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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
The Public Library.....	227
The Pass and Honour Courses.....	227
Upper Canada College.....	227
The Deadly Cigarette.....	228
Bourinot's Parliamentary Procedure.....	228
What the Book Contains.....	228
The Quebec Elections.....	228
The Behring Sea Question.....	229
Economic Fallacies.....	229
The Result in Quebec.....	229
OTTAWA LETTER.....	T. C. L. K. 229
FICTION IN THE COURT-ROOM.....	George Stewart, LL.D. 229
ONE AND THE OTHER. (POEM).....	Annie Rothwell. 230
A Q. C. OF 1837.....	S. A. Curzon. 231
A SECOND HAND BOOK.....	Charles Frederick Hamilton. 232
PARIS LETTER.....	Z. 232
THE RAMBLER.....	233
CORRESPONDENCE—	
University Education.....	A. Cecil Gibson. 233
The Voters' Lists.....	S. 233
Bermuda as a Health Resort—1.....	P. E. Galbraith. 234
IN MEMORIAM. (POEM).....	Thomas O'Hagan. 234
ART NOTES.....	234
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.....	234
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	235
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.....	236
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.....	236
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	237
CHESS.....	239

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

THE Toronto Public Library is one of the civic institutions of which the city may be justly proud, or, which is perhaps a better compliment, it is one of those which is quietly and without much observation, doing a steady and persistent work for the general weal. The quiet forces in society, as in nature, are often the most potent as well as the most beneficent in the long run. No one can read the Eighth Annual Report of this Library without feeling that its influence must be considerable in shaping the thought and moulding the character of the large numbers of people, especially of the young, who have access so freely to its volumes. Grant that a very large proportion of the volumes drawn and read are of the lighter class, and that works of fiction predominate to an undue extent. It is, we venture to affirm, vastly better that young people, and all other people, should read fiction, even fiction of a comparatively inferior character, so long as it is not low or vicious, than that they should read nothing. Apart even from the probability, which is always considerable, that the trivial or sentimental tale may prove a stepping-stone on which the mind rescued by it from utter vacuity or worse may rise to higher things, it is better that the imagination should be occupied with the lightest fancies, or busied with the impossible exploits of the most unreal of heroes and heroines, than that it should be left to be overrun with noxious weeds or made the cesspool for things foul and vile. So much in anticipation of the trite objections based upon the indications of uncultivated literary taste afforded by the classes of books mostly in demand. But facts are always more convincing than theories, and it is gratifying to perceive that theory is in this case well supported by facts. The fact that the number of books drawn from the circulating department during the past year shows an increase of over ten per cent. above that of the preceding year, indicates that the reading habit is growing by that on which it feeds. The further fact that there has been during the last six years a steady decrease in the percentage of works of fiction issued—that percentage having fallen from 66.5 to 53.1 per cent. in the period named—is a still more gratifying indication of an upward tendency in literary taste among the patrons of the Library. "These figures amply justify," says the Report, "the conclusions

at which older library boards have arrived, that there is a progressive character in mental culture which is imparted by a taste for reading and which can be fostered by supplying freely the best literature." The total number of books taken out during the year 1891 was 427,347. One needs to think over these figures for a few moments in order to gain even an approximate conception of what they may fairly be supposed to mean in relation to educational influence. After making every allowance for waste they represent a sum total of information gained, impressions made and mental stimulus imparted, such as we have no means of estimating, but which must be very considerable. Amongst the tables given in the Report, those showing the classified circulation of books issued during the year are specially interesting. First come, as a matter of course, the 53.1 per cent. of works of fiction. Next in order are books for juvenile readers, to the extent of 13.7 per cent.; then books of reference, 7.3 per cent.; periodicals and magazines, 4.3 and 3.9 per cent., respectively; general literature, geography and travel, and history, 3.1, 2.7 and 2.3 per cent. The showing in the sciences, arts, philosophies, etc., are disappointing until one remembers that the students of these and kindred works will prefer, if possible, to possess their favourite works on these subjects, and that consequently, the library circulation affords no reliable criterion of the reading of the citizens in the severer lines. It would be ungrateful to dismiss this topic without reference to the efficiency with which the library is managed. The ability, courtesy and assiduity with which the very competent librarian, Mr. Bain, and his assistants anticipate and attend to the wants of the public leave, as we are sure will be the general testimony of those who frequent the central library and its various branches, little to be desired. Of the museum, the latest addition to the attractions of the central building, we may speak in another number.

IN a communication which will be found in another column, Mr. A. Cecil Gibson regards it as a fact that the "pass" course in universities has usually the idea of inferiority associated with it, but assigns a different reason for the fact from that recently hinted at in these pages, that reason being in effect, if we understand it, that the "pass" course is intended to be an easy grade by which a student may mount up to a degree, while at the same time carrying on "the subject which is to be his life study." He is thus enabled, through the leniency of his university, to kill two birds, not exactly with the one stone, but rather with two stones flung simultaneously in different directions. Accepting for the present purpose this view, which is no doubt the fact in many cases, it seems to us to strengthen rather than otherwise the objections which are being urged by many of the friends of higher education in this Province against the policy which results in admitting to a degree a class of men who have nothing better to show for their four years, more or less, than what our correspondent calls a "smattering" of "those subjects which are considered necessary to education." Surely this cannot be good either for the institution or for the "pass" student. How much better is such an education than a sham? The argument at this point may be put in the form of a dilemma. Either the "pass" course in—let us be specific—Toronto University is a thorough university course from an educational point of view, or it is not. If it is, the student who takes it, should not suffer the injustice of being sent forth with a stigma of inferiority on his brow. If it is not, the university fails in one of its chief functions and its degree can no longer be relied on as a guarantee of a liberal culture. Touching the relative values of a general and a specific course, when other things are equal—and if other things are not equal there can be no fair comparison—we are quite unable to agree with our correspondent. It is certainly not self-evident that confining the attention to a special subject, or class of subjects, is in itself better adapted to develop either originality or genuine brain-power than an equally earnest and thorough, though necessarily less extensive study, of several of those sciences—we use the term "science" as we understand our correspondent to use it, in the widest sense—which are included in the higher years of a sym-

metrically arranged university course. Mr. Gibson's argument seems to us to overlook the very essential fact that in order to concentrate his powers on his chosen science and "show what brains he has," his specialist is obliged to omit altogether, or at best to content himself with a mere "smattering" of, other sciences equally necessary to a liberal education, and some of them very likely distinctly superior as a means of developing that power of original and vigorous thinking which all will agree is the true end and only reliable test of college culture. The gist of the question really is, we suppose, at what point in the university course should the divergence into specialties be permitted and to what extent, in order to secure the best educational results. Some educators are still of opinion, and are able to give cogent reasons for that opinion, that that point should be fixed very near the end of the ordinary B.A. course, if not quite beyond it. Certainly, and this be it observed is our original contention, those students who prefer to devote all their energies to an all-round, symmetrical course should not be discouraged from doing so by the dread of being branded as inferior to the specialists who are neither more industrious nor of greater ability. Such a brand, it is admitted, is affixed by the term "pass," as at present used, and for the retention of which our correspondent pleads. Did this term and its correlative denote, as they probably did at first, that the "honours" were taken in addition to, not as substitutes for, subjects of the regular course, its use would be justified. As now used it connotes a meaning which does not necessarily belong to it. Its retention is, therefore, both misleading and unjust.

THE discussion in the Ontario Assembly on Monday, touching the unauthorized expenditure on Upper Canada College, had a significance beyond the irregularity charged against the Government. This irregularity is in itself not a trifling matter, involving, as it does, the principle of the control of the House over Government expenditure. Once grant that the Government may exceed at pleasure and to any extent it may deem desirable, the amount voted for a work or institution, relying on its faithful majority to sustain it, and the discussion and voting of the estimates becomes reduced to little more than a matter of form. It must be admitted, it seems to us, that the defence made by Mr. Ross and his supporters in this case was weak and unsatisfactory. This is especially true of that part of it in which some of the Government speakers seemed to throw the blame for the over-expenditure on the Trustees of the College—an outside body not responsible to the House and without shadow of right to determine its expenditures. But apart from the political or constitutional question, the debate was significant in two respects. It revealed, in the first place, the jealousy with which the people, through their representatives, view any fresh expenditure of the public funds for purposes of higher education. Rightly or wrongly, the idea is taking possession of the public mind that the duty of the State in the matter of public education ceases at the point at which the facilities provided cease to be within the reach of all classes. The same feeling was manifested in the Assembly a few days before, when the subject of appropriations to High Schools was under consideration. The conviction is growing, year by year, that the selfish interests of those who aspire to the learned professions, on the one hand, and the philanthropy of the patrons of learning and science, on the other, can be safely relied on to furnish the best facilities for the higher culture which it is the business of colleges and universities to furnish. But in the case in question there was evidently superadded to this feeling, the old objection, which has never been satisfactorily met, that the position of Upper Canada College is unique and illogical—that it is, however excellent as a school, an anomaly in the educational system, competing with unfair advantages with the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, and at the same time taking on somewhat of a class complexion which is alien to the genius of the people and the institutions of the Province. Neither nations nor provinces are ruled wholly by logic. Were it otherwise, Upper Canada College could have no place in our educational system.

THANKS to the efforts of the Ontario Women's Christian Temperance Union, we believe, a Bill is now before the Ontario Legislature for the prohibition of the sale of tobacco—we presume other strong narcotics will be included—to boys under a certain age. Whatever may be our opinions in regard to the sweeping measures of prohibition sought by this and similar organizations in the case of intoxicating liquors, few thoughtful persons will doubt either the propriety or the necessity of legislation in the direction indicated. There can be, we suppose, no serious difference of opinion amongst scientific men with regard to the terribly deleterious effects of the tobacco habit in the case of boys of tender years. The most devoted lover of the weed, if he be intelligent and a parent, will scarcely hesitate to approve of the principle of the Bill in question. Indeed we can scarcely conceive of any solid grounds for opposition to the passage of a judicious measure of the kind. The staple objections to the principle of prohibition cannot apply here, because all must admit the necessity for restrictions upon the liberty of the young until they arrive at the years of discretion and become capable of judging for themselves. There are few more painful sights than those which daily meet the eye in the streets of Toronto or any other town or city in Canada, lads scarcely yet in their "teens" inhaling the fumes of the narcotic in what is we believe admitted to be one of its deadliest forms—that of the cigarette. The wonder is that legislators and people alike have been so slow to move against this undoubted evil by cutting off the sources of supply. The principle of prohibition involved is already recognized by universal consent in the case of liquors, hence its extension so as to include tobacco does not mean the application of any new principle of legislation. If there is any doubt on the part of any honourable member whether the effects of the tobacco habit upon the young are really so serious as to warrant legislative interference, it might not be amiss for a committee to interrogate three or four of the ablest and most experienced physicians of the City or Province on the point. Unless their observations have led them to very different conclusions from those reached by many scientific men who have testified on the subject, it will be found to be practically beyond dispute that the effect of the excessive use of the drug by lads—and the tendency will always be to excess in such cases—are not simply physical but mental and moral deterioration, verging in the worst cases on actual imbecility. If this be so, can there be any valid excuse for hesitation in passing and as far as possible enforcing a stringent law to prohibit the sale of tobacco in any form to boys under a certain age, or even to all minors? Is it not a duty to society and to the State to protect the young and inexperienced from the consequences of their own lack of wisdom, and from the cupidity of those who are willing to take advantage of their youthful vanity and folly?

DR. BOURINOT, the Author; Dawson Brothers, the Publishers; Trinity College, Toronto, to whom as his *Alma Mater* it is dedicated by the author; and above all the people of the Dominion of Canada, for whose behoof the work has been written, are to be congratulated upon the appearance of a second edition, revised, enlarged and brought up to date, of Bourinot's "Parliamentary Procedure and Practice." Next to the possession of constitutional freedom and responsible government by any people, and in fact essential to the full enjoyment of the benefits which such a system is intended to confer, is an intelligent understanding on the part of the people of the exact nature and the proper workings and limits of their political machinery. To this end the man who devotes years of study and toil to the production of a simple, reliable, and in virtue of its own intrinsic merits, authoritative, exposition of the system thus established, not only deserves well of his fellow-citizens, but becomes one of the benefactors of his country. Apart altogether from its direct practical utility, the work before us is a most valuable educational treatise. It is not easy to conceive of any other work of a secular character whose perusal is better calculated to stimulate the thought and enlarge the intelligence of all who may read it. Not the least of its many merits is that it is written in so clear a style that any person of ordinary education can easily master its substance. Indeed, so struck have we been with this characteristic of the book, in looking over it, that it seems to us worthy of serious enquiry by the educational authorities of the different Provinces, whether a place should not be found for it as a text-book at some stage of the educational course, not farther advanced than the High Schools,

in order that at least a large percentage of the people of the Dominion might enter upon the duties of citizenship with a clear understanding of the political system of their own country. That very many Canadians of fair education and intelligence do not now possess such knowledge is a fact which may be easily verified by anyone who has any doubts in regard to the matter, though it is not necessary to suppose that our people are less well informed on such matters than the average in any other country. Most certainly no one should be considered qualified for the position of a public school teacher who is unable to pass an examination on at least a large portion of such a work as this. Something of the kind is, we are aware, expected of teachers, in Ontario at least, under the present regulations, but the writer has had opportunities very recently to discover that some of those teachers have, as a matter of fact, but the faintest and dimmest ideas, if their shadowy notions are even worthy of that name, in regard to the whole subject.

