

THE WEEK:

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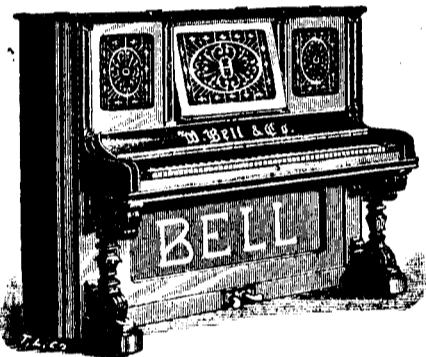
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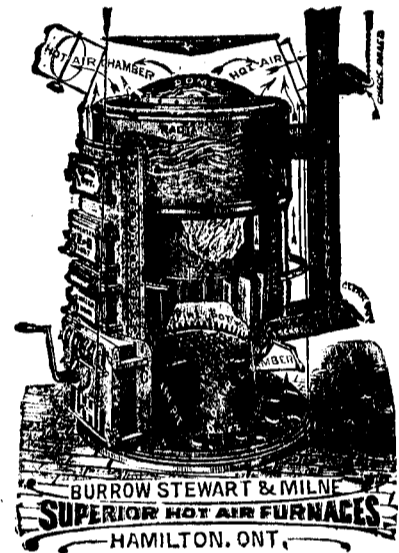
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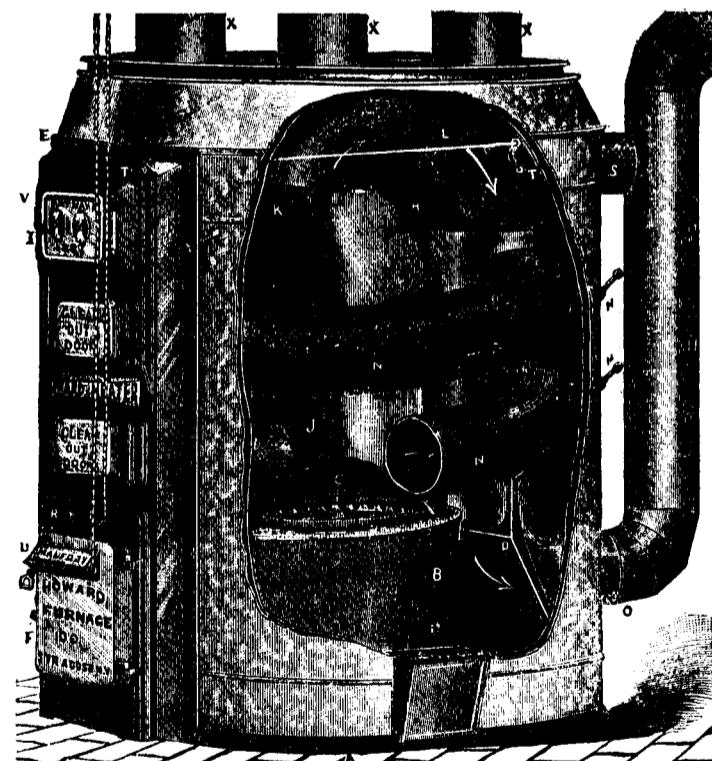
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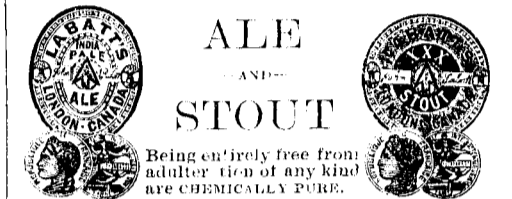
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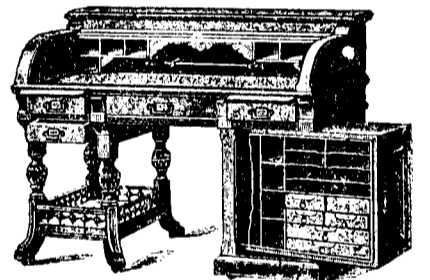
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- 4.—All the MSS. sent in to become the property of THE WEEK.
- 5.—THE WEEK will award the prizes and will be judge of the fulfilment of the conditions.

THE brief excitement occasioned by the publication of the Behring Sea correspondence has rapidly subsided, and unless some such untoward event as the boarding of a sealer carrying the British flag, by a United States cutter, should again occur, it is very likely that little more will be heard of the diplomatic duel for some time to come. It will be well if this be so. The last published words of the correspondence were not such as to afford hope of any immediate settlement of the difficulty. In view of the apparently irreconcilable positions taken by the British Premier and the American Secretary of State respectively, it is doubtful if any settlement, save by arbitration, is now possible. That arbitration may be agreed to by both parties at some future date is highly probable. There seems, in fact, nothing else for the two Governments to do, as the representatives of friendly, cognate and Christian nations. To quarrel and ultimately go to war about so trifling a matter would be absurd as well as in the highest degree culpable. But so long as Mr. Blaine maintains, on the one hand, that all seals wherever found in Behring Sea are the property of the United States, and that the taking of them by the vessels of other nations is an unfriendly and wrongful act, there can be no hope of mutual agreement. The claim in itself is so preposterous, and the idea of its enforcement on the high seas by the American marine so intolerable, that argument on that basis is or ought to be out of the question. Unfortunately the state of American politics is such that for Mr. Blaine to withdraw that claim after having once put it forward, no matter at

whose dictation, would be nothing less than political suicide. Had the question been one of merely preserving the seals from extermination by regulations mutually agreed to, as was at first hoped, the result might have been very different. Meanwhile, in the present state of the dispute, Lord Salisbury has clearly the advantage, since all he has to do is to insist that British vessels shall not be molested in the open sea by those of any other nation—a position in which he must be sustained not only by the law of nations, but by the views and sympathies of all disinterested powers. The maintenance of this position gives, of course, the Canadian fishermen all they desire. If there is really anything in the natural facts of the case, such as the *habitat* and habits of the seal, which gives the American contention any basis in equity, surely impartial arbitrators could be trusted to do justice in the premises. The British and Canadian case can afford to wait.

THE Province of Quebec and the State of Louisiana seem destined to earn an unenviable notoriety as patrons of the lottery abomination. We have before us a circular advertising "The Province of Quebec Lottery," as "authorized by the Legislature for public purposes such as Educational Establishment and large hall for the St. John Baptist Society of Montreal." The circular parades an extended comparison of the Quebec Lottery with its badly famous rival which has just succeeded in bribing the Legislature of Louisiana by means of the handsome gift of a million of dollars a year for State purposes. So far as we are aware the Quebec affair affords no such guarantee that any considerable part of its ill-gotten gains will go to replenish the depleted coffers of the Province. The great American gambling institution seems preferable to the Canadian also, in that it makes no pretension, so far as we are aware, to philanthropic or religious objects. It is a lottery pure and simple for the benefit of the company which runs it, and proposes to pay the immense sum named for public purposes, simply because it can afford to do so, and could have no hope of obtaining a renewal of its charter on any other terms. There is an unblushing straightforwardness about the arrangement which would compel our respect, could we for a moment forget the character of the enterprise. The case is one in which the old saying, "Vainly is the net spread in the sight of any bird," seems to fail in its applicability to the unfeathered bipeds. One would have supposed that the simple fact thus revealed touching the enormous profits made by the manipulators of the scheme would have proved so suggestive in regard to its real character and working that no one who believes in an honest *quid pro quo* in commercial transactions would have anything further to do with it. It is not reassuring to those who would like to keep a high estimate of human nature that such is not the case. Unhappily the fact or pretence that the unearned profits out of which such enormous bribes are to be paid will come from other states seems to quiet the Legislative conscience, if, indeed, we may charitably assume that it has not been quieted in the persons of some of the legislators by considerations more directly practical. The principle does not, we suppose, differ materially from that on which each individual winner of a prize, no matter how upright he may esteem himself in other transactions, reconciles himself to the consciousness that he has given no equivalent for that which he has received, and that it really represents so much loss to a dozen or a hundred others.

NO argument can, we think, be needed to convince any one who has reflected seriously upon the matter that the lottery is distinctly immoral in principle as well as demoralizing in practice. It is, in effect, but one of the most seductive forms of that gambling which is coming tardily but justly to be regarded as one of the most destructive and degrading vices of the age, albeit it is sanctioned by the example of so many in high circles. That it is a form of temptation against which the State is in duty bound to protect its citizens is also coming to be very generally recognized. The practical question in the case before us, that of the Quebec Lottery, is, How are the other Provinces to be protected against the action of Quebec? We are, to a large extent, believers in the doctrine of provincial rights. We have, on previous occasions,

maintained the right of Quebec itself to a larger measure of home rule than many think should be accorded. If the matter of lotteries is properly one coming within provincial control, and the people of the sister Province choose, through their Legislature, to legalize a practice which is fraught with so much evil to their industrial and moral habits, we do not suppose that the other Provinces have any right to interfere, or to restrict her liberties even in this respect. But they certainly have the right of self-protection, and should be able to avail themselves of that right, in some way, to prevent the spreading of this lottery literature broadcast over the Dominion. Probably no other member of the Confederation would now grant a charter for lottery purposes. It is too bad that the evil which they would themselves refuse to tolerate should be thrust upon them by the Legislature of a sister Province. Surely the Post Office Department, which maintains, rightly enough, so strict a guard against the introduction of demoralizing matter from abroad, should feel itself called upon to protect the people of the Provinces which object to this form of gambling against their less scrupulous neighbour at home. The matter is really a serious one. Those who have had opportunities for observing the operations of the Louisiana Lottery in the United States tell us that nothing is more common than for mechanics and other classes of men with small incomes, and especially young men, to use every dollar which they can spare from their scanty earnings, and often dollars which they ought not to spare, for the purchase of tickets or parts of tickets. No more effective means of creating dissatisfaction with the rewards of honest toil and cultivating the gambling spirit could be devised. The people of Canada should be on their guard if they do not want to see a similar state of things in this country.

IT can hardly be said, we fear, that the first experiment in the use of the electric current as a means of inflicting the death penalty has been a success. Even accepting the most favourable version of the tragedy at Auburn, and assuming that the death of Kemmler was positively instantaneous and painless, it is still evident that the incidents and accompaniments of the scene were such as will not bear repetition or even the risk of it. These have apparently created a decided revulsion in the minds of many, even of those who approved of the substitution of what they hoped would be found a less shocking mode of "taking off" those condemned to die. No testimony of physicians, based either on personal observation, or *post mortem* examinations, as to the painlessness of the process, is likely to reconcile the public to the idea of groans and contortions on the part of the poor wretch undergoing the last penalty of the law. The fact that the scenes are enacted in the presence of a few invited spectators, mainly of the specialist class, does not lessen the popular feeling. Still further, the details of the mode employed suggest the possibility of so repulsive a struggle in the case of a refractory victim, before the necessary adjustments of the electric apparatus could be made, as stamps the method with the stigma of impracticability, in the view of the matter-of-fact public. True, it is not easy to see that the struggle in such a case need be much more objectionable than that which would necessarily take place in a similar case under the old method of hanging. But the people were hoping for the removal, not the reproduction, of the old objections under the new arrangement. It is just possible, but not at all probable, that future attempts may be so much more successful than this one, that the force of the objections now urged may be destroyed. A very different result seems to us much more probable.

THAT result will be, unless we misread the tendency of the times, a powerful movement for the abolition of the death penalty itself in any form. A return by the State which has, after so much delay and difficulty, thus unsuccessfully inaugurated the new method, to the hanging which it has attempted to discard, is in the highest degree unlikely. The state of affairs of which this event is but an indication seems to be this. Everywhere, throughout at least English-speaking communities, there is a growing repugnance to the infliction of the death penalty. This repugnance manifests itself, in the first instance, in the

withdrawal of the gallows, and the ghastly scenes of which it is the theatre, from the public gaze. The descendants of the people who could at one time look unmoved, or perhaps with an accompaniment of ghastly gibes, upon such spectacles as drawing and quartering, breaking on the wheel, and other forms of torture, and which sometimes thought it morally salutary to leave the body of the law's victim dangling for days or weeks in chains as an object-lesson for all passers-by, now deems it demoralizing that the public should even witness the penalties inflicted for public protection and warning. Hence comes the decree making executions no longer public spectacles, but operations performed within prison yards in the presence of none but specially admitted witnesses. It may be questioned whether the passage of the first law forbidding public executions—heartily as that enactment was approved by nearly all good citizens—was not really the beginning of the end of capital punishment. Once admit that the infliction of a certain penalty is too barbarous or painful to be witnessed by the public, or that its effect as a public spectacle would be demoralizing, and it may not be easy to stop short of the conclusion that what it is wrong or inexpedient for the people to witness, it may be wrong or inexpedient for the people to talk and think about. We do not say that such a conclusion is logically sound, but it is one towards which the mind seems to be almost irresistibly driven by the force of circumstances. One of these circumstances is the part taken by the public press, in these days, in portraying for the imagination all the horrible details, which it is deemed specially desirable to hide from the eye. How worse than useless it is to enact that a given execution shall take place within prison walls, and be witnessed only by a chosen few, when within a few hours every news sheet in the country will contain a minute description of the event, with every shocking detail exaggerated! A sense of this incongruity led to the attempt of the New York Legislature to deter the press from furnishing such details in regard to the deaths inflicted by the new process. Every reader who had access to the New York papers of last week can judge of the effectiveness of the prohibition. Evidently the problem of how to inflict capital punishment is still unsolved. Whether the time has come when human life can be effectually safe-guarded without the use of the death penalty, we do not undertake to say. The experience of those communities which have made the trial affords, we fear, too much reason to doubt it. But that events are rapidly tending to make all forms of execution impracticable is shown not only by the Kemmler experiment and the incidents connected with it, in the United States, but by the excitement of popular feeling which is now not infrequently aroused in connection with the use of the gallows in England. Such events may well lead us to doubt whether the objection is not really rather to the thing itself than to any particular form in which it may take place.

THE old saying that things are not always what they seem received a new illustration in a recent event in the British House of Commons. When Lord Salisbury brought down a Bill, committing Parliament to an approval in advance of the cession of Heligoland, it seemed at first thought as if the British Tory Premier had turned Democrat, at least for the nonce, and when Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley went into the lobby to vote against such a Bill, it looked very much as if these eminent British Liberals were playing a Tory role, for the time being, in defence of the Royal prerogative. Indeed the action of the commoners on both sides shows that these were the views which actually prevailed with the majority. But a closer study of the situation puts an entirely different face upon the actions of the respective leaders. The real effect of the establishment of the precedent which the Heligoland Bill, had it been accepted without protest, would have created would have been not so much to impair the Royal prerogative as to give the House of Lords a power of veto in regard to international treaties. This is evident, since if such treaties had to be sanctioned by Parliament before taking effect, they would necessarily have to be sanctioned by both Houses of Parliament, and the rejection of such a Bill by the Lords would at any time be equivalent to at least a temporary rejection of the proposed treaty. The result would have become embarrassingly apparent on the first occasion on which a Liberal administration desired to make a treaty, whose objects or terms might fail to find favour with the majority in the Upper House. It was in view of such a contingency, no doubt, that Mr. Gladstone and his lieutenants

distinctly declared that they would not hold themselves bound by the precedent set up by the passage of the Bill in question. Hence, while it will be of course open for any future administration to follow the example set by Lord Salisbury, it is probable that in the future as in the past the treaty-making power will continue to be regarded as a prerogative of the Crown. This means that the Government in power must act on its own responsibility in such matters. While under such practice, the Government need not care particularly for the opinions of the House of Lords; it may always be relied on to ascertain beforehand, by such informal means as it knows well how to use, whether the measure is likely to meet the approval of the majority in the Commons, or the mass of electors, seeing that the penalty of failing to do so and govern itself accordingly is pretty sure to be an adverse vote in the House, with loss of office as its constitutional result.

IT would appear that the agitators are now doing their work with great thoroughness. They are everywhere, in the factory, in the workshop, at the docks, among the Post office officials, among the Police, in the Army. Is it possible that all of these have real grievances? The English *Daily Chronicle* speaks of the discontented condition of the English army being similar to that of the French army before the Revolution of 1789. We feel quite satisfied that such a remark would not have been found in that paper, if its own party had been in power, even if the condition of the army had been much worse than it is. And here is the misery of the situation, that our public men show so little of what we used to call patriotism. With all the faults of our forefathers, they did at least for a moment forget their party and political differences in the face of national emergencies; but now-a-days there are politicians not a few who seem to regard the real interests of the commonwealth as secondary to the dominance of their own party. Is it likely that the condition of the army is so very unsatisfactory, or rather, is it true that the common soldier is treated unjustly or unmercifully? Is he worse treated than he was? Is his case harder than that of the German soldier or the French soldier? In one respect, at least, it is better. He is free to enlist or not, as he pleases; and in these days the time of his necessary service, after enlisting, is not very protracted. Whether he is better off or worse off than other soldiers we cannot tell; but it is a matter of notoriety that the English army, in proportion to its size, costs immensely more than the German. Two things should be done. Some steps should be taken at once to ascertain whether the men are really suffering under any grievances; and if so, these should be redressed at once. But another thing is no less necessary that prompt steps should at once be taken to punish the agitators who are inciting the men to mutiny. If the men have grievances, they can represent them through their non-commissioned officers; and if these fail, then there are members of the House of Commons always ready to interrogate the Ministry on such subjects. But it is impossible to approve, or even for a moment to tolerate the undermining of the defences by which society is held together and maintained in existence.

