled into the Northwest, in spite of the efforts of the Mounted Police. In view of the great length of the boundary line separating the Territories from the United States it may well be doubted whether any possible vigilance could prevent American liquors from being brought in in large quantities. The "permit" system, too, has hardly been such a success as to commend its operation to the public. To say nothing of the manner in which it was used by the former Lieut. Governor, it cannot be denied that there is something repugnant to ordinary notions of Canadian freedom, in a regulation which virtually puts it in the power of one man to say who may, and who may not, import a keg of beer or a dozen of wine for his table. It cannot be denied, however, that the scheme now proposed, savours scarcely less of the offensively "paternal." If beer of a certain strength may be imported, why not the stronger article, and why not other alcoholic beverages? And if importation is permitted, will the free people of the Northwest long submit to have manufacture prohibited? Why should they pay tribute to Manitoba or Ontario, on an article which they can just as well produce for themselves? Is there not, moreover, a legal question involved? Prohibition is now law by Act of Parliament. Can the Lieutenant-Governor, even with the consent of the Dominion Government, legally set aside that Act? It may be said that the power to grant temporary permits implies power to make them permanent. But, if that is so, the law has been a farce from the beginning, and the Lieutenant-Governor is the supreme law of the Territories. The whole question is beset with difficulties. Local option must probably be invoked before a satisfactory solution is reached.

THE promise said to have been given by the Chancellor of the British Exchequer to Sir Charles Tupper, of a handsome yearly subsidy for a period of ten years for a monthly line of steamships between Vancouver and Yokohama, Shanghai, and Hong Kong, is a matter of great interest to Canadians. It will enable the possibilities of the new route between Europe and the East to be thoroughly tested. There seems every reason to hope that the experiment may be eminently successful, and that Canada may become at no distant day the great highway of the European nations in their intercourse with Australia, China, and Japan, and even with India. It is not to be expected, perhaps, that so novel and costly an experiment can become financially successful at once. Time for development will be needed. As was observed by the Hon. David Wells, the other day, in his interview with the *Globe* reporter, in reference to the Canadian Pacific Railway, the national benefits conferred by such enterprises cannot be measured by their immediate financial results. The true statesman must work with an eye to the future. This is an economic truth which is too much lost sight of by many Canadians. It is possible that many now living may see the day when the great Pacific shall become almost as thickly dotted with the white sails, or rather, as prosaic regard for exactness compels us to say, with the smoke stacks of commerce, as the Atlantic now is. It is not inconceivable even that other transcontinental railways may yet be needed on Canadian soil.

COLONISTS who may have, or think they have, reason to dread an excessive immigration of pauper children from the workhouses and industrial schools of Great Britain, have no reason to complain of the attitude of the British Government on the question, as represented by Mr. Ritchie, the President of the Local Government Board. Replying to Mr. Samuel Smith's amendment to the emigration clause of the Local Government Bill, which amendment proposed to empower the new County Councils "to make grants of money in aid of the boarding out, training and emigration of pauper children," Mr. Ritchie spoke the following wise words, as quoted by the *Canadian Gazette*, though for some reason, no London journal reported them: "There is nothing that requires greater safeguards than the State emigration of children, and while I am very desirous that pauper children should be emigrated, I am also very desirous that they should not be emigrated in a wholesale fashion. The emigration should be carried out in the most careful way, with every precaution that the children are well trained here and properly cared for when they arrive. We do not desire to proceed by leaps and bounds in this matter." With such reasonable care and precaution there is no reason why large numbers of properly trained children may not be transferred to the colonies with great improvement of their own prospects of happiness and usefulness, but with great advantage to all parties concerned.

THE Hon. Thomas B. Reid, of Maine, makes an apparently strong point against the Mills Tariff Bill, in the current number of the *North American Review*. He contends that the effect of the Bill in operation must be to increase income rather than to lower it, inasmuch as the reduction of the duties will facilitate importation of the articles affected. We have before referred to this law of trade as one likely to interfere seriously with any computations based upon an assumed falling off of revenue proportionate to the reduction of tariff. The best answer of the tariff-reformers was given by Mr. Mills in his closing speech in the House of Representatives. After showing that, on the basis of present tariff rates and importations, the total reductions of revenue from that source to be affected by his Bill would be almost \$50,000,000, he went on to argue that the actual reduction instead of being less, would be still greater by reason of the decline in imports of manufactured goods. As the *Philadelphia Record* puts it: "More wool, hemp, jute, flax and other raw materials would be imported, and consequently there would be a diminished importation of manufactured products. When manufacturers should become relieved of taxes upon their raw materials, and could thus compete with their European rivals in cheap production, what inducement would there be to send abroad for goods and pay heavy duties upon them?" There is a degree of plausibility in this view. The claim is, of course, that the Mills Bill, instead of being a step in the direction of free trade, is really more efficiently protective than the tariff now in force. The question is a very interesting one from every point of view. Should the Mills Bill become law, its operation would be watched with great attention by political economists everywhere. Should Mr. Mills and his committee prove themselves able to increase protection by reducing the tariff, their achievement will be comparable and yet in contrast with the famous feats of financiering by which Mr. Gladstone used to succeed in increasing revenue by reducing taxation.

THE Committee on Manufactures appointed by the United States House of Representatives have submitted a report on "Trusts," which sets in a very clear light the extent which the operations of these new commercial devices have already attained, and the astuteness of the modes of working by which they hope to evade hostile legislation. The two most important are the Sugar Trust and the Standard Oil Trust. These Trusts are composed each of a certain number of corporations organized under the laws of the different States. These corporations issue their stock to individuals, who in their turn surrender it to certain trustees, named in the agreements creating the Trusts, and receive in place of it certificates issued by those trustees. Each of the various corporations whose stock is thus surrendered and manipulated retains its identity. The duties of the trustees, under the "Trusts," are confined to the receipt of the dividends declared by the respective corporations, the distribution of those dividends to the holders of the above named certificates, and the holding and voting upon the stock of the corporations thus transferred to their hands by the individual stockholders. The "Trusts" carefully avoid any transactions of any kind in commodities or any agreements in regard to them. The whole plan of operations is carefully devised for the purpose of relieving the Trusts and trustees from any charge of "being a combination to regulate or control the price of production of any commodity," and to this effect the Committee has reported, calling the attention to the House to the fact that the legislation which has been proposed and referred to the Committee "has been directed against combinations to fix the price or regulate the production of articles of merchandise or commerce." Some new form of legislation will evidently have to be devised if the Trusts are to be crushed, or their movements checkmated.

THE fourth report of the Civil Service Commission of the United States brings out some facts which seem to show that the Civil Service Examinations in the United States have a much more practical meaning than those of which we occasionally hear in Canada. During the years 1886 and 1887 33,343 persons were examined, of which number 11,378, or 34 per cent., failed to pass, and 21,965 passed. Of those who passed, 8,612, or 39 per cent., received appointments. Of those examined during the period of a year and a half covered by the present report, 32.2 per cent. of the men failed, and but 18.6 per cent. of the women. This fact would seem to show either that women are, as a rule, more thorough in their preparation, or that, by reason of the larger sphere of activity over which the energies of the young men are distributed, the women competitors in these examinations belong to a better class. A late number of the *Washington Capital* had a striking article on the excellent effect of the Examination system in improving the average of female character in the Departments, into which, it is intimated, an increasing number of unworthy women were being inducted under the patronage system. The following extract will suggest the drift of the article and conveys a hint that Canadian politicians

may do well to note: "The Civil Service Law will never be decried by one who has known the departments for any number of years. . . . The stately edifices are no longer the dumping piles of politicians. The new system may not be perfect but it has removed all necessity for evil in the departments. Necessity need not now force a woman to the commission of any act contrary to her inclination?" This change is in itself worth countless millions. The woman is never now called upon to weigh in the balance honour and starvation. That women were frequently called upon to do so in the old times is only too true.

"How wise is modern legislation!" exclaims the *Boston Home Journal*. "Silver dollars are being coined at the rate of \$2,000,000 a month. It is impossible to circulate them; the people do not want such bulky money, and it has been necessary to build another treasury vault for the storage of the unwieldy coinage. This vault is yielding under the rapidly increasing weight of the useless dollars." The phenomenon is indeed singular and striking. It is almost as unique as that other presented by the American Congress, of the two great political parties of the nation exhausting their energies in a contest of wits, the object of which is to determine which party can devise the most ingenious and harmless method of disposing of a hundred millions or so of surplus in the treasury, and preventing similar accumulations in the future. But the problem of disposing of that mountain of silver coins which is growing at the enormous rate of twenty-four million of dollar pieces or ninety-six millions of quarters per year, bids fair to become the most formidable of the two, so far as they can be said to be distinct.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL seems resolved on a policy of "thorough" in English legislation. The Bill he has introduced in the British Commons for preventing bribery of, and by, the members and officials of corporations, councils and public boards, is a model of vigour and directness. It makes it a misdemeanour for any member, officer, or servant of a public body to receive a bribe, reward, consideration or commission in respect to any transaction, either of purchase or sale, on behalf of that body, and it is made a misdemeanour for any person to offer such a reward or bribe. For this crime, when proved, the offender may be imprisoned for a period of not exceeding two years, with or without hard labour, and with or without a penalty not exceeding £500 in amount. He may also be ordered to make restitution of the amount taken to the body or corporation thus defrauded. When an official, he loses his office, and shall be incapable of holding another office for seven years, or in case of a second offence, for life. He loses in addition his pension and his parliamentary vote. The Bill also makes stringent provisions for the punishment of the person who gives or offers a bribe, as well as him who takes. There is little prospect of the Bill being passed or even discussed this session, but as a straightforward and earnest attempt to check a growing evil, it will probably win its way in the future.

No incident of recent date has shewn more clearly the despotic tendencies of the present German Government than its treatment of the unhappy Queen of Servia. It is true that the flow of natural sympathy for the ill-used wife of an unfeeling husband has been checked by the revelation of the political intrigues into which she had suffered herself to be inveigled. The wife who joins the enemies of her husband in plotting for his overthrow, can scarcely expect the approval of the outside world, however it may pity her sufferings, or even share her disapprobation of the King's high-handed tyranny. But it is difficult to see how all this can justify the Government of a neighbouring nation in refusing her the right of asylum, still less in aiding her husband to tear her child from her arms. It speaks ill for the hospitality of the Fatherland that a poor political refugee, and a woman, and Queen at that, should be driven from its territory at a few hours' notice. It is hard to account for such treatment save on the ground of the fellow-feeling and common dread of absolutists.

If, as now reported, a meeting of the emperors of Germany, Russia and Austria is to take place this autumn, the event would be quite in accord with the grand project of European disarmament with which Prince Bismarck is now credited. The term disarmament can, of course, be used only in a comparative sense in reference to such reductions as would be within the reach of immediate possibility. What renders it most probable that these Great Powers may be contemplating such a movement is the fact, almost susceptible of mathematical demonstration, that the present burdens cannot be much longer borne by either nation without serious danger of collapse. Should so beneficial a change of the policy of the Great Powers be set about in earnest, France would doubtless prove the great, probably the insuperable obstacle. France can better afford,

financially, to keep up the present enormous expense than either of her rivals. Her only object in doing so would be the hope and purpose of retrieving or avenging the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. This fact sets in a pleasing light the far-seeing and wise magnanimity of the late Emperor Frederick, if, as is reported, he cherished a scheme for the re-organization of those Provinces on some basis that would be soothing to French pride and at the same time conserve the chief interest which Germany had, from a military point of view, in "rectifying the frontier." As it is in the last degree improbable that either Bismarck or the present Emperor of Germany would propose or agree to any modification of the present conditions on the border, the alternatives, if the former has really determined on disarmament, will be, for France, submission or war. Germany could hardly be blamed, were all other dangers of foreign complication removed, for insisting that France should come under such bonds to keep the peace as would relieve her (Germany) from the necessity of keeping up her present crushing military expenditure.