FIRST and by no means least valuable in the Table of Contents of Dr. Bourinot's book is an admirably clear and succinct sketch of the constitutional history of Canada. Those, and there are many such among our own people, who have the impression that Canada has no history worth studying or writing would, we think, very materially modify that notion could they be induced to read carefully this introductory chapter, which is not a whit too long though it occupies nearly one-sixth of the whole volume of more than 900 pages. Though our country has, happily, not many great victories on the battle field to be recorded, the story of the slow and toil-some stages by which she has passed from a state of the completest political tutelage to the possession of the large measure of constitutional freedom she enjoys to-day, is in most other respects a reproduction on a somewhat diminutive scale of the similar processes of development through struggle and against the selfishness and unscrupulousness of privilege entrenched in power, which constitute the most instructive portions of the history of the greatest and freest nations on earth. It is, perhaps, but a natural consequence of having had his attention so long engaged more fully with the history and development of our written constitution, and the abstract character of the institutions which are both the outgrowth of that constitution and designed to perpetuate it, that Dr. Bourinot takes a much more sanguine view of the results and prospects at the present date than many of his readers will be able to do. We cannot refrain from reproducing the following glowing picture of the outcome of the long process of development. At the same time we can hardly refrain from thinking, as we know that many of our readers will think, that the picture, in one or two important particulars, represents the scene as it should be rather than as it is: "With a federal system which combines at once central strength and local freedom of action; with a permanent executive independent of popular caprice and passion; with a judiciary on whose integrity there is no blemish, and in whose learning there is every confidence; with a civil service resting on the firm basis of freedom from politics and of security of tenure; with a people who respect the law and fully understand the workings of parliamentary institutions, the Dominion of Canada need not fear comparison with any other country in those things which make a community truly happy and prosperous." It adds not a little to the value of this introductory chapter that in this second edition it contains all the important judicial decisions which have been reached from time to time on questions of jurisdiction between the Dominion and the Provinces. In the succeeding chapters, which constitute the body of the book, dealing with the constitution and working of the Senate and the House of Commons, the relations between the two Houses, the powers and privileges of Parliament, its rules, usages and modes of procedure, its laws of debate, its various committees, etc., Dr. Bourinot's book is too well known as an authority of the highest class to need a word of commendation from us. The General Observations on the Practical Operation of Parliamentary Government in Canada, in the closing chapter, fittingly supplement the historical introduction above referred to. It is, of course, too much to expect that the mastery of so complex a system of laws and precedents by any one author should be perfect, or that in such statements as necessarily partake more or less of the nature of interpretations or opinions, he should command universal assent. But it is, as we have said, matter for congratulation that Canadians have

as a text-book and authority on all questions of constitution, law and procedure, a work second to none that has ever been published, even in Great Britain.

BEFORE this number of THE WEEK reaches the hands of its readers the results of the fierce electoral struggle now going on in the Province of Quebec will have become known. It would be worse than useless, therefore, to indulge in any speculations, based upon the doings of nomination day or other indications. In any event, the future history of the unfortunate Province of Quebec is wrapped in uncertainty and gloom. Should the DeBoucherville Government be sustained by a working majority, and should its members set themselves ever so honestly and resolutely to raise the Province out of the financial slough into which the extravagance of two successive administrations and the dishonesty of at least one of them have brought it, the task will inevitably be a herculean one. To rehabilitate its shattered moral reputation will be scarcely less difficult. And then Mercier, whether defeated or victorious, will still be able to exert a potent and baleful influence upon the course of events. If defeated, there seems much reason to fear that the sympathy he may be able to arouse on his behalf, as having been sacrificed to the partisanship of a Lieut.-Governor, combined with the strong personal attachment of a considerable section of his former adherents, may make him still a formidable force in provincial politics and legislation. Should he, on the other hand, as seemed until lately far from improbable, succeed in retaining an absolute majority of the representatives as his supporters, it is difficult to conjecture what would follow. The Province would be regarded abroad and in the other Provinces of the Dominion as having deliberately declared in favour of, or at least as having refused to condemn, theft from the treasury as a means of securing funds for party purposes—a result for which we cannot but think Mr. Angers' autocratic and partisan course would be largely responsible. Be that as it may, the situation would be a most embarrassing one, not only for Mr. Angers, but for the Dominion. There is, indeed, a third possibility which looks just now almost like a strong probability. It may be that neither the existing Government nor Mr. Mercier may succeed in gaining an absolute majority in the Legislature, but that the event may leave the balance of power in the hands of those who are running as "Independent Liberals," opposed, we may suppose, alike to both the De Boucherville and the Mercier parties. The choice would then be, no doubt, between a temporary and insecure tenure of office by the present Administration and a reconstructed Liberal Cabinet with Mr. Mercier and those of his late colleagues who connived at his dishonest methods left out. But the possibility of such a reconstruction would depend on one or other of two very improbable contingencies. Either Mr. Mercier would have to perform an unlikely act of self-effacement, or those who had just been elected as his supporters would have to turn their backs on him at the first opportunity. We shall soon see what we shall see.

IN the absence of fuller information it is difficult to judge of the merits of the new difficulty which is said to have sprung up between the British and American Governments in connection with the Behring Sea negotiations. There are some facts which it is hard to reconcile with the statements which come from Washington correspondents in respect to the alleged difficulties. If our memory serves us, it was but a few weeks ago that these same Washington correspondents were telling us that American statesmen were becoming restive at Lord Salisbury's delay in signing the Treaty of Arbitration and suspected him of seeking to prolong negotiations in order to render a renewal of the *modus vivendi* necessary, thus giving the Canadian fishermen another season for poaching. Subsequent events pointed to the view that the delay was at Washington rather than at Westminster. Now it is alleged that the refusal of the British Premier to renew that same *modus vivendi* is resented by the American Government as something approaching a breach of faith, or at least a piece of sharp practice. This, too, though Lord Salisbury's alleged offer to prohibit sealing within a circle of thirty miles radius around the breeding islands is said to be even better for American interests than a previous proposal by Mr. Blaine. Unless Mr. Blaine is really holding to the claim of exclusive jurisdiction over the whole Sea, a claim which, by the way, it has been denied that he ever seriously made, it is difficult to believe that he has refused, or will refuse, the thirty mile limit if

it has really been offered, which in the absence of confirmation we make bold to doubt. It is pretty clear that the facts concerning the new difficulty, if there really is one, are not yet known, and all speculations based upon the press rumours are useless. The most remarkable thing on the British side is that this moment should have been chosen for a debate in the Commons on the British Columbia docks. But it is incredible that the British Government should have the bad taste and worse policy to resort to a veiled threat under any circumstances that can possibly exist at present. It is to be most earnestly hoped that nothing may occur to prevent the speedy settlement of the question by the truly rational and just method of friendly arbitration, whereby these two great nations will again have set an example worthy of imitation for all Christendom.

THE *Christian Union* of New York, referring to two reports which were submitted to the House of Representatives, a few days since, by the protectionists and free-traders, respectively, of the Committee of Ways and Means, on the subject of the free-wool Bill, points out very clearly the fallacies—"intellectual dishonesty," it calls the thing—which characterize both reports. These fallacies are so similar in kind to a class of arguments with which we in Canada are very familiar that the gist of the *Christian Union's* criticism is worth reproducing. We shall leave the reader to make his own application to the cases nearer home. The free-traders said: "Wool has steadily declined from 1867 (when the wool tariff was passed) to the present time. The McKinley tariff increased the duty on wool an average of one cent a pound. The result has been a fall of two or three cents a pound instead of a rise of one cent. After twenty-five years of experiment, the result has been a reduction of one-half in the number of sheep in the States east of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, and a reduction of one-half in the price of wool. To this the protectionist reply was that all over the world the supply of wool has increased and its price decreased"; but a careful comparison of prices shows that the wool tariff has kept the price of domestic wool above the price of foreign wool by nearly the full amount of the duty. This is admitted, and is a successful reply to the free-trade contention that the tariff has caused the fall in the price of wool, by showing that it has instead increased that price above what it would otherwise have now been. But then, the protectionists go on to allege that "the great mass of the people, the consumers, have shared in the benefit." To this end they say: "The people of the United States find themselves able to secure all the wool they require at a smaller cost than ever before in their experience." But that, as our contemporary points out, is not the question. The real question is whether they are able to procure wool more cheaply, or even as cheaply, as they would have been able to do but for the tariff—whether the tariff has not kept the price of domestic woollens above the price of foreign woollens "by nearly the full amount of the duty." "All over the world the supply of woollens as well as of wool has been increasing and the price diminishing. Every advance in civilization, every extension of the area of cultivation or the productiveness of the soil, every cheapening of the means of intercommunication, every labour-saving invention, makes both wool and woollens more abundant and less costly. Unless the tariff restricts this movement, and artificially lessens the supply and raises the price, the manufacturers would not gain by free wool, nor lose by freer woollens." This seems sufficiently clear. One point made in the majority report, that of the free-traders, can hardly be evaded, and is of great importance, viz., that free wool and cheap woollens would enormously increase the demand for clothing, carpets and blankets, just as free sugar had already increased the consumption of the article twenty-four per cent.

AS we are about going to press, the whole Dominion is ringing with the news of the triumph of the De Boucherville Government and the defeat of the Mercier party by an overwhelming majority in the Province of Quebec. Until very recently the indications, as we were able to read them, did not lead us to look for so decisive a result. But within the last two or three weeks the symptoms of a general revulsion against Mercierism have been marked. As the proofs of his dishonesty have been more glaringly displayed, the tendency has been to lose sight of the constitutional question, and when on Sunday last the pulpits sent forth their denunciations, the issue was no longer in doubt. Mercier's own familiar friends, the

prelate and the curé, had evidently risen up against him, and the result was virtually pre-determined. All friends of honest government must be glad that "boodling" is so sternly rebuked, and that one whose personal integrity is above suspicion is at the head of affairs in Quebec, though many will not cease to regret and to deprecate the means by which the change has been brought about.

OTTAWA LETTER.

THE House has not yet settled down to hard work although over a week has passed since it assembled. The debate on the Address, the introduction of new members, and solemn resolutions respecting the untimely death of the Duke of Clarence, have been somewhat varied by a calm, technical, and exceedingly intricate argument between Mr. Mills and the Minister of Justice over the meaning of the law dealing with the election of members to the House of Commons. The member for Bothwell, sometimes called "philosopher," endeavoured to put the question merely in the abstract, and Mr. Laurier, who naturally enough had something to say on the subject, went so far as to affirm that it would make no difference to the Liberals whether the disputed votes were cast for Mr. Carling or Mr. Hyman. The London election is certainly an unfortunate affair, and may yet become as famous as the election which took place several years ago in Bothwell, when the candidate whom the returning officer declared entitled to the seat remained in possession for a year and a-half and was finally compelled to retire by a decision of the Supreme Court. Or, it may yet be invested with such an unpleasant savour as that which to-day arises whenever reference is made to the election in Queen's County, N. B., which occurred about the same time.

There was a great deal of argument and an appalling amount of that delicate business of splitting hairs, and it is very doubtful if any member of the House, outside the principals in the debate, was as wise at its conclusion as before its commencement.

The difference between the original motion by Mr. Mills and the amendment by Sir John Thompson is with regard to the relation of the House to returning officers. Sir John was forcible in his declaration that failure of duty on the part of an officer is severely punishable, as the law now is; while Mr. Laurier displayed an inclination to act kindly and even affectionately towards those important gentlemen, and would have them well advised, that they might not be severely punished. His was a sort of "prevention is better than cure" argument. The debate had its constitutional aspect. Mr. Mulock waxed somewhat warm in his discussion of the matter, and, to use a forcible if vulgar expression, he put his foot in it, when he mentioned a rumour that the County Judge who would be called upon to decide upon the votes in question had already shown a bias towards the Government candidate. Sir John Thompson protested against the reference, and the Speaker told Mr. Mulock that such language should not be used unless he was prepared to impeach the Judge. Sir Richard Cartwright, who, it is said, is not favourably disposed towards Speakers appointed by the Conservative Government, bristled up and protested against the ruling. The Speaker, however, fully vindicated the stand he had taken when he read a quotation from Bourinot, showing that the Speaker of the British House of Commons always interferes to prevent attacks upon Courts of Justice, or Judges, unless the member is prepared to make a motion of impeachment.

During the past week the annual meeting of the Canadian branch of the Imperial Federation League was held here. The members got out of the usual rut and discussed matters of practical importance with more than their usual zeal.

The more active participation in the discussion than in former years of the younger element, who are not yet fully versed in political "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," and are not yet burdened with responsibility to the electorate, may well account for the almost daring opinions expressed and embodied in resolutions. Mr. Hamilton Merritt's motion, to the effect that Canada will be found ready and willing to bear her just share of Imperial responsibilities in the event of inter-Imperial preferential trade relations being adopted, was vigorously opposed by Mr. Cockburn, M.P., Col. O'Brien, M.P., and Professor Weldon, M.P. It was carried, however, though not unanimously. The opposition from the older, and consequently more experienced, wing of the meeting to Mr. Wickham's proposed rider providing that a revenue for Imperial defence be raised from a small, uniform *ad valorem* duty imposed on foreign goods was still more determined. Dr. Weldon pointed out the difficulty its advocates would find in convincing the electors that it was well for them to increase their burden of taxation, and the motion was finally voted down. The election of officers, probably the most important business of the meeting, was disposed of hurriedly and as if it were a matter of small consequence. The officers all bear honoured names, but practical men would like to have seen in the list the names of leading merchants and tax-payers substituted for past politicians and professional gentlemen.