IT is a strange commentary upon Women's Rights that the Post Office authorities in London, England, should have found it necessary to discharge a large number (we are not quite sure how many) of their female clerks. This will hardly seem surprising to those who have had to put up with the insolence of some of these young ladies. But it is not in London only that these young people, who are public servants, show their rudeness to their employers. Here in Toronto complaints are not infrequent, and we sincerely hope that the girls employed by the Post Office authorities in Toronto may learn a lesson from the punishment inflicted on their sisters in London, and mend their manners.

IF it be true, as reported, that a Chinese mob has torn up the short railway recently built in the Province of Chibli, by Li Hung Chang, on the belief that it was in some way responsible for the floods on the Peiho, it would appear that Western ideas have yet much to do before gaining a foothold in that part of China. The *New York Herald* compares the act with the burning of the improved spinning jennies in former days in England, or the hanging of witches in New England, as a means of averting calamity and placating the Almighty. It must be confessed that the superstition of the Chinese, much as we may wonder at or despise it, will bear the comparisons very well. To the unenlightened Oriental mind the fearful

power of the steam engine may well seem more appalling than spinning jenny or wrinkled grandam could possibly have done to those responsible for their destruction. When we think of it, though, it is probable that the burning of the spinning jennies was due rather to short-sighted ideas of political economy, than to superstition proper.

THE recent alleged miraculous healings at Ste. Anne de Beaupré have naturally aroused a good deal of remark and criticism, favourable and the reverse. The most famous examples of this kind of miracle in comparatively modern times are those connected with the Jansenist body in France, which caused such chagrin to their opponents the Jesuits, and which were so acutely criticized by Paley. Every remark of the able apologist on those phenomena is applicable to all the healings of the same class in later times, whether at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, or at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, whether they be known as miraculous cures, as faith cures, or as mind cures. They all belong to certain classes of disease, the cure of which can be accounted for by the action of the mind upon the nervous system. Moreover, they are entirely differentiated from the miraculous healings of the Gospel by the fact that they are connected with the supposed influence of some inanimate object, and not with the conscious purpose of an agent. Unless the reports of the Gospel are fundamentally false, the Son of Man exercised openly and consciously a power which He was willing to have tested. The so-called ecclesiastical miracles are of quite a different kind, taking place, as it were, accidentally, and affecting only certain classes of disease; and it is quite the same with the so-called faith cure. In fact, this last seems the most dangerous delusion; for its advocates set themselves against the employment of medical science, as though the calling in of a physician must involve the surrender of the faith. Happily, it is not very often that people carry out opinions of this kind logically and consistently; but a good deal of mischief may be done, and superstition dies hard.

AN important article in a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review* points out that the history of Roman Catholicism in the United States during the last two generations is most effectively expressed in figures. In 1830 there were nearly half a million Roman Catholics in a population of thirteen millions, or one in twenty-six. In 1850, swelled by the Irish immigration which followed the potato famine, they numbered three millions in a population of twenty-four millions, so that they were now one-eighth of the whole. But in the present year the lowest estimate of their numbers, which will shortly be declared by the census, is nine millions, the highest being twelve millions, so that we may say that roughly they comprise about one-sixth of the whole population of sixty-five millions. "The thirty missionaries of 1790 have, in 1890, as successors, more than eight thousand priests, working under the direction of fourteen archbishops, and seventy-three suffragans, while there are over two thousand seminarists of the youth of America training for holy orders in the Church." At the present moment the priesthood of the Roman Church in the States is drawn from every nation of Europe, a necessity of its conditions; but as the immigrants become, in their posterity at least, Americanized, a growing proportion of the clergy are of American birth; and these men have imbibed the sentiments of the country to which they belong, so that a very remarkable transformation is being undergone. The great leader of American Romanism, Cardinal Gibbons, induced the Holy See to revoke its condemnation of the Knights of Labour; and this alone might show the new attitude of the hierarchy to society. Nor do the leaders, like Manning and Gibbons, hesitate to declare that the Church has now to deal not with potentates, but with peoples. "The Church of America," says Cardinal Gibbons, "must be, of course, as Catholic as the Church of Jerusalem or of Rome; but as far as her garments assume colour from the local atmosphere, she must be American. Let no one dare paint her brow with foreign tint, or pin to her mantle foreign linings. . . . This is essentially the age of democracy. The days of princes and of feudal lords are gone. Woe to religion where this fact is not understood!" Such utterances may explain what otherwise would seem unintelligible, "that so large a portion of the American people should accept a spiritual government absolutely repugnant to their national character and their political institutions." We are sometimes told that the religious question which weighs so heavily upon us in Canada would be lifted if once we were united to the

States. The facts here noted do not seem to confirm this opinion; and it must be remembered that, whilst Rome has shown the most wonderful power of adaptation to the changing circumstances of her existence, she has never abandoned one of her pretensions, and claims to be the one infallible teacher of men and the one absolute ruler of nations.

THE abandonment or even the condemnation of Prohibition must not be regarded as a sign that men of humanity or men of science have abandoned the idea of dealing with the awful problem of habitual intemperance. Whether drunkenness is among the worst of vices, as some think, whether it is a cause of most other crimes, or whether it is an effect of a vicious temper and constitution, no one, at least in these days, will either defend it or excuse it. And remedies are being daily sought for. In the course of this search men have naturally asked what has been done in other days; and it is very curious to note the different views of the subject and the different remedies and punishments which have been in use. It appears that drunkenness, under the Jewish law, if coupled with disobedience to parents, was regarded as a capital offence. To drink wine without its being mingled with water was regarded in the same light by the Locrians under Zeleucus. Pittacus of Mitylene made a law that an offence committed by a person when drunk should receive twice the punishment awarded to the same person when sober; and this law was approved by Plato and Aristotle. A Roman Senator could be expelled for being drunk. The Spartans attempted to cure their children of the vice by exhibiting the helots in a state of drunkenness once a year, so as to show how contemptible a man made himself in such a state. The ancient Indians held it lawful to kill a king when he was drunk; and the Athenians made it a capital offence for a man to be drunk. It would be easy to add to those particulars, which are gleaned chiefly from the Boston *Green Bag*; but it is of at least equal importance to note the attempts which are now being made to cope with this evil; and we learn from England that a new effort is being made in that country to meet the acknowledged need. A representative meeting of medical men assembled at Birmingham last November to consider some proposed amendments of the Inebriates' Acts. As a result there was passed a resolution demanding the immediate extension of the Acts, so that habitual drunkards should be dealt with compulsorily both for their own sake and that of the community. We have no doubt whatever that this is the right course to take. To allow an habitual drunkard to be put under restraint with his own consent may meet a certain number of cases; but it will not meet the most numerous or the worst; and there seems to be no good reason why the dipsomaniac should be left at liberty, more than any other maniac. It is, we suppose, beyond a doubt that many persons have brought themselves into such a condition by the habitual immoderate use of stimulants, that they have no power of resistance left. Such cases should be dealt with summarily, for the sake of the victims themselves, for the sake of those whom they may injure, and also because such a prospect may prove deterrent to those who are on the same path.

THE London *Quarterly Review*, in commenting upon the recent gathering of medical men at Birmingham, to consider the subject of drunkenness, remarks with truth that an immense amount of nonsense, and, in short, of cant, is talked on the temperance platform. The drunkard is held up to public sympathy as a poor deluded creature, longing for reformation, and society is often represented as arrayed against him, tempting him to drink, overcoming his scruples, and ridiculing his efforts to lead a sober life. The fact, says the reviewer, is often the reverse of all this. Thousands of drunkards are notoriously persons of low moral type, with no good resolutions. They crave for drink, and they will have it. They feel no shame, and to waste sympathy upon them is worse than mischievous. The sufferer is induced, by such treatment, to regard himself or herself as an object of pity, almost of affection. The drunkard, continues the writer, either can or he can not control his appetite. "If he can and will not, he is vicious and should be punished; if he cannot restrain himself, he is practically a lunatic and a danger to society, and should be treated accordingly. We have seen hundreds of lunatics, and closely followed their careers, and their depraved tastes, indifference to the feelings of others, untruthfulness, and craving for present self-indulgence at whatever cost, have well-nigh dried up all our sympathies." There is a touch of harshness here. Granting all these evil concomitants of

drunkenness, which are everywhere only too conspicuous, we must yet remember that inherited disease and evil tendencies and vicious examples have had much to do with the forming of these confirmed inebriates. As regards the practical question, however, there can be no real difference of opinion. The hopeless drunkard is a criminal or a lunatic, and he must be treated as such for his own good and the good of others.

WE hardly know whether the advocates of Volapük quite believed in their own prophecy, when they told us that this new language bid fair to be universal. It seems, however, that it is now decidedly on the wane; and the reason is, after all, not far to seek. The *Deutsche Revue* puts the thing very clearly and, to our mind, very convincingly. In every language, the writer remarks, and in Volapük no less than the rest, we must learn the root words; and this new language can claim to be a substitute for the other languages only by having as many words as they have; for "every word is the expression of an idea," and we cannot be expected to prime our ideas down to severely utilitarian requirements. The writer points out that there is no way out of this difficulty which science can invent for us. He further notes that English, from the simplicity or even the poverty of its structure, has the nearest resemblance to Volapük; and, as it is desirable that school children should be taught one language in addition to their own, he recommends that this language should be English. And thus, whilst it is unnecessary and impossible to manufacture a universal language, and whilst it may be impracticable, by means of Congresses, to render the English the universal language, it may gradually become the language of commerce. It is interesting that this testimony should come from a German; and that it should be borne at a time when, through colonization and commerce, the English-speaking peoples should seem destined to overspread the world. We have no wish to see the other great languages, enshrined as they are in their national literatures, passing away from the earth; but it would be a remarkable result of the peculiar position of Great Britain and her offspring, if her language should become the common dialect of humanity.

O MOON, PREPARE MY LADY'S HEART.

O MOON, prepare my lady's heart
For what I have to tell her;
O gentle Luna take my part,
This evening do compel her,
By thy radiant beam
Thro' her window seen,
To view thee when it darkens.

O Luna, who I know hath helpt
Full many another lover,
The sternness of her heart pray melt,
And in her do discover,
By thy soft'ning power,
In the witching hour,
To my song a mind that hearkens.

J. A.

THE RACE PROBLEM.

WE cannot wonder that the Race Problem should be a frequent subject of discussion in the American newspapers. It seems to be quite agreed that the Whites and the Blacks do not amalgamate advantageously. The opinions on this subject are held in the Southern State with an emphasis of which we have no notion here or in England. According to Senator Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, the two races are essentially different, not only in physical organization, but in mental characteristics. This assertion, he says, is not made by way of reproach. And he acknowledges that there are many of the Blacks who possess high character and great ability, and who deserve high praise for their successful struggle against adverse fortune. But these exceptions do not invalidate the principle which general experience has proved, that the negro is incapable of self-government, and still less capable of governing "that great race before which all others have gone down—the masterful, the conquering, and the unconquerable Caucasians."

According to the Senator, a very serious mistake was made when the right of voting was acceded to the negro; and he believes that those who were instrumental in bringing about the change would now gladly retrace their steps, if that were possible. But, he says, whilst they confess their error privately, they dare not make a public avowal of the wrong done, because they would then be no

longer able to pose as the special friends of the negro. He has himself no doubt that, if this question were referred to the people, "to those who are the exponents of the best interests of the republic, those who represent its welfare, its civilization, its prosperity, and its perpetuity, they would, by a vast majority," re-call the right of suffrage which has been so inconsiderately conferred upon the negro.

Senator Wade Hampton, however, confesses that there is no chance of a reversal of the policy which succeeded the close of the civil war. What Carlyle called the "nigger-philanthropists" would not only offer the most determined opposition to any such measure, but they would secure to themselves the solid negro vote by advocating their claims. Now, when one considers the enormous increase of the Black population—now, it is said, amounting to seven millions—it can at once be seen how grave are the issues involved.

As this cannot be done, the "next best thing" is considered, and this, he says, in his judgment, would be "the deportation of the negroes, of course by their own consent, to some place where they could work out their own destiny, free from contact with the white race, and where they could prove their capacity for self-government, if they possess it." This bold proposal, he declares, has the approval of thousands of Blacks who have expressed their desire to try this experiment, and, he says, the Government ought to aid them with a liberal and even with a lavish hand.

It is very remarkable that such a proposal should be made public at a time when the old home of the negro is being opened up afresh under the influences of Christian civilization; and if the Blacks of the United States really do feel as they are reported, the moment seems an opportune one for the trying of this experiment. "Let us help them," says the Senator, "to establish a nationality for themselves, where they can show to the world that the lessons they have learnt here have borne good fruit, and that the savage who was brought from Africa is now a civilized, law-abiding, self-sustaining man, fit to take his place among the nations of the earth, and to be recognized in the great family of civilized peoples." The proposal is so reasonable that we fear that there is no chance of its being adopted. Moreover, there might be practical difficulties in carrying out a scheme so gigantic which we can hardly estimate in merely forecasting it.

The Senator himself does not seem quite hopeful of the adoption of this first suggestion of his. He, therefore, suggests an alternative. It is clear to him that the negro cannot live on equal terms with his white neighbours. He is bound to be "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water"; and, if he will remain in America in this capacity, then "let him advise his people to scatter over the land. If they will do this, going to the fertile fields of the great West, or to New England, the home of his special friends (here the Southern dislike of the Yankee comes out), they will lift a great burden from the South, where the presence of the negro is a menace to our institutions and a fruitful source of agitation, of outbreaks, and of political interference by the general Government in purely domestic affairs."

Here is the frank utterance of Southern opinion, perhaps of Southern prejudice. We can imagine the New Englander smiling at the naïveté of this proposal, which aims at getting rid of an encumbrance to the South at the expense of the North and East. The Republic of New England will very much prefer to keep the negro, as a blister to the democrat of the South, to having the Black man performing the same office for himself. And, we imagine that, of all schemes for the disposition of the coloured population, this is the least likely to work.

It is not of much use adding to the number of suggestions for the solution of the Race Problem. It might, indeed, be said, that the giving up of certain States of the Union to the coloured population might meet the need; but the moment we begin to consider how the thing would have to be worked out, we can at once see the enormous difficulty of such an enterprise. However the problem may be solved—whether it is solved or not—it is impossible to ignore its gravity. To the mind of the Southerner the political power of the negro is an offence and an injury. He says he wants "no foreign element, White or Black, to control their destiny, or to debase their civilization"; and this is most natural. But the fact remains that the negroes are there in immense numbers for good or for evil; and that their votes count like the votes of other men, and they are helping to mould the age to which they belong and the people among whom they live.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH'S "BAY LEAVES."*

IT was on a Commencement Day, years ago, that the present learned Chancellor of Toronto University presented a classical medal with the remark that, "for some good reason or other it is generally regarded as the highest distinction of the graduating year." The quick response of his audience proved that the remark was a happy one, and that it had touched the academic heart. But, after all, Mr. Blake, who is himself a classical medallist, was only handing down an old tradition of University life. In the world of the collegian, the microcosm of caps and gowns, and in the busy world beyond his cloistered halls, classical scholarship has always, rightly or wrongly, held a first place. It has long since won the meed of fine ability and high culture, and it still keeps what it has won. To the English student who has worshipped at the shrine of the ancients, and drunk deep at the "wells, pure and undefiled," of his own mother tongue, the Greek and Latin classics can never fail to be attractive, and at times most inspiring. They are, and will remain, literary models and patterns, despite all the famous controversies in which their right to reign has been challenged or denied.

Prof. Goldwin Smith, who writes English as few men in our day can, and who has given his best to Canada, has recently shown this in the production of a charming little volume of translations from the Latin poets. This volume, entitled "Bay Leaves," which is a unique exhibit of the "art preservative" and most creditable to the press from which it issued, was printed for private circulation, but private, in the unpretentious sense implied by its author, it cannot and should not be. It well deserves the widest public recognition and the warmest praise. No criticism, even did we presume to criticize, can do more than partial justice to the brilliant merits of the little book, which is replete with classical flavour, chaste and elegant diction, and delicacy of touch in almost every line. The writer is withal very modest about his work: "If to print this little collection," he says, "even for private circulation, was presumptuous, some of my friends must share the blame." The authors are not arranged in any particular order. Perhaps, if the truth were told, it would be that the easiest are put first. It was with profound misgiving that I undertook to render such art as that of Horace, and such poetry as that of Lucretius. The translations are free, and it is hardly possible that anything but a free translation can be an equivalent for the poetry of the original. A literal translation, as a rule, can only be a fetter-dance. The general thought, the tone, and choice expressions are all that a translator can usually hope to reproduce." This rule, so to speak, which Mr. Smith has gracefully followed, is in the wake of illustrious precedents, and has received a very liberal interpretation. John Dryden—"glorious John"—was a great translator of Roman poetry, though not alike successful in all that he undertook. His manner of translation was equally remote from verbal fidelity and from mere imitation. In fact he lays this down as a sort of canon in the requisite equipment of a translator. There are traces amongst the "Bay Leaves" of Dryden's best manner, while there are none of his worst. The uncertain limits of a free translation are nowhere more noticeable than in the different renditions which he and the Oxford scholar give of some of the Horatian odes. The versions of the stanzas in the twenty-ninth ode of the third book addressed to Maecenas, in which occurs the well-known paraphrase by Dryden of the lines *resigno quae dedit*, etc., may be glanced at in passing.

We quote the original text followed by the English of the respective translators:—

Fortuna, saevo laeta negotio et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.

Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quae dedit, et mea
Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quaero.

Dryden's version, which is a kind of Pindaric, is considered one of his finest:—

Fortune, that with malicious joy
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless:

Still various and unconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes the wings and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned;
Content with poverty my soul I arm,
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

There is no attempt at the Pindaric in Mr. Smith's, which is simply a concise, felicitous exposition of the text in an equal number of lines:—

Fortune exulting in her cruel trade,
Sporting with hearts, mocking her victim's sighs,
Smiles on us all in turn, a fickle jade,
Bestows on each in turn her fleeting prize.