THE great popularity of the novels of the late Rev. E. P. Roe is hard to account for on ordinary principles. Though not wholly destitute of literary merit, his writings received, and probably merited, but scant recognition in purely literary circles. Nor can their popularity be accounted for on the ground of either sensationalism or realistic effect. The plots were certainly not devoid of interest, but they paled into tameness beside the genuinely sensational story of the day. Still less were they constructed on that principle of strict fidelity to the facts and incidents of every-day life which is the aim and charm of so many present day novelists. We are inclined to believe that it was, after all, chiefly because of the moral purpose which permeated them that they appealed so strongly to the imagination and heart of the average reader. The fact, if fact it be, goes to show that the critics are wrong in supposing the novel reading public to be tired of "the story with a moral." May it not be that with the great majority the moral issue is still the predominant one in the struggle for existence, and that therefore the battle of evil with good, of right with wrong, whether in the social world or in the individual conscience, possesses still a vital and absorbing interest? The intense local and American colouring of such a story as "Barriers Burned Away" might account for its reception in the United States, but Mr. Roe's novels were widely circulated abroad as well as at home. Several of them reached over one hundred thousand copies and few fell below fifty thousand. In all nearly a million and a half copies of his books were sold—a truly marvellous record.

SOME OF OUR NEEDS.

It is a generally admitted and understood principle, that, in order to real progress, we must have a more or less distinct idea of our actual attainments and defects. No one can deny that great progress of all kinds has been made in this country in the matter of education, in the improvement of our social circumstances, in general civilization. The way in which our necessity has become the mother of invention may be seen from the various improvements in which it is admitted that the new world has outstripped the old. Some one remarking, the other day, on the numerous American conveniences that are not to be found in France, commented upon the very slight use made, in the old country, of elevators, telephones, and other devices to save time and labour which are found in such abundance among ourselves. The reason is obvious enough. Labour is cheaper there, so that many things which we do by machinery, they prefer to do by human instruments. Moreover, our houses are generally loftier than theirs. Besides, there are actually to be found misguided Englishmen not a few who prefer to walk up two or three storeys, rather than get into a thing which they regard as a kind of cage or prison. Upon the whole, to fall back upon Mr. Matthew Arnold, we may be permitted to doubt whether elevators and telephones have made life more "interesting" among ourselves.

In spite of all our advances and improvements, we may still believe that we have defects to be remedied and needs to be supplied. More than once we have spoken of some faults in our educational system. The other day we made a slight allusion to a matter which is of more importance than is generally imagined, the manners of the pupils who come from our public schools, and to this subject we hope to return again. But there are some other things that need attention, and one or two of these have been before our minds for some time.

Some years ago Mr. Goldwin Smith drew attention to the insufficient provision made in this country for the actually destitute class. He said it was disgraceful to us as a people that the only public provision made for the pauper was the prison.

Now, it is quite true that there are very few paupers in this country,

and that those who are so generally owe it to their own improvidence or worse. Moreover, there are a great many charitable institutions, some belong to the churches, some established by private benevolence, others set up by charitable societies. Further, a good many of these institutions are subsidized from the public funds. It is possible that we have not enumerated all the sources from which the needs of the poor are met; but these will do as specimens.

We do not, for a moment, wish to undervalue the kind or extent of the provision which is actually made. It is most desirable that alms houses, orphanages, and other such institutions, whether for the aged or for children who are deprived of one or both of their parents, should be increased in number. But this is not enough. There ought to be in every district a poorhouse into which destitute persons should have a right to claim admission, in which they should be provided with bare necessities in the shape of food and clothing, while they should be required to do such kinds of work as their strength and training may enable them to perform.

We are aware that this subject is now engaging the attention of our public men, and our remarks are certainly not made with any thought of hampering their actions, but rather with a view of drawing attention to the importance of their undertaking.

A very curious objection to a legal provision for the poor urges the danger of encouraging mendicancy. We suppose this is not at all an unnatural supposition to occur to persons who have small practical acquaintance with the subject. If the legal provision which we suggest included a large scheme of outdoor relief (like the old poor law of England) then we should admit the validity of the objections. When, however, we take the working of the actual poor law in England, and see how it requires nearly all applicants (except in cases of temporary sickness or when aged people get some help from old masters or other neighbours) to give up their own houses and remove to the workhouse, it is a very different matter. Nor is this all. It is not merely that the pauper is required to abandon his home, but his new abode is what its name implies—a workhouse; and the able-bodied beggar who refuses to do his appointed portion of work is liable to a taste of the treadmill by way of medicine. So much for the fear of increasing mendicancy.

We have, however, the test of experience. We know not precisely what the state of matters at the present moment may be in France; but a few years ago there was no regular public provision for the destitute. There were numbers of institutions, some of them under public authority, most of them under the care of the Church, but there was no house to which a poor man might go, in any district, and claim a lodging and a meal. The consequence of such a state of things was an amount of mendicancy which would be unintelligible and incredible to those who had not seen the beggars swarming in every town and village and highway throughout the land. It is quite true that we are, for many reasons, in no danger of having such a state of things in this country for many a year to come. But the danger gets nearer and nearer. When wealth increases, poverty also increases. The millionaire and the pauper grow side by side. New York city differs but little in this respect from London or Paris; and the laws of political economy cannot be violated with impunity.

We have said that the matter of pauperism is being now seriously considered; but there is another need which we have heard of no serious effort to supply—we refer to the need of medical attendance in the outlying districts of the country. We are not going to plead for the parish doctor as a universal institution, although perhaps we might do worse. We have our public schools to care for the minds of our poorer children. Why not our public doctors to care for the bodies of old and young? There are, even in this country, people with large families, and these not specially unthrifty or idle, who find great difficulty in paying the doctor's fee, and who sometimes sacrifice life or health by postponing the needed invocation of medical aid. We speak with horror of the state of things in England, where, until the year 1870, there was no public provision for primary education; but at least there was medical attendance for all the poor throughout the land, and that within a moderate distance.

But it is not for any universal provision of medical attendants that we are now pleading. It is rather for the subsidizing of physicians and surgeons in the less thickly peopled parts of this province. It is probably known to very few among us that, even in a region so well known as Muskoka, there are multitudes of people living, all the year round, at a distance of twenty or thirty miles from a medical man. Let us who live in towns think of such a case. And the grievance or the difficulty is no imaginary one. We have taken some pains to make inquiry, and we can assure those who are willing to do the same, that they will become acquainted with many very distressing occurrences which have resulted from the impossibility of obtaining timely medical aid.

We are not prepared to show the manner in which this need should be met—whether by the Dominion, by the Province, or by the district—or, in different proportions, by all the three. We are not prepared to say that the need can be adequately met in all places, even in this Province. But certainly it might be met in many districts and at no great expense. A small salary secured by a public grant would often enable a young medical man to settle in a district from which alone he could not obtain adequate support. And this would be a boon of unspeakable importance to the inhabitants of such districts.

It is impossible to work out, in greater detail, a scheme which should, in the best way practical, meet these needs which we have indicated. But we are quite sure that these matters demand attention; and we earnestly recommend some of our active-minded politicians, who have been promoting of late a good deal of fussy and useless legislation, to leave off fussing and see whether they cannot devise something which shall meet the needs and confer actual benefits upon the country.

JACQUES.*

IN Paris, at the dawn of light,
To work two masons hied;
And, mounting to a scaffold's height,
Their labour briskly plied.

Soon, their frail foothold in the air
Cracked, threatening to give way—
Too weak the weight of two to bear,
For one, a trembling stay.

"Jacques!" cried his mate, "I have a wife,
And children three, alive."
"Farewell!" said Jacques and gave his life
A sacrifice for five.

O hero, known as "Jacques" to fame,
That deed's unselfish love
In full, we trust, shall cause thy name
To be inscribed—above!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

PARIS LETTER.

DURING the last fortnight we have had an unusual amount of public excitement, and though the daily telegrams will have told the story of the Boulanger-Floquet duel, your readers may care for more intimate details than can well be wired across the Atlantic. Boulanger seems to have gone to the Chamber in a mood absolutely reckless of consequences, quite prepared to give in his resignation as *deputé* and determined to speak his mind. He gave the lie four times to Floquet, and abused the present Government in his usual uncompromising fashion. That it is not particularly honourable or praiseworthy is incontestable, but it is difficult to see how Boulanger could substitute anything better. The vital forces of the country are sapped, and the group of men, say twenty, fifty, or a hundred in number, out of whom ministers must practically be chosen have lacked that larger education which is required from European statesmen. The stupidest boy at Eton or Harrow must have acquired a certain notion of how things go on at Vienna or St. Petersburg, while the child who leaves a French *Lycée*, however well taught, does not know the ways of the Governmental Ring. Even admitting, for the sake of argument, that the ways of the modern democracy are better ways, it is none the less certain that they will not fit on to the old traditions which govern every court in Europe, and if Boulanger wished to replace the actual Chamber and the actual Cabinet by men more fitted to sustain the prestige of France, he should have sought elsewhere for his materials. A sterile cry of *Vive la République* does nothing to bring about a better or even a different Government.

As to the incidents of the duel, it is evident that the fear of mishap cannot have crossed his mind; Floquet was a civilian and a man of sixty, and Boulanger, who was due in the evening at a large banquet, rushed on his adversary with an evident intention of disabling him quickly, and, by some extraordinary inadvertence, fell on the uplifted point of Floquet's sword. The surgeon who drew out the weapon said that had it been desired to make an incision upon the throat of a corpse which should pass between the artery and vein without penetrating either, success could hardly have been guaranteed. Very grave fears for the general's life were for some days entertained, though it was decided to issue re-assuring bulletins. He is certainly a man of indisputable energy and pluck. I was told that though assured by each and all of the four doctors summoned to his bedside that even to move would endanger him, he still determined to attend the banquet that same evening, as it was specially given in his honour. His dress clothes were sent for, and he attempted to rise, and fortunately fainted in the effort, and so had to submit *quand-même*. I was told this characteristic trait by one of his closest friends, with whom, by the bye, he fought his first duel four and twenty years ago, when a *capitaine*. On that occasion he was equally unlucky, being disabled for four months by a sword thrust through the ribs. He is now quite undauntedly putting up his name as candidate for the Ardèche. The result will be known to your readers by telegram long before this letter can reach you, and will be a test as to whether he has lost popularity by the result of the duel.

THE National Fête of the 14th of July passed off with exceptional brilliancy. Four thousand provincial mayors were invited by the President of the Republic to a great banquet on the Champs de Mars on the previous evening, and the *Revue* of Longchamps boasted of several fresh features, the most noteworthy being the first appearance on the annual field of the Polytechnic School, the great training school from which are drawn the military and civil engineers. President Carnot is an old *Polytechnicien*, and it was owing to his request that the school took part in the *desfile*, where the martial air of the students and their admirable discipline were much admired.

A well-known French artist, Monsieur Etex, died since I last wrote to you; and a touching mark of sorrow was seen yesterday at the public Gallery of the Luxembourg, which contains two of his works—a picture with "Eurydice" for subject and a marble statue of Saint Benôit lying on

* These few simple lines record an actual incident. The self-slain victim was known only by the name of "Jacques."

a bed of thorns. To both these works his friends and admirers affixed wreaths of everlasting flowers tied up with knots of crape.