Lord Stanley showed himself wise in his generation when he displayed more than usual courtesy to the newspaper men who met in annual conference the latter part of the week. He tendered a most gracious reception to

them at Rideau Hall, and not only was present at the dinner in the Russell House, but took advantage of the occasion to make the best after-dinner speech which he has delivered since he came to this country. *En passant*, it may be said that there is a certain amount of jealousy between the Canadian Press Association and the Press Gallery. The former in its constitution embraces as members only editors and proprietors. There is scarcely a member of the Gallery who comes under either of these heads, and they not unreasonably contend that an association supposed to represent the journalism of Canada is an anomaly when it excludes from its active membership those men whom the leading newspapers in the land have selected to perform the most important duties which fall to the lot of the practical journalist. There is some talk of an entirely new association of practical newspaper men originating from the Gallery this year. It is to be hoped that instead of two rival organizations, the constitution of the present Association may be so amended as to render it perfectly acceptable to those of the profession who consider themselves quite entitled to rank as *bona fide* members.

At the time of writing the elections are being held in Quebec. Yesterday there was practically nothing done in the House, nor will there be to-day. All eyes are turned on Jean Baptiste. For a week past the French members in this House of Commons of Canada have neglected the duties which pertain to them, and have been scouring the Province of Quebec, opposing or upholding Mr. Mercier, according to their party proclivities. Nor are certain of the English members less blameworthy. Some of them are in Ontario constituencies where elections are about to be held, and others are airing their eloquence in such ridings of Quebec Province where they are, or think they are, appreciated. It is certainly becoming a serious matter when the business of the Federal Parliament is allowed to come to a standstill in order that the members may assist their political friends in local contests, and it does not augur well for what we are continually preaching about, viz.: the separation of Dominion and Provincial politics. It must be remembered that when the House of Commons assembles at Ottawa, it owes the duty to the people of Canada of transacting with despatch the business for which it is called.

The social world is quiet. The death of the Duke of Clarence is the cause of this; not any antiquated reverence for the Lenten season. We are too pious to think of transacting public business on Ash Wednesday, and would be horrified if such a thing were thought of on Good Friday; but it would be too much to expect that, for forty days, during which the House is in session, social entertainments, such as balls and dinner-parties, would be dispensed with; and High Church dances have, some way or other, by a system of logic peculiar to themselves, managed to reconcile the apparent inconsistency of strictly observing the Lenten Fast, while indulging at the same time in all the festivities of a gay Ottawa season.

The proceedings in the House to-day (Tuesday) were brief and of very little interest. Mr. Bowell introduced a Bill to provide for reciprocity in wrecking between Canada and the United States, which he said was approved by the American Government. Mr. Tupper explained at some length certain amendments which he proposes to the Fisheries Act, providing particularly for the license of the lobster fisheries. This appears to be a step in the right direction since the experience of other countries shows that the lobster fishery needs protection if it would be preserved from extermination. The House sat for about half an hour. Everything is in suspense now, pending the result of the Quebec elections. T. C. L. K.

FICTION IN THE COURT-ROOM.

THE literary libel suit, recently tried in London, which resulted in the publishers of Major Ellis's book being mulcted in the sum of £200, vividly recalls a similar case which took place in Boston ten or eleven years ago. Major Ellis, following the example of Disraeli, Dickens and Thackeray, merely sketched a living person, and presented him to his readers in a somewhat exaggerated form, in his collection of short tales entitled "African Stories." The West African merchant, under the impression that he was being unjustly caricatured—which belief the good-natured friend, always near at hand on such occasions, doubtless did his best to emphasize—immediately brought suit, and asked for substantial damages. Mr. George Meredith appeared as a witness, and his presence in the court-room lent great interest to the proceedings. He is one of the readers for the publishing firm in question, and gave his testimony as an expert. He had read the objectionable story in manuscript, and had reported on it. In his opinion it was pure fiction, but not in good taste, and he added that the description of one of the characters was the attempt of a serious man trying to be funny. The case went against the publishers, and the aggrieved merchant secured his revenge.

The American law-suit, however, was a much more serious affair. A young lady of two and twenty, Sarah Pratt McLean by name, and a teacher by profession, spent a year or so in Cape Cod, where she taught school. While there she wrote a novel, entitled "Cape Cod Folks," but instead of creating fictitious personages, every character in the story was a real entity, no attempt being made to hide his or her personality or characteristics. The very names of the people who imparted life and movement to Miss McLean's exceedingly bright narrative, were

ONE AND THE OTHER.

unchanged. The picture of simple New England home-life was faithfully presented, and the book became so popular that in the course of a very few weeks two editions had been exhausted. Up to that time, it is doubtful whether anyone suspected that the author's fiction was fact, and that she had drawn her figures from life. Indeed, the Cape Codders did not realize the use which had been made of them, until visitors flocked to the little hamlet where the scene was laid, and found out the truth of the matter. The identity of the villagers portrayed was a trifling task to discover, even if Miss McLean had taken the trouble to give them fictitious names, which she did not do. Once the people of Cedar Swamp were aroused, complaints began to pour into the office of the Boston publishers of the story. One of the most aggrieved of the Cape Cod folks was Mr. Lorenzo Leonard Nightingale, who figured as the hero of the tale. He is thus described under his own name by the author:—

"Teacher, this is our champion fiddler, inventor, whale-fisher, cranberry-picker and potato-bugger." The youth of the tuneful and bird-like name being thus suddenly thrust forward, doffed his broad sou'-wester, took the hand I held out to him, and, stooping down, kissed me, quite in a simple and audible manner, on the cheek."

Throughout the story this young man is referred to as "Lorenzo Leonard Nightingale," "Lorenzo," "Lorenzo Leonard," "Ren," "Rennie," "Renzo" and "The Nightingale." Miss McLean related, as she proceeded, how Nightingale had embraced her, and made love to her. At the trial Nightingale denied this *in toto*. One passage in the book ran thus:—

"Teacher," he said, "I should like to kiss you just once to-night, and mean it."

"That's a remarkable request," I said, "to come from my oldest pupil, but it is my privilege to bestow it just once, if you will bend down from your commanding height and put yourself in an humble and submissive attitude before me." The Nightingale knelt on the doorstep. I would have stooped to his forehead, but he put up his arm with an extremely boyish, inoffensive gesture, almost with a sob, I thought, to draw me closer. I would have had that kiss as passionless as though it had been given to a child. The Nightingale's breath was pure upon my cheek, but I was compelled to feel the answering flame creep slowly in my own blood. "Never ask me to do that again," I exclaimed in righteous exculpation of the act, "never."

This, Mr. Nightingale declared, was absolutely untrue, and had caused him and his family great annoyance. The defence claimed that there was no malice, and, therefore, no libel. The publishers swore that they did not know the names were real names, and when they had been informed of the truth, and what their author had done, they had had the book overhauled, and printed a new edition, in which the names were fictitious. Counsel argued also that, as for the plaintiff, the book made him a hero, and endowed him with noble and heroic attributes. The judge charged the jury that, as a matter of law, a publication in the form of a piece of fiction might be libellous, and the jury found, as a matter of fact, that the living hero of "Cape Cod Folks" had been libelled to the extent of \$1,095.

Other people in the story entered suit. The Attorney-General of the State had no fewer than four causes to bring on, two for ten thousand dollars each, and two for five thousand dollars each. That officer took possession of the "old corner book store" in Boston, the early haunt of Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Prescott and George Ticknor, and held it until bonds to the amount of thirty thousand dollars were furnished. The first and second editions of the story became scarce at once, and ten dollars were paid for a copy a week after the Attorney-General had taken action. Of course Miss McLean grew to be the vogue. The other publishers craved something from her pen. Her "Tow-Headed Girl" was immediately put into print, and nearly all the magazines published short stories from her hand. After the suits were settled, her day seemed to be over, and very little bearing her name has appeared since.

In the later editions of "Cape Cod Folks," Nightingale figures as Cradlebow, Letta as Ethel, Grandma Fisher as Grandma Spicer, Lynde Gurney as Eliot Turner, George Eddie as George Olver, and Joel as Noel.

GEORGE STEWART.

VERY learned women are to be found in the same manner as female warriors, but they are seldom, if ever, inventors.—*Voltairs*.

FANNY KEMBLE writes: "You ask me if American men are like the English. No; American gentlemen are a cross between the English and French men, and yet really altogether like neither. They are more refined and modest than Frenchmen, and less manly, shy and rough than Englishmen. Their brains are finer and flimsier, their bodies less vigorous and robust than ours. We are the finer animals, and they are the subtler spirits. Their intellectual tendency is to excitement and insanity, and ours to stagnation and stupidity. I think American women, compared with others, deficient in natural animal love of offspring. I think many things in their climate, education and modes of life produce this result. Morally and intellectually they are good mothers, but not physically, and they and their children are the worse for it."

SUNSET, you say? Already? So
Runs out my life to its last span.
How little time it seems ago
Since morning broke and day began!
So when my memory wanders back,
Along life's short but weary track,
To my young morning's flush and glow,
I scarce can think the way has been
So dark a path of pain and sin.

Draw back the curtain: lift me higher,
And let me look once more—once more—
Upon the dying western fire
Far-flooding all the spreading snows
That stretch as cold as hearts of men.
Stand back: the winter sunset throws
A splash of crimson on the floor;
As though my heart's blood had run o'er
Unable to conceal its pain.

I wonder does she watch that sun?—
The last sun that shall see her maid!
She, her life's journey just begun,
Her hope and faith yet unbetrayered;
And, dreaming in the name of Wife
To find an end of doubt and strife—
How can she bear to think of me?
To know that all her joys to be
Come second to the past joys hid
In darkness 'neath my coffin-lid.

He was to come to night? May be
She gives him welcome even now!
She greets him with a lifted brow,
And eyes, as calm as summer sea
Where love sits smiling royally,
Raised up to meet his bending face.
She finds her heaven in his eyes,
She gives herself to his embrace—
She feels his kisses on her mouth—
She feeds on love, she drinks of bliss
(That there were poison in the kiss!
May all my famine and my drouth
Be hers, thrice told, before she dies!)—
They clasp, with hands fast locked in hands—
Oh, may God curse her where she stands!

And yet He need not. There shall fall
A self-thrown shadow on her path.
Who sows in guilt shall reap in wrath:
I filled my own dark cup of gall.
Nor shall that life be summer-shine
She builds upon the wreck of mine.

I am not learned, but I think
That those who stand where I stand now,
Upon the very front and prow
Of life's storm-tost and shattered barque,
Fast drifting to the shoreless sea;
That those who tremble on the brink,
To dare the long leap in the dark—
The ever-dark eternity—
Know more, see more, than those who stand
In pleasant home security,
With faith and hope on either hand.

Hope died for me when sin was born,
The child of passion and of scorn,
And heir of desolation. Faith
Is but another name for Death:
And out of Death's deep agony
I bring the gift of prophecy.

So, through the time to come, I see
The darkening shadow in her halls;
The awful doubt whose spectral hand
Shall write "Upharsin" on her walls.
That which has been is what shall be.
Living, she spurns me; dead, my name,
Like the dread angel's sword of flame,
A bar impassable shall stand
To Paradise of wedded trust.
When his lips touch her she shall shrink
From kisses sweet and fierce as wine,
And think, "They were not always mine."
In every passionate embrace,
"So once he gazed upon her face."
At every low and tender word,
"Such vows, such accents, once she heard."
And in his absence she shall think,
"So once! So now?" And she shall drink
Suspicion's dark draught to the lees;
And all her flower of household peace
Shall fade and drop to scentless dust.

I read the future. With that sun
Whose light dies out, my pain is done.
She takes the burden I lay down,
Let me sleep now—the day is gone;
I shall not see her marriage morn.

II.

She's dead, I hear. So best—far best.
When life has nothing more to give,
When hope is cold and breath is pain
Why then—to die is surely gain,
'Tis, at the least, escape and rest.

She must have thought so; if to live
For me meant only scorching shame
And endless labour, and the frown
Of God and man—and if I knew
That dying I should leave my name
Blotted from memory—I too
Would lay the fleshly burden down.

Would I? Alone with my own soul
I ask the question, and lay bare
Its secret writing; where one sole
And single passion ruling there
Speaks, giving self-deceit the lie.
I love him—love him: and to leave
This world, made vital by his breath,
(Though longer life were tenfold death
And it were painless peace to die),
Were such hell-torment I would cleave
Through fiercest anguish, deepest stain
To life, and brave fate's curse again.

Would she?—Why ask I? She is gone,
I wear his ring upon my hand—
I have his kisses, bear his name—
No thing that lives can bar my claim
To all he is or shall be. None
Can break or loose the sacred band
That knits us: he is mine alone,
His love my life, his look my law.
Yet—in the whisper "I am blest,"
Is there a dark doubt unconfessed?
And do I seek to cheat to rest
A jealous reptile in my breast
That gnaws, and evermore shall gnaw?
For when I met him yesternight
I knew he knew it, though no word
Betrayed him: some quick inner sight
Saw shadows droop and veil my light.
Caresses chilled me—tender tones
Fell hollow on my heart like stones
Upon a coffin: then there came
A thought that scorched me like a flame.
And once, at night, he—sleeping—stirred,
And stirring murmured, not my name;
And then there woke this awful dread,
This secret terror of the dead.