While she is mine 'tis well; but if her wing
She wave, with all her gifts I lightly part;
The mantle of my virtue round me fling,
And clasp undowered honour to my heart.

Everyone to his taste in these things. Still, it will always be a marvel to many lovers of Horace, both in his Latin and English dress, why Dryden's version of these

stanzas, and especially of these lines, should be so often quoted as a specimen translation. This it plainly is not. There is only the faintest resemblance to the professed original. The whole ode seems rather to suggest to the great master of English verse a moral lyric, which is perhaps unsurpassed in force of thought, richness of diction, and harmony of numbers, but which is stamped throughout with the imprint, not of Horace's genius, but of Dryden's. The versions of some of these Horatian odes by the Oxford scholar, who offers to his friends his bouquet of verses so timorously and with no pretensions to the stately rhythm of others, will find equal favour with their's, if we mistake not in the eyes of many readers. There is no "fetter-dance" in any of them, but much grace and vigour; certain peculiarities of the poet are less magnified and accentuated; while there is none of the excessively Horatian quality which, however delectable to some tastes, is not alike palatable to all.

For this and much more of the same sort of "blame," which has been justly laid on the Professor's friends, the reading public will some day be thankful. His literary friends are legion, but the responsibility of his "Leaves" being thus quietly scattered will be gladly shared by a wider and ever-widening constituency. The selections, which are, of course, on divers subjects and in varied measures, are characterized by excellent judgment and exquisite taste. There is not one of them we would willingly part with. The poetic beauty of the versification, which distinguishes them throughout, is the more marked considering the different characters of the authors and the different gifts required in the poetical translator. There is a simplicity, too, that might not be expected, occasionally at least, in the places where it is found—a simplicity that a child can feel (we know some children who do), and that is always more or less attractive to the reader of English verse. A difficulty that one who has not studied the original text experiences—and it is felt even in a plain prose translation—is the constant allusion to persons, places and events celebrated in Roman song and story. "Rome," it has been said, "was great in arms, in government, in law. This combination was the talisman of her august fortunes." Her poets abound in references to all these, as well as to names famous in the public, domestic and social life of her people. A great deal of this is a sealed book to one unversed in her literature. He misses the subtle pleasure, the bright surprises that come to the student, who, having long since put aside his Horace or his Ovid, takes it up again to find in those allusions, smothered up by the carking cares of life, a host of old-time memories. But there are stanzas and snatches of verse—many of them in fact—in this booklet that have the simple classic thought and sentiment, simply but none the less poetically expressed, that any one may enjoy. Take the following random quotations. The first is on "The True Business of Life" from one of Martial's epigrams:—

O could both thou and I, my friend,
From care and trouble freed,
Our quiet days at pleasure spend
And taste of life indeed.

We'd bid farewell to marble halls,
The sad abodes of state,
The law, with all its dismal brawls,
The trappings of the great;

We'd seek the book, the cheerful talk,
At noonday in the shade,
The bath, the ride, the pleasant walk
In the cool colonnade.

Dead to our better selves we see
The golden hours take flight,
Still scored against us as they flee.
Then haste to live aright.

The tribute by Claudian to an overarching Providence is a reminder of the well-known Addisonian hymn—

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;

Claudian's faith, it seems, had been shaken by the successful career of Rufinus, an infamous court favourite, and he expresses his doubts in these lines:—

Ofttimes had doubt distraught my mind,
 Did Heaven look down on human kind,
 Or was the Guiding Power a dream,
 And chance o'er men's affairs supreme?
 When I surveyed great Nature's law,
 The ordered tides and seasons saw,
 Day following night, night following day,
 All seemed to own an Author's sway,
 Whose fiat ruled the starry choir,
 Who robed the glorious sun with fire,
 Bade the moon shine with borrowed light
 And earth yield all her fruits aright;
 Poised the round world and taught the wave
 Within its bounding shore to rave.
 But when I turned to man's estate
 And saw how dark the ways of fate—
 Saw vice victorious, mounting high,
 And suffering worth neglected lie,
 Doubt triumphed and my faith grew cold.
 Sadly I turned to those who hold
 That all is born of atoms blind,
 Whirled through the void, without a mind,
 And that the gods, if gods there be,
 Are careless of humanity.

But the career of the wicked favourite comes to an end, and the poet's faith is restored:—

But now my soul her faith regains,
 Rufinus falls, Heaven's justice reigns:
 The bad are raised only to show
 Heaven's justice in their overthrow.

Very different from this, but possessed of the poetic qualities we have indicated, are some lines from Ovid's

"Amores" on the "Death of a Parrot." After telling how "the talking parrot brought from farthest Ind is dead," and bidding the birds "the obsequies attend," he continues this play on the ceremonies of a Roman funeral with an easy versification that closes in the "Birds' Paradise":—

In the blest realm beneath a hill is seen
A dusky grove, with grass for ever green;
There—the belief to piety is dear—
Dwell sainted birds, while no ill fowl comes near.
In white-plumed innocence swans float around,
The matchless Phoenix haunts the holy ground;
The Peacock spreads his glories, and the Dove,
Billing her mate, renews her earthly love.
There, our lost Parrot, welcomed in the bower,
Draws feathered tribes to marvel at his power.
A narrow tomb the little bones will hold;
And two brief lines the story will unfold:
"I pleased the fair. So much this stone doth tell;
What more? I talked and for a bird talked well."

Mr. Goldwin Smith has done much in many ways for Canadian literature, and, we have often thought, has received scant credit for it. Any one, who has been so fearless and formidable a journalist in a country where party spirit runs so high, can scarce reap due credit while his powerful pen has still free play. Yet even journalism, whose tone he has admittedly improved and elevated, and whose amenities, both in the local and metropolitan press, he has inculcated with effect by always leading the way, owes him a debt that it can never wholly discharge. There are times and occasions, and this is one of them, when the "slangwhangers" as Washington Irving irreverently calls the party writers, can forget that Mr. Smith is in the front line of journalism, and generously remember his many valued services to Canadian letters. His versatile and accomplished pen has, like Thackeray's, in the dialogue with the album, "written many a line and page." Yet nothing has come from it, during all the years of its master's literary life, that is not well worth reading and preserving, both from the sentiments expressed and the perfect style of expression and treatment, while much will bear reading many times over. If this be true of his prose, it is equally true, in the judgment of many competent critics, of his verse, fugitive though this may have been. He has always disclaimed any pretensions as a poet, though better entitled to wear the chaplet and adorn it than many who are thus honoured in the "glorious guild of singers." Be this as it may, his "Bay Leaves" will make every one who reads it think more and better—however much and highly he may have thought before—of the singers of ancient Rome, and especially of the galaxy of worthies whose beautiful thoughts he has in those pages so beautifully reproduced in English verse for the benefit and delight alike of every student and scholar.

But who, it may be asked, are the worthies that look out upon us from these pages with so winsome an English visage? Let the author tell us in his own words. In a brief scholarly introduction, from which we have already quoted, and which will bear quoting freely, he runs them rapidly over and hits off each with a few graphic touches that are in themselves an individual portraiture of "the poet, the mirror of his age." "It is hardly necessary," we are told, "to say anything about names so well known as these. Familiar to all who would take up anything classical are Martial, the creator of the Epigram, the mirror of the social habits of Imperial Rome, amidst whose heaps of rubbish and ordure are some better things and some pleasant pictures of Roman character and life; Lucan, through whose early death, which left his work crude as well as incomplete, we have perhaps missed a great political epic, and who, in his best passages, rivals the writer of 'Absalom and Achitophel'; the marvellous resurrection of Roman poetry in Claudian; Seneca, seeking under the Neronian Reign of Terror to make for himself an asylum of stoicism and suicide; Catullus, with his Byronian mixture of sensibility and blackguardism; Horace, whom, for some occult reason, one loves the better the older one grows; Propertius, whose crabbed style and sad addiction to frigid mythology are sometimes relieved by passages of wonderful tenderness and beauty; Ovid, whose marvellous facility, vivacity and—to use the word in its eighteenth century sense—wit, too often misemployed, appear in all his works, and who, though, like Pope, he had no real feeling, shows in the epistle of Dido to Aeneas that he could, like the writer of 'Eloise to Abelard,' get up a fine tempest of literary passion; Tibullus, famed in his day like Shenstone and Tickell, about their fair equivalent, and the offspring of the same fashion of dallying with verse; and most interesting of all, Lucretius, the real didactic poet, who used his poetry as 'honey on the rim' of the cup out of which a generation distracted with mad ambition and civil war was to drink the medicinal draught of the Epicurean philosophy, and be at once beguiled of its woes and set free from the dark thralldom of superstition. A translator can only hope that he has not done great wrong to their shades."

The translator in this case has certainly not. He has caught the life and spirit of the old Roman as presented by the authors at different periods and under varying circumstances. By some sins of omission, here and there, he has made us respect and venerate where otherwise we might be shocked or scandalized. Sins of commission he has also to answer for, but, when tried by a just canon, he has a good defence on the merits. Any liberty he has taken with a line or a stanza is freely admitted and freely forgiven. In the last line but two, for example, of the ninth Horatian ode in the third book, the words *levior cortice*,* if literally rendered, would be weak and ineffective.

* Bay Leaves: Translations from the Latin Poets. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson.

* In the two or three verses that follow, the similitude is even more striking.

* *Levier cortice*, literally *lighter than cork*, i.e., lighter (=more fickle) in mind than cork is in weight, which is the idea expressed.

The rendering given is just the opposite of this. The ode itself, which is expurgated from some editions as a sort of soiled dove, has a high and well-deserved reputation, in the translator's judgment, as a "work of art," and is well worth quoting at length. Horace and Lydia are the interlocutors in a beautiful dialogue which opens in the original with the line "Donec gratus eram tibi," and in which, after an estrangement, there is a reconciliation of the lovers:—

While thou wert true, while thou wert kind,
Ere round that snowy neck of thine,
A happier youth his arms had twined,
No monarch's lot could match with mine.

While Lydia was thy only flame,
Ere yet thy heart had learned to rove,
Not Roman Ilia's glorious name
Could match with hers that owned thy love.

Sweet Chloë is my mistress now,
Queen of the dance, the song, the lyre;
And O! to death I'd lightly go
So fate would spare my heart's desire.

For Calais not in vain I sigh;
His city's pride, his father's joy;
And O! a double death I'd die
So death would spare my Thuriat boy.

What if the banished love return
And link once more the broken chain?
What if this heart sweet Chloë spurn
And welcome Lydia home again?

Though he were lovelier than a star,
Thou fickle as an April sky,
And curst as Adria's waters are,
With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die.

If Mr. Smith has done no wrong to the shades of these Roman bards, it has been due, in some measure at least, to his adhering to the simple but flexible rule, if such it may be termed, laid down for his own guidance. Exact accuracy, or an attempt at exactness, either of which tends to ruggedness, is not a virtue of poetical translation, and for this the reader would hardly have been obliged to Mr. Smith. But for the pervading thought and tone that flow freely and smoothly along, and for what he himself calls, "the choice expressions," no one who has culled them, in the turning of the "Leaves," will feel other than grateful. They sparkle forth everywhere. The apt thought and world of meaning in the originals have been enlisted in the service of many a theme. Their counterparts in these pages, while showing how well the writer has grasped the full force of his text, have a happy expressiveness in their English garb that is worth looking at:—

My Pudens shall his Claudia wed this day,
Shed, torch of Hymen, shed thy brightest ray!

Fair Concord, dwell for ever by that bed:
Let Venus bless the pair so meely wed;
May the wife love with love that grows not cold,
And never to her husband's eye seem old.

—Martial: On a Friend's Wedding.

He who would heartache never know,
He who serene composure treasures,
Must friendship's chequered bliss forego;
Who has no pains, has fewer pleasures.

—The same on the Vicissitudes of Friendship.

Money or lands to give is nothing new,
They who make presents of renown are few.

—The same on Literary Chivalry.

Who wants what lords to servants give,
A lord must own, a servant live.
But, my good Olu, take my word,
Who needs no servant wants no lord.

—A Revert, by the same.

Comrades they were in virtue to the end,
And each—rare glory! earned the name of friend.

—The same on two Roman Officers buried side by side.

Delay not what thou would'st recall too late;
That which is past, that only call thine own:
Cares without end and tribulations wait,
Joy tarrieth not, but, scarcely come, is blown.

Then grasp it quickly, firmly to thy heart,
Though firmly grasped, too oft it slips away;
To talk of living is not wisdom's part:
To-morrow is too late: live thou to-day!

—The same on the Fleeting Joys of Life.

Caesar in power would no superior own,
Pompey would brook no partner of his throne.

Idly he rested on his ancient fame,
And was the shadow of a mighty name.

—Lucan's Pharsalia.

Yet useful in an age that knew not right,
One who could power with liberty unite,
Uncrowned 'mid willing subjects could remain,
The Senate rule, yet let the Senate reign.

—Cato on the death of Pompey in Pharsalia.

Now wings it to that gloomy bourne
From which no travellers return.

—Catullus.

Ofttimes a change is pleasing to the great,
And the trim cottage with its simple fare,
Served 'mid no purple tapestries of state,
Have smoothed the wrinkles on the brow of care.

—Horace: The Poet to the Statesman.

Trust me, no skill can greater charms impart:
Love is a naked boy and scorns all art.

By thee despite to me will ne'er be done;
The woman pleases well who pleases one.

—Propertius: Beauty Unadorned.

Yet, Delia, in thy grief my spirit spare,
Mar not thy comely cheeks, thy tresses fair.
Meantime we live, and living let us prove,
Ere that fell Shadow comes, the joys of love.
Dull age creeps on; soon we no more shall play;
Lips can not whisper love when heads are gray.

—Tibullus.

Extracts like these might be multiplied in which occur oft-quoted lines from the originals. They will be noticed in other specimens of the translator's work.

Berlin.

JOHN KING.

(To be concluded.)

PARIS LETTER.

AN old friend of mine, who is passing the evening of a once hard-working life in the sunniest spot in sunny Corfu, suddenly dropped in upon me. He was about the last individual I could expect to re-see on this side of the grave. "Do you remember," said he, "when you saw me off for Marseilles in 18—, it was in a violent snow-storm, and now I call on you in a cyclonic shower. Have you ever anything a shade less revolutionary in Paris weather?" "Well, meteorological extremes do meet here occasionally, and July is sometimes replaced by January. But," I asked, "what may be your motive for quitting one of the Isles of the Blessed; are you the bearer of a solution of the Eastern question, or the letter-bagman of the European powers, with protests against the McKinley Bill?" "Nothing of the sort," was his reply; "I am indulging in a whim; I am going to visit the scenes of my birth and childhood; of my"—be ought to have said *our*—"school days,

The spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot,

and a few of the battle-fields of my life." "Old man," I chimed in, "don't forget the first, where, in the corner of a certain churchyard, I, your second, tied your left hand to your side to handicap you in giving satisfaction to a lower-form boy, one of the pluckiest little fellows that ever promised, and who, after life's fever, now sleeps well—amongst the bravest of the brave? To his memory!" and you, gentle reader, would join in the toast did I mention his name.

"After your farewell tour, you return, of course, to Corfu, to chant your *Nunc Dimittis*?" "Yes, but I intend, when in England, seeing that the family tomb"—"Has at least one unfurnished apartment." "Yes, and that you will undertake—my compliments for the appropriateness of that word—to see me placed therein." "Certainly, my boy, I never refuse a request to a dying man—in robust health. Can I do anything else for you in the pre or ante-mortuary line?" "Yes, to join me in a visit to the Catacombs." "Why, my dear fellow, you have positively necrology on the brain. What have you been reading of late, 'Taylor's Holy Living and Dying,' 'Lucian's Dialogues,' or the 'Burial Service for the Dead?' *Ainsi soit-il!*"

Furnished with permission to visit the Catacombs, at two o'clock in the afternoon, a few days ago, we were admiring the copy of Bartholdi's Lion of Belfort, on the Place Denfert-Rochereau, a work only less leviathan than his Lady of Liberty at New York harbour. Within a wag of the lion's tail is a small building, in the court-yard of which is the writing on the wall, "Entrance to the Catacombs." *Memento, homo, quia pulvis es*, we did not forget, but hoped, that pending our walks among seven millions of skeletons, to not illustrate the *et in pulverem reverteris*—as roof is shaly and gravelly, having a tendency to fall in with the suddenness and grip of a Westinghouse brake.

There were 200 visitors just as curious as ourselves; as a rallying sign each carried a taper in a card candlestick with wide tray, to light us, if not to glory, to death, and, what was equally important, to protect clothes from grease drops. A few persons had lanterns. Some of the visitors were indifferent, others serious, many taciturn, and a few eloquent. The latter must have read themselves up in "Young's Night Thoughts," or the "Illustrated Père Lachaise"; they were agog on graves, worms and epitaphs. There were one or two individuals whose voluminous coat-pockets suggested a stock of provisions against possible accidents, or perhaps balls of string—homage to the prudence of Theseus in the Labyrinth.

Ranged in Indian file a guide heads the procession and the inspector counts the visitors as they slowly pass by tens down the trap-door and commence the descent of the corkscrew-staircase of ninety steps, representing a depth of sixty-six feet. There are sixty more issues, but devoted to business wants. At the bottom of the staircase you hear above the rolling of the stone on the mouth of the sepulchre—the shutting of the door by another guide, who keeps behind the last visitor in the file. You now reflect for a second on what premature burial must be, and feel a little the *lasciate ogni speranza* of Dante. The odour is heavy and sickening, a real charnel house atmosphere, though the galleries are well aired. The two-hundred-candle-light procession is lugubrious and smacks of a penitent's march in the Middle Ages.