The poor Queen of Servia arrived this week in Paris, amidst sympathetic comments from the French newspapers, who are always easily moved by a mother's grief. Anything relative to a mother touches the French hearts profoundly; and the part played by Germany in the melancholy little drama has naturally aroused the bitterest remarks. A friend of mine who saw Queen Natalie repeatedly in Florence declares that she is very handsome, but *not* distinguished. Everybody blames King Milan and will be glad if condign punishment overtakes him.

Yesterday I happened to be at Bougival, the charming little town on the Seine, three miles from St. Germain, where a great funeral was going on of a man of much mark in the commercial world. His story is as follows: When the Duke of Orleans, eldest son of King Louis Philippe, was thrown from his carriage on that fatal day in 1840, he was carried into a grocer's shop on the site of what is now the Chapel St. Ferdinand. Many of your readers may have visited that chapel and seen the large picture commemorative of the sad event, and pitied the young man struck down in the beauty of his youth, and the poor Queen Marie Amelie, who is seen sitting in the foreground of the shop, as she sat for hours until her unconscious son had breathed his last. The grocer's name was Pointelet, and it may be imagined that he was largely rewarded for having sheltered the House of Orleans in that moment of bitter agony. Pointelet, whose shop was demolished, became a contractor, and made a large profit as contractor for making the fortifications which extend far and wide on the line where stands the *chapelle*. Let it be noted that when every house in the neighbourhood was pulled down in the weeks previous to the siege of Paris, St. Ferdinand was allowed to remain, and was uninjured by bombs. When the elder Pointelet died he left a big lump sum to his son, who, casting about for a profitable undertaking, embarked it in the plaster of Paris works at Bougival. Here for years he has dug and quarried into the limestone, sending out enormous quantities, not only of plaster of Paris, but of the intensely hard cement used in the great ports of France, more particularly Cherbourg, which is a masterpiece of marine architecture. Pointelet's cement was said to be harder than even what remains to us of old Roman times, more unbreakable than stone. It may be imagined that he piled up money; some time ago he had saved capital which gave him £4,000 sterling a year, and was annually making an equivalent income by his works. And to the right and to the left he burrowed, and fabulous tales were told in the countryside of the depth to which went his excavations. On one occasion when I was staying at a house in the neighbourhood the lamp began to swing, a loud rumbling noise was heard, and all the inhabitants rushed out, fearing an earthquake. One of M. Pointelet's galleries had given way, causing a tremendous landslip about a quarter of a mile off. He was accused by the popular legend of plastering up the entrance to any particularly doubtful excavation, such as those running under a public road, and adroitly covering the wall with mud and moss when expecting the visit of the Government Inspector!

This wealthy and worthy person was borne to the grave yesterday with all the pomp which Bougival could muster; the high car covered with enormous wreaths, among the most conspicuous, two "*à mon grandpère*." In front of it were the firemen in uniform, playing military music; behind it the clergy and two nursing nuns who had attended him in his illness; these took precedence of the family, men and women, and innumerable neighbours, head-workmen, engineers, inspectors, some of whom wore the red ribbon at their button holes. The beautiful old church of Bougival, whose spire is said to have been constructed by the English in the wars of the Henries, was deeply draped in black, with a huge "P" over the main door. The chanting, the drums and trumpets, and the great stir in the little town all suggested the neighbourliness which survives in France, and is much more real than the unhappy governmental struggles, and will keep the country together in spite of all the efforts of her alarmed and angry foes across the frontier.

M. A. B.

MONTREAL LETTER.

TIME was when, it seemed, a primeval forest floated about our wharves. The many-armed masts of countless ships stood like skeleton wings or mazes of leafless trees. Now all this is changed, and some dark-funnelled vessels have supplanted the pretty, dainty craft of yore. You look in vain by day-light for anything picturesque, but at night the scene becomes metamorphosed. Work still goes on, only darkness exaggerates all. The ships swell to double their size. The men are no longer men, but blind, struggling, panting things, toiling away for dear life under the bleared electric lights that watch them like merciless eyes through the blackness, while ever an anon comes writhing, snorting along the river bank a great, uncanny monster, spitting fire and shrieking to rend the air—"Work, work, work."

It was Dantesque, horrid, and I should tell you nothing about it if I were not going to show the other side of the medal. Climb up these steep stairs of the Sailors' Institute to the first flat overlooking the wharves. The low rooms have rather a shippy smell and appearance; but see, they are large, cosy, well lighted. Here sailors may come and read, write, play bagatelle and chess. At the grand piano as we passed a musically inclined steward thumped proudly "by ear," and near, oblivious of all, of their pathetically amusing awkwardness, now sprawling, now cramped, now biting their pens for inspiration, now gazing at the ceiling, rough, honest souls scratched down laboriously their quaint messages to sweethearts and wives.

A new Monastery? Yes, we are to have a new Monastery, though the

number of religious houses in Montreal already might satisfy even Spanish zeal. Let King Humbert make hotels and museums of Italian convents, and godless Republicans drive from France her children's most devoted preceptors, too civilized Europe's outcasts have still Monsieur Mercier and labyrinthine palaces awaiting them on the shores of this dear, unsophisticated Canada. One can imagine some Parisian *deputé de la gauche* sauntering through our city.

"Et cela, that huge building which occupies a whole block, a picture gallery perhaps?"

"Not at all—a nunnery, sir."

"But this, this imposing edifice must be your public library."

"Pardon me, our public library is a squat, hideous little building which, from its exterior, anybody might mistake for some livery stable. No, monsieur, this is another nunnery."

"Ha! we have here doubtless a school of art and design, or can it be the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*!"

"I must contradict you again. The Montreal School of Art and Design does not boast any more creditable building than the veriest pauper's lodgings. Again you see still another nunnery."

Then the Parisian wanders westwards, where the Villa Maria Convent with its pinnacles looks like a fairy palace glinting in the sun.

"Some Canadian *Chateau de Compiègne*, eh? The residence of one of your railroad kings?"

"Ah, monsieur, to how many young ladies has this noble edifice been the very gate of Paradise; leading them from outward darkness to the feet of mother church; it is our finest Monastery. Next year you may discover another in an adjoining lot, for the Sisters of the Precious Blood have decided to erect a beautiful cruciform building at the expense of the faithful; some privileged ones, indeed, being permitted not only to present the stone, but to *carry* their gift.

"My friend," do you call this country *new France*?"

"We call it the France of *Louis Quatorze*."

I read in *La Patrie* a letter from Monsieur Benjamin Sulte, valiantly lauding French-Canadian orators. Not only they, but their compatriots generally, speak "the true French tongue." Of course, that all depends upon whether you call the "true French tongue" the French of "the fathers of the codfish," or of Parisian salons. Monsieur Sulte further remarks there are a hundred orators in this Province who can be compared with the first men of France; and though the older country is thirty-six times more populous than ours she could not produce as many *improvisateurs* speaking the language correctly. For so astounding a superiority French-Canadians must thank their constant contact with the English. These talk on every occasion, the former are consequently obliged to do likewise. "But," continues Monsieur Sulte, "where I find we are always *distingués*, is in our precision of speech, our fidelity to grammar, even while improvising the phrase." Judge Routhier astounded French audiences, and, it appears, Canada can boast dozens of such orators, while poor France possesses only a few, who cost her a great deal as professors. This may be, but, *entre nous*, I have heard what would cast no little doubt over these assertions. We hardly take voice and accent into account, because the Canadian voice and accent, are, whether French or English, very often horrible. With Europeans, however, it is quite different, and though these condescending friends may regard us patronizingly, and cry, "Bravo!" as if we were children, they secretly ridicule our speech most unmercifully. Everybody may admit Monsieur Sulte's ecstatic praises are in some cases thoroughly warranted, but few will consent to compare the sleek volubility of the showman with the grave discourse of Monsieur le Professeur; the rattling of a street piano with the sonorous roll of the organ.

Seventy-two dollars a year! It isn't too much to give for some hideous piece of furniture, or the felicity of seeing our names on an aristocratic subscription list, but it is too much, apparently, to give for *Art and Letters*, perhaps the most charming artistic periodical that has ever been published. Each number contains from 120 to 150 pages, royal quarto, and six or more superb illustrations, photogravures, typogravures and etchings. When I tell you these are issued by the successors to Goupil you know what to expect. The distinguished French writers—Renan, Sarcey, Daudet, Halévy, Coppée, etc.—contribute novels, biographies, critiques, while the works of such artists as Breton, Détaille, Gérôme may be seen reproduced in it. Those enterprising Scribners are the sole importers of *Art and Letters* for Canada and the United States. For Canada? Alas! Their agent succeeded in obtaining one or two subscriptions in Quebec—from public institutions; a subscription in Ottawa—from the library; and one (perhaps) in Montreal, from our Art Gallery. So you see you must redeem us, good Torontonians.

LOUIS LLOYD.

At a time when the minds of men are being directed more and more to the pressing question, "Shall religious training be a part of the education of our children?" it may be well to hear what one [Mathew Arnold] who can scarcely be supposed to have any undue bias towards religion, and was, moreover, an excellent judge in matters of education and culture, had to say on such an important subject. It was very probably the last public utterance of that great and distinguished thinker:—"Religious instruction which politicians, making or administering the popular school, seek to exclude as embarrassing, if not futile, is a formative influence, an element of culture of the very highest value, and more indispensable in the popular school than in any other. Political pressure tends to exclude this element of culture; clerical pressure tends to give it a false character. The interest of the people is to get a true character imparted to it, and to have it firmly planted with this character in the popular school."—*Standard*.

ABSENCE.

My thoughts are full of gloom to-night, my heart is full of pain,
 And tears, dull as a blind man's, roll down my cheeks like rain.
 And yet the moon is beaming bright, the stars are shining true,
 Yet dimly, in their distant skies and fields of palest blue.
 Within my home the lamp-light shines a chamber's length along,
 And there my children's voices rise in laughter and in song.
 Without, assembled here and there, the trees like phantoms stand,
 And cast their spectral shadows down upon the spectral land.
 And all around are sweetest sounds—the music of the night,
 The sidelong whisper of the leaves, the churme of waters bright.
 A dream of fragrance fills the air, the moon-flower's cup o'erflows,
 And subtle ears, perchance, may hear the breathing of the rose.
 The dark green earth, the pale blue heaven with mellow grace is clad,
 The night-flower blows, the music flows, and yet my heart is sad.

For my delight is far from me, it comes not at my call,
 The perfect womanhood which gave a meaning to them all.
 The burning rose turns to the moon its folded heart dew-fed,
 The gentle lily shrinks and hides its pure and stainless head.
 They are but parts of Nature's plan; my love unites the whole,
 As if the rose's glowing form possessed the lily's soul.
 Full well I know, behind the veil, a loving purpose reigns
 Through all the mystery of earth, its pleasures and its pains.
 Tree sighs for tree, flower sighs for flower, love binds them in its thrall;
 But she is far away whose love, with mine, discovered all.

Prince Albert, N. W. T.

C. MAIR.

GRADGRIND CRITICISM.

"In this life we want nothing but facts, sir, nothing but facts!" Mr. Gradgrind, in *Hard Times*.

A VERY suggestive illustration of the narrowing tendency of a too exclusive devotion to the study of physical phenomena is supplied in the following experience of Mr. Darwin's, recorded by himself.

"I have said that, in one respect, my mind has changed during the last twenty or thirty years. Up to the age of thirty or beyond it, poetry of many kinds, such as the words of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley, gave me great pleasure; and even as a schoolboy I took great delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. Music generally sets me thinking too energetically on what I have been at work on, instead of giving me pleasure. My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts; but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone in which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

Mr. Darwin's characteristic noble candour here enables us to exemplify a very important truth—that, even where such "higher tastes" exist in a very marked degree—they may be largely, if not entirely, atrophied by lack of use and nourishment. Moreover, if, as we have been accustomed to believe, and as Mr. Darwin seems here to admit, the poetical and spiritual powers are the highest efflorescence of humanity, Mr. Darwin gives us, in his own person, a curious instance of—not development, but retrogression. That these faculties were not, however, entirely atrophied in his case, we may see by the evident regret with which he refers to the "loss," as a loss of happiness, and a probable injury to the perfection of man's moral nature. One of his admirers, Mr. Myers, will not even admit this, but thus expresses his conviction that men had better divest themselves of these higher faculties altogether, and that an Agnostic and scientific age had better part company with poetry, as with all the language of higher human emotion.