Death sanctifies and sets apart.
The image of the loved and lost
Is shrined within our heart of heart
Assailed from spot of sin or stain.
Thoughts by no taint of evil crossed—
Remembrance never touched by pain—
Tribute of tears that gently fall
Refreshing tender memories—
Are theirs who, lost to earthly eyes,
Can yet our living sense enthrall,
And the dead past to life recall
With all its freight of smiles and sighs.

God! if I thought it could be so!
That she, forsaken, steeped in sin,
And cold in her dishonoured shroud,
Could still one fond remembrance win
From me—his wife—as pure as snow
And warm as Aetna's lava flood!
Cannot my love suffice him? Love
Eternal, love unbounded, strong
As southern tempest, or tide wave?
Can she, who like a worn-out glove
He once threw by, without one thought
Of perjured word or ruin wrought,
Thus silently avenge her wrong
From the dark mystery of her grave?
Or can so weak, so vile a thing
Still keep the power to stab and sting?

Weak? All the majesty of death
That feeble shrouded form enfolds;
The mightiest monarch that draws breath
Wields not the power that dead hand holds.
Vile?—when earth's latest dross and stain
Death's cleansing fires have purged away,
Who shall the spirit dare arraign,
Or deem that guilt remains with clay?

Vanquished she conquers: dying lives
And works a subtle vengeance; she,
Beyond doubt's reach, looks back and gives
A heritage of doubt to me.
He loves me; graven on my soul
I hold that truth, and guard it well.
But, if the stone shall backward roll
From sepulchre of buried years
And softened memories, tender tears
Be hers whose dust therein is laid,—
The outcast living, sacred dead—
I dare not ask, I cannot tell.
And I, through all the years to come,
Must bear doubt's torment—and be dumb.

Kington.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

THOSE who despise fame seldom deserve it. We are apt to undervalue the purchase we cannot reach, to conceal our poverty the better. It is a spark which kindles upon the best fuel, and burns brightest in the bravest breast.—*Jeremy Collier*.

A Q. C. OF 1837.

JUDGE JONES' CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY AT THE LATE COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER, HELD AT NIAGARA.

From the Niagara Chronicle and Advertiser, Wednesday, August 22, 1838.

"MR. FOREMAN AND GENTLEMEN,

THE Commission under which you are now assembled has been issued in consequence of the invasion of the district by a number of armed men, whose lawless acts, in defiance of the authority, both civil and military, with their capture, are occurrences of so recent and notorious a character that it is unnecessary for me to enlarge upon them.

Your enquiries will not, however, be restricted to the outrages to which I have adverted, for the jurisdiction of the court extends to all offences committed within the district. The gaol will, therefore, be delivered of all prisoners who may at present be detained in it upon any criminal charge of an ordinary nature, as well as those for the offences growing out of this invasion.

I observe from the sheriff's calendar that the offences other than treason are limited to two or three cases of larceny and assault. Your long experience as grand jurors renders any remarks upon these offences unnecessary. As regards the persons captured upon the occasion referred to, you will enquire whether they resorted to arms for the purpose of subverting the Government or bringing about any change in our political institutions, or for effecting any object of a general and public nature by force which would constitute the crime of treason: or whether their object was purely of a private nature, such as enriching themselves by the plunder of the Queen's subjects, or for the purpose of gratifying their malice against individuals; in which latter case their offences would not amount to treason, but they would be subject to punishment for such felonies as they may be found to have committed.

High treason has of late been so frequently and so minutely explained that I do not think it necessary to occupy your time in stating the principles which apply to this branch of our law.

The using armed force or assembling in arms for the public purposes which I have before mentioned would constitute an act of treason of the plainest description, as it would amount to a direct levying of war against Her Majesty, and whenever this is proved to your reasonable satisfaction by the testimony of two witnesses to any overt act charged, or by the testimony of one witness to one overt act and another witness to another of the same nature, it will become your duty to put the offender upon his trial by finding a bill of indictment against him. Another species of treason is adhering to the Queen's enemies, and if it shall be proven to you that any number of foreigners, owing no allegiance to our sovereign, have invaded this province in a hostile manner, being by such co-enemies of the Queen, although war have not been declared or sanctioned by their government, and that any subject of Her Majesty was joined with them in such hostility, or aided them in any manner by furnishing arms, provisions or information, he would be guilty of treason under that branch of the law. Such acts of adherence to rebels could not be treason in adhering to the Queen's enemies, for they do not come under the definition of public enemies; but they would be clear acts of treason in levying war, because in treason, as in misdemeanor, there are no accessories—all are principals—and to incur the guilt of treason it is not necessary actually to bear arms, but any active concurrence in the design, or even assent and countenance afforded, is sufficient. The different cases which may be brought under your consideration may be affected by the political characters of the persons charged. You are, of course, aware that natural born subjects owe perpetual allegiance to the Crown, under all circumstances. Acts of hostility such as I have described, committed by them, will therefore unquestionably subject them to the charge of treason. So also a foreigner residing in this province, under the protection of our law, on removing from it after such residence, leaving his family and effects here, and again returning to it in hostility, or committing such acts as in a natural born subject would render him liable to punishment for treason, would incur the like penalties; for when protection is afforded, allegiance is due. In the former case it is denominated natural allegiance; in the latter, local. If, however, among these lawless invaders there were any truly foreigners, owing to the Crown of Great Britain no allegiance either from birth or residence, their entry into the province being wholly in hostility, for the purpose of subverting the Government, though in a time of peace between their country and ours, they could not be guilty of treason. But it must not be supposed that they could thus act with impunity on account of this legal distinction. According to the acknowledged principles of the laws of nations they are liable to be treated as public robbers and to be summarily dealt with by the law martial—as enemies, or subjects by birth, or foreigners owing a local allegiance, adhering to them, are liable to be tried for treason. That excellent and learned jurist, Sir Matthew Hale, in his "Pleas of the Crown," says, "Suppose we that the King of England and the King of France be in league, and no breach thereof between the two kings, yet if a subject born of the King of France (war) upon the King of England, a subject of the King of England adhering to him

is (a traitor) within this law, and yet the Frenchman who made this law is not a traitor, but an enemy by martial law, if taken. So that an enemy extends further than a king or state in enmity; namely, an alien coming into England in enmity." Moreover, in the extraordinary circumstances in which this province had been placed by the hostile conduct of American citizens on the frontier of this district, the Legislature at its last session thought proper to afford additional protection to the lives and properties of its inhabitants by an express enactment intended to meet the exigencies of the case.

By this statute you will observe that if any subject of a foreign State at peace with Great Britain, having joined himself to any subjects of Her Majesty, being traitorously in arms, shall so continue within this Province, or shall commit any act of hostility therein, then such persons may be brought to trial before a Militia General Court Martial, and on conviction sentenced to death or such other punishment as the Court may award, or may be prosecuted and tried for felony before any Court of Oyer and Terminer or General Jail Delivery, and upon conviction shall suffer death, as in cases of felony. At the time this statute was passed, a portion of this district had been actually taken possession of by an army of American citizens in conjunction with traitors who had fled from this Province. They were inviting others to join their ranks by publicly offering the lands of this country to the adherents; and it was thought necessary to deter these foreign outlaws from pursuing their iniquitous course by holding out to them in the event of their capture the prospect of capital punishment, not indeed by a proceeding as summary as they were already liable to, but by a process more certain to be resorted to, because less violent in appearance. By the same statute the subjects of Her Majesty, guilty of joining with foreigners in these acts of hostility, are also subjected to a trial by a Military Court Martial; but when this power of summary punishment is not resorted to against them, they may be prosecuted in the manner in which they were always liable to be proceeded against, before the ordinary tribunal, for the crime of high treason, which is their offence.

If therefore it shall appear that there was that association of foreigners and subjects in these acts of hostility which is clearly necessary to bring the case under the late statute, then the course against those foreigners will be plain. If it were otherwise, and if the invasion had been made by foreigners only, then the statute would not apply, and it would become necessary for the public prosecutor, acting under his sense of duty and under the instruction of the Executive Government, to take such course as the circumstances might appear to warrant; and if through the intervention of the public prosecutor, or by any other proceeding, a case of this description should be brought before the court for trial, it would then become my duty to give such direction to the jury empanelled to try the case as the law and facts might require.

I was lately called on to preside at a court in the Western District, where certain prisoners, the subjects of a foreign country, were in military custody (not in the gaol or civil custody), having been taken in arms, engaged in a hostile invasion of our territory. From the course taken by the public prosecutor on that occasion, I infer that they were not liable to be proceeded against under the recent statute, by reason of its being incapable of proof that they had joined themselves to any subjects of Her Majesty traitorously in arms in this Province, and not being liable under that statute, nor subject to be tried for treason, it appears to have been thought at least questionable with the Government, whether they were the proper objects of municipal jurisdiction upon any other charge, and whether it would be prudent to transfer them from the military custody in which they were securely detained, awaiting the pleasure of Her Majesty's Government, as enemies or public robbers taken in the act of unauthorized hostility against her Crown. I forbear here entering into the considerations of the important legal questions which might arise upon a trial of these prisoners upon a charge of murder or other felony. This will of necessity be done when any such question may come judicially before myself, or any of my brother judges. I am only desirous of taking this public occasion of affording a short explanation upon these points, namely, that it never was or could be for a moment doubted that the subject of a foreign country, coming in time of peace to this country to commit murder, theft, or any other crime, would be accountable for such offence to our laws, precisely as an inhabitant of this Province would, and so would any number of such persons acting in the perpetration of such crime and having that object and no other in view. It has not been uncommon to see the citizens of the United States brought to trial and punished in this Province for offences committed under such circumstances. Any discriminating mind will at once perceive that the facts of the case to which I allude were essentially different from these. When the case shall come under judicial examination, it being a purely legal question, the judges must decide it as they do other questions, without regard to any considerations except such as the law itself raises, and wholly uninfluenced by the feelings which are entertained by an excited community. I wish, in the next place, to be understood, that most certainly not in the breast of the court, nor, so far as I can be allowed to judge, of the Government or the public prosecutor on that occasion, was the course taken with respect to those prisoners on the slightest degree influenced by a motive of forbearance towards them. They continue as they have been from

the time of their capture, at the mercy of the Crown; but the utmost abhorrence of their outrageous conduct could neither have justified the Government nor authorized the court to set aside legal considerations, by which alone it is reasonable to suppose the course of the Government, whether in itself right or wrong, was solely actuated. And I beg it to be distinctly understood that whatever were the reasons which guided the discretion of the Government, their instructions were confined to the proper law officer of the Crown, who is subject to control. When the course which he intended to pursue was announced the public knew all that was known to me, as presiding judge, and the Crown officer acted under a sense of his responsibility to the Executive, and of the duties of his official station. The Grand Jury were no otherwise controlled in the exercise of their functions. I say this that it may not be imagined that anything in the nature of an order or direction to the court emanated from the Government. There was no communication whatever from the Government to me upon the subject. My official connection with the administration of justice has not been long; but I have for more than five and twenty years been engaged in the practice of the profession, and I am convinced that I should be safe in asserting that on no occasion could it be said with truth that the Executive Government of this Province ever attempted such an interference with the administration of justice. The principles which regulate this most important department of the public service are too well settled and understood to admit of this, and if from an inadvertence which could not happen when there has been the least experience in the duty of Government, such a course should be adopted, there is perhaps no occasion in which a judge could be less perplexed in the discharge of his office than in his decided and open disregard of such interference. I cannot, however, make even this remark without repeating that such a surmise in the instance alluded to has been utterly without foundation. As on ordinary occasions, you will doubtless feel it your duty to inspect the gaol and make such representations regarding it or any other subject brought under your consideration, as circumstances may warrant, and in the discharge of the arduous duties to which you will now be called upon to fulfil, the court will be ready at all times to afford its counsel to aid you in your deliberations."

A remark made by my kind and learned friend, D. B. Read, Q.C., author of "The Lives of the Judges of Upper Canada and Ontario from 1791 to the Present" (1888), to the effect that the "Remains" of Judge Jones were fewer than of any other member of the Bar leads me to think that the above "charge" will be valued by the late judge's descendants and friends, and be valuable to all who think upon the laws under which they are governed. To my own mind, the charge contains a very clear statement of what constitutes treason, and in that particular alone deserves careful reading. Treason to the Crown means more than treason to a monarch or a Government; it means treason to the country which is governed, treason to the sovereign people, and in so much as this is understood, inasmuch as the safeguard of the people's welfare strengthened; and therefore it becomes all good citizens to inform themselves of the details included in those general principles which govern national well-being.

It will be observed that the latter part of Judge Jones' charge deals with certain rumours of undue influence upon the judiciary brought to bear upon the Government. The occasion of such rumours I am not able to state, but it is worthy of remark that the learned gentleman was not only sensitive to any attack on the dignity of the ermine, but sensible that the people, as represented by the Grand Jury, ought to know the truth; he is, therefore, prompt in defence of the honour of the judiciary, and asserts its spotlessness in terms which, at the same time, are a defence of the Government from attacks of a kind more calculated than any other to sap its authority, and therefore its reason of being.

I may also quote here with propriety some remarks in a recent *Orillia Packet*, taken from the *Newmarket Era*, with regard to Grand Juries, which throw light upon the circumstance of Judge Jones' inclusion of the matter of these defamatory rumours in his charge. The Hon. Senator Gowan, who "has made a profound study of the existing jury system," says, while condemning the continuance of the Grand Jury as a useless expense to the country under present conditions: "At one time Grand Juries served an excellent purpose as a safe-guard to the liberty of the people against the tyranny and oppression of state-craft, and were also necessary, in the absence of police, in bringing offenders to justice; but, as Mr. Justice Gwynne observes, these reasons are now of too mediæval a character to justify receiving consideration, as they no longer exist. No perils can nowadays arise from the interference of the Crown in the administration of justice." . . .