The Catacombs are the ancient quarries, out of which the stone was extracted between the third and ninth centuries to build Paris. These quarries extend underneath two-thirds of the capital, and the rock-roof has to be sustained in several places by masonry. The foundations of the Panthéon and the Trocadéro are thus buttressed up.

When Napoleon I. contemplated the erection of a palace for his son, the King of Italy—that was a Latin Union the French liked—he selected for its site the Trocadéro; but as it was too honeycombed he relinquished the idea. Many persons are under the impression that the Catacombs contain only the contents of the cemetery of the Innocents, on which the present Central Markets stand. They are the common receptacle for all the bones of the intramural graveyards of the city, as decreed by the law of 1785.

The bones are ranged or stacked by special "bone-setters," in selected alleys, those belonging to each closed city graveyard being placed by themselves, with notice slabs setting forth the fact. Thus bones may be there dating from the age of the Cæsars and the invasion of the Normans, alongside the bones of *bourgeois* and *prolétaires* of 1884, for every five years the huge common grave of the present cemeteries is turned over, the bones carted away during the night and shot into the Catacombs for piling, while the débris of coffins are burned on the spot; the ground is then levelled, sown with grass, and re-peopled for another five years with the fresh dead. It may be said that all who have died in Paris up to 1785 sleep in the Catacombs—the multitude; great men; canonized saints; malefactors; Valois; Bourbons; Orleans; the vagrants of the Cour de Miracles; the massacred of St. Bartholomew and of 1792; the victims of the guillotine; the slain of the Revolution, and the crushed of the Commune—all are there. Saint Geneviève and Marat; Saint Vincent de Paul and Philippe Egalité; Rabelais and the Man with the Iron Mask; Marguerite de Bourgogne and Lulli; Frédégogne and Madame de Scuderi; Mademoiselle de La Vallière and Pichegru. There Condés are beside Lenoirs; Créquis; neighbours of Leblancs, Rohans, Montmorencys and Novilles; companions of Petits, Vincents and Lemaîres—a pell-mell equality of seven millions of skeletons.

As the procession moves along through selected galleries, human bones are seen artistically stacked; many a grinning skull, resting on cross bones, alternates with *tibia*, *fibula* and *humerus*, finishing with a coping of skulls; these constitute the façade of the piles; the interior of the latter are filled with the smaller bones. Such is the type of the several ossuaries, the origin of whose contents are distinguished by dedication tablets, containing appropriate verses from the Scriptures and from pagan and Christian writers in prose and verse. Naturally, the first index-dedication is that "To the memory of our ancestors." The little stream once called Lethe is now named the Samaritan Fountain, with a Gospel allusion to the waters of everlasting life. The temperature of the water remains invariably 54 degrees Fahr. There is the "alley of Job," followed by the "Crypt of Ecclesiastes."

The "Crypt of Jeremiah" quotes verse 2, chapter viii., of the prophet respecting the bones of the kings, etc., of Judah: "They shall not be buried; they shall be for dung upon the face of the earth." Instead of a quotation from Lemaire, the dramatist, that here the "crowd was solitary," Shakespeare's allusion to the dust of "imperial Caesar turned to clay, to stop a hole to keep the wind away," would harmonize better with Jeremiah. The "Crypt of the Resurrection" exhibits St. Paul's magnificent verse to the Corinthians: "This mortal must put on immortality." The "Strangers' Gallery" has a very appropriate device by the Swedish royal chaplain: "The tomb closes all our debates." One quotation is nowhere visible—David's lamentation: "I looked for some to have pity on me, but there was no man."

It is singular how quickly visitors become callous to the spectacles in this "skeleton tour," of three-quarters-of-an-hour's duration, and two miles in length, for only a railed off portion of the miles of galleries is traversed. Three ladies fainted, due not to the sickening sights, but to the sickening atmosphere. One man, who would "botanize on his mother's grave," was occupied pulling the tooth out of a remarkable skull for a souvenir; a funny visitor gave a scream, which brought down a fourth lady. There is a slab on which lies a collection of skulls; this Golgotha is curious; it comprises long heads, flat heads and "round" heads; some skulls had sabre marks and bullet wounds. There is further a medical collection of bones, illustrative of their diseases and malformations. To vary this "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," there is an arranged vertical section of the geological strata of Paris, composed of specimens of the real rocks and their fossils. "Quaternary man" is plentiful. The alleys correspond to the streets overhead.

It was a pleasure to arrive at Rue Dareau; ascending a height of fifty-seven feet, by eighty-four steps, we joyfully emerge—after being again counted—into sunshine, but above all into fresh air. Our rear guard is in charge of policemen; they had been stationed at the several cross-alleys, to prevent—in addition to iron bars—a visitor wandering; as the processionists pass onwards the police fall in. They guard with equal callousness the living and the dead.

Z.

AN Italian journal describes a new pharolight, which is said to be as powerful as the electric light, and the efficiency of which is not impaired by fog, as is the case with the latter. A clockwork arrangement pours every thirty seconds ten centigrams of powdered magnesium into the flame of a round wick lamp producing an extremely brilliant flash of light. The weight of the apparatus being only about six and one-half pounds, it can readily be used for signalling purposes at sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

O MATCHLESS master of the strength of song,
On whom a mightier than Promethean fire
Descended at thy birth from heavens higher,
And more divine than lucent realms, where throng,
All crowned, bright spirit singers, that belong
To fame's serene immortal splendid choir :
We hail thee as the prophet, priest, and sire
Of ultimate art, clear-voiced, triumphant, strong.

All jewels in thy crown of song do blend
With glamour which no night of time may mar.
Yea, even when thy spirit shall reascend
To the soft vales of that ethereal star
Whence first it surely flew, on earth shall reign
The imperial echo of thy resonant strain.

FREDERICK DAVIDSON.

ENGLAND AND HER EUROPEAN ALLIES,
PAST AND FUTURE.

IT was once a favourite boast with Englishmen that they were perfectly indifferent to the opinion of foreigners. When Hanover dissolved partnership with England, at the accession of her present majesty, many rejoiced because they imagined that we might now leave the continental powers, with their intrigues and ambitions, to fight out their differences by themselves. It was asserted that hence forward, as we had no longer a stake in the continent except the impregnable rock of Gibraltar, we need no more mix ourselves up in a general European War, as we had done for the benefit of Hanover rather than of England on every occasion, when there was an opportunity, since the first Elector of Hanover ascended the throne of the Stuarts. The subsidy, which England paid to Frederick the Great during the Seven Years' War up to the accession of George III., was, doubtless, chiefly because he was the nephew of George II., and the double great-grandson of the old Electress Sophia, rather than the reason alleged, that the Protestant interests of Europe would be endangered by the success of Roman Catholic Austria. A British contingent had also been cut to pieces under Prince Ferdinand, of Brunswick, near Wesel, two months after the death of George II., which probably not a little disgusted Englishmen with the alliance. As a relative of the writer was killed in the last engagement, he has a reason for remembering this generally forgotten event. But if it is inevitable, as our military writers seem to think, that we must some day have another war with Russia, and that we shall require allies, foreign public opinion becomes of the utmost consequence and should be studied on its own ground; not simply in the books of excited writers, who, as Lamartine once observed, are the worst advisers which any cabinet can consult. "The policy of an exile," he adds, "is always a policy of chimeras, and good sense is forgotten in dreams." The exile never realizes that things have been changed in his own country or in others since he last saw them, and his knowledge is warped by the press of the land in which he is domiciled, or by a wish to make himself agreeable to it.

At the beginning of the Crimean War, when there was some hope of involving Austria actively in the struggle, an Englishman who had resided thirty years in Warsaw, and from the reign of Alexander I., was consulted by Lord Palmerston as to the aid which might be expected from the inhabitants of Russian Poland, if an Austrian army joined by an English contingent marched into Russia through that route. The Englishman had married a Polish lady, and was imbued with the feelings of the Polish aristocracy; but he frankly answered that he could hold out no hope of any assistance. He said that the enemy in the eyes of the Polish peasants were their own nobility, the most of them in exile, and that they had not forgotten the bitter slavery in which they had been held for centuries. They looked upon the Russians, from whom they had received their first recognition, as human beings, as the avengers of that slavery, and would assist them with all their might to resist the return of the nobles. Not very long after the futile insurrection of 1863, a leading German Socialist told a friend of the writer that its failure was due to the want of co-operation from the Poles themselves, and that the German Socialists had imagined that things were more ripe for a Revolution in Poland than they had proved to be. It was the work of a junction between the Polish nobles and the Socialists, for the note of insurrection was distinctly stated by Mierostawski, one of the leaders, to be the decree of the Russian Government for the emancipation of the serfs.

No part of the Russian population was more indignant than the Polish gentry at this edict which embraced Poland. The result of it on the Polish peasants' mind was exemplified, when the Russian Governor of Poland chose Polish peasant proprietors to guard the line between Warsaw and Alexandrina, on the Russian frontier, the last time that Alexander II. met the late Emperor William for a few hours' consultation on public affairs in 1880. That Prussian Poland is completely Germanized, as a recent military writer (Colonel Maurice) seems to imagine, was not the opinion of Prince Bismarck a year ago, and he, of all people, ought to know. If it were, why the expulsion of Poles from Prussia, why the suppression of the Polish language in Posen, or why should the Empress Frederick, when she visited the inundated districts in 1888, have received an address from the Polish ladies in French,

instead of in German, which it seems that these ladies were all acquainted with? That no pains have been spared, either by politicians or Socialists in Western Europe, to keep up a friction between Poland and Russia, is well known; and a Polish General, who, after serving Turkey for twenty years, gave in his adhesion to Russia in 1874, declared that without them Poland might now have been the Scotland of Russia. Some years ago a well-known German Socialist published two articles on Russia, chiefly about the late Emperor Alexander, in a first-class English magazine. Anyone at all conversant with history or acquainted with the Emperor could see at once that they were full of such absurd errors that they seemed hardly worth contradicting. Among other things it was intimated that the Emperor had hurried both his parents out of the world, in short, murdered them, the only proof given being, that he had dutifully sat up alone with his mother (who had been dying for years) during the last night of her existence; and that he had spent a long time alone with the Emperor Nicholas during his last illness. The late Emperor's greatest enemy could not seriously have believed these accusations, but it became obvious why they were published. They were translated into Polish and Russian, to be smuggled into Russian Poland, as the most ignorant peasant abhors a parricide. Is it strange that travellers should now be detained at least an hour on the Russian frontier, while all the books they carry with them are carefully examined?

Those Englishmen who look upon a revolutionized Poland as part of the programme of a war with Russia hardly realize what mischief they do to the interests of the many thousands of English settled there, nor what have been the horrors of Polish outbreaks, from the Polish peasant mode of warfare. Only the other day in Austrian Poland, I heard a recapitulation from a Polish lady of the details of what used to be called the Austrian massacres in Galicia in 1846. The peasants are supposed to have been instigated by the Government of Metternich to murder the landlords, and fearful scenes ensued. The dismal, barren State of Galicia still corroborates these stories, the villages without wells, and water obtained from muddy drains as we often see in Turkey, and no funds available to make the country more healthy by draining the swamps. The Russians have drained an area as large as Great Britain and Ireland, in their part of Poland, and have converted it into good arable land and canals; but the Austrian Government is expending all available money in building fortresses and increasing its army, and is very backward in its sanitary views. It is not so very long since a Viennese member of the municipality objected to a proposed sanitary improvement, on the ground that since it had been introduced elsewhere the rate of mortality had diminished so that an excess of population was to be feared.

The fortress frowning upon Cracow, and built on the mound raised by the citizens to the memory of Kosciusko, whose bones were brought from Switzerland at the expense of the Emperor Alexander I., keeps green in the memory of the city the fact of how, contrary to treaties, Austria took possession of the little Republic, the last relic of an independent Poland. We must not count on differences between the Roman and Greek Catholics keeping Russians and Poles apart, as any Austrian can confirm. The Russian takes off his cap or makes a reverence before every crucifix or sacred picture which he comes across in Polish territory, and where is the Prussian or Austrian who does the same? In Odessa, Cracow, and at Jerusalem, I have seen a Russian enter Romanist and Anglican Churches and bow and cross himself in the same manner before their altars as before his own; and in the instance of the Anglican Church the altar was quite unadorned, nor was there the chief emblem of Christianity or a sacred picture in the whole building. Austrians remember, if everyone else has forgotten it, how the Poles fraternized with the Russian Army in 1848; and how General Paskievitch put a Russian-Polish regiment into Cracow to protect it, when the Austrian Commander-in-chief had given orders that the little city should be sacked. Then it was that the fear of Pan-Slavonianism first entered the Austrian brain, and the "enormous ingratitude which would some day astonish the world" was first conceived by Metternich's successor. If Hungary is to dictate our policy to us, which was the idea dominating the official mind in 1876, this portion of history should be studied. The Magyars revolted in 1848, because they would not accept a constitution in which the oldest inhabitants of the country, their Slavonian fellow subjects, were granted equal privileges. Yet, except the Turks, they were the last comers into Europe, and are described by the old historian, Speed, as showing their Scythian origin by their barbarous manners and ignorance of the polite arts.

There is no doubt, whoever may be our European ally in the future, we shall pay heavily for the honour as we have done in past times. It is, therefore, as well to consider what our former allies have done for us, and how far we may hope to see them stand by us in the case of disasters; for disasters may occur in the form of unusual floods, cholera and drought, which all the foresight in the world could not prevent. Italy is, at present, practically untried. Since the days of the Romans the Italian states have only defeated each other. Commerce and the arts were her strong point till the present century, not war. I find a young military student imagines that Murat obtained his fame at the head of Italian cavalry. This extraordinary mistake arises from the use of condensed histories for cramming purposes, and the neglect of details. The only

time that Murat, though King of Naples, ever led Italian troops in a campaign was when a reinforcement arrived during the retreat from Moscow, scarcely in time even to add to the confusion; and again when he led them against the Austrians in 1814, and they were put to flight. The other Italian corps were not cavalry, and were mixed up with the French, not exclusively under Murat, so they were no more distinct in their defeats or their success than the peasants of Auvergne. The Austrians were driven out of Italy by the French, assisted a good deal by anti-Papists from different parts of Europe; and the so-called Battle of Tchernaya in the Crimea proved, according to the Franco-Polish General, Charzanowski, that the Italians were nothing without an ally to keep up their courage; for that in fact it was only a sortie of a small portion of the half-starved ragged garrison of Sebastopol before which the Italians retreated till rallied and brought up in a line to face the enemy, by the French. It was made into a battle, said the same eyewitness, by the despatches, to encourage a young nation. This story is rather confirmed by the Italian disasters in Abyssinia. Here we have a semi-barbarous nation, which had been considered as under the protection of Russia, who has helped her to build a very fine church in Jerusalem; so by way apparently of giving Italy a point where she could inflict a blow on Russia, as otherwise none of their interests came in contact, she was advised by a great European statesman to go to Massowah. We had guaranteed the integrity of Turkey, which claimed Massowah as part of her territory and in return for assistance in the Sudan we had formed a treaty with Abyssinia, giving her the right of access to the sea through Massowah, and this access Italy at once closed. But, except with Russia, who must be made to keep her treaties, the rupture of a treaty seems no longer of any account.

France had protected Rome for some years with a garrison, till she withdrew it during the war of 1870, having obtained a promise from Italy that she would not occupy the Papal dominions with her own troops. As soon as France seemed involved in difficulties, Italy broke her promise, and the anti-Catholic world applauded her. At the present day Italy's want of good faith led us to break our own treaty with the late King of Abyssinia. As to making the defeat of Italian troops by Ras Alula (on the ground that it was a massacre) the excuse, that was childish. The Italians knew perfectly well that their despatches were a romance to conceal a signal defeat, and that the Abyssinians simply showed themselves the better soldiers of the two. As to being of any service to us, Italy has, on the contrary, added to our difficulties in the Sudan, by engaging our allies in war. She aspires to regain some of the colonies held by the ancient Genoese in Macedonia, and the Caucasus; but before acquiring fresh territories infested with brigands, Italy should learn how to keep down her own brigands at home. It is not so many years ago since she sent an impertinent answer to the remonstrances of the British Government, when an English subject was seized close outside one of her towns, although with a military escort, and put into thumbscrews till he had offered a large ransom for his release.

When the preliminaries of the Congress of Berlin, in 1878, were being discussed, our Secretary for Foreign Affairs wrote to Lord Odo Russell, that England would be glad to do something for our ancient ally, Austria; and in short it was proposed to give her Bosnia and Herzegovina, instead of letting a great part of Bosnia be added to Serbia, according to a provision of the Russian Treaty of San Stefano, and the other part to be added to Herzegovina, which, by that treaty, was to enjoy semi-independence. We searched history in vain to find out how Austria could with any propriety be termed an ancient ally. In the last century we joined with Frederick the Great in his war with the Austrian Empress, Maria Theresa; and we stopped Joseph II. in the midst of a campaign in conjunction with Russia, which, if they had been left alone, would probably have proved fatal to the Ottoman Empire. Joseph compensated himself by falling upon Poland. Was he then our ally? In 1799 Austria was professedly in alliance with England and Russia, but with the ulterior object of gaining possession of Lombardy and Savoy; and because the veteran Swatton, in obedience to the policy of the Emperor Paul, which was to restore the kingdom of Sardinia intact, delivered up his conquests to the Sardinian officers instead of to the Austrians, he was led into a snare by the Arch Duke Charles, which nearly proved fatal to him and to his whole army. Owing to the Austrian army having at one time been a favourite resort for the Romanist aristocracy of Great Britain and Ireland, who were prohibited from entering the British army, it has been a received axiom that the sins of Austria must only be repeated in whispers, while those of Russia are proclaimed from the housetops.