"We may go on to argue that for all of us such limitation would be best, and that the poets should be crowned with flowers, and led out for ever from the Agnostic city, and that art altogether—not only its lower forms, tinged with a human passion, but its higher forms, tinged with a divine—must needs produce, on the whole, more of pain than of pleasure, more of yearning than of fruition, in a race whose aspirations are for ever withering at the touch of Eld and death."

Some of us might be inclined to consider this a sort of "*Reductio ad absurdum*," but it is spoken in sober earnest, and indeed it is only the logical outcome of the utilitarian tendency of an age which looks exclusively at the physical side of all phenomena and bases on such a survey of being its empirical philosophy. In its estimation prophets, saints and poets have lived in vain. In vain a Wordsworth has sung,

"The light that never was on sea or land,"

and in vain an Emerson has declared himself a "dear lover of the harmonies that are in the soul and in matter, and specially in the correspondence between these and those." Such things—*se judice*—are only encumbrances to the Agnostic, "producing on the whole more of pain than pleasure." It were well, then, that men should voluntarily deprive themselves of their noblest faculties, and go back to an old formula, slightly enlarged: "Let us eat and drink and study science, for to-morrow we die."

But we have not arrived at this point yet. Poetry still exists and still is studied, and empirical philosophers sometimes undertake the rôle of

poetic criticism. Mr. Churton Collins lately remarked in the *Nineteenth Century* that "you cannot expound the ode to a skylark," but Dr. Bain actually attempts this feat, in his book on "English Literature," and he thus proceeds to discuss the lines—

"In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun."

"The golden lightning," he says, "seems a doubtful conjunction. The meaning is made more consistent if we read 'lightening,' an emendation actually adopted by Chambers. The 'sunken sun' scarcely contributes to a picture of glorification (*sic.*); the word 'sink' is associated with depression and pathos. No doubt the poet sought to vary the common designation of the 'setting' sun."

No less entertaining is the reference to one of Milton's most striking descriptions:—

"The broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon."

A simile which the strictly scientific Dr. Bain regards with grave disapprobation: "Anything comparable to the moon could not be supposed to lie on the back of an imaginable figure." Dr. Bain has evidently entirely divested himself of the aspect of the moon as a silvery disk in the blue vault of heaven, and regards her only as a great, rugged globe of two thousand miles in diameter, which, in his estimation, would be too heavy a burden for the back of any imaginable figure.

To metaphor he is just as severe. Concerning Dryden's noble lines in his great "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day":—

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 The universal frame began,"

he remarks: "Dryden has probably been caught by the double meaning of 'harmony,' namely as musical quality and an orderly arrangement being opposed to confusion or chaos. At all events, as regards the two first lines, he has made the mistake of referring, without any authority, the origin of the world to music."

One could afford to take in only the humorous side of this, and to laugh heartily at it, if it were not for the somewhat alarming fact that this said book of Dr. Bain's is now prescribed by our educational authorities as a book for the instruction of young teachers especially. Surely the tendency of such grotesquely prosaic treatment of noble classical poetry could not have been taken into account! However good may be the plan and system of the book, such utter inability to comprehend metaphor, the natural language of poetry, should put its author out of court as a teacher of literature. Mr. Barratt, in the *London Academy*, well says of his two books on *Teaching English* and *English Composition and Rhetoric*, that they should be examples to the end of time of how "English never should be taught and never could be taught." No better example could be given of the "wooden criticism" of a certain school, of the "wretched system of word-mongering and pedantry," as Mr. Collins calls it, in which real literary criticism has been "killed by philology." As regards the various elements included in the interpretation of literature, namely, verbal analysis, analysis of form and style, and analysis of sentiment, ethics and thoughts, he maintains that the mistake commonly made is to attach too much importance to the first, to deal with the second very imperfectly and to neglect the third altogether.

It is of paramount importance to Canada, where so much is to be done in forming literary taste and promoting real literary culture, to see that the teaching given is wholesome and not misleading. We do not want for this end a logical Gradgrind, who will stalk like a modern Brutus through the garden of the poets, lopping off the flowers as unscientific excrescences, while what our too prosaic youth most need to learn is to see what is the beauty of poetry at all. It has been well said by Hazlitt that "in the days of Jacob there was a ladder between heaven and earth, but now the heavens have gone further off and are become astronomical." So Dr. Bain evidently thinks, and if such as he are to become critics of our poetry there is reason to fear that the heavens will go further off still!

Such voluntary confessions as Darwin's, and such involuntary revelations as we get in these criticisms of Dr. Bain's, might help to explode an idea that misleads many enthusiastic young minds, blinded by the new glory surrounding science in our day—the idea, plausible at first sight, that because a man is an authority in some one department of knowledge he must needs be so in all others. The wider the kingdom of knowledge the more specialists must abound, and with the prevalence of speciality comes stricter limitation. Exclusive devotion to the physical side of being tends to weaken the grasp of the spiritual side, as surely the exclusive exercise of one set of muscles tends to weaken another through disuse, and the very fact that a man is a specialist should put us decidedly on our guard against accepting as authoritative their opinions in an entirely different sphere of human thought.

FIDELIS.

For thousands of years the method of measured rhythms has been the favourite one of the poet—doubtless at first as an aid to memory, but also in response to the demand of hearers and readers. During the modern period rhyme has been added to rhythm as an agreeable accession. This could not have continued so long except in response to a necessity of the situation—and a backward movement is not likely to prove a successful one. It is the poet's mission to please, by sound as well as by sense; by melody and harmony as well as by fineness of thought. The ear is an autocrat as well as the mind, and the poet that would gain a broad audience must sing as well as think.

THE ORDINARY INDIVIDUAL.

THROUGH the earlier part of this century the subject of this paper held a proud position in literature. Wordsworth and other poets, in an over indulgent mood, assigned to him the seat of honour at the banquet of life, and stored his trencher with a guileless feast of their choicest vegetables. But æstheticism has dealt hardly with the worthy man. The poet of the period in the capacity of master of ceremonies, has come up to him and tapping him on the shoulder with his poetic stave, has uttered the gruff command, "Friend, give this man place"—introducing at the same time a lank and shadowy form as a candidate for the position. And thus it is that a wan invalid is seen in the seat of honour, ogling a bouquet of lilies and sunflowers in a fragment of a vase.

My sympathies go out to the banished one, so rudely relegated to a seat below the salt. It is true he has not the chameleon soul of his supplanter, changing rapidly from the red glow of passion to the pale ash of melancholy, or the black cinders of ennui and satiety. There is a healthy mediocrity about his emotions, which commends him to the philosopher however repugnant it may be to the poet. He is neither without feeling nor is he all heart, a Laodicean state of mind, testifying to the healthy temper of his blood. His sensibilities if not keen are constant and reliable. They are the despair of the æsthetic poet, they are also the hope and confidence of the scientist. In fact our worthy friend may look back without envy at the Barmecidal dainties his rival enjoys, in view of the kind hands into which he himself has fallen. Though occupying a lower station he is among those who delight to do him honour. His repast is substantial and wholesome, and is served by skilful, officious fingers. It is true he may be a little bored with questions respecting his pedigree, about which his new friends seem particularly anxious to learn somewhat: but when he looks up and sees the poetic tribe pour their odes of fulsome laudation into the famished ears of his rival, he may well rest contented and thankful.

It is not wonderful that scientific sages are enamoured with the qualities of the ordinary individual. He wears well. There is no self-abandonment about him. The pulse of life which beats in him keeps time with the music of the spheres. There is no vicious breaking of the harness which fastens him tandem fashion to the car of progress. He is a planet whose revolutions are uniform, with a future before it, about which predictions may be made, no flimsy comet that moth-like flirts about the sun and flaunts a showy shroud. There are no anomalous forces operating in him to cause him to run riot. His tastes and passions are paltry viewed separately, but every one of them is potent, and their number sums up to a grand total. He loves, but with a calm equipoise that should give his loved one hope of a speedily resurrected feeling in him beyond her death and grave. His ambitions if not lofty are at least attainable. Contented and cheerful, modest in his demands on fortune, his stock of happiness remains at par, and his drafts upon it are duly honoured. To such a being, built on a working and progressive plan, belongs the strongest position in the march of the human race to civilization. He may not make a very interesting hero, full as he is of the petty loves and hates which serve as the necessary friction on the wheels of life to keep from slipping the bands that give it motion. But for the rough and ready work of the world, the sink-or-swim struggle which is the fate of most men, none are better equipped either for retreat or victory than the Ordinary Individual.

It is not, however, in his isolated individuality, but rather in his relational capacities that this personage is seen to the best advantage. I do not hold him up as a model, but as a companion. He will not rouse your enthusiasm in any walk in life, his voice is not that of a trumpet to spur your flagging energies into fresh vigour. This is the prerogative of the great man, who like a stage painting is made to be seen at a distance. Such an one is usually an intellectual monstrosity, a compound of abnormal growths and dwarfs that will not bear too close inspection. His companionship might not prove desirable, even if it were attainable. He is removed from the plane of fellowship both by distance and elevation. Therefore his influence over us, though it may be spasmodically stimulating, could not if constantly exercised be either uniform or healthful. Lives of great men are more apt to remind us that our lives are not sublime than to fit us for, or reconcile us to, the lowly fate through which our path of duty lies. Their successes cast the shadow of despair over our own poor performances, often making us underrate our powers and shirk our obligations. But with what faithful persistency does the Ordinary Individual follow us from day to day! Neither so large as to frighten or obscure, nor so trivial as to be insignificant, but like our own shadow, both in size and constancy, his influence makes the practical private pillar of cloud for each of us in our wanderings through life. No sophistical arguments can deaden the goads of conscience when it is awakened by seeing the familiarly common features of our friend constantly appearing in unexpected and higher places than those we occupy.

These same good-natured, albeit somewhat stupid, features, reassure us amid the difficulties and trials that are the common lot of all. When our inmost heart is touched with self-commiseration, when our bowels of compassion are moved beyond measure at the sight of our own misery, there is no more mildly corrective draught than a sip from the cup of the wormwood of life which we see our humble friend so bravely drinking. When years come crowding in upon us, snatching huge portions of our lives away and leaving little in their place but the memories of failures, we sink into some lowly and long scorned station with better grace from the sight of this faithful friend who has arrived there before us, and is discharging its duties in contented cheerfulness. In short, it is the presence of this useful and ubiquitous companion which makes the wastes of futurity, through which we all journey, other than a howling desert.

But though so pleasant and attentive a friend, we are not to presume

upon the good nature of the Ordinary Individual. Of the follies of which his unmicroscopical mind is able to take cognizance there is no severer judge than he. The large-minded see many mitigating circumstances, the large-hearted have charitable imaginations, the man of little mind and heart is pitiless. He knows his own strength, or at least fancies he knows it, and taking this standard for a measure, constructs therewith a procrustean bed upon which he binds the object of his wrath, smiting woefully, the exposed parts of his character. He takes little note of time, place, degree, cause, or effect, in his judgments of error, which are characterized rather by interjectional implacability than adverbial leniency.