The following slight sketch of Judge Jones, for which permission has been courteously given by the author of "The Lives of the Judges," will be of interest to the general reader:—

"The family of Jones is a very large one in Upper Canada," observes Mr. Read, probably with as strong a hint of that dry humour which distinguishes him as with the intention of stating what is also an undoubted fact. "The particular branch of this large family, to which the Honourable Jonas Jones (the subject of this sketch) belonged, is not buried in obscurity. . . . In the early days of the Province, when its principal inhabitants were United Empire Loyalists, the Joneses in the county of

Leeds and Grenville were as well known as the difficulties which confronted the early settlers or the war-whoop of the Indians. . . . The Joneses were people who did not fear the war-whoop or any other whoop of the Indians, for they came from the Mohawk Valley, the original home of the chiefest tribe of the Six Nation Indians in the State of New York, then a British Province. The first immigrants of this branch of the Jones family which came to America, like many others of that day, had Biblical and Puritan names. I do not know that they had any other characteristic of the Puritan than that indomitable spirit of independence which was the mainspring of Puritan action." So much for the stock from which Judge Jones sprung.

The future Judge was born in a memorable year, the year 1791, in which the Bill was passed in the British Houses setting off this Province as a separate Legislative, and sending as its first Governor, the wise, patriotic and just John Graves Simcoe.

Jonas Jones' early education was received of Dr. Strachan at Cornwall, and among his schoolmates were two eminent Chief Justices to be, John Beverley Robinson and Archibald McLean.

In Easter term, 1808, he was entered as a student of the law, and studied at Brockville until the breaking out of the war of 1812. At that date he was twenty-one years old, and was given his first commission in the militia as lieutenant of cavalry on the 22nd of June, 1812, (signed by General Sir Isaac Brock). He was attached to the 1st Regiment of Leeds militia, and was at the attack on Ogdensburg under Lieutenant Colonel McDonell on the 22nd of February, 1813. Lieutenant Jones and Duncan Frazer bore the flag of truce demanding the unconditional surrender of the garrison, to which the American commander, Forsyth, replied: "Tell Colonel McDonell there will be more fighting."

On the conclusion of the war, Mr. Jones proceeded to York to continue his legal studies, and in Hilary term, 1815, was called to the Bar. Returning to Brockville, Mr. Jones opened an office, and succeeded in establishing a successful practice.

In politics he was a decided Tory, and in 1821, the electors of Leeds and Grenville returned him as their member to the eighth Provincial Parliament. He was also returned in 1825 and 1826. Being a man of recognized principle and capacity, Mr. Jones was placed in responsible positions on many occasions. The matters of the collection of customs at the Port of Quebec as it affected this Province, and the consideration of the Sedition Laws were two notable instances of the regard in which his colleagues held his judgment. On the formation of an Emigrant Society, upon the recommendation of Sir John Colborne, Mr. Jones was one of a company of notable men who espoused the question in opposition to certain others who objected on narrow and selfish grounds.

The two stormiest sessions of the Upper Canada Legislature, those of 1836 and 1837, saw Mr. Jones again representing his old constituency, and by his position in the House he must have become well acquainted with the question that formed the points of much heated discussion in the House, and were at length fretted into the fire of armed rebellion.

It was early in the year 1837 that Mr. Jones was made a Puisne Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench. He alludes to this fact in the charge now reproduced, when he says: "My official connection with the administration of justice has not been long; but," he proceeds, "I have for more than four and twenty years been engaged in the practice of the profession." Moreover, Mr. Read says of him: "When appointed to the Supreme Court Bench, Mr. Justice Jones had had a great deal of experience of judicial duty as Judge of the District Court, and so brought to the Bench a mind well-trained, with a discernment which well fitted him for his position. He was eminently a practical man, and well acquainted with the ways of the country."

A little joke is also told of him. It was very much his custom to interrupt counsel in their argument by putting to them a suppositious case, "Now, Mr. —, suppose it was the case of a horse," and the old counsel knew the Judge's peculiarity so well that they always put "the case of a horse" into their argument as sure to win them the Judge's ear.

A famous horse case, *Gorham v. Boulton*, in which the stakes of a race were involved, and which has formed a notable example, was among the first cases of importance Judge Jones had to decide, and his judgment in it added to his fame.

Another case of absorbing interest, because dealing with a disputed land-claim in days when land-claims had come to be of the first importance, and were not altogether as well defined as they have since become, the case of *Doe Irvine v. Webster* also won for Judge Jones the esteem as well of his colleagues, some of whose opinions on the case he could not agree with, as of the outside public, whose future interests were of course greatly governed by judicial decisions of this nature. The case is given fully in the "Lives of the Judges," to which the reader is referred.

The able author of the "Lives" concludes in words deserving reproduction here: "The Honourable Jonas Jones will long be remembered by those who knew him. The active life he led before being promoted to the Bench he retained after his promotion. His ambition was to keep up with the other judges, his *contrères* on the Bench. He would often in early morning wend his way to the judge's

library at the hall to be armed at every point for a conference with his brother judges.

"It is to be feared he taxed his strength too severely in the performance of duty. . . . He was suddenly struck by apoplexy in Toronto in 1848, when away from his own house. He never recovered from the stroke—died, and was buried in St. James Cemetery. He left a large family of children, several of whom are still living."

"I have read," concludes Mr. Read, "a historical memoir of him, written by a Brockville gentleman in 1879, which I think but expresses the truth as I knew him." The memoir says:—

"His great knowledge of the way and manner of the people caused his judgment in the District Court and in the Queen's Bench to give great satisfaction. His manliness of character and honesty of purpose caused him to be beloved by the people of the united counties of Leeds and Grenville, and his removal from Brockville was much regretted by all classes. His advice and assistance to the early settlers of Leeds and Grenville are not yet forgotten."

It is pleasant to have to record the memory of a wise, good and generous man, and such has been my pleasure in preparing the paper now concluded. S. A. CURZON.

A SECOND-HAND BOOK.

THERE it lies before me—a volume of the work of a mighty mind. I remember well how I bought it, for long had I desired it, yet never seen it come within the reach of my all too limited means. And at last one day I was in a second-hand book shop, a tranquil refuge from the hurry and the materialism and the business that surged outside in the streets of the great American city. A mild owner and a gentle-faced woman were there to sell the goods—none of your smart clerks, desperately bound to sell you something; there were books in cases on the counter and books on the wall behind it; books on the wall opposite the counter and books on a long table between the two; books piled mountain high on another table in the rear. I firmly believe there were more books and yet more books in hidden recess beyond hidden recess, for there was an atmosphere of books abroad. It is a pleasant place to loiter in. For one thing, there are the books, the silent company of the ages shoulder to shoulder with the madding crowd of to-day, all reposing in like quiet now. Here on the counter are ponderous folios—such as this Sir William Temple's works, printed two hundred years ago; and again, from that table in the back I fished a paper-bound Kipling. And then, too, it is a quiet place. The good people suppose you know what you want, and let you browse and rummage and handle to your heart's content; ready to sell you what you select, and not grudging you your pleasure if you buy nothing. And there it was I bought this book—"Poems by Matthew Arnold. New York: Macmillan and Company, MDCCCLXXX." Quite uninjured, it was a "haul," and gladly I paid the price for it, and gladly I bore it off. I put my name in it, for it was to be mine now, mine indissolubly, for the term of my natural life; there was something sacred in that ceremony of inscription. Not until to-day did I see that another pen had been before mine. In a pensive mood I took it down, and fingered each leaf over. On the first white page was my own name, as I wrote it a few months ago. And on the second, the title page, above the lettering, faded ink caught my eye. It is a light brown now—I suppose it once was black enough; the letters are small, yet there they stand, clear to a patient eye:—

H. P. W.

FROM M. C. W.
CHRISTMAS, 1881.

It was the first time that I realized that it once had been another's. Who was that other, and how did he like it, and why was it sold? How it was got is plain enough: it was a present. A present! a memorial of friendship, more like of love, for the final letter in each set of initials is the same; and now in strangers' hands. And what was it to its owner? The handwriting is small and neat; someone who was used to writing and found time to do it well, yet devoid of the sickening grace of the copybook's ideal; neither finical nor rough. A person who would be likely to appreciate the author—such is my conclusion about the author. If he then would like the book, what about him to whom the gift was made? Least inclined of all to cast pearls before swine are those whose pearls are books. Books are not tools to be used and cast away; they are sacred. 'Twas in that glove her hand lay when—never mind; but don't you value that little glove? 'Twas between these covers came that message to your soul—see that you reverence the covers. It is in that tomb the mighty dead lie hidden—be not sacrilegious in your handling. No, he who knows books reverences them far too well to bestow them on inappreciative hands. For the friends of his mind he has the books he loves himself; for the other friends of his life or heart other gifts, other memorials. The book again is well kept, there has been no rough usage; did it fall, then, into loving hands, by whom it was tenderly cared for, respectfully handled? At all events, one or two marks on the covers hint it was not submitted to the shame, the degradation of paper covers, smothering out its life and hiding its face from him who should know its every line. Or did it find the dead, chilling admiration of the centre table, where a new book looks well? Perish the thought!

And then, how came it in that shop? What tale is hinted at in that? Ah, I fear, a sad history enough. Was it a relic of bygone comfort, reluctantly disposed of when the crash came and the old days were the better days? Or had there ever been a struggle, was this one spot of intellectual land snatched from the surrounding waste ocean of common wants, on which the restless mind might drop and find refreshment? If so, still sadder is it to think of the want which wrung this last from the home where it had been one of a small and very slowly growing group—a group now decreasing as the wolf presses hard and harder, and the door gives more and more. A calmer, nay, a happier thought—had the owner read his last page, thought his last thought, and departed to try the secrets of the after-mystery, and was the second-hand shop the cemetery of his mind? Let me hope so; that haunt of the student, refuge of the bookworm, is sacred to book-lovers, and for no reason more than because is it the last resting place of noble libraries, the shells of thoughtful minds. There is comfort in this last fancy of a solemn kind, and a pathos more agreeable than the harshness of my first imaginings of the cause for its presence in the shop.

CHARLES FREDERICK HAMILTON.

PARIS LETTER.

THE Sociéte des Agriculteurs de France, which includes 10,000 members, and is the central representative of nearly 400 Farmers' Syndicates, is now holding its annual session, which is attended by 2,000 agriculturists from all points of France. The latter are a type of the country gentleman and the strong farmer; highly intellectual-looking, rather grave and resolutely independent, as they are their own landlords. The Marquis de Dampierre, belonging to the upper crust of the old French nobility, presides over the discussions on the reports of the several technical sections. The debates are practical, pointed, and brief. I was anxious to note the discussion on the new tariffs, for it is needless to remark the farmers are ultra-protectionist. Woe betide any free trader that would take the floor and advocate the cheap admission of foreign products into the country. Well the impression left on my mind was that the protectionists feel anything but certain that the new tariff will see length of days; they denounced the retailers for their scandalous conduct in running up prices, and laying the cause at the door of protection; they have indulged in Hannibal oaths that they will never allow the Cabinet to abate by one jot or one tittle the rates of the minimum tariff in the negotiation of international reciprocal treaties. But what seemed to puzzle the farmers was the fact that they receive no higher price for their out-puts under the new fiscal regime, while intermediaries and retailers are coining. The latter have the plums of the pie.

There appears to be little interest, and certainly no enthusiasm, felt in the proposed Bill for founding arbitration courts. If workmen and employers desire reconciliation, they can improvise arbiters; so long as there is no machinery to enforce the decision the proceedings can only be ranked with peace societies and remain on the head-roll of good intentions. Senator Tolain, by trade a stone cutter, attributes the misery of the French workmen to their intellectual and economic cross ignorance of all that affects their condition, while M. Grosclaude, another eminent authority from the ranks, asserts that drink and a love for—oysters compromise the *ouvriers*; he knows cases where the latter earn 1½ frs. per hour, during ten to twelve hours, yet who are constantly going and coming on nip excursions between their employment and the dram shop. This is a true bill: as for the oysters, the consumption of these must be regarded as a food necessary, not a luxury; the Portuguese oysters, which are good and cheap, many artisans have told me they prefer to the india rubber beef-steaks of the *gargote*; they fortify and refresh the system.

Hardly has smokeless powder been adopted by the nations armed to the teeth than the military art is studying the creation of artificial clouds—no connection with artificial rain-making, to mark the whereabouts of artillery and cavalry. After inventing powder without smoke, scientists demand smoke without powder. The abolitionists of London fog ought to be able to strike in here. It is quite common in the south of France during May, when the vines are sending forth their tender shoots, to create smoke by burning weeds, etc., which, hanging over the ground during the clear, cold, and calm nights, keep off the white frosts. In the experiments just made at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, cylinders of resin were ignited, when they gave off volumes of black smoke, like that vomited from a towing steamer when furnaces are newly coaled. The smoke ended in—clearness, thanks to passing zephyrs, and passed across a pond, the home of some seals, that roared out, perhaps, a kind of fire! fire! and plunged for refuge into the lowest depths of their basin. The war office sent delegates, who did not think the experiment would frighten the triple alliance.