Again, in 1806 and 1809, Austria was in receipt of British subsidies, but made peace and an alliance with France after a mere farce of resistance. In 1812, she was distinctly fighting against Great Britain, for she composed the right flank of Napoleon's army, when he invaded Russia. As the fertile provinces of Podolia and the Ukraine fell to her share her army did not suffer from starvation and exposure like the centre and left wing, but she was defeated in every battle with the Russians, who, on the Austrian retreat, proceeded to join their main army before Moscow. It is on record that in both 1806 and 1809 some leading Austrians, including the Emperor's brother's wife, were heard to say, "The sooner we are defeated the better, for then we shall have peace and an alliance with France, and

ting for victory, and that the people, when they go to put in their ballots, never realize the responsible act they are performing. Some vote because the man is a good fellow; some because he has done or is likely to do them some personal service; some because he has prescribed for their children's ailments; some because they are bribed in the coarsest and directest manner; many, very many, whether they believe in the man or not, because he is of their party; a few, I grant you, because, they have faith in the man. But there is no evidence that the mass are equal to the high function of choosing who shall make their laws—who should govern them. They cannot distinguish spurious and superficial gifts from real powers of mind. When they are convinced rightly or wrongly that they have found a great man, they make an idol of him, and fancy that nature exhausted herself in producing him. They flatter themselves that they discovered him, whereas it took years before they believed in him; and once believed in there is no discrimination, it is an absolute surrender of judgment. Protestants laugh at Roman Catholics for having a director. Have they all not their directors in politics? So that in an election men are moved like pawns on a board through their passions; mind has nothing to do with it; justice nothing to do with it. In Athens things were worse, for the virus had invaded the courts of justice, and the pleas put forward, and the speeches made there would shock our public, happily accustomed to such judges as we have long enjoyed. The slanders uttered by a licentious press against the innocent, the utter unscrupulousness of misrepresentation—similar evil devices existed at Athens. The political timidity, which grows like a luxuriant weed under the shadow of the maple, had its counterpart in the City of the Violet Crown. Now you can imagine no condition more degraded—no condition more immoral than that in which men take up opinions without thinking them out, and abstain, out of ignoble and sometimes avaricious fear, from uttering such convictions as they have. Men may go to church, sing hymns, be decorous, pious, affectionate, but when they thus enslave the mind, and strangle conscience, they are lost souls. Such men can be of no real use to the country—they have destroyed the spring whence streams of healing flow. They have lost the power of moral vision. Even one true man, properly equipped, as Plato saw, can save a state. But where shall we find him to day? Sir John Macdonald, quoting Grattan, said he had watched over the cradle of Canada—or rather of Confederation. Canada is to-day grown to womanhood and she waits for wooer—the great man, the surpassing spirit that shall lead her to yet higher destinies and make her a mighty mother of free men. Shall she wait till silver shine amid the gold of her hair, and beauty's ensign fade from lip and cheek? The heart forbids it, and though hope flickers and faints at times within her breast, and gloom gathers like silent shadows of fear around her, the day will come when a nation's rapture will smile triumphantly down on dead Mistrust. The great man will appear in due time. Yet is it hard to chase away all dread, for there are hours when it seems to me as if there was a complete divorce between ethics and politics, and the worst vice that Aristotle attributes to the single tyrant is the crying blot on our politics."

Rectus: "What is that?"

McKnom: "You must find it out for yourself. There are at least two politicians round this table and it would be rude should I chance to be personal."

"Why, Mr. McKnom," asked one of the young ladies, "do you dislike Pericles so much? Was Athens ever as great before or after him, as during his splendid rule over that fierce democracy?"

"My dear young lady," answered McKnom with a smile, "you have touched the sorest spot in his rule. Let me ask you was France ever as great before or afterwards as during the time of Louis XIV.? Yet as everybody knows the seeds of her ruin were sown during Louis' reign. Neither nations, nor dynasties, nor individuals can with impunity contravene, or seek to contravene the laws of God."

"But," said Helpsam, "you are not going to compare Pericles with Louis XIV. either intellectually or in his personal habits."

"No," he replied, "but I suspect Plato would have placed them on the same shelf. They were both egotists—self-worshippers—and both understood how to impose on the imaginations of the people. Both loved splendour and both were at one in this, their love of power overshadowed everything else—as it has done in the case of many great men. Cecil was so fond of power that he would not let an able man come near him, and when he died, James I. was without a strong man, nor did that dynasty ever again have a strong man as counsellor, whose wisdom and whose will might have saved it from destruction. The same weakness sent Walpole, after ruling England for twenty years, to the House of Lords, without a friend, without a follower to hide his impotence in a coronet, and Pericles had no successor."

"Demosthenes?" cried the sweet girl graduate.

"Demosthenes!" exclaimed McKnom, "Demosthenes was as great an orator as Pericles, considered merely as an orator, and, in many respects, he was as great a man. But, when Demosthenes rose, luxury had begun its work. Demosthenes himself was no Sybarite. He was a water-drinker. In fact the severity of his private life may have injured him as a politician, making him seem cold, for the people at all times think their leading public men should have contradictory virtues; should be convivial, yet abstemious; should work night and day and yet have nerves of iron;

should be dignified and familiar; jocose yet severe; in fact in a democracy a leader should be made up of a half-dozen men; he ought to be an orator, a lawyer, a statesman, a wit, a society man, able to dine and dance; he should be like Talkative in the "Pilgrim's Progress," able to talk upon things celestial and things terrestrial, things sacred and things profane, and upon all equally well. He should have at once the gifts of the superficial and the profound."

"Alas!" sighed Dr. Facile, "who is sufficient for all this?"

"I could never dance," said Rectus, "my education was sorely neglected. But I have on occasions managed to dine. You have not mentioned the vice of tyrants to which Pericles was addicted."

McKnom: "That I must not tell you yet."

"I protest," said Madame Lalage as she rose, "we have had no disquisition after all on political virtue. Well we must have it in the drawing-room, unless Mr. McKnom means to subject us to the torture of unfulfilled hope."

"Oh," said one of the young ladies clasping her hands, "I am dying to hear all about political virtue."

"Politicians' virtue," said Glaucus as they crossed the hall, "is the naked truth."

"The naked truth!" cried Madame Lalage.

"If truth it need not blush," said Rectus.

"Oh no," answered Glaucus, "it has all the innocence of Paradise—it is naked and not ashamed."

We were now seated in that beautiful drawing-room, the admiration of Ottawa and the index and expression of the good taste of the lady who presides there, when McKnom began, "Political virtue—"

But what McKnom said together with the reply of Glaucus, the comments of Helpsam, the practical knowledge of Rectus, the confession of faith of Dr. Facile, the flashes of intuition of Madame Lalage and the exclamations of the young ladies, must be left for another chapter.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

IDEAL.

ROUNDEL.

THE song unsung more sweet shall ring
Than any note that yet has rung;
More sweet than any earthly thing,
The song unsung!

There lies a harp, untouched, unstrung,
As yet by man, but Time shall bring
A player, by whose art and tongue

This song shall sound to God the King;
The world shall cling as ne'er it clung
To God and Heav'n, and all shall sing
The song unsung.

Montreal.

HUGH COCHRANE.

THE RAMBLER.

WITH regard to Charles Kingsley, I am glad to see his powerful and kindly face looking out at us from the shop-windows, upon the covers of that excellent uniform edition published by Macmillan's, and selling at twenty cents. As a master of what we may style quasi-scientific description of English scenery, he has not yet seen his equal. Meredith may recall him here and there. I think he does. But when Kingsley's clear and piercing note was first heard, there were few competitors in the field who could at all touch him in his own style. Hardy and Blackmore, Meredith and Jefferies were unknown. Take a few passages from "Yeast." "A silent, dim, distanceless, steaming, rotting day in March. The last brown oak-leaf, which had stood out the winter's frost, span and quivered plump down, and then lay, as if ashamed to have broken for a moment the ghastly stillness, like an awkward guest at a great dumb dinner-party. A cold suck of wind just proved its existence by toothaches on the north side of all faces. . . . The steam crawled out of the dank turf, and reeked off the flanks and nostrils of the shivering horses and clung with clammy paws to frosted hats and dripping boughs. A soulless, skylless, catarrhal day. . . ."

There is no padding in this. Descriptions so true and terse are the result of the highest literary art. Where among contemporaneous writers shall you find anything finer than this? "All his thoughts, all his sympathies, were drowned in the rush and whirl of the water. He forgot everything else in the mere animal enjoyment of sight and sound. He tried to think, but the river would not let him. It thundered and spouted out behind him from the hatches, and leapt madly past him, and caught his eyes in spite of him, and swept them away down its dancing waves, and let them go again only to sweep them down again and again, till his brain felt a delicious dizziness from the everlasting rush and the everlasting roar. And then below, how it spread, and writhed and whirled into transparent fans, hissing and twining snakes, polished glass-wreaths, huge crystal bells, which boiled up from the bottom, and dived again beneath long threads of creamy foam, and swung round posts and roots, and rushed blackening under dark weed-fringed boughs and gnawed at the marly banks, and shook the ever-restless bulrushes till it was swept away and down over the white pebbles and olive weeds, in one broad rippling sheet of molten silver towards the distant sea."

Well, an occasional glimpse of some such writing as

this is good for us. If we have such at our fingers' ends, we shall not be likely to make mistakes and commit errors of judgment and taste with regard to new writers. But how rare and delightful to meet with a writer about whom there can be no mistake. Rudyard Kipling is indeed one of these.

"Plain Tales from the Hills" and "Soldiers Three" are now upon all our desks and tables. Their author has certainly shot up the ladder with an astonishing celerity, and he fully deserves his success. The conditions—picturesque, dangerous, complex—upon which the problem of Anglo-Indian life rests, are all set forth by this candid and reckless artist in colours which will not easily fade. He has had a superb opportunity and has made good use of it. The style is, perhaps, a little after the style of Grenville Murray, and its peculiar incisiveness may be just a trifle French, but the matter is the matter of Rudyard Kipling, and his alone are the wonderful creations strung upon a glittering military thread—Mulaney, Strickland, Mrs. Hawksbee, Ortheris and Learoyd. More than a trace of exaggeration is there at times, something too of coarseness over what is necessary. But for epigrammatic and dramatic vigour, characterization, pathos, and overwhelming humour, the newly-discovered lion is already famous. He will go further than Rider Haggard, although he may not produce so many sustained novels.

The coast of Maine (*pace* Hindostan for a time) appears to be given up entirely to Canadians. At least the transient population registers as such. The hotels are full of Montrealers especially. These lines are "penned" (the favourite lady correspondent's word) upon the most satisfactory stretch of beach in the State. Here we are quiet, and yet not too many miles from a lemon. But I must record the fact that Maine is not what it was in days gone by, the resort of the rich, the eccentric, the distinguished, and the fast Americans. No. Orchard Beach in particular is most disappointing. We strolled along there the other day, having read the *Boston Home Journal* and other inspired periodicals, hoping to see some "star actresses," a New York "sport" or two, and other members of the Bohemian world. We were not so fortunate. A more ordinary, quiet, altogether staid and uninteresting crowd was never gathered together than the one we encountered on the sands about four p.m. Happily, at ten o'clock the same evening, the scene was a little more vivid. Any toilets worth scanning were certainly worn by Canadians, and Premier Mercier and Prof. Chapman brought the characteristics of two provinces into friendly play upon a foreign beach. But the Americans were strangely familiar. Wrinkled worried dames, vacant over-dressed demoiselles, precocious children, harassed brokers—strangely, strangely familiar. I soon solved the problem. These were the people of Mr. W. D. Howells' novels. Dozens of Bartley Hubbards lounged about hotel verandahs, dozens of Marcias trundled baby-carriages or sat listlessly at windows. But independent as ever of my surroundings, I have bathed and plunged and botanized and collected and fished and rowed and eat and drank to perfect health and happiness. It is refreshing to see grown people playing with their toes in the sand like a parcel of infants.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LUX MUNDI.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Professor Huxley is no doubt the greatest of special pleaders, and he writes under the influence of a powerful animus and preoccupation. In his late *Nineteenth Century* article he combats the possibility of a flood, known as Noah's flood, affecting the then population of the earth. Of this flood we have the general traditions among nearly all the established races of mankind. How does he account for this fact? He avers that the waters of such a flood would have swept suddenly down the Persian Gulf, but I believe he will find a chain of mountains to the south of the Caspian Sea which would interfere with any such rapid subsidence. Whenever he wishes to account for shells on mountain-tops he assumes great depressions of the surface, and subsequent elevations, just as he requires them, but he has not a word of comment on the remarkable statement that the "fountains of the great deep were broken up."

The Christian Faith, which has proved, with its forerunner the Jewish Economy, the mainstay of Human Society from earliest recorded time, rests upon a spiritual economy of reward and punishment, and a God, in fatherhood, redemption and sanctification, and the sum of the investigations in things material now going on cannot overturn this economy, though the material philosophers may be unable to apprehend its force and scope. It is needful for the continued existence of civilized society and to save it from another cataclysm comparable only to the fall of the Roman Empire and the first French Revolution. Under such teachings as those of Oscar Wilde in the same number of the review, if there were the least danger that they could be generally accepted, the entire fabric of modern life and society would crumble and be destroyed with all that would involve for the human beings whom God has placed upon His earth. Professor Huxley may exclaim, "Let the Heavens fall!" But it is *argument* and *likelihood* that we wish, as questions, that he should entertain.

X.

AUGUST 15th, 1890.

GLADSTONE AND HOME RULE—1.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In my last letter (see THE WEEK for July 18), I proposed to treat of Gladstone's unwitting attempt to disrupt the United Kingdom in 1886—untaught by his want of success to break up the United States in 1862. His failure in both instances was truly providential. It is not charged that he purposely sought to break up the United Kingdom into fragments, but to show how willing he was to sacrifice the national welfare to his craving for office and for a majority in the House of Commons; also some of the consequences that would result from Home Rule. Had he succeeded 103 hostile votes would have been struck out, namely 86 Parnellites, and 17 Conservatives and Liberal Unionists. This would have left him the absolute ruler of the House of Commons until the breaking out of civil war in Ireland and the consequent appeal to Great Britain. Since he has deserted to Parnell and purchased his 86 votes he can depend upon the latter, but only so long as he does Parnell's bidding. He has been compelled by relying upon them to sanction the obstruction and incitements to, and actual, disorderly conduct, which in his Unionist days he was the first to indignantly denounce.

The political tendency is to aggregate.

If we carefully read and reflect upon history we note that the general tendency is to aggregate—to grow from the little to the great; in fact a centripetal action. The same law which in the physical world has consolidated worlds out of nebulous bodies has in another sphere of action formed empires out of fragments. In the dawn of history it was the family; then it grew to the tribal condition—afterwards arose rulers on a somewhat larger scale. After a time these petty rulers gave place to an over-lord, a king on a larger scale, and so, unless interrupted by disruptive or subversive movements, from kingdoms to empires, or vast republics, empires in all but name. It has taken thousands of years to travel through all these stages. These facts point to a far distant future, perhaps thousands of years hence, when the brotherhood of man shall be thoroughly established, "and nation shall not war against nation any more." It is false statesmanship to hinder healthy and natural growth in that direction, highly blameworthy when a statesman, for self-seeking ends, labours to increase discord instead of appeasing it, to blow the smouldering embers of strife, to force his country backwards, instead of leading it forwards.

France.

Take the case of France. Eight centuries ago there were in France a dozen rulers of practically different petty kingdoms. There were different races and languages. This meant almost constant internecine strife and war. When France became a nation in the modern meaning of the word, the one solitary ruler preventing such wars was a great improvement. Yet even so late as 100 years ago the local jealousies, tariffs, laws, and inter-state tolls and obstructions greatly hindered healthy growth and well-being. Would any sane man advocate Home Rule in France? Suppose such a measure to be carried out, we should see protection in its worst form rule in some sections—in others English free trade—with inter-state custom houses. In the backward regions mediæval Catholicism, and in the Republican parts the exact reverse. All sorts of evil consequences would ensue; there is little doubt that it would end in bloodshed. Whereas now, instead of harking back to a bygone condition of things, the leading great questions awaiting solution in France are: 1. Free Trade; 2. Free Testamentary power, i.e., the power for a man to deal with and to will his property as he wishes, unfettered by the evil laws inherited from the great Revolution; 3. Abandoning the idea of a war of revenge against Germany; 4. The reduction of expenditure, and as a consequence a partial disarmament. If matters are left to a natural course it is probable that all these questions will be favourably solved within fifty years. Their settlement would greatly increase the moral growth of France, also its pecuniary gain. The interference by law with the free testamentary disposition of property reacts unfavourably, both morally and pecuniarily.

Germany.