Mankind moves forward not in Indian file but in battalions. In this army of progress our hero fights bravely as a private. To bivouac under starless skies, to struggle through swamps and thickets, to cheerily level the musket over fallen comrades, to mete out swift punishment to deserters, to be satisfied with a nameless grave, such are the special capabilities of the Ordinary Individual.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

MRS. LILY SWEETWICH'S COFFEE.

ONCE my friend Mrs. Sweetwich was betrayed into the frank statement that she did not belong to that class of people who resent being looked at. And since the implied permission was granted, I have availed myself of it without stint. It may be urged in my defence that the time might be less pleasantly employed. Mrs. Sweetwich is a perfect blonde, tall and slight and with a soft, peach-bloom complexion like a baby's. Her eyes are a clear deep blue, and her hair is the colour of ripe wheat. The huge, golden masses of it she builds up into a sort of coiled tiara on her head. There is a bewitching dent in her chin and more dimples in her face when she laughs. Her laughter comes readily and there is usually the dawn of a smile somewhere, I cannot say whether from dimples or lips or eyes. Her eyes can be serious and earnest at the right time and look as untroubled as the windless, cloudless blue of the sky. It seems only fitting that she should have scores of friends and a handsome young husband who adores her and gives her everything that wealth and taste can supply. Her home is the house beautiful, and an hour in Mrs. Sweetwich's daintily appointed library, with Mrs. Sweetwich lying back in her favourite arm chair, doing you the honour of talking to you and letting you look at her, is an hour to be treasured by a poor youth with his heart full of reverence for women and passionate love for beautiful things.

I think she is very happy. Once when we were talking of university education for women and how girl-students ran the risk of not caring for home and the duties of home, she defended them. She thought that great, wise Mother Nature would take care of that and set all right.

"Wait till love comes," she said. There was a wall-lamp above her head and the light falling downwards made dim yellow shadows round her eyes and she smiled as if she had waited and knew.

She is fond of music, has been well taught, and plays well though she thinks she does not; her favourite compositions are soft and dreamy, speaking of consolation and peace out of pain. When she sits at her little, ebony piano, I almost forget to listen sometimes as I watch her slender fingers and their white doubles in the polished wood.

She is even fonder of flowers than of music; has them about her, tends them, and knows legends of them, how the Master gave the forget-me-not its name and why the lily-of-the-valley is so white. She is even said to eat violets. This may be true for in violet-time she always has one between her lips, and it is no more unnatural or unfitting than seeing any two flowers together.

One evening Mrs. Sweetwich made up a party of young people to attend the great university affair, the annual conversazione, and chaperoned us herself. As usual, we listened to music in the great hall with its wonderful roof and wood-carvings, promenaded the long corridors and libraries, looked at the pretty girls and the odd people who always throng to such functions and whom you see no where else, watched curious experiments in dark rooms and finally came back to "The Witcheries," as their house is called for a quiet evening. There were just a few friends; we talked, had some music, and amused ourselves with charades. Mrs. Sweetwich's clever little friend, Red-cap, kept us laughing with her vivacity and witty impromptus. She was an accomplished actress, and her black eyes danced with fun. We had supper and Mrs. Sweetwich poured out for me herself, that remarkable cup of coffee. I was sitting near her, but, as she was the hostess, she could not allow any one guest to engross her attention. I remember looking at the service as from a long distance. It was a pretty one; tiny cylindrical cups of a blue pattern, and toy silverware in chased work. I sat looking at it in dreamy wonderment, till it seemed to rise before me, a sublimed spiritual coffee-service, the universal of all coffee-services; and my fair friend was a beneficent Circe, or a gracious-eyed Medea busied in the mystic brewing of draughts, more potent than the Somnifer juice. The coffee itself was rich, and fragrant, and strong. I sipped it delicately, but even as I did so the prudent thought occurred that late coffee keeps awake. It did not, however, and that alone would prove its unusual quality. My sleep that night was sweet and sound; and the warm glow that cup of coffee diffused through me when I drank it seemed to last and wrap me round with a languorous Indian summer for days. The reality and dreaming of that time have never been disentangled. It was a time for weaving verses and fancies, for reveries and the long, long, thoughts of youth. I passed acquaintances on the street without bowing, friends spoke twice before I answered, even college lectures turned to fairy-tales. What was the cause of it all? Was it the smile when she handed it to me, or the simple, courteous words she spoke, or her fingers touching the china, those white slender fingers that made of that cup of coffee, a philtre, a potion?

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

OUT-DOOR AMUSEMENTS IN BERLIN.

Few people who have not visited this great city realize to what an extent it is surrounded by water; the Spree and the Havel, with their numerous tributary streams, the different lakes—whose name is legion—furnish it with abundant water-ways, as well as pleasure-grounds for those whose tastes lean in the direction of rowing, sailing or skating. And in some respects it is well that it is so, for in summer, without these resources, life there would be rather dreary, though naturally the attractions which a great and highly civilized capital can offer are present in Berlin in a high degree. Probably nowhere in the world can we point out finer buildings, both public and private, more splendid palaces or broader streets. It boasts a society highly cultivated, artistic, literary; picture-galleries, art schools, churches, theatres, concert-rooms, every modern improvement, great facilities for locomotion—in short, all that the civilization of the nineteenth century has to offer; and yet for some reason or other the impression left upon a foreigner is that life there is a trifle less agreeable than in other great capitals of Europe. Probably the climate, which has an evil reputation, is partly to blame for this, as well as the want of beauty in the immediate surroundings.

The *raison d'être* of a Berliner, as far as out-door amusements in the fine season of the year are concerned, is boating in some shape or other. Each year, as springtime comes round again, the fortunate possessor of anything that floats will be observed to devote a large portion of his spare time to overhauling and renovating his treasure; for, as before said, the opportunities for indulging this taste are absolutely unlimited. As soon as the long days set in, rowing and sailing matches, regattas, water picnics succeed each other with great rapidity. These events are eagerly looked forward to, and on a fine Sunday crowds of spectators go down to the Wannsee, the Langensee, or some other piece of water to watch the race, enjoying to the full their escape from the close air of the city. And these waters are not always calm either; a very respectable storm, with wind and waves, sometimes arises to startle the sight-seers. The favourite rendezvous for sailing boats is the Muggelsee; occasionally as many as sixty or seventy may be seen dotted about, and now and then you come upon one which is fitted up like a yacht; they have—I translate literally—"wine cellars and ice-houses" in some cases, as well as kitchens, saloons and sleeping cabins. Now and again the owner of such a boat ventures out into the world, and he has been known to penetrate not only as far as the Stettiner Haff, but out into the sea itself.

The Wannsee is near Potsdam, and is really very pretty. It is formed by a wide creek of the river Havel, and its banks are nicely wooded; numerous wealthy Berliners have their country houses there. It is said that some curious craft are occasionally to be seen here; one boat last year had a window blind for a sail, another a curtain. Little steamers run often to and fro, and on holidays thousands of toilers from the great metropolis avail themselves of this mode of transit; a good deal of inconvenient crowding is naturally the result. Fishing and swimming have also their devotees, and water picnics are much indulged in: this latter form of amusement is essentially a family one. Papa, mamma, children and guests start early in the morning, provided with a well-filled basket of provisions, land at some lake or river side for the mid-day meal, go to sleep or repose themselves in the way they like best till the hour of coffee, when they will probably visit a restaurant hard by, and partake of this exciting beverage in the company of the friends they are pretty sure to fall in with, then, possibly, order an early supper, and so homewards in the cool of the evening—a very healthy and innocent form of enjoyment.

In the winter there is as much skating as in Holland. The Rousseau island in the Zoological Garden is one of the most popular resorts, and when the place is gay with flags, and ladies are present in their bright coloured garments, the scene is one well worth contemplating. Most of these lakes freeze in winter, and great parties go down on Sundays to the Tegelsee, skates in hand, to take their pleasure there. On the Muggelsee last winter some enterprising individual started a "sailing sledge," and the idea was taken up with enthusiasm. It is difficult to describe the form of this original invention in words; it is triangular in shape, and fitted underneath with four steel 'feet'; it has a mast and sail. As there is often a very strong breeze on the Muggelsee, these extraordinary machines actually did skim over the ice at a great pace when the wind was favourable; but it is the opinion of an impartial observer that five minutes of the delightful pastime is quite enough for anyone, and few people who have once tried it, seem to care very much about repeating the experiment.

The lower classes have also a "water life" of their own, as is to be expected in a place so favourable to its development. In the autumn and beginning of winter I learn that the potato boats are a marked feature in certain quarters of the town; these lie near some bridge, and fly from the masthead a long red pennant, while fastened on to the masthead is a black board with an inscription of this kind: "Five litres for fifteen pfennige." Fruit boats also, laden with a rosy cargo of apples, make their appearance at this season; they hail from Bohemia, and come by way of the Moldau to the River Elbe, thence make their journey along the Havel till they find themselves in the waters of the Spree, and so on to Berlin. When his freight is disposed of, the owner turns back on his watery way homeward again. In the so-called harbours, a lively amount of business goes on in grain; at the one near the Anhalt railway station as many as a hundred great boats may be seen unloading their sacks into the waggons awaiting them. In these localities there are provision dealers who supply the boatmen with the necessaries he may require for his journey to Hamburg or Bohemia. Vendors of vegetables, beer and meat row about on the water to cater to the present needs of the master and his crew—this is generally

represented by his family—and when they come near one of these floating dwellings they utter their usual street cry, which is pretty sure to bring out the mistress, who is probably anxious to purchase materials for the family dinner, or the master, who may feel in need of a glass of schnaps or beer.

Near Berlin the Spree widens itself so much that it appears like an important stream, instead of the insignificant little river it is known to be; the Havel, on the other side of the city, also describes a chain of lakes which probably once formed the bed of the Oder.

THE OLD GRAVEYARD.

THE summer's day is sinking fast,
The gloaming weaves its pall,
As shadows weird the willows cast,
Beyond the broken wall,
And the tombstones gray like sentinels rise,
To guard the dust that 'neath them lies.

The whispering breezes solemn hear
A requiem knell intoned,
As the steeple's throbs alarm the air,
And through the valley sound,
To bid the weary seek repose,
When dies the day at twilight's close.

Then silken silence murmurs rest,
And the peace, that reigns supreme,
Seems but awaiting God's behest,
To wake it from its dream,
While yet it scotches the hearts that weep
Lament for those that lie asleep.

The moon, deciphering virtue's claims
To deeds of duty done,
Illumes anew the graven names
That time hath not o'ergrown.
Though the deeds of all are in the book,
Where time hath never dared to look.

Five generations slumber here,
Beneath these crowding mounds,
And still their spirits hover near,
As memory makes its rounds,
When widowed love here finds retreat,
And sympathetic echoes meet.

The first to find their rest were those
Who saw the hamlet's birth,
When hum of industry arose
To blend with rural mirth—
When progress first beheld its dawn
Near by the river's virgin lawn.

But now the glebe a surfeit knows,
Though scarce a century old,
And undisturbed the rank grass grows
Above the tear-dewed mould;
While men in thousands claim it theirs,
Where lie their kindred and their tears.

And oft 'tis here we learn to die,
As sorrow sifts the soul,
When love's sweet longings seem to sigh,
And with our griefs condole;
To make us feel what joy it is,
To know that death makes all things his.

For if tradition reads its lore
In lines of dismal light,
Our higher hopes the tints restore
To dissipate the night,
And 'courage us to think of death—
A change beatified by faith.