La Maréchale Booth-Clibborn has just won her spurs in French journalism. She has contributed a leader to a very important newspaper respecting her late tour in the United States. It is a high honour for a woman to occupy such a prominent place in a daily print, but doubly so that her Salvation Army article was selected. She has done her work well and simply in twenty-three out of the eighty-seven departments. She has camps commanded by four hundred and forty officers, of whom only twenty-five

are English. Her welcome in the United States was warm, kind and liberal. She laments that the clergy live too luxuriously; that theological students cultivate more the mind than the heart, and that the children of the rich are not in touch with the teachings of Christ, or the heart throbs of life-sore humanity.

This time M. de Lesseps is seriously ill. At eighty-seven years of age good health is a weak reed on which to lean. He is a *disparu* since six years ago; he collapsed with the Panama bubble. When he ceased to be a promoter, and concluded he was an engineer, his fall was a certainty. Nothing could get out of his head that, because the Suez Canal was made—and which presented few engineering difficulties—every other isthmus could be similarly pierced.

There is no end of art galleries to do in Paris; yet there is one that I would recommend visitors to give half an hour to; the entrance is free and the explanations afforded are as instructive as they are agreeably pleasing. I allude to the "Pierre Petit Photographic Gallery." I called to examine "something new" in photography. M. Petit showed me an outline sketch in crayon of a mother dandling her child, executed by a dozen character-speaking coups in red crayon; a miniature reduction of this was made by photography, and the expression and filling-in were most beautifully finished, just as if both mother and child had sat before the camera; that is the real Union des Arts of the truth of Nature married to that of Art. M. Petit intends to work this new vein; he is the proprietor of the photos, miniatures, etc., of the chief celebrities of France and elsewhere for forty years past. His artists will, in a few vigorous strokes of the crayon, outline the features of the by-gone photos, and M. Petit reproduces them with all the scientific perfection of modern processes. This is converting a presumed exhausted mine into a veritable bonanza.

The correspondence from Morocco does not depict the situation of France and her action in Touat in bright colours. Attention is drawn to the fact that the first visit paid by the new Governor on his arrival was to the English Minister. The writer inclines to the opinion that, if England is resolved to have Tangiers and to occupy Cape Spartel, the African side of the Rock, there is nothing to prevent her. Spain will not interfere. If the fact be true, and which is quite possible, that the Bey counts upon the Touaregs, those terrible Senoussi fanatics of the Sahara, to resist the French advance in Touat, France may well indulge in grave anxiety respecting Algeria.

As Rossini was born on a 29th of February, his coming centenary at the opera will thus be celebrated day for day. Madame Albani will assist in the galaxy of stars, despite her sixty-four years and her obesity which compels her to now sit in an armchair when warbling. Rossini was at one time so poor in Paris that he passed his idle hours listening to the street singers. He then occupied a *tabourette*, a loft over the attic, and that had to be entered by climbing a ladder. It was there the late Dom Pedro visited him. "Do you know what remains of my work?" said Rossini, when dying, to a friend: "The last act of 'Otello'; the second of 'Guillaume Tell' and the whole of the 'Barbier.'" %

THE RAMBLER.

THAT Americans are versatile enough to succeed as playwrights, we all know who are familiar with Bronson Howard's charming works and many others of the same kind. There was presented quite recently here a society comedy founded on New York life by Clyde Fitch, which struck me as one of the most delightful of modern plays. This is, of course, "very high praise" as a cantankerous critic I once knew used to say when anything was deemed worthy of even a passing notice. But no one who has followed the evolution of the modern drama could, I am certain, witness "A Modern Match" without reaching the conclusion that here was natural sentiment, genuine pathos and not a little inculcation of a great moral lesson. In fact, in its spontaneity and perfect naturalness, it afforded a strong contrast to the domestic English play known as "The Squire" and written by the well-known dramatist, Pinero. It would require even a stronger company than that of the Kendals to develop instant and lasting sympathy with the characters in the latter production which is yet the result of long experience with the stage. In "A Modern Match" we have witnessed a story as old as the everlasting hills—the dangers of a mere money-marriage—but which seems eternally new. The dialogue is exceedingly unpretentious, a great thing in its favour. Ordinary men and women in every-day life do not converse in startling and brilliant epigrammatic style; not even intellectual ones do. Why should they, then, on the stage? The plot might have been one suggested by Mr. Edgar Fawcett, in his brilliant days, and is evolved with absolute fidelity to truth and human nature. Then the story tells itself too without quite so much of that exasperating tendency to crowd the stage with regulation exasperating figures, the inevitable "padding" of the English playwright who has the Gallery always before his eye. The regulation Comic Lovers—*vide* Jerome (oh! how refreshing it would be to witness a play innocent of comic love-making!) the regulation Old Woman, always henpecking the regulation Old Man, the regulation Family Lawyer or Doctor, the regulation Housemaid, dressed as no servant was ever yet dressed in this world, and busily occupied in

dusting the legs of chairs, whereas we all know that whatever else they may dust, housemaids are never found guilty of dusting the legs or rungs of chairs. Now, in Mr. Pinero's play, we have the desperate and rejected lover, gloomily going about with a gun all through the piece. He carries that gun into "my lady's chamber." He is never without it, and you know not at what moment it will go off. I never recollect wishing that a gun might go off before, but I did on that occasion. I thought—if it would only go off and shoot the hero, or prompter, or somebody—then he would be done with it and we shouldn't see it again. But after lugging it about and propping it up and aiming with it all through three acts, it never went off at all until its owner did, at the end, with the rest of the villagery.

I think, too, the situation in which Eric Thorndyke, the husband of the fair "Squire" overhears Parson Dormer's reading of a certain letter to her is utterly improbable. No man with a spark of tenderness could have listened in silence, or walked forth from the portiere so calmly uttering these words—familiar, but let that pass—"I have heard All!"

Large doses of such domestic melo-dramatic writing would tend, would it not, to an Ibsenish state of mind? One sees the need for reform. One honours the groping after new effects which such a pioneer may long suffer for at the hands of many. Therefore in Clyde Fitch's natural and manly vein we rejoice, for without altogether rejecting the familiar he omits the purely conventional.

Mr. Howells, you know, considers, or did consider some time ago, Denman Thompson's play "The Old Homestead" and Harrigan's Irish-American drama the strongest thing on the American stage. I think that he is right—and it is pleasant to be able to agree for once with Mr. Howells—but think of the effect upon the mind of continued applications of the "Exterior of Grace Church by Moonlight" and the gambols and jests of the Irish colony in New York! You can't think about it, it's unthinkable, the result on the—constitution. So, for this reason too, we welcome such sensible but cultivated work as the author of "Beau Brummel" and "A Modern Match" is evidently well able to give us.

A recent magazine article discusses the question of Shakespeare's religion. Was he a Roman Catholic, an English Churchman or a Puritan, asks the writer. Who can tell? For my part, I imagine that the author of "To be, or not to be" was not much of a church-going man. If he was, then I think he was the original "Vicar of Bray," and tried each kind in turn. His father, John Shakespeare, is on record as a "recusant" who did not come "monthly to church according to law," which has a very significant, not to say a reckless, sound. As a rule, poets are not regular members of churches. A good many poets take long walks on Sundays, then smoke quietly at home the rest of the day. There is something still about your genuine poet of a Pegasus character. You cannot succeed in binding him down just as you do other men. Perhaps he writes his poetry on Sunday. Perhaps he chooses that day to commune with Nature, and gets ideas for sonnets. As for Shakespeare, it is a little difficult to think of him as "sitting under" any priest or parson. But if he did, be sure he showed all reverence, all courtesy, all friendliness, even if his own brain saw into the mysteries of existence further than the occupant of the pulpit's did. One of the reasons why William Shakespeare is still a factor in thought and civilization is because he had a strain of pessimism in him; the "honest doubt" felt by another great poet was also his at times. The schoolmen might talk, the priests revile and the bishops thunder, but this man was far above them all, because he dared not assert—he only thought. Life and Death were mysteries to him, and it is because he held them so that he has still such a hold upon mankind.

The spider, long detested and ruthlessly slain, is now being regarded as a weather-prophet in some districts. The facts adduced are not by any means new but are supposed to be so to the general public. All the same, when the spring cleaning comes around, it may be just as well to sweep away as many spiders as you can. The mosquito is also to be tolerated, I understand, as a cure for rheumatism. Other inquisitive insects are further declared to be possessed of vast electrical powers. This I quite agree in, although I did not recognize it under the name of electricity. The cheap London lodging-houses will then, I suppose, shortly be converted into Theurapeutic Insectivorous Institutions for the cure of nervous maladies.

A SOUTH DAKOTA robber recently secured his freedom in a peculiar way. He was sentenced for "one-half of his life"—that is, one-half of what remained. Of course such a sentence could not stand any constitutional test. This, by the way, illustrates the crudeness of considerable of the legislation enacted in frontier communities. The original statute of Dakota provided that the penalty for an unsuccessful attempt at highway robbery should be one-half the greatest penalty for the successful commission of the crime, this penalty being imprisonment for life. In pronouncing the sentence in this case, the court having original jurisdiction had to guess the number of the prisoner's remaining years and then divide by two.

CORRESPONDENCE.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In your issue of the 26th inst., I read your editorial on the "pass" and "honour" courses of the University of Toronto. Though not connected with that university, I am a graduate of the University of Cambridge, and the question discussed in your article is by no means a new one, as I suppose every Varsity man knows.

It is true that the "pass" course in every university is associated with an idea of inferiority as compared with the "honour" course; but not, I think, in the light in which you view it, viz.: as being only suited for "intellectual weaklings," or for those wanting in "noble ambition" and "manly pluck." A man may wish to obtain as much general knowledge as possible of those subjects which are considered necessary to education, and at the same time to begin and carry on the subject which is to be his life study and perhaps the science of his profession; as, for instance, the man going into the Church or Law or Medicine, usually, during his university course, reads for and passes the primary examinations necessary to enable him in the future to enter the profession which he has chosen, and is thus carrying on his special subject at the same time as that in which he is reading for his "pass" course—which is the road to his degree.

Moreover, I have often heard the opinion expressed, and it is still held by many men who have succeeded in their various professions in life, that the hard brain-work of a man's lifetime comes after he has left his university, and that it is far better for the Varsity man who has his way to make in the world, not to expend all his health, brains and energy in the endeavour to be well up in the "honour" lists, but to be contented with a moderate degree—the work for which has taught him to think—and afterwards when the struggle comes for supremacy in his profession, he will the better be able to successfully cope with it.

But with this opinion personally and as expressed in your editorial, where you say "a good general course . . . is preferable to a proficiency in one or two departments," etc., I cannot altogether agree. I presume in the "honour" course at the university here, that a certain examination or certain examinations have to be passed first, before the reading for the "honour" science is entered upon, and these examinations contain the usual subjects considered necessary to a boy's and young man's education, with generally a higher standard fixed for the passing of them by "honour" men. Up to this point the "honour" is at any rate on a par with the "pass" man; but now comes the difference: the one enters upon the infinity of a science in which, at the end of his two, three or four years' reading, he must be prepared to answer papers and problems prepared by specialists in that particular science, which give scope not only for a man to show what brains he has and what application he has made of them during his long years of reading, but also in his papers, by original thought, to point himself out as a coming man; the other, the "pass" man, gains a smattering of several subjects which, neglecting to keep up, in after life he forgets all about. The one, whether he gains a good place in his class or not, learns to think more deeply than the other, and will carry this habit of deeper thought into every vocation in life. Moreover the "honour" man, in his own subject at any rate, will find throughout the world that he is above the average thinking man in that subject, and is enabled to discuss it with, and teach something of it to, others. The one gains at least some considerable knowledge in one science which he can never altogether lose, the other gains—well, his degree!

And now as to the terms "honour" and "pass"—don't attempt to do away with these old time-honoured terms by any substitutions! The "general" may be a good term for one of the examinations for the pass degree, and the "special" for the final subject chosen by the candidate for that degree; but no terms and no percentage will ever raise the knowledge acquired in studying several subjects for a "pass" to the standard obtained by an "honour" man who devotes most of his Varsity course to the one particular science in which he hopes to gain an honourable place amongst his fellows.

Apologizing for trespassing on your valuable space,

A. CECIL GIBSON.

Toronto, Feb. 29, 1892.

THE VOTERS' LISTS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In an editorial in your issue of the 26th ult., it is asserted that the prevailing complaints against the Dominion voters' lists afford evidence that the mode of preparing these lists is wrong and vicious. I may say that the revising officers are directed by statute to make the municipal assessment rolls the basis of their lists. These lists are then printed. I am familiar with the methods adopted in this work by two revising officers, and cannot see how they could do more than they do. Each of them sends copies of his printed preliminary list to the clerk of each municipality and to the "bosses" of the local party organizations in each municipality, in all cases accompanying the list with an urgent request to prepare a list of

names which are objectionable, as they may suppose, and of names they wish to have added. Besides this the lists are posted in many public places for inspection, and any person who wishes to apply to have his name placed on the list is provided with a blank for that purpose. The day for the final revision of the list is then advertised, and when that day comes a full hearing is accorded to all concerned. The only difference in the plans adopted in completing the Dominion and local lists is that in the case of the latter special copies are sent by the clerk of each municipality to each contestant for parliamentary honours, instead of being sent to the party managers as done by the revising officers for the Dominion lists. Towards the close of your article you ask: "Ought a duly qualified voter's right to vote to depend upon the vigilance and energy of one political party, or the sleepiness and disorganization of another?" In answer to this I wish to say that if the assessment roll, the party heeler, and the duly qualified voter himself, have all failed to find him out, I do not see what more could be asked to be done in his behalf. If a man prizes his vote and goes in and out of his post-office daily for weeks, brushing past the posted list each time, and never looks upon it to see if his name appears there, he cannot reasonably raise much of a row if other people are not more vigilant in his behalf than he is himself. I will close by expressing the opinion that it is of the highest importance to revising officers themselves to make a good list—of the highest pecuniary importance. If the lists they make are imperfect, and provokingly so, the Franchise Act will become unpopular, and will have to be repealed, which would entail a loss of work and pay to them. None of them can be so blind as not to see this.