United Germany, from its extent, central position, high standard of intelligence, large population and military completeness, may be called the political centre of gravity of Europe. The absence of such a centre of gravity has been an European misfortune for centuries. All know that until recently it practically had many different and independent rulers. Even now there is not perfect union in all respects. Previous to the French Revolution the disintegrating force, which we may call Gladstonian disintegration, had been increasing until, when the Republican raiders were let loose, the home-guarding force of the German Empire was a mere mockery, delusion and a snare. When France in 1792 commenced its piratical war, which even Robespierre voted against, some of the German rulers armed to defend their fatherland and others did not. There was not one of them that exerted his full strength. When the Duke of Brunswick marched against the French his army, composed of Prussians, Austrians, and the soldiers of some of the smaller German States did not exceed 100,000. Some of the contingents lagged so badly that the army started a month too late. Had Germany been only moderately united in the first place France would not have declared

war. It was the almost defenceless condition on its borders that tempted its rulers. In the second place, reckoning only 8,000 soldiers to the million of population, the smaller States exclusive of Prussia and Austria, would have contributed over 100,000 men, and been ready a month or two earlier. The allies, then in the French disorganized condition, would have easily marched to Paris, put down the small minority of tyrannizing republicans, anarchy, and murder, restored constitutional monarchy, and thus saved the lives of millions, the waste of untold treasure, and prevented 22 years of war. The great want of Europe since the peace of Westphalia in 1648 has been a United Germany. Had there been such at that time, Louis XIV. would not have waged his aggressive wars. The Germans are quiet and peaceable, and not vain, restless and aggressive.

Italy.

The history of Italy, also, vividly shows the evils of disunion. Up till 1859 there were, including Austria, seven independent rulers, each with his own army. Sardinia in 1792 had a population of about 3,000,000, one-sixth of that of all Italy, less than one eighth of that of France of that date. The French rulers were desirous to rob it of Savoy. Sardinia had an inefficient Government and was unable of itself to resist, so France commenced a wolf-and-lamb aggressive war. But if Italy had been one kingdom it would not have been an easy prey, and France would have left it alone. The first small invading army would have been outnumbered six-fold. One way of testing the value of a United Italy at that era is to consider what would have happened in 1796 had the Republic of Venice, with its army of 40,000 men, heartily sided with Sardinia and Austria, instead of standing aloof and awaiting its turn to be a prey. Although Bonaparte would have distinguished himself, it is certain that he would have failed to conquer North Italy. As it was, several times success hung evenly in the balance. He would have been unable to have remitted plunder to Paris, and the Republican conflagration after a short time would have died out for want of fresh fuel to feed upon. The historical student must never forget that the French Government for several years was kept going by the plunder either of foreign nations or of its own subjects. Italy, being now united, is another guarantee for European peace. Its population of 30,000,000 exerting its full strength would diminish by at least one-third the effective force of France in a war of revenge against Germany. This vastly lessens the chances of such a struggle taking place.

Scotland.

An easy way to get a vivid idea of the evils resulting from the rule of numerous petty rulers is to read a good history of the Highland class. Until the chiefs were brought into real subjection, the record is namely a history of outrages, wars and massacres. There was no real chance of progress for Scotland until it practically became one nation under one ruler. After its union with England it rapidly increased in prosperity.

England.

The wars of the Heptarchy, stigmatized by Milton as the wars of the Kites and the Crows, prevented progress until England had but one monarch. But the disruptive and "Red Indian" Danish wars for ages destroyed the good derived from the fusion of the Heptarchy into one nation. If Gladstone carried his disunion measures, there would be no good reason why Wales and Scotland should not also have their own Parliaments—in fact such local Parliaments have been recently proposed. There would be endless confusion with such a state of things. The truth is, the breaking up of the United Kingdom into different nations is self-evident nonsense, yet it would result from Gladstone's Home Rule Bill.

Ireland.

Ireland also affords strong proof of the miseries resulting from having a number of independent rulers. Old Irish annalists have recorded that "previous to the flood there were many princes," but that unfortunately through the fault of someone the records have been lost. Previous to the Christian era, there were 160 rulers, out of whom fifteen are stated to have "died comfortably in their beds," four apparently uncomfortably, and 141 either murdered or in battle. It recalls to mind Falstaff's halfpennyworth of bread to a gallon of sack. From that date till the time of Henry II., there appear to have been seventy-six rulers, forty-six of whom died violent deaths, exclusive of three under the somewhat Hibernian heading of "deaths from thunderbolts." These facts show what a constant state of internecine warfare prevailed up to the time of the Anglo-Norman conquest.

Those of your readers who wish for very full and exact information about the Irish Union should read "The Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland," by T. Dunbar Ingram, LL.D. The Liberal Unionist Association, Great George Street, London, have published a shilling edition.

Irish Members at Westminster in the 13th Century.

The pamphlet shows what few know, that in 1281 "barons, prelates and citizens were summoned from Ireland to serve in the English Parliament and did serve therein." The like also in the reigns of Edward II. and Edward III. "Owing to the danger and difficulty of the journey, the practice of sending representatives to the English Parliament was given up." As the English Pale diminished mainly owing to the Civil Wars in England, and the

Irish chieftains outside of the Pale enjoyed Home Rule, freedom from restraint, and the right of private war with all its horrible consequences, the Irish Parliament, if it can be called one, mainly consisted of the descendants of the Anglo-Normans and of those who spoke English.

Spanish Evidence of Irish Lawlessness.

There has been published in Spain the adventures of an officer of the Spanish Armada, who was wrecked off the coast of Ireland in 1588. He lived outside the English Pale among the then independent Irish. He gives a vivid idea of Irish Home Rule of that time—of local wars by one village against another village.

The Irish Penal Law of 1689.

When the Irish Catholic Parliament of James II. passed its celebrated Act of Attainder, there was a clause forbidding the King from pardoning any one mentioned therein. The list of the Protestants condemned to death by that Act "comprised 2 archbishops, 1 duke, 63 temporal lords, 22 ladies, 7 bishops, 85 knights and baronets, 83 clergymen, and 2,182 esquires, etc. Total, 2,445. In fact the whole Protestant peerage and gentry of Ireland were at one sweep condemned to death."

The Protestant Penal Laws.

Ingram points out that this explains why the Irish Parliament of 1702 acted as it did in re-enacting the Penal Code. It appears (although Ingram does not so state) that they waited for the death of William III. before they practically commenced. If in the Southern States they had during the Civil War passed a law condemning to death all those who were actively or passively opposed to secession, and enacting that their property should be confiscated, what would have happened when the Unionists got the victory?

Early attempts for a Union.

Ingram gives an account of the various attempts by the Irish Parliament in the early part of the eighteenth century to effect a union with that of Great Britain; also of those of eminent Irishmen who vainly laboured to bring it about.

Rarity of great Statesmen.

With respect to these failures, historical students should ponder over this capital fact, that really great statesmen are very rare. A man must be measured by the age in which he lives. It is doubtful whether America during this century has produced one great statesman. There is something in a wide suffrage which forbids such a man from attaining his natural position. Universal suffrage in France has not brought to the front even a second-rate man. In England, with the present suffrage, such men as Pitt, Edmund Burke and Macaulay would not as new men succeed in getting into Parliament. Facts like these must be borne in mind to rightly judge history. Is it fair to blame England because it has produced so very few great statesmen?

Dangers of Separate Parliaments.

Ingram gives some curious facts showing the dangers arising from two Parliaments—not only in Ireland but also in Scotland prior to the Union of the latter with England in 1705. More than once during the early part of the reign of Queen Anne, there was an approach to a state of hostilities between England and Scotland, although ruled by the same monarch. FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

CANADA'S CONSTITUTION—AN IMPORTANT STATE PAPER.

SOME months since Mr. Francis Stevenson, who takes great interest in colonial subjects, moved, in the English House of Commons, for a return showing the Constitution of the Executive in each colony, and, in the case of colonies having representative assemblies, the Constitution of those assemblies, the number of members, the number of electors, and the qualifications requisite for members and for electors. The replies sent in to this address from the several colonial governments have now been printed, that from the Dominion forming a supplementary return covering a comprehensive exposition of the Canadian Constitution from the pen of one so capable of dealing with the subject as the Dominion Secretary of State.

Mr. Chapleau's paper, says an Ottawa contemporary, is one admirably conceived and arranged, and in this, as in other respects, would well serve as a model for official documents of a similar class. It is divided into five sections or departments, each dealing with a particular feature, which is fully, though concisely, developed on the lines followed by May (the late Lord Farnborough), Todd, Bourinot, Doutre and other well-known authorities. The subjects severally considered are: (1) System of Government; (2) Executive Power; (3) Legislative Power; (4) Local or Provincial Legislatures and Municipal System, and (5) Judiciary. Introductory to the main portion of the work are some valuable historical notes touching the discovery and early settlement of the several British North American colonies now forming the Dominion, and at the same time illustrating the growth of parliamentary institutions and the establishment of constitutional government therein. It is explained that of the several communities or governments forming what is known as the North American group of colonies, numbering eight altogether, all have at various times since 1867

been incorporated in the Dominion, with the exception of Newfoundland. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when this, the final pillar in the national edifice, will be added, thus happily completing the original and grand design of the Fathers of Confederation in 1864. In dealing with the discovery of Canada, Mr. Chapleau apparently follows Miles, whom so good a literary judge as Dr. Samuel E. Dawson, of Montreal, has recently extolled for historical accuracy and lucidity of statement. After the Cabots, the chief credit of discovery is given to Jean Verrazzini, who, in 1524, claimed the coast from Carolina to Nova Scotia, and all the region lying beyond, as possessions of Francis I. of France, the name of "New France" being given to the same, a name, the Secretary of State asserts, afterwards applied to most of the territory claimed to belong to France in the New World. This would fix the date of French possession some ten years anterior to Jacques Cartier. There are various other entertaining historical facts scattered throughout the pages, which, added to the other important matter therein, cannot fail of rendering the essay of great value for purposes of reference. Thus: Canada enjoys the honour of having been the first colony of the Empire wherein responsible government was established; and of the further distinction of being the first country under British rule in which the federal system of government was introduced and applied, the Leeward Islands being the second. Probably before very long, should present events take their natural course, the system will be established in the Australian colonies as well, under the enlightened leadership of one of the greatest of colonial statesmen, Sir Henry Parkes. In describing the municipal system, Mr. Chapleau pays this Province the compliment of saying that the system has here reached its most complete and symmetrical form. Canada's present position, under the British North America Act, is given as that of "a semi-independent power." Did time and space permit to-day we might present further examples in illustration of the scope and character of the work, but we venture to think this has been sufficiently indicated in what has appeared. Any one desirous of further acquaintance can always procure a copy of the return upon application to the public printers in London, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, the same system respecting the disposal of printed public documents which now obtains in Canada prevailing in England. Undoubtedly, Mr. Chapleau's paper is one of special merit, reflecting as creditably upon the Government of Canada as a body as it does upon its gifted and painstaking author or compiler. The *Ottawa Citizen*, to which we are indebted for the foregoing, closes with a suggestion: "If we might venture a suggestion," says the *Citizen*, "it would be in the direction of having the paper referred to reprinted in Canada in a convenient form for the particular use of political students and public schools, with an index supplied and some supplementary matter, consisting of the British North America Act and amendments, the resolutions adopted at the two Quebec conferences and some portions of the debates on Confederation, all of which documents are frequently in demand, but have been for some time out of print. In the unfinished state in which the late Judge Gray left his otherwise valuable "History of Confederation," we have no doubt that some such work as we have indicated, if carefully edited, would be well received by more than one class of Canadian readers of the present day."

THE SONGS OF THE PEOPLE.

If you sing to the people battle-songs
(For the songs of a people mould them),
Let not the ravishing trumpet note
So high, so clear on your numbers float,
In such glorious dreams enfold them,
That the widow's moan, and the orphan's cry,
Unheard, unrecked of, may rise—and die.

Paint not alone, with your magic words,
Bright pictures of fame and glory;
Let smoking homesteads, whose inmates, fled,
Are seeking afar and in vain for bread,
Have their part, too, in your story;
Let the people, undazzled, count the cost
The battle exacts, be it won or lost.

Chatham.

KATHERINE B. COUTTS.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

FRED. LESLIE and Nellie Farren will be the stars in a production of "Ruy Blas" in this country next season.

MARIE WISNIOWSKA, a famous Polish actress, has been assassinated at Warsaw by a disappointed lover. The assassin took his own life by poison.

CLAY GREENE'S new version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in addition to a donkey and twelve bloodhounds, will next season include twelve Florida alligators.

THE London critics speak highly of the ability of Miss Ivanowa, a Russian novice, who has been playing as "Bianca" in Milman's "Fazio." She is said to speak English with remarkable purity.

Laura Moore, Francis Wilson's prima donna, began "banting" some weeks before the close of last season, and a rigid regimen continued up to this time has reduced her weight from 160 to 125 pounds. Her friends say she never looked better.

THERE is a revival of the report that Henry Irving intends to appear at no distant date as "Mahomet" in a play written for him by a well-known dramatist and novelist. He bought the English rights of Henri de Bornier's play (which was suppressed in Paris in reference to the Sultan's wish), but there is said to be no connection between the two pieces.

THE new play written by Dion Boucicault, in which Sol Smith Russell is to appear next month, bears the singular title: "The Tale of a Coat." The hero is a journeyman tailor, and an unfinished coat, on which he is at work, is used as an object in the plot of the piece. The author says it is a simple story, in which New York life and character is developed, and was evolved in his mind upon witnessing a performance of "The Poor Relation."

OF actors who are trying to grow stouter Roland Reed is trying a mush and milk diet. John T. Sullivan attempts it by eating a pot of Boston baked beans at every meal. Edwin Arden believes in milk with a dash of Jamaica rum. Tom Murphy in the rum without the milk. Nat Goodwin in lots of ale, Steele McKay in elaborate dinners, and Sol Smith Russell has tried everything on earth, but gets thinner as he grows richer.

THE Emma Juch Grand English Opera Company will open its season at the Broadway Theatre, Denver, August 18. This will be one of the largest organizations of the kind ever seen in this country since the days of the original American Opera Company. It comprises a company of one hundred and twenty-five people, principals and chorus, besides an orchestra of fifty, and all the necessary scenery and costumes and equipments for the presentation of a repertoire of twenty of the standard operas.

THE Harlem Opera House, in upper New York city, is to try the experiment of a permanent grand opera company. Manager Hammerstein has engaged Gustav Hinrichs as conductor and artistic director. Most of the artists now singing under Mr. Hinrichs will be in the company. The season is to open the second week in October, and the operas to be first heard will be "Ernani," "Masaniello," "Faust," and "The Masked Ball." In addition to standard grand operas the company is to produce, it is stated, Bizet's "The Pearl Divers," Weber's "Silvena," Thomas' "Caida," Adams' "King for a Day," Delibes' "The King Has Said It," and Herold's "Zampa."

LAWRENCE BARRETT will resume his active work on the stage next season. He has returned from Europe practically cured. There are no traces now of the abnormal swelling of the glands which caused his retirement from the stage at such an early date last season. It was no secret in professional circles that Mr. Barrett was in a very bad way. One side of his neck was swollen so much that it was necessary for him to have his collars made in a special fashion, and he was unable to appear in a number of characters in which unexceptionable looks were necessary. There is a general improvement also in Mr. Barrett's appearance and manner. He looks ten years younger than he did a year ago.

To say that Edouard Strauss and his orchestra were a success in Pittsburg would be expressing the idea too mildly. The Strauss orchestra literally took Pittsburg by storm. It was a very critical assembly that sat in Mechanical Hall listening for the first notes of the overture. When Edouard Strauss arose, bowed gracefully to the audience and waved his baton, the first note of Johann Strauss' overture from the "Merry War" fell on a silence so deep as almost to be felt. The second number, a waltz by Edouard Strauss, "Life in America," a delicate compliment to the nation, continued to win the people, and when the crash of the last note of the duet from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" died away, the audience was completely his. The marvellous magnetism exercised by the leader over that band of musicians was felt by the vast audience, and every one yielded to its influence. "The Phonograph," dedicated to Thomas A. Edison, by Edouard Strauss, received not one encore but two. The director himself led the orchestra with the violin. The pot-pourri from "Carmen" was encored cordially; but it was in his brother's famous waltz, "The Beautiful Blue Danube," that Edouard Strauss won the most enthusiastic praise. Very few people ever recognized the possibilities of this familiar piece of music. Indeed, "The Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz, as given by the Strauss orchestra, was a revelation. It showed the difference between the common place musician and the genius. After twice repeating the waltz an intermission of several minutes occurred, in which the people who had throughout the evening hardly dared to breathe for fear of losing a note, compared their opinions of the music and the leader. Both certainly deserved all the praise they received. The latter seems to be in personal communication with every instrument in the orchestra, which answers like a living thing to every one of those graceful, swaying motions, those sweeping arms, and the gentle inclinations of the head. The audience filled the great hall from end to end. People were packed in so closely that the discomfort, under other circumstances, would have been much objected to. Torontonians who wish to hear Strauss at the Pavilion on September 17th and 18th should at once place their names on the subscribers' lists, which are now at Messrs. Nordheimer's and I. Suckling and Sons'.

THERE are some solitary wretches who seem to have left mankind only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.—*Pope*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE WIND OF DESTINY. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

This number of the "Riverside" series is not likely to be very popular. Mr. Hardy has succeeded in painting a very noble character in Schomberg with his life-long self-sacrifice, but the book is tedious and when one has finished admiring Schomberg the interest of the book is exhausted. Besides which the plot is vapid and drags heavily.

THE TOLTEC CUP. By Nym Crinkle. New York: Lew Vanderpoole Company.

A novel by the sparkling dramatic critic whose name the volume bears naturally excites one's interest and if there is nothing of the weird and startling in the book, as its name might lead us to expect, we have, nevertheless, some capital descriptive writing about life in New York. The Toltec Cup is a large goblet of solid silver, elaborately engraved with hieroglyphics which enshrine the locale of buried treasure. The cup is stolen and round this central incident are grouped the various embroideries in human thread which make up the story. It is amusing, exciting and very ingeniously worked out.