J. M. HARPER.

"SEVEN" being the average size of a man's head as measured by his hat, it appears that out of fourteen distinguished personages, two (Lord Chelmsford and Dean Stanley) were below, while other two, (Lord Beaconsfield and the Prince of Wales) were exactly up to the average. Of the others, Dickens, Selborne, and Bright, required seven and one-eighth, Earl Russell seven and one-fourth, Lord Macaulay, Gladstone, and Thackeray, seven and three-eighths inches, Louis Philippe seven and three-fourths inches, and the Archbishop of York, eight full. Of twenty-three distinguished men whose actual brain-weights are known, four, including the late Professor Hughes, Bennet, and Herman, the philologist, were distinctly below the average, showing that a well-constituted brain of small dimensions may be capable of doing much better work than many a larger organ whose internal constitution is, from one cause or other, defective.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

AN AUSTRIAN NOVELIST ON DAUDET.

ALPHONSE DAUDET captivated me at once; I think it is impossible not to love him. Most of the writers with whom I have become acquainted in the course of my long literary career were very much the reverse of their writings. Daudet is the first poet whose personality I found poetical. He is to me just as congenial and stimulating as a man as he is as a writer; every element in his works is reproduced in his person, and not infrequently he passes suddenly from the gentle melancholy which is a predominant trait of his nature to the humour with which "Tartarin de Tarascon" is permeated. Indeed, the thought often presented itself to me, whether he did not really intend, in his delicate way, to ridicule the entire naturalistic school, and that exquisite scene in "Tartarin sur les Alpes," in which he satirizes pessimism and disgust of life, appeared to me all at once, like all true humour, very serious. Mme. Daudet is likewise an exception. As a rule, the wives of authors are a direct contrast to the ideals of their husbands. Here we have a woman who is not only capable of filling the heart of an author, but who can also engage his mind and his imaginative powers. With all her feminine charms, Mme. Daudet is simple, unpretentious, and without a trace of coquetry. She keeps in the background, and becomes animated only when some intellectual question is touched, when some truth or idea which she advocates is combated.—*Sacher Masoch, in the Leipzig Magazin.*

OVER-READING.

WE are partly bamboozled by tradition. From our youth up we are deafened on all sides by advice to "read and improve our minds." The inference is that the mind is improved by reading. But that inference is open to the most serious question. For my part, I should be willing to hazard the statement that twice as many minds have been injured by reading than have been benefited by it, and not a small proportion of the former have been made entirely worthless by the practice. It is just like dram-drinking; it is intellectual dram-drinking—and "intellectual" is scarcely the word to use in that connection. One reason is, no doubt, that the drams in question are, for the most part, of very inferior stuff. But even if it were of the best stuff imaginable, the detrimental effect would remain. The finest madeira, if swallowed in sufficiently copious doses, will produce *delirium tremens*; and the most unexceptionable books, if they are also too numerous, will bring on mental dyspepsia. The mind becomes a mere sack to hold other people's ideas, instead of a machine to generate ideas of its own. And the ideas thus acquired are of no use to it. The mind has lost the power to work them up into the flesh and blood of wisdom. They remain a heterogeneous and incongruous mass. Foreign material, whether physical or intellectual, should be taken in with discrimination and moderation, and thoroughly assimilated. Unless you need it and like it, you cannot make it yours; whether you swallow it or not, it really stays outside of you.—*Julian Hawthorne, in America.*

SUDDEN LOSS OF MEMORY.

Sudden forgetfulness is not an unusual thing in the pulpit. Aubrey, the antiquary, says that when he was a freshman at College he heard Dr. Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, well known for his work, "Nine Cases of Conscience," break down in the middle of the Lord's Prayer. Even the great French preacher Massillon once stopped in the middle of a sermon from a defect of memory, and Massillon himself recorded that the same thing happened through excess of apprehension to two other preachers whom he went to hear in different parts of the same day. Another French preacher stopped in the middle of his sermon and was unable to proceed. The pause was, however, got over ingeniously. "Friends," said he, "I had forgot to say that a person much afflicted is recommended to your immediate prayers." He meant himself. He fell on his knees, and before he rose he had recovered the thread of his discourse, which he concluded without his want of memory being perceived.—*Chambers's Journal.*

ENCOUNTER BETWEEN A SPIDER AND A WASP.

Many years ago (a correspondent of the *Field* says) the writer, who was then residing at Durham, heard a remarkably loud buzzing in an out-house attached to his dwelling. On going to ascertain the cause, he saw a wasp attached by the foot of a hind-leg to a single thread of a spider's web, which hung down considerably below the geometrical network. The buzzing was occasioned by the rapid action of the insect's wings, in its effort to free itself from the above incumbrance, and it was marvellous how such an attenuated thread could withstand the strain of so comparatively heavy a weight, combined with the twisting to which it must have been subjected by all these innumerable gyrations. The spider, quite a small one, was patiently watching these struggles from above, far out of reach. But presently, observing that the wasp was endeavouring with the fellow-leg of the opposite side to free the one which was enthralled, the cunning little spider ran down its rope, and rapidly attaching a fresh noose to the foot of this leg also, coiled it close to the other, and in such a way that the legs were drawn together behind the wasp's back, prevented it from darting its sting in that direction. Then the spider retreated again to its former secure position and watched the results of this last manoeuvre. In vain did the wasp continue its severe exertions till it became exhausted and comparatively still, when the spider slipped down again upon the body of his captive, and injected into it some poison of his own, at the same time neutralizing any

remaining force in the wings by swathing them with fresh threads close to the body. The poison seemed to act rapidly; the wasp was soon bereft of all motion and life, and was with apparent ease dragged up by the victorious little spider to a convenient spot for being feasted upon.

THE MORAL USE OF WEALTH.

If "an Englishman's hell is not to be making money," as Carlyle so savagely asserted, the American people, under similar conditions, suffer the same torment. Every avenue of business is now overcrowded, and the race for money-getting goes on with unparalleled speed, while the higher educational, judicial, and clerical professions, which are comparatively underpaid, are neglected. The fact that a business career is more easily entered upon than any other, that its higher prizes are so great and comparative wealth so easily won, and that social and political preferment are so largely conditioned upon the possession of a large fortune, attracts to a life of mere money-making, thousands of young men whose abilities are far more needed in the higher professions. While the pursuit of wealth is one of the conditions of the nation's prosperity, it is liable to the penalty of promoting materialistic views of life, inordinate love of gain among individuals, and a habit of meanness in the ordinary affairs of life. Avarice, greed of gain, and miserly hoarding or misuse of wealth are the penalties the race pays for its thrift. That these are very serious penalties, having a disastrous influence upon national as well as upon individual character, is sufficiently clear. Nature always avenges herself upon the miser by narrowing his vision of life, dulling his sensibilities, and usually by reducing his family to beggary at the end of three or four generations. In the wider sphere of national life the effect of avarice is seen in slow progress of art, literature, and religion, and in what M. Renan and Matthew Arnold have both lamented as the condition of the middle classes of England and the United States, "their intellectual mediocrity, their vulgarity of manners, their superficial spirit, their lack of general intelligence." Such national defects can only be removed by the voluntary enlistment of individual wealth in the cause of education and religion.—*Providence Journal (U.S.)*

A FRENCH CRITICISM OF HAMLET.

SARDOU, the most popular of French dramatists, indulges in the following criticism on Shakespeare's great tragedy: "Hamlet is an empty wind bag hero, whom Shakespeare has clothed in a dramatic fog, and whom the German critics have stuffed with all their cloudy conceits, with their uncertain dissertations, with all the smoke in their pipes, with all the besotted obscurity of their beer-cellars. The 'Ghost' is simply ridiculous. He appears to everybody save his wife. Why is he visible to Horatio, to Bernardo, to a lot of indifferent people, and never to the wife who murdered him? What a comic scene is that of the oath! Horatio and Marcellus swear never to reveal what they have seen. Why doesn't Bernardo swear too? Or, rather, what is the use of any one swearing? The dotting old ghost has forgotten his posthumous visits to the sentinels of the castle. As to the philosophy, I find it no better than the plot. People go into ecstasies over the famous soliloquy 'To be or not to be.' I cannot myself know if our souls are annihilated after death or not. But if any one is well informed upon that point it is 'Hamlet,' who talks every day with his defunct father. I declare, and I repeat, that there is nothing good in the play, in my opinion, except the scene with the actors, the idea of causing to be played before the King and Queen a murder similar to that which they had committed, in order to surprise their secret. As to the duel at the end, and the exchange of foils which brings about the catastrophe, the weakest playwright of to-day would not dare to employ such a method to end his piece."

BROWNING'S ART.

LIFE is the one great fact which art is always endeavouring to express, and illustrate and interpret, and art is the supreme and final form in which life is always striving to utter itself. Greek art was, within its limitations, nobly complete, because Greek life attained a full and adequate development; and Greek life being what it was, the beauty and harmony of Greek art were inevitable. The truths and forces which determine the quality of life are always wrought out, or find channels for themselves, through individuals; and the individual temperament, adaptation, genius, always adds to the expression of truth that quality which transforms it into art. Now, of this subtle relation of personality to life and art Browning has, of all modern poets, the clearest and most fruitful understanding. It is involved in his fundamental conception of life and art, and in its illustration his genius has lavished its resources. The general order of things no less than the isolated individual experience become comprehensible to him when it is seen that through personality the universe reveals itself, and in the high and final development of personality the universe accomplishes the immortal work for which the shining march of its suns and the ebb and flow of its vital tides were obtained.—*Andover Review.*

A FATAL SEQUEL TO A PRACTICAL JOKE.

THE relationship between mental shock or worry and disease, though not always readily traceable, is in certain cases so clearly indicated by the sequence of events as practically to justify a belief in its existence. In judging of every such case, however, we must be careful to avoid the fallacy of confusing what is *post* with what is *propter hoc*, and it is probable that no department of knowledge is more open to mistakes of this

kind than the sphere of medical diagnosis. All due precaution must therefore be observed in tracing the real cause at work in such cases as the following. A young girl residing near Bury St. Edmunds, and recently in service, returned home in a state of fright, which resulted in maniacal delirium and death. While in her last situation she had been terrified, it was said, by an apparition in her bedroom, and this was understood to be the outcome of a joke practised upon her by two fellow-servants. As to the connection between her state of alarm and its alleged cause there seems to be no doubt. The question is whether fatal mania—the certified illness—could have had such an origin as that here attributed to it. In forming an opinion on this point we should remember that mania as a disease acting *per se* is not usually fatal. In the case before us, which in one statement is described as “brain fever,” maniacal excitement probably coexisted with encephalitis or meningitis. It is conceivable that these conditions might originate in mental over-action from worry or anxiety, either of which causes is also liable to result in ordinary mania. It must be allowed, however, that consequences so serious do not by any means commonly follow a transient shock or terror, and their deplorable termination in the instance already quoted had probably a second and important source in the feeble nervous organization of the unfortunate girl. This consideration must materially qualify our judgment on the perpetrators of so cruel a jest, though no explanation can excuse their heartless conduct from the very serious blame which in any case attached to it.—*Lancet*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. XV. Diamond-Drake. New York: Macmillan and Company. 1888.