S.
March 1, 1892.

[We shall make a few comments upon the above next week.—ED.]

BERMUDA AS A HEALTH RESORT.—I.

"I was thus in the shade of the Calabash tree,
With a few who could feel and remember like me,
The charm that, to sweeten my goblet, I threw
Was a sigh to the past and a blessing on you.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Notwithstanding that the beautiful islands of Bermuda are only 700 miles south-east of New York, and can be reached from that port in sixty hours' time, yet the advantages offered by this Fairy Land to health-seekers are but little known. In fact, people in Canada have but a vague idea of the "land of wild hogs and the devil," for such was the name given to Bermuda by the first arrivals after Bermudez had discovered the islands and let loose some hogs from his cargo to make a home for themselves. The very dangerous reefs surrounding the islands always were a terror to sailors and prevented their landing, hence the reference to his Satanic majesty. A very comfortable line of steamers, owned by the Quebec Steamship Company, provide the means of transport from New York, and the food and attendance supplied on them compare favourably with the steamers that cross the Atlantic. On arriving at Grassy Bay, outside the harbour of Hamilton, a beautiful view of the town and its environs is to be had. The town contains about 2,000 of the 15,000 inhabitants who constitute the whole population of the islands, more than half of whom are coloured. The sanitary arrangements here are perfect, the streets being as cleanly kept as those of Paris or Washington, there being natural as well as artificial drainage. The water supply is obtained from the clouds, and is very clear and agreeable to drink. All the roofs of the houses are kept whitewashed, and the water-tanks thoroughly cleaned. Plenty of good fruit is to be had, and the island supplies bananas, oranges, loquats, paw paws, etc., in abundance. The temperature does not go below sixty-five at any time, and it is the most equable of the three great resorts for invalids, viz., Bermuda, Florida and California. Frost has never been known here. One can take walks here without the tired feeling that follows exercise in Florida, and there are no trade winds as in California. It is warm enough all winter (with the exception of a few days) to sit outside on the verandah. At the present time—the beginning of February—beautiful roses are blooming outside. New potatoes are being dug. Green peas are almost ready for picking, large bunches of bananas hang from their stocks, and the ripe loquats are to be seen in many gardens. Large fields of lilies are cultivated to supply the eastern trade in New York. Beautiful royal palms grow by the roadside, and oleanders are used for hedges. Moore's Calabash tree is to be seen at Walsingham, about seven miles from here, and the famous Irish poet spent many happy hours in that neighbourhood. Several of his poems have been written here, amongst others the one from which I have inscribed my heading. There is a certain dampness in the air, for which reason the climate would not be suitable for consumptives. Yet, at the same time, those suffering from bronchitis derive great benefit from the climate. It is also recommended for rheumatism, strange to say, and although I have spoken to many who have been benefited, yet I do not think chronic cases could be cured. For cases of nervous prostration, where the tired seek rest and calm, I know of no better place. There is something in the balmy air that soothes and quiets the nerves, and, as the temperature varies but little during the season, the advantage can easily be seen in this class of cases. The visitor can live as

quietly as he wishes. Should he be fond of bicycling, he will find 100 miles of the finest country roads, always dry and smooth. Should he prefer driving, carriages can be had at very reasonable rates, and there are plenty of donkey carts for children. The island is formed of coral with a few feet of soil on top. There is absolutely no malaria. In this respect it scores a strong point against Florida. The residents are very courteous and obliging, and the coloured population is the best mannered and the best educated the writer has seen. Everyone is made welcome, and you cannot tire the people by asking questions. In my next I will refer to the cost of journey, cost of living, amusements to be had, and furnish some general information. Amongst other adventures, I think I can tell a fish story that will make the story of the Knight of Muskoka vanish into insignificance.

F. E. GALBRAITH.

Hamilton, Bermuda, February, 1892.

IN MEMORIAM.

My heart is set to Sorrow's chord,
I feel the grief I cannot speak,
My lips would fain the burden tell
And voice my soul, however weak.

For me no more the summer glows,
Thro' beams of earthly love and care,
For he within whose life I lived
Now dwells apart in requiem prayer.

Dear Lord, forgive the tear I shed—
The tribute of a human heart,
In faith I lean upon Thy word,
Let me not from Thy trust depart.

Thou takest from the ripening grain
Whatever holds the dews of heaven;
Teach me to live within Thy will
When Thou recall'st what Thou hast given.

He whom I mourn was Thy good gift—
A father loving, kind and true,
From day to day, from year to year,
In simple faith his virtues grew.

He knew the world in little part,
And heeded not its noisy din;
If aught of stain his life did mar,
O Lord, make pure the dark of sin.

For seaward now I look and gaze,
Cut off from land by Sorrow's bars,
And thro' the mists that blind my eyes
I fain would pierce beyond the stars!

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

ART NOTES.

THERE seems to be a decided disposition among certain cliques of artists to look with considerable contempt upon decorative art as something unworthy of ambition. This distinction among the arts is a modern invention and without historical precedent. Those who have read the annals of the revival of the arts in the fourteenth and succeeding centuries, when every great centre was a field of activity never since exceeded, know that the fine distinctions which now exist were not then acknowledged, but that every man was honoured according to his ability in his chosen field; in other words, all arts were aristocratic. The medals of Cellini are as greatly admired as his sculpture. The fame of Ghiberti rests on his wonderful decorative skill, and Raphael did not disdain to employ his splendid genius in making cartoons for tapestries, nor did Giulio Romano, Titian, Paul Veronese, Rubens and others hesitate to follow his example. It was in those days that the art of tapestry weaving reached a splendid height, and flourished with more or less vigour through several centuries. The discovery of coal, which made dwelling-houses more comfortable, and the invention of paper hangings, which were cheap, no doubt diminished the demand for textile hangings and caused a decline in the art. At the present time there is only one establishment which devotes itself exclusively to the manufacture of tapestry, and that is the Gobelins in Paris, which is a government monopoly. The revival of interest in textile wall-hangings is a good omen, signifying a return of the true idea of decorative art. Real tapestry is a woven, not a painted fabric; the pictures being an integral part of the cloth itself. The painted canvas which now takes the name of tapestry bears the same relation to the real article that embroidery does. It is very rich, however, and in a high degree decorative, and when well executed is very handsome and suitable for the purpose it serves—that of covering large wall spaces, for portières, screens and upholstery. From sculptures and other evidence we learn that tapestry had its origin very early in historical times, and it is a singular fact that looms used by those primitive weavers differed in no essential particular from those now in use at the Gobelins. Tapestry weaving flourished in Greece and her colonies. At Sybaris the mantle of Alcisthenes, in the upper part of which was woven the sacred animals of the Susians, and in the lower part those of the Persians, sold for 120 talents or over \$132,000. In the centre of

this wonderful garment were represented Zeus, Hera, Themis, Athene, Apollo and Aphrodite. The likeness of Alcisthenes and the emblem of Sybaris were introduced in the two extremities. The famous contest between Minerva and Arachne, in which the latter paid the penalty for daring to contend with a goddess by being turned into a spider, is a well-known myth, its chief significance being the evidence it affords of the skill of the Greeks in tapestry weaving. This art flourished to a greater or less extent among all the Eastern nations throughout the earlier centuries of our era, and in the thirteenth century we find that hangings of rich tapestries were coming into vogue among the Western nations, and carpets were also seen. France and Flanders divided the honours of reviving the glories of the art in which for generations they were rivals. From the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries, tapestry engaged the attention of the greatest artists in Europe in the composition of cartoons for the weavers. Ancient hangings were of great size, and usually woven in suites or series, representing some historical, mythic or romantic episode. Their cost, too, was often enormous, from the length of time required to execute them—from one to five years being the average time required—and from the high price of the silks and fine wools employed in them. The "Conquest of Tunis" engaged eighty-four weavers, and five years were occupied in the weaving, while five hundred and fifty pounds of silk, besides gold and wool, were put into it; its size being about two hundred and fifty square yards. Another immense work was "The Battle of Rosbeck," which measured upward of two hundred and eighty-five square yards, and cost two thousand six hundred francs d'or.—*The Art Folio.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

"THE Kendals are coming" was the signal for Torontonians to evince their high appreciation of these refined artists by swelling the box office receipts of the Grand some days in advance. "Still Waters Run Deep," a society comedy, by Tom Taylor, founded on Charles de Bernard's book, "Le Gendre," was produced on Thursday evening. It is well calculated to afford Mr. and Mrs. Kendal every opportunity of displaying their finished style and naturalness of acting. The performance was harmonious and complete in detail, the various characters being correctly portrayed by this clever company, Mr. Dodson fairly sharing honours with the principals. On Friday their new play, "Katherine Kavanagh," was witnessed by another crowded house. A prologue, in which the prehistory of some of the characters in the play is depicted, is succeeded, after a lapse of twelve years, by the scene in the play itself, in which the rôles of *Reginald Hawley* and *Mrs. Kavanagh* are powerfully portrayed by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal; the character of *Hoell* being faithfully sustained by Mr. Dodson, who again won honours with the principals. The plot is powerfully worked out, *Mrs. Kavanagh*, in former years, as *Mrs. Duddleigh*, had been instrumental in *Hawley's* losing £6,000 he had amassed in Australia, in a gambling house, in Brussels. *Hawley* vows vengeance, and, meeting her accidentally, in her own elegant country house, as *Mrs. Kavanagh*, the respected wife of a retired East India officer, he proceeds to torture her with a threat to expose her past and ruin her present, but *Hoell*, who venerates *Mrs. Kavanagh*, saves her by making *Hawley* keep a compact previously made, and all ends happily. Saturday matinee "The Ironmaster," an old favourite, was produced, and in the evening, "The Squire," before an audience that filled every available seat. This home-drama served well to exhibit the powers of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as versatile artists, their acting being naturalness itself, for, in the absence of any deep plot, they, aided by an unusually good company of assistants, riveted the interest of their auditors from the ringing up of the curtain punctually at 8 o'clock to the close of the last scene.

NEXT week, March 14, Miss Julia Marlowe, who is thought by many to be Mary Anderson's successor in the legitimate drama, will appear, her repertoire being "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Ingomar," "As You Like It," "Pygmalion and Galatea." Two years ago Miss Marlowe delighted Toronto audiences with her fine acting.

THE ACADEMY.

MISS ANNIE WARD TIFFANY, an Irish comedy actress, has been gaining laurels this week at the Academy by her impersonation of *Peggy Logan* in "The Stepdaughter," a play containing some startling situations, giving Miss Tiffany abundance of opportunity to display her strength and ability as an actress. The assisting members of the company fill their respective rôles acceptably.

ALBANI AND DE PACHMANN.

THE subscription list for the concert to be given by the above artistes is rapidly filling up at Suckling and Sons' music store; the prices range from \$1 to \$4. Monday, April 11, is the date fixed for this notable event. Signor Vianesi has been engaged as accompanist.

THE CHORAL SOCIETY.

THE annual concert of the Choral Society is to take place in the Pavilion on the 29th instant, when Signor D'Auria, the conductor, will produce his own work "Gul-

nare," written for chorus, orchestra and solos. Mr. Parker, of Boston, has already been engaged to sing the tenor solos; other soloists will be announced later on.

DR. DAVIES' ORGAN RECITAL.

A RECITAL of organ music was given by Dr. Davies in St. James' Cathedral on Tuesday evening before a large audience. Dr. Davies is well known throughout Canada as standing amongst our foremost musicians and has had great success as an exponent of organ music, being particularly happy in improvising, though Mr. Bowles, who played the accompaniments to the vocal solos, showed of course a greater familiarity with the registration of the Cathedral organ. Dr. Davies' most effective numbers were a "Minuetto" by Guilmaut, and the grand march "Irene," by Gounod. Mr. Chambers, who sang "It is Enough," was overweighted by his subject, his voice being of too light a calibre; his *mezzo voce* is good, but when he essayed to use the chest voice it resulted in a harsh, disagreeable quality. The Misses Reynolds and Bonsall sang the duett "Quo est Homo," by Rossini, not evincing a correct conception of this beautiful composition, the runs and *grupetti* were indistinct and slurred, the voices did not blend well together. Miss Bonsall's chest voice is rich and full, but the effort to reach the upper tones was strained, and at times she failed to rise to the correct pitch. Miss Reynolds does not possess a sympathetic voice such as required for this class of music; a couple of years of judicious study under a capable voice master would greatly benefit these young aspirants for vocal honours. Miss McFaul sang Dudley Buck's "Fear Not Ye, O Israel," in which she displayed a remarkably sweet well-toned soprano voice, at times used a little too dramatically in the head register, but her whole conception of this beautiful solo was highly commendable; with judicious training her naturally fine voice should bring Miss McFaul within reach of the desired goal ere long.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ODES, LYRICS, AND SONNETS from the Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1892. Price \$1.00.