ENGLISH LANDS, LETTERS, AND KINGS; from Elizabeth to Anne. By Donald G. Mitchell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A charming picture of English life and letters. It is not so philosophical as Taine or so exact as Craik, but it is a history of English literature as fresh as the last novel and as gossipy as five o'clock tea. Thus opens chapter II: "We have had our glimpse of the first (English) Stuart King, as he made his shambling way to the throne, beset by spoilsmen; we had our glimpse, too, of that haughty, high-souled, unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh, whose memory all Americans should hold in honour. We had our little look through the magic lantern of Scott at the toilet and the draggled feathers of the pedant King James, and upon all that hurly-burly of London where the Scotch Nigel adventured; and through the gossipy Harris we set before ourselves a great many quaint figures of the time. We saw a bride whose silken dresses whisked along those balusters of Crosby Hall, which brides of our day may touch reverently now; we followed Ben Jonson, afoot, into Scotland and among the pretty scenes of Eskdale; and thereafter we sauntered down Ludgate Hill, and so, by Wherry, to Bankside and the Globe, where we paid our shilling and passed the time o'day with Ben Jonson, and saw young Francis Beaumont, and smelt the pipes, and had a glimpse of Shakespeare. But we must not, for this reason, think that all the world smoked, or all the world of London went to the Globe Theatre." With this fitting introduction follows an account of Puritanism in its influence upon the English drama. It is a delightful book for home or school use, done up in Scribner's best style.

IBSEN'S PROSE DRAMAS. Vol. III. Edited by William Archer. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company.

This, the third volume of this edition of the Norwegian satirist's prose dramas, contains "Lady Inger of Ostrat," "The Vikings at Helgeland," and "The Pretenders." The first and last are founded on history, the second on Scandinavian legend. "Lady Inger of Ostrat," if we recollect aright, was written when Ibsen's powers, which matured slowly, were just budding, that is to say when he was about thirty. The three works above mentioned belong to the series of national and historical dramas, the first of which we think was "The Banquet at Solhoug." There can be no doubt or indeed surprise at the difference between the original "Mistress Inger at Ostraad" and the present "Lady Inger of Ostrat." Ibsen afterwards revised or rather re-wrote the play and in the insight of his matured powers eliminated much of the thoughtless crudities which disfigure all his earlier works. The erstwhile apothecary and theatrical manager hardly knew his own powers until "Love's Comedy" was given to the world, an event which did not take place till some seven years after "Mistress Inger" appeared. But "The Pretenders," the closing play in the volume before us, is without doubt the chief in point of merit in the national dramas of the Norwegian Juvenal. Its epoch is perhaps the most romantic in *saga* history. The time is immediately after the death of Sverre, about the beginning or first quarter of the 13th century. Two out of a crowd of claimants stand pre eminent in the struggle for the crown. Between Hakon Hakonsson and Skule Bardsson lies the choice; the one a putative son of Sverre and the other brother of a preceding king. By the ordeal of the hot iron Hakon is upborne in his claim and Skule is defeated. Upon the characters of the two as displayed in this struggle hangs the interest of the play. The subtle finish of portraiture throughout is remarkable and stamps "The Pretenders" as a great work. Mr. William Archer is perhaps the chief and the most sympathetic critic that Ibsen has, and no better translators could have been found than himself and his collaborator, albeit a too great faithfulness to the original is often adhered to at the expense of metre, and sometimes clearness as in the translation of Ornuet's "Drapa" and the "Lullaby."

August 15th, 1890.]

THE WORLD ENERGY AND ITS SELF-CONSERVATION. By Wm. M. Bryant. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Company.

This book has had somewhat the same effect on us as Browning's "Sordello" is said to have had on Douglas Jerrold. He was recovering from a severe illness and had been forbidden to read. During his wife's absence, however, from his chamber, he transgressed the doctor's instructions and read a page or two of "Sordello". Unable to understand it, he concluded that something dreadful had happened to his mind. On his wife's return, she noticed his troubled face, and asked for an explanation. He told her, "Oh! that need not trouble you." She replied, "I don't understand a word of it myself." "Then," said he, much relieved, "thank God I'm not an idiot." "The World Energy and its Self-Conservation" may be very clever and very necessary to the well-being of humanity, but we must confess that we don't understand it. Here for instance is the kind of stuff that puzzles us. "In every act of knowing, whether that act be predominantly perceptive or predominantly conceptive, there is necessarily involved not merely a reference, implicit or explicit of object to object, but also a reference of every object to a *self* as perceiving and as conceiving." No doubt this is quite true, and yet, thank God, we are not idiots.

WE have received "The Statistical Year Book of Canada," one of the most useful compilations by the Government Press. It is a mine of valuable information.

WE have received number eight of *Knowledge*, a weekly magazine devoted to supplying the latest information on various subjects. It forms a very useful appendix to a good cyclopædia.

WE have to thank Mr. Geo. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, for a copy of his concise and neat little book containing recollections of General Grant. It will be read with interest by every American and many Canadians.

ALDEN'S "Manifold Cyclopædia"—vol. XXII., Legal-McClure—has reached us. The work seems to maintain the standard hitherto attained while in this volume the balancing of the space, which was out of proportion, is more even.

WE have received from the Humboldt Publishing Company, of New York, numbers 124-127, inclusive, of their Humboldt Library. The treatises are on "Darwinism and Politics," by David Ritchie, M.A.; "Administrative Nihilism," by Professor Huxley; "Physiognomy and Expression," by Paolo Mantegazza in two parts, and the "Quintessence of Socialism," by Professor Schaffle, the translation being by Bernard Bosanquet.

THE August *Andover* begins its issue with an article by Professor Everett, and Dr. Tiffany contributes a heavy article on "The Westminster Confession and the Thirty-nine Articles." Lieutenant Wadhams considers the treatment of sailors in the U. S. navy, and Professor Taylor and Rev. Charles Beecher also write. Social economics, notes from England and the usual departments serve to fill the number.

PLENTY of useful information can always be gleaned from *Queries*. The current issue contains a short essay by Minnie C. Ballard on a somewhat unknown Swedish poet, Tegner, and his great poem, "The Frithiof Saga." Hans Makart, the Austrian painter, is the subject of illustration this month, and a strong, rugged face is his. Albert Dürer is told of and "What is a Lyric" affords an opportunity of considering that master of lyric art, Shelley.

DR. J. G. BOURINOT, our most distinguished constitutional authority in Canada, has an exhaustive article in the July number of the *American Academy of Political and Social Science*, a quarterly magazine published in the interests of economics, politics and sociology. Dr. Bourinot's paper is an able study on comparative politics and shows clearly the divergencies that exist in the political systems of the Dominion and the United States, and the cause to which they may be traced.

MRS. DELAND'S serial "Sidney," now running in the *Atlantic Monthly*, reaches a crisis in the heroine's career and Miss Murfree's "Felicia" continues its even tenor. The feature of the number is Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's article on "International Copyright." Whittier sends a three-page poem on the town of Haverhill, with nothing particularly excellent in it, and Oliver Wendell Holmes ends his installment of "Over the Teacups," with some sparkling verses, "The Broomstick Train." Ellen Terry Johnson sends an amusing sketch, full of wit, of Madame Cornuel and Madame de Coulanges. Professor N. S. Shaler seeks to explain how the college could be brought into closer touch with the aim of the ordinary student, viz., the gaining of that necessity—a living.

THE August *Forum* opens with a consideration (it is hardly criticism) of Bellamy's "Looking Backward," by Geraldwin Smith. Prince Kropotkin writes enthusiastically upon "The Possibilities of Agriculture," and Dr. Brown-Séguard, of elixir fame asks, "Have we two Brains or one?" If physiologists disagree how shall unlearned men answer? "The Future of Fiction" affords James Sully an interesting subject. The "Formative Influences" paper in this number is by Professor Peabody, and a paper on the "Décolleté in Modern Life" is signed Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. "The Discontent in Newfoundland" is a fair statement of the whole question by Donald Morison. Other papers are by Doctor Lyman Abbott, Senator Chandler and R. J. Burdette.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CLINTON SCOLLARD, the poet, having married Miss Georgia Brown, of Jackson, Mich., July 3, has sailed with his wife for Europe, and will probably remain abroad for more than a year.

THE Humane Education Society of Boston offers \$250 for the best essay in favour of vivisection, and \$250 for the best essay against it. President Angell, 19 Milk street, Boston, will furnish particulars.

PEN AND PRESS, "a twelve-page monthly magazine devoted to the interests of authors and writers," is to be published by Hicks and Whitley, Rochester, N. Y. The first number is promised for September.

H. C. BUNNER has written a series of short stories for *Puck*, under the general title of "Short Sixes; stories to be read while the candle burns." The first appears in *The Midsummer Puck*; the others will follow, one a week, throughout the summer.

ABOUT the end of the month a new weekly magazine, called *The Young Canadian*, published in Montreal, will make its bow to the public. From a knowledge of its conductors we have little hesitation in predicting the success we heartily wish to it.

AN English edition of *The Ladies' Home Journal* is to be brought out in London on a scale never before attempted by an American magazine, and Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, proprietor of the *Journal*, and Mr. Edward W. Bok, the editor, sailed for Europe last week to perfect arrangements.

THE new editor of the *Atlantic* prefers the view across the elms on the common instead of that over the graves in the Granary burying ground, which was the view the desk of his predecessor commanded from choice. Now every one will watch to see what effect this change will have on the *Atlantic*.

THE last volume of H. H. Bancroft's "History of California" will be issued in San Francisco shortly. It reviews the material, political and social development of the state for the last forty years, speaking plainly about the rage for money-getting and the standard of wealth set up in society.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD has now completed his new epic, "The Light of the World." It comprises six books of blank verse, interspersed with lyrical pieces; an explanatory introduction is prefixed. Sir Edwin has already sold all American rights in his work, we understand, to Mr. Henry Deakin.

THE death is announced of M. Marpon, "the discount book-seller" and publisher of Paris, noted for the editions of French classics which he published at wonderfully low prices. The fortunes of the house of Marpon and Flammarion were made by the writings of Camille Flammarion, the astronomer.

A BOOK which ought to interest all American nature-lovers is in the press of the Putnams. This is Mr. C. S. Newhall's "Trees of Northeastern America," a volume so prepared and illustrated as to help the most ignorant reader to identify all the native and naturalized species in the region named.

"TALLEYRAND'S MEMOIRS" are at last to be published, and the long deferred hope of a multitude of readers in all parts of the world is at the point of being realized. Two volumes of the memoirs will be published before the end of the present year by Calmann Lévy, and three more will soon follow, completing the work.

ANOTHER of the staff-artists of *Punch* is about to court fame in the character of author. Mr. Linley Sambourne is about to start on a yachting expedition to Scandinavian waters, and proposes giving the public the result of his observations, recorded with both pen and pencil, on his return. The title of the book will probably be "The Land of the Vikings."

THE first of *The Speaker's* critical notices of authors, to which we referred last week, is devoted to Cardinal Newman, with whom it deals as one of the great authors of the time. His great literary characteristics, the writer remarks, are "his force, his fancy, his oratorical rush upon his opponent," and the solid thought which lies at the bottom of all he says.

"DANS LES TÉNÉBRES DE L'AFRIQUE" is the French equivalent for "In Darkest Africa," chosen by the translator who is understood to be M. Elie Reclus, brother of the geographer. The German title is the more literal, "Im Dunkelsten Afrika." The books are published at 30 frs. and 22 marks respectively.

ANOTHER volume of hitherto unpublished writings of De Quincey is in preparation—compiled from the work of De Quincey during the time he was editor of the *Westmoreland Gazette*. Philosophical, political, and literary topics are discussed in these essays, now dug out of the files of a long forgotten journal.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY desire it to be known that the statement that they have discontinued the publication of non-copyrighted books is entirely false. They have, on the contrary, just completed arrangements with a number of foreign authors and publishers for a simultaneous issue of their works in the United States.

FROM Cairo, by way of Germany, is reported the discovery of a Coptic manuscript which contains much new light upon the Council of Ephesus in 431. It consists of a series of letters written from Ephesus by Cyril, Patriarch

of Alexandria, to his agent at the Court of Theodosius II., and a report by this agent, Victor the Younger, on the result of his negotiations.

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON thinks that \$5,000 a year is good pay for the average literary worker, and that even less might satisfy a man of modest aims. Thereupon the Lounger of the *Critic* asks him, "How many literary workers make so much per year? And is not that sum, or a larger one, made annually by many a physician or lawyer who is intellectually no better equipped than men of letters whose earnings average less?"

THE story of Mr. Jephson's nine months of travel in the Soudan, while in Africa with Mr. Stanley, will be narrated by Mr. Jephson himself in a volume to be issued this fall. Mr. Stanley has described Mr. Jephson as "a pronounced Eminite," so that his book will give a more favourable account of the Pasha than does Stanley's. It is expected that Mr. Rose Troup's account of the rear guard (Major Barttelot's) will be published about the same time.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN propose to complete their cheap reissue of Charles Kingsley's works by the addition of nine volumes of sermons, to appear at monthly intervals between now and February next. The entire series will thus consist of twenty-nine volumes. We doubt, says the *London Academy*, whether there is any other author recently dead, novelist or not, whose popularity can be attested by such evidence.

IN London last month there were sold at auction some forty MSS. of works chiefly by Wilkie Collins, together with a few by Dickens. A collection relating to the play of "The Frozen Deep," the joint production of the two authors, was knocked down for £300; the original MS. of the "Woman in White" fetched £320, that of "No Name" £55, "Armada" £101, "The Moonstone" £125, and "The New Magdalen" £22. The MS. of "The Perils of Certain English Prisoners," the Christmas *Household Words* for 1857, by Dickens and Collins, with notes and letters by the former, was sold for £200. The total of the sale reached over £1,300.

THE business hitherto carried on by the Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company (Limited) has been purchased and will be continued by the Sabiston Lithographic and Publishing Company, of which Mr. Richard White is President and Mr. Alex. Sabiston is Managing-Director. It is hoped to add to the interest and value of the paper, both from a pictorial and literary standpoint, and to extend and improve the business in its various departments. The business will be carried on in the meantime at the old premises, 73 St. James Street, Montreal, under the management of Mr. J. P. Edwards, to whom all communications in connection with accounts due the old company and new business should be addressed.

DR. HOLMES, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Whittier—in fact, all but three of the surviving "Forty Immortals" elected by the readers of *The Critic* in 1884—have taken part in the election of successors to the nine members deceased within the past six years. A detailed report of the balloting in *The Critic* of July 19 shows the result to be as follows, the names being arranged according to the number of votes received: Richard Watson Gilder, Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Prof. Francis J. Child, Frank R. Stockton, Henry Charles Lea, Dr. Andrew D. White, Joel Chandler Harris and Dr. Horace Howard Furness. Dr. Brooks and Prof. Norton tied for second place, and Mr. Lea and Dr. White for fifth.

IT is said that Sir Walter Scott used to pay \$750 a year on letters and parcels received by post. Once a bulky package came to Sir Walter all the way from the United States, for which the famous Scotch author paid something like five pounds sterling postage. He tore off the wrapper, when out fell a MS. called "The Cherokee Lovers," sent by a lady of New York, who requested Scott to read and correct it, write a prologue, have it produced on the stage of Drury Lane, and negotiate for a copyright. In about a fortnight another large, bulky letter arrived, C. O. D., calling for five pounds sterling postage, and this the author thoughtlessly received and tore open. Out jumped a duplicate copy of "The Cherokee Lovers," with a letter from the same lady, saying that, as the weather had been stormy, and the mails so uncertain, she thought it prudent to send a duplicate, as the first copy might have been lost. This little affair cost the gifted gentleman fifty dollars.

HAROLD FREDERIC, whose novels, "Seth's Brother's Wife" and "The Lawton Girl," have recently come from the press of the Scribners, is an industrious and energetic literary worker, and, although only thirty-four years of age, has had a remarkable and interesting career. In spite of early disadvantages, he educated himself, and worked his way through the editorial offices of the *Utica Observer* and *Albany Express* to the position of special London correspondent to the *New York Times*. Many of the scenes and incidents which the novelist portrays in his books are drawn from his own life in the interior of New York State, where he was born and spent his boyhood days. Frederic now has but little work to do, and for it receives a most comfortable salary. He has plenty of leisure time at his disposal, and this he devotes to his books. He is a careful and painstaking writer, and several of the best literary critics of London believe that he possesses a reserve power which he has yet to show to the literary world. His position gives him admission to the best literary circles of London, and he is very popular.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

SYMPATHY.

WE talked together, you and I :
It was a queenly night in June :
Low hung the moon in yonder sky,
And on your cheek low glanced the moon.

Your gentle hand was mine to hold ;
My ill-fed heart began to speak ;
And ever, as the tale was told,
Dear friend, the moon was on your cheek.

Old loss that would not let me rest,
Old grief that slept, but ever lay
A languid load upon my breast,
Awoke, and wept themselves away.

Up climbed the moon, slow waned the night,
And still you bent to hear me speak ;
I drank the comfort of the light
In those bright tears upon your cheek.

From off my life the burdens fall,
Still in their grave through tranquil years
They rest, those weary sorrows all,
That faded in the light of tears.

—*Danske Dandridge, in Harper's Bazar.*

AN AMUSING ANECDOTE ABOUT CHOATE.