It is impossible to commend too highly the regularity with which these admirable volumes are produced, and this with no deterioration in their quality; on the contrary, it must be admitted that the later volumes are more complete and accurate than the earlier ones. If the present volume has not a great many names that are familiar to the general reader, at least it contains some which are of the highest interest. We need mention only those of Charles Dickens and Benjamin Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield). Some minor names are not unworthy of notice: the Douglasses are an army in themselves, and they cover nearly 150 pages of the Dictionary. One of the articles that will be read with the greatest interest—and which is in every way worthy of being so read—is the editor's admirable memoir of Dickens. Many of that delightful writer's admirers will read this article with no ordinary satisfaction. It is now generally agreed, at least among all good English scholars, that, whilst Dickens was a man of real and original genius, his literary qualifications were not of the first order. But there was one thing which few of his readers would like to abandon, and that is the belief in Dickens's own intrinsic geniality and kindness. Now, every one knows how easy it is, especially in the case of a many-sided man, to select special incidents in his life—words he may have spoken, actions which were susceptible of different explanations, and so produce an entirely erroneous conception of his character. Not long ago a very unhappy representation of Dickens was given by a living writer. We are glad to know that Mr. Leslie Stephen, with full knowledge, does not accept that judgment, and permits us to think of the creator of Little Nell and the author of the “Christmas Carol” as we like to think of him. “If literary fame,” says Mr. Stephen, “could be safely measured by popularity with the half-educated, Dickens must claim the highest position among English novelists. . . . The criticism of some severe critics chiefly consists in the assertion that his merits are such as suit the half-educated. They admit his fun to be irresistible; his pathos, they say, though it shows boundless vivacity, implies little real depth or tenderness of feeling; and his amazing powers of observation were out of proportion to his powers of reflection. . . . The decision between these and more eulogistic opinions must be left to a future edition of this Dictionary.”

After the article on Dickens, we think there is hardly one of greater interest than that on Lord Beaconsfield by Mr. Keibel. It can hardly be doubted that the estimate of Lord Beaconsfield's character has risen considerably since the time of his death. Perhaps his greatest alleged offence—his treatment of Sir Robert Peel—is now seen to have some sort of excuse, if not actual justification. But there is another reason. The faith which a large number of the most highly educated Englishmen had in Mr. Gladstone tended to make them judge the character and conduct of his great rival with undue severity. Now, rightly or wrongly, the educated classes of England have almost altogether lost their faith in Mr. Gladstone, and so they naturally ask whether they may not have judged his rival unfairly. “That he was a great man,” says Mr. Keibel, “who scaled the heights of fortune and won the battle of life against odds which seemed to be irresistible, and who at the gloomiest moments of his career never lost heart or hope, can no longer be a matter of controversy. A combination of genius, patience, intrepidity, and strength of will, such as occurs only at intervals of centuries, could alone have enabled him to succeed, and that combination is greatness.” This is excellent as well as true, and the whole article deserves not reading only but study.

Among numerous other articles of considerable, if less interest, we note one on Dibdin, the author of our most charming sea songs. In connection with the name of Digby, we find what is extremely rare in these admirable volumes, a slip by one or other of the writers who furnish the articles on Sir Everard and his son, Sir Kenelm Digby. Under the former article Kenelm is called the younger son, under the latter he is said to be the elder. We will not undertake to say who is in error, as we have no authority greater than that of the Dictionary; but both cannot be right. A brief but good article on Hepworth Dixon gives the facts of his literary life, mentioning the somewhat famous libel case, but does not remark on the somewhat highfalutin' style of that brilliant gentleman. An article on Dr. Dodd makes the crime of that unfortunate man a little more intelligible, and reminds us *Nemo repente fit turpissimus*.

Doddridge is suitably commemorated, and so is Dodsley. The article on Donaldson, author of the *New Cratylus* and other books, gives a very pleasant impression of a man who was, at one time, spoken against, and is very acceptable. Another, on the distinguished caricaturist, “Dicky” Doyle, gives an account of his rupture with *Punch*, which will be new to many, although the story was well known in literary circles at the time. Last of all, we may mention an article of peculiar interest on the celebrated Drake, one of the greatest of the English sailors who, three hundred years ago, overthrew the “Invincible Armada.”

THE LAND OF THE PUEBLOS. By Susan E. Wallace. Illustrated. New York: John B. Alden. 12mo.; cloth, 285 pp.; 75 cents; post., 10 cents.

This compact, well-written, well-printed, well-bound volume is the record of the observations, reflections, and experiences of the wife of Gen. Lew Wallace, the popular author of *Ben Hur*, and whose pencil has contributed sketches for many of the illustrations in this book. Mrs. Wallace briefly describes the journey from her Indiana home to Santa Fé, in New Mexico, the city of the Pueblos. “Four hundred years ago,” she says, “the Pueblo Indians were freeholders of the vast unmapped domain between Rio Pecos and the Gila, and their separate communities, dense and self-supporting, were dotted over the fertile valleys of Utah and Colorado, and stretched as far south as Chihuahua, Mexico. Bounded by rigid conservatism as a wall, in all these ages they have undergone slight change by contact with the white race, and are as yet a peculiar people, distinct from the other aboriginal tribes of this continent as the Jews are from the other races in Christendom. The history of these least known citizens of the United States takes us back to the days of Charles V. and the spacious times of great Elizabeth.” The author gives an historic sketch of the invasion of the Pueblo country by the Spaniards, the cruelties to which the inhabitants were subjected, and the ingenious refuges they constructed to shelter themselves from their merciless enemies. These refuges, some in caves, some in the steep slopes of distant canons and mountain tops, have been regarded by some travellers as the work of an extinct race, the products of a lost civilization; but Mrs. Wallace found nothing, either in the ruined and abandoned pueblos or in the architecture of the “human nests and eyries” in which a terror-stricken people made their refuge in times of danger, to justify any speculation as to their great antiquity. It was only so recently as 1848 that this vast territory was ceded by treaty to the United States. The people are now vested with the rights and privileges of citizenship; and the narrative which Mrs. Wallace gives of their laws and customs, their mode of life, their ancient archives, picturesque ruins, and curious antiquities, their myths and legends, is exceedingly interesting.

AGATHA PAGE.—A parable, by Isaac Henderson. Boston: Tickner & Company. 415 pp. \$1.50.

The title of this book gives no intimation of the character of it. The reader may expect a sermon or a Sunday-school story, but the very first sentences satisfy him that he has a novel in hand. A very good novel, too, exhibiting careful literary workmanship, with a habit, however, of minute description and undue elaboration of details which at times makes the movement of the story drag a little wearisomely. The scene is laid in Italy. All the characters are Italian, except the heroine who was Italian only on her mother's side, and a curious, inquisitive, and sometimes impertinent American; but they are not strikingly Italian. The duke, with his fondness for hunting and adventure, his taciturnity, his courage, good sense, and attachment to his daughter, resembles a type of Englishman. The duchess might have been an English lady of similar rank. Only the good old Padre and the stubborn, passionate Mercede seem thoroughly Italian. The story ends somewhat abruptly, leaving the fate of most of the characters undisclosed or in doubt; but the reader has the satisfaction of knowing that one at least of Mercede's selfish schemes ended in her complete discomfiture.

ENGLISH HISTORY FROM CONTEMPORARY WRITERS. STRONGBOW'S CONQUEST OF IRELAND. By Francis Pierpont Barnard, M.A. SIMON DE MONTFORT AND HIS CAUSE. By Rev. W. H. Hutton, M.A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson & Company.

The first of these books covers the period from A.D. 1166 to 1186—a brief period truly, but one into which many important events were crowded, and in which problems were started which remain unsolved to this day. The history consists of translations from the works of contemporary writers, chiefly Gerald de Barri, or Geraldus Cambrensis who was a younger brother of one of the “first adventurers in the conquest of Ireland.”

The de Montfort is a continuation of an earlier volume in this series, entitled “The Misrule of Henry III.” The present volume covers a period of fifteen years, extending from 1251, when Simon de Montfort returned from Gascony, to 1266, when the struggle between Crown and Barons was brought to a close by the Ban of Kenilworth. An appendix gives very interesting accounts of the authors cited and books quoted. The authors from whose works the extracts are chiefly taken are Robert of Gloucester, Matthew Paris, William Rishanger and Thomas of Wykes; but anonymous chronicles, annals and the political songs of the period are freely quoted from.

VOLCANOS AND EARTHQUAKES. A popular account of their nature, causes, effects and geographical distribution, from personal observation in the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, Japan, Iceland, the Mediterranean Basin, Spain, and the United States. By Samuel Kneeland, A.M., M.D. Boston: D. Lothrop & Company.

The comprehensive title of this book describes its scope, and to some extent its character. It is not intended to be a scientific text-book, but a popular description of natural phenomena of universal interest. It is written in narrative form, and is mainly a record of the author's observations and personal adventures in the countries which he visited. The illustrations are from photographs or drawings made on the spot. In addition to a very full table of contents there is an excellent index, making reference to any name or subject exceedingly convenient.

In the final chapter, in which the author gathers the conclusions he has formed from his own studies and those of others, he says: Earthquakes can no longer be regarded as mysterious dispensations of Providence, inflicted upon man in punishment of individual or national sins. We know, or we think we know, that their nature is that of a terrestrial wave of geological origin. In some cases they are due to explosions of steam or other gases beneath the surface; in others, and probably in most, to displacement, rupture, or subsidence of the crust of the earth, consequent on the cooling and shrinking upon the nucleus. Both are in some instances modified, and even precipitated, by barometric, and, possibly, by other meteorological changes. We believe that they occur from the long-continued, silent and slow forces of contraction and fracture, sometimes paroxysmal, but always according to dynamic laws, not always influenced by any explosive accompaniments. And we can have the comforting assurance, or at least the hope, for coming ages, of the gradual diminution of their energy as the crust becomes thicker and more consolidated, and the centre cooler.

THE August *Eclectic* contains an excellent selection of periodical review, and newspaper articles. Professor Freeman's “How to Grow Great Men” is reproduced from the *Universal Review*.

SOME chapters of “From Moor Isles” and “The Rogue”; a criticism of Professor Bonamy Price's Economic Theories; “The Second Armada, or How we were Saved by a Fluke,” a narrative of an imaginary invasion by the French in 1918; a chapter on Proposals; a short translation from Alphonse Daudet, and some very good verse, make up the *Temple Bar* for August.

ILLUSTRATIONS of New England scenery, the game of Polo and La Fontaine's Fables, and portraits of the recently-elected Moderators of the Presbyterian General Assemblies, the new Methodist Bishops, and some Southern clergymen, are the principal pictorial features of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Sunday Magazine* for August.

The leading article in the *Overland Monthly* for August is descriptive of the great artesian belt of the Upper San Joaquin Valley, illustrated by a great number of interesting cuts from photographs and drawings by Peixotto. The following paper, "Duels to the Death," relates some stirring adventures of a California sheriff while hunting down a gang of Spanish desperadoes in the sixties. The poetry and fiction of the number are commendable.

The *Andover Review* for August has three "heavy" articles: "What should be done with Trusts?" by Morrison I. Swift, "The Unity of the Truth," by Rev. Francis H. Johnson, and "The Natural History of Atheism," by Professor B. P. Browne. Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., contributes a critical study of Walter Pater's works, and Mr. E. A. Meredith, LL.D., of Toronto, a very interesting and learned paper on "Current Misquotations." The editorials treat of important subjects, and a long list of recent books are reviewed in signed articles.

The *North American Review* for August opens with a symposium on the temperance question, in which President Seelye, Hon. Neal Dow, Rev. Chas. F. Deems, and other prominent advocates of Prohibition take part. Col. Ingersoll has another article attacking Christianity. Mr. Terence V. Powderly has a strong article, entitled "A Menacing Irruption," in which he advocates severe restrictions on immigration; and in "How will the Irish Vote?" Mr. Patrick Ford, editor of the *Irish World*, endeavours to indicate how the Irish vote will go in the coming Presidential election. Mr. Carpenter's article on "Our Chief Justices off the Bench" will please those who enjoy chatty reminiscences of distinguished people.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MACMILLAN'S edition of *Robert Elsmere* was exhausted on the day of its publication. The execution of the Mulock Craik memorial monument has been entrusted to Henry Hugh Armstead, R. A.

ONE of the results of Mr. Blaine's coaching trip through Scotland, his friends say, will be a book, in the form of letters.

M. Daudet's "L'Immortel" is a very popular work in Europe. It is reported that 56,000 copies have been sold in less than five weeks.

TENNYSON has been requested by the Queen to write a memorial poem in honour of the deceased Emperors, William and Frederick.

THE August volumes of Ticknor's Paper Series will be *A Mexican Girl*, by Frederick Thickstun, and *Aulnay Tower*, by Blanche Willis Howard.

MR. FRITH, the English artist whose reminiscences were published a few months ago, is said to be engaged on a supplementary volume, which will probably be published in November.

THE Baltimore Publishing Company are issuing an edition of Father Ryan's poems from new plates. Besides a memoir of the poet-priest, it will contain many verses not before published.

Harvard Vespers is the title of a volume of short lectures to students at Harvard, by Dr. A. P. Peabody, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, Edward Everett Hale, and others, which Roberts Bros. will publish.

To the G. P. Putnam's Sons "Questions of the Day" Series will shortly be added "Essays on Practical Politics" by Theodore Roosevelt, and "The Independent in Politics," by J. R. Lowell.

The Five Talents of Woman is the title of the new book by the author of *How to be Happy Though Married*, which Messrs. Scribner have in press. They are also preparing a new collection of short stories by H. C. Bunner.

GEN. LRW WALLACE has written an authentic biography of Gen. Benjamin Harrison, and George Alfred Townsend one of Hon. Levi P. Morton, the Republican candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States.

MESSRS. TICKNOR AND COMPANY also announce for publication a new and enlarged edition of Edward Stanwood's *History of Presidential Elections*; a lyricated farce by W. D. Howells, entitled *A Sea Change, or Love's Stowaway*, and *Newspaper Libel*, by Samuel Merrill.

A writer in the last number of *The Dominion Illustrated* intimates that Mr. H. Beaugrand is engaged on an historical novel, Canadian in scope and in treatment, and referring to the early part of the eighteenth century. The work is said to be nearly completed.

MR. WALTER BESANT is troubled with writer's cramp, and has to dictate nearly all his MSS. So the newspapers have been saying, but at the recent Authors' dinner in London he appeared in excellent spirits and declared he was not ill, was not ordered away for his health and was not unable to write.

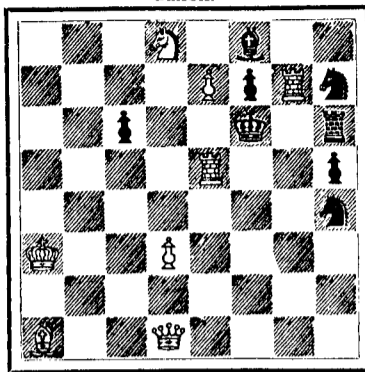
DR. ROBERT MORRIS, the distinguished author and lecturer on Freemasonry, died on the 31st ultimo. He founded the *Voice of Masonry* and the *American Freemason*. In 1868 he visited the Holy Land in search of relics of Freemasonry. While there he established a Masonic lodge at Jerusalem. On his return to America he published his *Travels in the Holy Land*, which at once became popular among Freemasons. Dr. Morris has contributed almost an endless mass of writing to Masonic literature. Possessed of a keen and somewhat sarcastic wit, and being an exceedingly graceful and fluent speaker, Dr. Morris achieved much success as a lecturer on Freemasonry. During late years he devoted himself almost wholly to lecturing, but two years ago he began an annotated work on the life and poems of Burns, of whom he was a great admirer. For this purpose he visited the birthplace of Burns several times, and collected numerous works on his life and writings, besides old volumes of his works. His work in this direction was comprehensive, and at the time of his death was unfinished.

No wonder F. Marion Crawford writes interesting tales; he has seen so much of the world that he must have enough "material" for a baker's dozen of interesting books to follow the goodly number he has already published. He was born in Italy, on Aug. 2, 1854. His father was Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, and his mother was the sister of the late Samuel Ward and of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. When twelve years old young Crawford was sent to St. Paul's School at Concord, N. H. During 1869-70 he lived in Italy, and from 1870 to 1874 he was in England at Trinity College, Cambridge. During the next two years he studied in Karlsruhe and in Heidelberg, and two years more were spent in Rome, where he studied Sanscrit. During 1879-80 he was the editor of a daily newspaper in Allahabad, India. The following two years he passed in America, and in May and June, 1882, he wrote "Mr. Isaacs," the book that made him famous. He is thoroughly familiar with German, French and Italian, and reads Latin, Greek, Sanscrit, Arabic and Persian. He has some knowledge, besides, of Turkish and Russian.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 277.

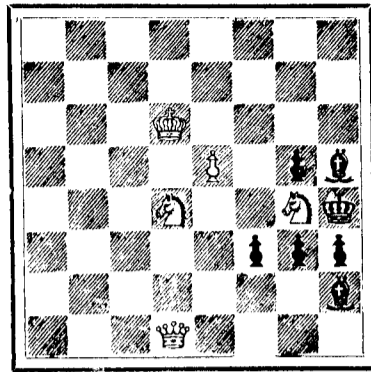
By T. TAVERNER.
From *Baltimore Sunday News*.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 278.

From *Turf, Field and Farm*.



BLACK.
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 271.
- | | |
|-----------------|--------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. K-B 6 | K x Kt |
| 2. Q-K 4 + | K-B 4 |
| 3. P-Kt 4 mate. | |
- If 1. Kt-B 5
2. Q-Q 4 + 2. K x Kt
3. Kt-R 7 mate.
- With other variations.

- No. 272.
- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. R-Kt 8 | Kt-Q 1 |
| 2. P x Kt becoming a Kt | K x B |
| 2. Kt x P mate. | |
| | If 1. Kt-B 1 |
| 2. P x Kt becoming a B | 2. K x B |
| 3. B x B P mate. | |
| | If 1. Kt-Q 5, etc., |
| 2. P Queen's | 2. Kt moves |
| 3. Q x P mate. | |

GAME PLAYED BETWEEN MR. RAPHAEL AND MR. MORPHY.

From *Illustrated London News*.

KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

MR. RAPHAEL.	MR. MORPHY.	MR. RAPHAEL.	MR. MORPHY.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	14. Q x B	Kt-Q B 3
2. P-K B 4	P x P	15. Kt-Q 5	Castles Q R
3. B-B 4	Q-K R 5 +	16. Kt-K 7 + (e)	K-Kt 1
4. K-B 1	P-Q Kt 4	17. Kt x K R	R x Kt
5. B x Q Kt P	Kt-K B 3	18. Q x B P	R-K B 1
6. Kt-K B 3	Q-R 3	19. Q-Kt 3 +	K-B 1
7. Kt-B 3	P-Kt 4	20. Kt-K B 3	Q-Kt 3
8. P-Q 4	B-K Kt 4	21. P-B 3 (d)	P-Kt 5
9. P-K 5	Kt-K R 4	22. Kt-K R 4	Q-Q 6 (e)
10. K-Kt 1	B-Kt 2	23. B-K Kt 5	Kt-K B 5 (f)
11. B-K 2	R-K Kt 1	24. B x Kt	R x B
12. Kt-K 1 (a)	P-B 6 (b)	25. R-K 1	Q-Q 7
13. B x K B P	B x B	26. Kt-K B 3	P x Kt

And White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) It will be seen that White could not safely take the K Kt P.
 (b) An ingenious device to save the threatened Kt.
 (c) Mr. Raphael plays the earlier portion of this game with much ability, he has now an undeniable superiority of position.
 (d) This unfortunately cuts the Queen off from the side of the field where her presence will shortly be indispensable.
 (e) A menacing move. White's game, in fact, with the Queen so helplessly pocketed, is as bad as gone.
 (f) Threatening mate next move.

THE Bishop Strachan School for Young Ladies, Toronto, advertises its re-opening September 5th. This school greatly increased its members last year, which was the most successful in twenty years.

THERE is a mental condition with which we all become acquainted some time or other during our existence, which is neither *ennui*, discontent, temper, nor disappointment, but simply sheer depression of spirit; and, as a rule, we cannot altogether account for it even to ourselves—it is inexplicable to us, but the fact of its presence is undeniable, and it may be defined as temporary mental and physical collapse. In a small volume of essays I once read a paragraph to the effect that there was a state of satiety attainable, in which one was aware of having had enough of life in the same manner that one might be conscious of having had enough of dinner—a cessation of desire, in fact. The subject, I think, was weariness, and the writer made this statement as being a conclusion which even people who lived a pleasantly busy and useful life might arrive at. Now, how far depression is synonymous with weariness I am not prepared to say, but will merely remark that the former may attack either an energetic or an apathetic person, with or without definite cause; and I am certainly inclined to consider depression as a worse and more acute form of bodily and mental debility than the other. Weariness would generally have more *raison d'être*, I imagine, and be attributable in the majority of cases to overwork of various kinds, worry, or anxiety, either of which would suffice to cause it. But depression is somewhat different; it is insidious in character, while its origin is doubtful and sometimes unknown; it varies in degree from a sense of dulness to a condition approaching hypochondria. And in severe cases, even when they are only of brief duration, the amount of despondency is so great as to make a person in easy circumstances, and without troubles, almost wish for death in preference to the distorted and gloomy views of life which are engendered by depression when it is suffered from in an acute form.—*Queen*.

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

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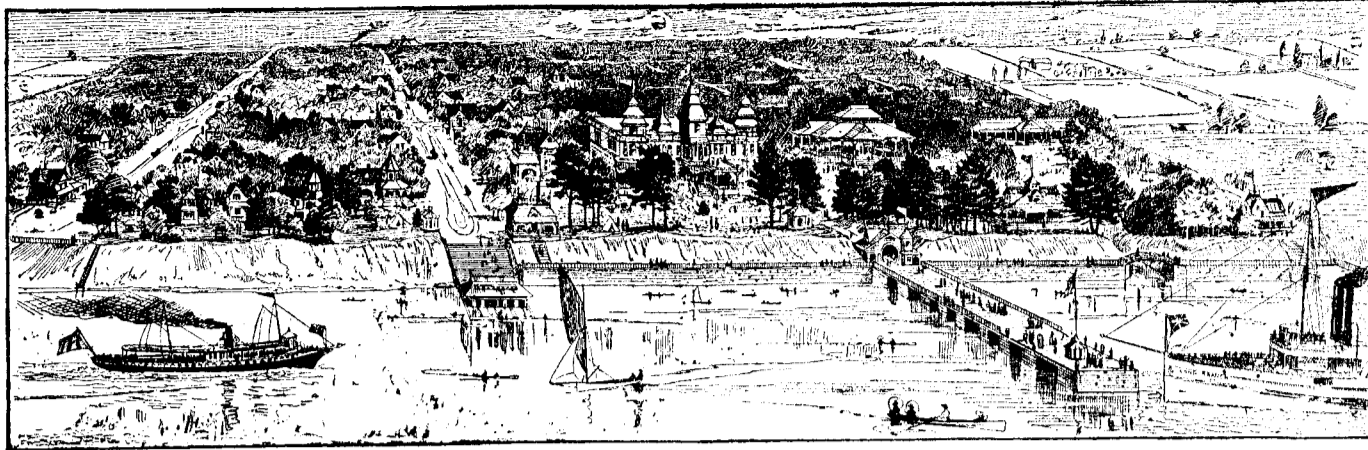
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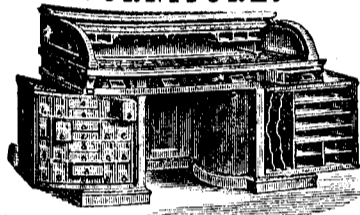


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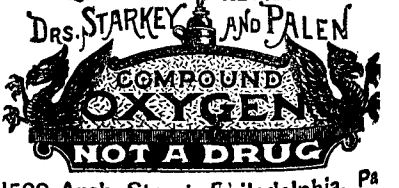
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