THE study which Choate made of words, the wonderful richness of his vocabulary, while it had much to do with his power over a jury, had a fantastic side to it, which naturally gave point to sarcasm. Thus, Mr. Justice Wilde of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, comments in his dry way on the passion of the great advocate for adding to his verbal equipment. And when a member of the bar happened to ask the judge if he had heard that Worcester had just published a new edition of his dictionary, with a great number of additional words, Wilde answered : "No, I had not heard of it ; but, for God's sake, don't tell Choate." No doubt Choate himself would have appreciated the point of this sally ; for no one was more conscious of the exuberant prodigality of his utterances, which, however, the judge himself would probably have been as unwilling as anybody to restrain. The torrent of his speech bore down on its resistless flow the fact and argument of opposing counsel, but yet this was not due so much, after all, to the flow of his eloquence as to the skill with which he laid bare the weak points of his adversary, and the imaginative ingenuity that put the case in a new and totally unexpected light.—*An Inspired Advocate, in August Arena.*

HELIGOLAND.

THE relative value of national possessions is curiously illustrated by the fact that England, with her 9,000,000 square miles of the earth's surface, receives for this little island, which is not as large as Central Park, an indemnity representing about half a million square miles of African soil. Even this may prove less than profitable, for Heligoland yields an annual revenue of \$40,000, while he would be a bold prophet to assert that any European power will make both ends meet in the administration of the Black Continent. But though as a mercantile exchange the British have received a questionable property from Germany, still it is a matter of congratulation for the civilized world that the two greatest Protestant nations of Europe, both belonging to the same Germanic race, and both rivals in the same industrial field, should have removed from between them the cause of what might at any time provoke a war. Heligoland became English after the defeat of Napoleon and his exile to Elba. At that time no one but Gneisenau dreamed of such a thing as a mighty German Empire, stretching from the ocean to the Russian frontier, and England had little difficulty in holding it by treaty. It lies adjacent to Germany's greatest seaport, and commands the approach to the second in importance as well. If a foreign power should claim possession of Block Island or Fisher's Island, we could realize how Germans regard Heligoland in British hands. Or if we could imagine an island off the mouth of the Mississippi, or between Sandy Hook and Fire Island, the cases would be somewhat analogous, provided the British flag floated over them. Fortunately Heligoland has long since ceased to be considered valuable to England, while to Germany it has risen in importance with every increase in the German navy, every addition to Germany's merchant marine, and, above all, every indication of having to reckon with Russian or French cruisers.—*Poultry Bigelow, in Harper's Weekly.*

INVENTION AND THE PRESS.

THE growth of the printing business is one of the most wonderful phenomena of the century. The increase in the number, size, and circulation of daily and weekly journals, magazines, and other periodical publications is startling even to those who have watched its course for fifty years. The consumption of printing paper in the United States amounts to about as many tons in 1890 as it did pounds in 1790. The regular Sunday issue of a leading metropolitan daily requires from sixty to eighty tons of white paper. Many trains of freight cars would be required to transport the weekly output of one of the many great publishing

houses. Science and invention have been taxed to supply material for paper, and the printing industry, as it now exists, exhibits some of the greatest triumphs of inventive genius. The newspaper had a slow growth until the steamship and the telegraph annihilated distance and made all the civilized world one common neighbourhood ; then, as if the conditions for which it had waited were come, it entered on a career of development such as the wildest enthusiast could not have foreseen in his most fantastic dreams. It is to-day the most potent of all influences in moulding public opinion and directing the course of events. Doubtless the newspaper has its faults, for it is made to suit the demands of the reading public and, therefore, caters to various tastes. It is too often an intermeddler in private affairs, too often intensely partisan in politics, intemperately sectional in religion or unwholesomely bigoted in sociology. But, with all its defects, the newspaper is, next to the school, the great educator of our time, and the amount of good that it accomplishes should make us tolerant of the evil that is justly charged to its account. The daily papers gather from the pulpit, from legislative halls, from secular and religious conventions, from scientific and sociological bodies, from magazines, books, interviews and all other sources of information the freshest thought, the latest views on all sides of every question that attracts public attention. The cream of current thought is found in the editorials, interviews, correspondence, and extracts printed in the leading daily papers. The results of the learning of all the ages are condensed in these utterances. When they are classified and collated so as to give a just and adequate view of present opinion on a live issue, who can conceive of a more powerful and useful educational influence than such a collection ? —*The Inventive Age.*

THREE ROSES.

TOGETHER on a slender spray they hung,
Dowered with equal beauty, passing fair,
And blent, as though an unseen censer swung,
Their mingled perfume with the morning air.

Not theirs the fate to linger till decay
Strewed their sweet scented petals on the ground,
For ere the close of that bright summer day,
Each sister rose another fate had found.

Twined in the meshes of a beauty's hair
One blossom faded slowly, hour by hour,
Until at parting, some one in despair
As a memento craved the withered flower.

One went an offering to a vain coquette,
Who plucked its leaves, and as they fluttering fell,
Whispered a test that has believers yet,
He loves me—loves me not—he loves me well.

A maiden's form lies in a darkened room,
In folded hands, upon a pulseless breast,
One touch of colour in the deepening gloom,
The last of the three roses is at rest.

ENVOY.

O Love and cruel Death, so far apart,
Rose sisters fair, could I but change with thee
And choose the fate of either of the three,
O happiest rose of all, my choice would be
Thy place above the maiden's pulseless heart !

—*J. H. Symes, in Chambers' Journal.*

THE LIFE OF A FUNNY LECTURER.

THE lecture platform (alack that it should be so) is become a booth in Vanity Fair, and they that stand therein have wares to sell. And their be some of us, standing in the market place, who mourn, that the passer-by may lament unto us ; some of us there be who pipe, that the light of heart may dance. And others still are there, good as the best of those who toil, and stand idle even until the eleventh hour, because no man hath hired them. But alike are they all in the market place. The lecture business is a "business." The lecturer invests—comparatively speaking—much in it. He causes to be made a lithograph of himself, which resembles him "as the mist resembles rain," or a silver dollar resembles the goddess of liberty. He compiles a book of "press notices," so uniformly and extravagantly laudatory that we might fear he stood in danger of the woe pronounced upon us when all men shall speak well of us, did we not suspect that the press notices undergo a rigid civil-service examination, and that only the fittest for the business survive the ordeal of natural selection. He salaries an advance agent, or nestles under the wing of a lecture bureau. He provides for himself many changes of raiment, extra sandals, and scrip for his purse. He pays full railway fares ; often he travels hundreds of miles between engagements ; he eats when he has opportunity and there is aught to eat ; he goes to bed when the committee is too sleepy to sit up in his room any longer ; he passes sleepless nights on freight trains ; he endures, because he must, the maddening roar, and racket, and rush, and jar of railway trains, day after day, months in succession ; he lives without companionship ; there is no time to read ; he hears no lectures save his own, and of them perhaps he grows a-weary. He attends no concerts, no theatre ; he sees little of his friends, less of his family.—*Robert J. Burdette, in the August Forum.*

MODESTY.

"WHAT hundred books are best, think you ?" I said,
Addressing one devoted to the pen.
He thought a moment, then he raised his head :
"I hardly know—I've written only ten."

—*John Kendrick Bangs, in The Century.*

PYGMIES IN AFRICA.

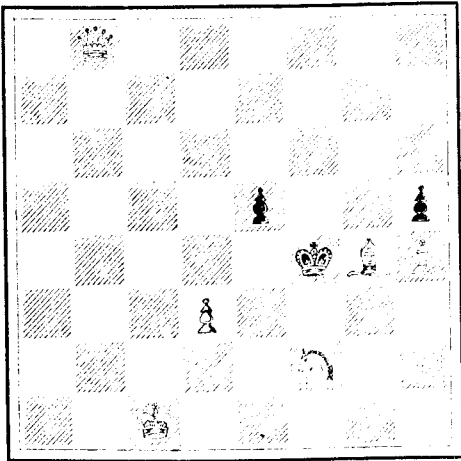
THE longevity of the animal creation found in the rivers and shades of these aged woods is something worth glancing at. The elephant and the hippopotamus and the crocodile may boast of their four hundred years of life, the tortoise a century, the buffalo fifty years ; the crows, eagles, ibis, and touracos nearly a century ; the parrot, the heron, and flamingo sixty years. From the chimpanzees, baboons, and monkeys, with which the forest abounds, is but a step, according to Darwinism, to the pygmy tribes whom we found inhabiting the tract of country between the Ihuru and Ituri Rivers. They were known to exist by the Father of poets nine centuries before the beginning of the Christian era. You may remember Homer wrote about the sanguinary battle that was reported to have taken place between the pygmies and the storks. In the fifth century before Christ, Herodotus described the capture of five young explorers from Nassamoves while they were examining some curious trees in the Niger basin, and how the little men took them to their villages and showed them about to their fellow-pygmy much as you would like us to show the pygmies about England. The geographer Hekataeus in the fifth century located the pygmies near the Equator of Africa, under the shadows of the Mountains of the Moon, and I find that from Hipparchus downward geographers have faithfully followed the example of Hekataeus, and nearly a year ago we found them where they had been located by tradition under the names of Watwa and Wambutti. The forest which we have been just considering extends right up to the base-line of the Mountains of the Moon. We were just now paying due reverence to the kings of the forest who were born before the foundations of the tower on Shinar plain were laid, and because it seemed to us that in their life they united pre-historic times to this society-journal-loving nineteenth century, let us pause a little and pay honor to those little people who have outlived the proud Pharaohs of Egypt, the chosen people of Palestine, and the Emperors of Babylon, Nineveh, Persia, and the Macedonian and Roman Empires. They have actually been able to hold their lands for over fifty centuries. I have lately seen the wear and tear on the Pyramids of Egypt, and I can certify that the old Sphinx presents a very battered appearance indeed, but the pygmies appeared to me as bright, as fresh, and as young as the generation which Homer sang about. You will therefore understand that I, who have always professed to love humanity in preference to beetles, was as much interested in these small creatures as Henry Irving might be in the *personnel* of the Lyceum. Near a place called Avetiko, on the Ituri River, our hungry men found the first male and female of the pygmies squatted in the midst of a wild Eden peeling plantains. You can imagine what a shock it was to the poor little creatures at finding themselves suddenly surrounded by gigantic Soudanese 6 feet 4 inches in height, nearly double their own height and weight, and black as coal. But my Zanzibaris, always more tender-hearted than Soudanese, prevented the clubbed rifle and cutlasses from extinguishing their lives there and then, and brought them to me as prizes in the same spirit as they would have brought a big hawk moth or mammoth longicorn for inspection. As they stood tremblingly before me I named the little man Adam and the miniature woman Eve, far more appropriate names in the wild Eden on the Ituri than the Vukukuru and Akiokwa which they gave us. As I looked at them and thought how these represented the oldest people on the globe, my admiration would have gone to greater lengths than scoffing cynics would have expected. Poor Greekish heroes and Jewish patriarchs, how their glory paled before the ancient ancestry of these manikins ! Had Adam known how to assume a tragic pose, how fitly he might have said, "Yea, you may well look on us, for we are the only people living on the face of the earth who from primæval time have never been removed from their homes. Before Yusuf and Mesu were ever heard of we lived in these wild shades, from the Nile Fountains to the Sea of Darkness, and, like the giants of the forest, we despise time and fate." But, poor little things, they said nothing of the kind. They did not know they were heirs of such proud and unequalled heritage. On the contrary, their faces said clearly enough, as they furtively looked at one and the other of us, "Where have these big people come from ? Will they eat us ?" There were some nervous twitches about the angles of the nose and quick upliftings of the eyelids, and swift, searching looks to note what fate was in store for them. It is not a comfortable feeling which possesses a victim in the presence of a possible butcher, and a possible consumer of its flesh. That misery was evident in the little Adam and Eve of the African Eden. The height of the man was 4 feet, that of the woman a little less. He may have weighed about 85 pounds ; the color of the body was that of a half-baked brick, and a light brown fell stood out very clearly. So far as natural intelligence was concerned, within its limited experience, he was certainly superior to any black man in our camp.—*From Henry M. Stanley's recent address before the Royal Geographical Society.*

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 487.

By M. EBREINSTEIN.

BLACK.



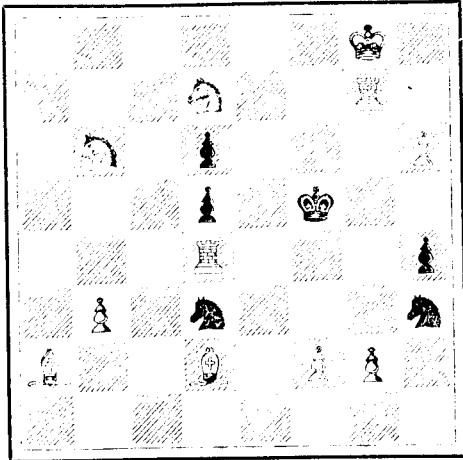
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 488.

By B. W. LA MOTTE, New York.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 481. White: 1. R-Q 5, 2. Q-R 8+, 3. P-R 4 mate. Black: 1. P x P, 2. K-Kt 4. If 1. B-Kt 2, 2. B x Q.

No. 482. Q-Kt 5

SECOND GAME IN THE MATCH NOW BEING PLAYED BETWEEN BLACKBURN AND LEE AT THE BRADFORD CHESS CLUB.

GIUOCO PIANO.

Table with columns for LEE (White) and BLACKBURN (Black) showing chess moves in algebraic notation.

NOTES BY GUNSBURG.

- (a) The game so far is on ordinary lines. This move does not improve White's development. (b) The right reply to White's inactive move. (c) If Black play now B x B then Kt will remain badly posted, and is a loss of time in any event.

Chronic

Catarrh destroys the sense of smell and taste, consumes the cartilages of the nose, and, unless properly treated, hastens its victim into Consumption.

Can be

cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have always been more or less troubled with Scrophula, but never seriously until the spring of 1882.

For thoroughly eradicating the poisons of Catarrh from the blood, take

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

saparilla. It will restore health and vigor to decaying and diseased tissues, when everything else fails.

Catarrh

Is usually the result of a neglected "cold in the head," which causes an inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nose.

Cured

by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I suffered, for years, from chronic Catarrh. My appetite was very poor, and I felt miserably.

I was troubled with Catarrh, and all its attendant evils, for several years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

If you would strengthen and invigorate your system more rapidly and surely than by any other medicine, use Ayer's Sar-

saparilla. It is the safest and most reliable of all blood purifiers. No other remedy is so effective in cases of chronic Catarrh.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5

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Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Inflammation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN. Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

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FEVER AND AGUE cured or prevented. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

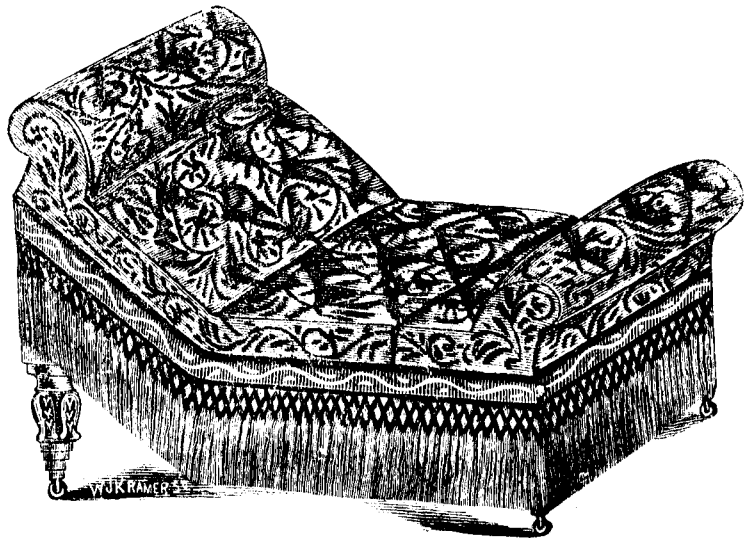
Price 25 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. RADWAY & Co., 419 St. James Street, Montreal.

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TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured.

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MANUFACTURERS OF FINE AMERICAN FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY GOODS. Our Specialty, THE DOSSETT PATENT LOUNGE.



Factory, PORT ROWAN. Warehouse, TORONTO

WANTED:—There is a chance for investors to take stock in above company

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO. COAL AND WOOD.

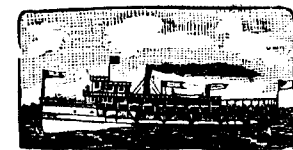
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN HEAD OFFICE:—20 KING STREET WEST. BRANCH OFFICES:—409 Yonge Street, 765 Yonge Street, 552 Queen Street West, 244 Queen Street East.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages.

THE NEW AND FAST STEAMER LAKESIDE!

PLYING BETWEEN TORONTO, PORT DALHOUSIE & ST. CATHARINES



Leaves Milloy's Wharf, foot of Yonge St., 3.30 p.m., arriving in Port Dalhousie 6 p.m., in time for outgoing trains.

Tickets (single and family) and other information may be had from the following Agents:—W. K. Colville, 12 Front Street East; C. P. R. Office, 118 King Street West; and 24 York Street; Electric Dispatch Co., 82 Yonge Street; Rose & Stewart, 1352 Parkdale; Electric Light Office; Milloy's Wharf Offices, foot of Yonge Street, and on board the steamer.

CANADA SHIPPING COMPANY BEAVER LINE STEAMSHIPS. SAILING BETWEEN MONTREAL & LIVERPOOL.

1890. SAILING SEASON. 1890. FROM MONTREAL.—Lake Huron, July 1; Lake Nepigon, July 8; Lake Ontario, July 15; Lake Winnipeg, July 22; Lake Superior, July 29; Lake Huron, August 5; Lake Nepigon, August 12; Lake Ontario, August 19; Lake Winnipeg, August 26; Lake Superior, September 2; Lake Huron, September 9; Lake Nepigon, September 16; Lake Ontario, September 23; Lake Winnipeg, September 30; Lake Superior, October 7; Lake Huron, October 14; Lake Nepigon, October 28; Lake Ontario, October 28.