This is without exception one of the daintiest little volumes that ever graced the Library Table; the unglazed paper, clear type, convenient size, pale green silk marker, and chaste binding and title make it a delight to the eyes. Only one little point there is to criticize, and that is it will not remain open where wanted. But for the sum of one dollar perhaps this is a superfluity of excellence hardly to be expected as an addition to its other many charms. Of the contents it is needless to say more than that the odes, lyrics, and sonnets are well chosen. There is, of course, the "Ode Recited at Harvard" and "Under the Old Elm," there is "Endymion" and "Phoebe" and "Auf Wiedersehen," and some eight or nine sonnets. A re-perusal of these shorter poems of Lowell's confirms the conviction that he is on no account to be ranked with the great master-singers of the world. His utterances, though often deep and often sweet, though replete with human interest and not seldom highly poetical, though earnest and sincere, lack that one indefinable thing only achieved by those of the first rank, that one thing which Matthew Arnold perhaps best characterized as "inevitableness." Homer has this in supremacy, and Homer's compeers and nearest rivals: Milton has it, Wordsworth has it, Tennyson has it. With the utterances of all we feel perfect satisfaction, we feel that the thought has received its final and most beautiful expression, to add to it or to subtract from it is undesirable, nay impossible. This it is impossible to say of Lowell.

CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS. Second series. Knickerbocker Nuggets. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Two volumes.

This edition of the "Letters of Phillip Dormer, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, to his godson and successor, now first edited from the originals, with a memoir of Lord Chesterfield by the Earl of Carnarvon, with portraits and illustrations" is one of most interesting and valuable additions to this beautiful series. The Earl of Carnarvon, in his memoir of the author of the letters which occupies ninety pages of the first volume and which adds so much to the enlightenment and information of their readers, says of them: "These later letters, now for the first time published, were originally given to me by my father-in-law, the late Lord Chesterfield, the sixth earl, and the son of the youth to whom they were addressed." This collection of letters includes in their correct form the fourteen letters on the "Art of Pleasing," which the editor says have "appeared in print . . . in a very incorrect and garbled form," and "were stated to have been addressed to the son instead of the godson." The celebrated "Letters to his Son" which led Sainte-Beuve to style their author as "The English Rochefoucauld," and which, despite the enmity and sarcasm of Dr. Johnson, Horace Walpole and other eminent men, have gained for the Earl of Chesterfield a distinguished place in English Literature, were written by him in the prime of life. These letters to the godson were written in life's decline. To a certain extent the same ground is covered in both series of letters as they are aimed at the same object, the moulding and influencing the tastes, thoughts, manners and characters

of their recipients. The quality which most distinguishes the latter letters from the former is their improved moral tone and the stress which is laid upon the cultivation and practice of religious conduct in the affairs of life. The two hundred and thirty-six letters which are comprised in these volumes cover a wide range of subjects and illustrate the learning, accomplishments and clearness of intellect of their author. Though they may often seem to be more suitable for the adult than the adolescent mind, yet on the whole they are equally with the former letters a monument to the exceptional ability, extraordinary sagacity and literary power of the English statesman, whose fame rests so largely on their foundation. The very able editor, the late Earl of Carnarvon, has done ample justice to the memory of his ancestor, their author, and while not withholding blame where it is deserved, has yet taken a fair and impartial view of his life, attainments, work and character, in the light of his circumstances and of the age in which he lived. These volumes well illustrate the perfection and beauty to which the printing and publishing art has attained and reflect the greatest credit on their publishers.

YEAR BOOK AND CLERGY LIST OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA. 1892. Toronto: J. P. Clougher. Price 25 cents. THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL ALMANAC AND PAROCHIAL LIST. 1892. New York: Whittaker. Price 25 cents.

The members of the English Church in Canada are under deep obligations to Mr. Clougher for the spirit with which he has supplied a manifest and long-felt need. We believe that the Provincial Synod, a good many years ago, appointed a committee to prepare such a book as Mr. Clougher has given us. That committee, like a great many others, has no doubt met and debated the subject, and probably would have given us a Year Book somewhere about the Greek Kalends. Mr. Clougher has given us a very good book without much delay. It is much better that this work should be done by private enterprise. We believe there are at least three large books of this kind published in England, and not one of them has an official character. All the clergy lists and directories are due to private enterprise, and the Year Book is published by the S.P.C.K. Mr. Clougher has done his work excellently for a beginning. His plan is good, the information given is full and varied, and the Clergy List is at least as complete as could have been expected, and far more complete than anything which we possessed before. A good many of the clergy seem to have made no returns; but this is always the case. Crockford has only partially succeeded in getting the complete facts. If members of the Church of England do not encourage this undertaking, they must not complain if, by and by, they have no Year Book or Clergy List.

Mr. Whittaker's Almanac for the American Church is in its thirty-eighth year and contains a great mass of well-digested information respecting that communion, besides a number of portraits of recently appointed Bishops and eminent clergymen, among others, one well known among ourselves, Dr. Rainsford. As regards the Canadian portion, its incompleteness will be less regrettable now that we have a book of our own.

JACQUES CARTIER AND HIS FOUR VOYAGES TO CANADA: An Essay with Historical, Explanatory and Philological Notes. By Hiram B. Stephens, B.C.L. Montreal: W. Drysdale and Company.

"There is certainly no reason," as Mr. George Murray remarks in his prefatory notice to this prize essay, "why an educated Canadian should neglect to acquire a full knowledge of the history of Canada," and the publication of such works as this must both stimulate and aid the acquirement of such knowledge. The essay is one of four which received the medals some time ago offered by His Honour Lieutenant-Governor Angers for prize essays on "Jacques Cartier and His Times," the other three being written by Joseph Pope, C.S., Ottawa; Dr. Dionne, Quebec, and Toun de Longrais, Rennes, France.

This essay is somewhat different from the more ordinary form of essay, in containing but little original matter and no rhetoric! It is, in fact, rather composite in character—its *motif* being, as its author tells us, "to give all the facts concerning Jacques Cartier known up to the present time," and he believes that he has so far carried out this object that its pages "contain everything of value now known about Cartier." He gives us first a brief outline of the biography of Cartier, so far as that is ascertainable, and of the order of his voyages—with a descriptive sketch of his little "Manoir" on the rugged coast of Brittany. Then follows a careful translation of the various Canadian voyages of Cartier, with a vocabulary at the close of each of the first two voyages containing a considerable number of common words "in the language of the land newly discovered." The authorship of these "voyages" is not by any means certain, further than that they were written by some one who took part in the expedition, and the originals exist in various early editions as to which Mr. Stephens gives full particulars. These quaintly worded "relations," with the equally quaint maps, will be eagerly scanned by all Canadians who care to learn at first hand the history of their country, and Mr. Stephens has done good service to all such by publishing these original sources of information in such a convenient and attractive form, with reproductions of old maps, drawings, portraits, etc., which

add greatly to the interest and comprehension of the narrative.

We would only add one word of *demur* as to the otherwise admirable manner in which Mr. Stephens has performed his task. We think he has been led by the natural enthusiasm which a writer feels for his subject to exalt Cartier into a greater and nobler character than he was. We can quite acquiesce as to "simple courage" and commanding leadership of the dauntless mariner of St. Malo, but when "enduring faith and wisdom" are added to the best of virtues, we feel inclined to put in a *caveat*. In his treacherous abduction of the Indian chiefs who had shown him such kindness and confidence under the very shadow of that cross which should have suggested instant condemnation of such a course, there is not only a blot on his honour, but a signal lack of *true* faith and *true* wisdom—as his experience of the disposition of the natives on his next visit clearly showed—notwithstanding the "wonderful doubt and fear of us," which, in the circumstances, was not *wonderful* at all, Cartier, it will be said, was a man of his time not to be judged by our standards. But there is but one standard of truth and honour for all time, and we cannot admit Cartier to so high a position as our *preux chevalier* Champlain, who was so nearly his contemporary our knight *sans peur et sans reproche!* To Cartier as well as to Columbus, though in far less degree—with all the honour due to their persistent courage as explorers—belongs also the dishonour, shared indeed with too many other explorers of inaugurating a course of selfish treachery toward the natives which naturally provoked retaliation, and made the advent of "Christian" civilization the commencement of the long and weary warfare between Indians and whites, which has been so demoralizing in its results and has so dismally overshadowed the early history of our continent.

With this one exception of passing over in silence this blot in the otherwise fair fame of Cartier, we cordially commend this interesting monograph to all students of early Canadian history.

Greater Britain for February presents a most varied and attractive table of contents, starting with "A New Zealander's Reflections upon State Borrowing," by E. W. Burton, and ending with "The Voice of India and the Colonies." "A Bishop on Canadian Life" will be read with interest by Canadians. Murari Lal Taitri contributes a paper entitled "English Officialdom in India." This number is most readable.

The Overland Monthly opens with a paper from the pen of William E. Dougherty, which is illustrated from numerous photographs and sketches. "Dusk at Point Bonita," by Ella M. Sexton, shows real power, and we venture to suggest that the author is capable of still higher work. "Caldonia of Red Cloud" is worth reading. The magazine is altogether a very fair number for March. The illustrations are good, some of them particularly so.

The March Wide Awake is a lively number of this popular juvenile magazine. "A March Mood," comprising March pictures and poems, is a capital little sketch. Mrs. E. F. Bonsell gives a sprightly account of an elephant's bath. Margaret Johnson tells a girls' story entitled "The Red Necklace." Herbert D. Ward contributes some pretty lines on a collie's fidelity. Elsie Kendall writes a doll poem. The number is altogether bright and readable.

The Quarterly Register of Current History for February contains amongst many papers of interest one entitled "Canadian Affairs." The World's Fair is also discussed in this number. Reviews of the political situations in the principal countries of Europe are also given. *The Quarterly Register* will be read by all who are anxious to keep in touch with the rapidly changing political aspects of the day; it contains a surprising amount of information considering the low price at which it is sold.

Outing for March has its usual complement of sporting matter of absorbing interest for the varied readers, young and old, who delight in its serials, short stories, poems and general articles. They all bear on subjects which will attract its sporting and athletic patrons. "A Marauding Leopard; or, Wild Sport in Ceylon"; "Cycling in Mid-Pacific"; "The St. Bernard Kennels of America"; "Standing Jump"; "Horseback Sketches"; "March Rides"; "Rowing"; "The Status of the American Turf, Part I," surely present an ample list—not to mention a characteristic contribution by Ed. W. Sandys, entitled "A Bit of Winter Sport." Poems, editorials, monthly record and other articles make this a capital number.

The March number of the *Magazine of Art* has a coloured frontispiece, a decorative panel, "Autumn Twilight," by Albert Lynch, an artist whose work, through the medium of the press, has achieved an equal popularity with the art public in France, America and England. The opening article relates to "The Ornamentation of Early Firearms," and is profusely illustrated. From this we come to a very fair paper, "The Artist his own Colour-Maker." "Current Art" is discussed and illustrated by R. Jope-Slade. The paper on "Artistic Homes" is full of useful hints. There is a paper on John Linnell, giving examples of his work. "The Reynolds Centenary" celebrates the death of Sir Joshua in 1792 by a paper on Plympton, the Devonshire town where he was born, giving pictures drawn on the spot by G. Fidler.

Scribner's for March has the usual number of illustrations. This number contains the concluding article of "American Illustration of To-day," with numerous specimens of the work of leading artists. Another profusely illustrated article is "Paris Theatres and Concerts," by William F. Apthorp, this being the second instalment. A poem of James Russell Lowell's "On a Bust of General Grant" derives especial interest from being that poet's last work. "The Wrecker" is unwinding its plot, but seems still far off from the *denouement*. "Speed in Locomotives," "The Water Route from Chicago to the Ocean" and "Small Country Places" are descriptive articles. Robert Grant contributes the first instalment of "The Reflections of a Married Man," and Alice Morse Earle "A New England Kismet." The poetry is contributed by Lloyd McKim Garrison and Edward S. Martin.

The *New England Magazine* for March has two interesting reminiscent articles—"Recollections of Louise May Alcott," by Mrs. Maria S. Porter, and "Bryant's New England Home," by Henrietta S. Nahmer. Both are well illustrated and interesting. "If You Were Here," by Philip Bourke Marston, England's blind poet, and "Song after Silence," by Clinton Scollard, furnish the poetry of the number, and their names are guarantees of excellence. Zitella Cocke furnishes two irregularly-constructed sonnets on Schuman and Schubert. "America in Early English Literature" is the somewhat curious title of an article by Isaac Bassett Choate; America we believe was not discovered at the period of early English literature. The article is however an interesting collection of excerpts from English writings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. "Harvard Clubs and Club Life" is an interesting description of an important feature of college life. We might also cite "Stories of Salem Witchcraft," "Negro Camp Melodies" and "Aunt Marthy's Secretary."

The *Magazine of American History* for March is a very fair number, opening with a paper which was read before the American Historical Association at Washington by C. K. Adams, on December 31, '91. Dr. Bourinot follows with a most interesting article, entitled "Once Famous Louisbourg," a subject which will appeal particularly to Canadian readers. Of Louisbourg, "once the hope of France," our author says: "History often repeats itself, and perhaps the time may come when a great town will rise on the site of the old fortress; not a town of bastions and batteries, to represent the ambition and evanescent glory of nations, but a town built on a permanent basis of commerce, energy and enterprise, with its port crowded with shipping, bringing to it a constant freightage of riches, greater than those concealed in the ships of Pepperrell's time." "Slavery in the Territories," by James C. Welling, is continued in this number. Frederic Allism Tupper gives his version of an Indian legend, in a poem entitled "The Origin of the Arbutus." The issue is well up to the mark in all respects.

THE "Issues of the Presidential Campaign" are discussed in the March number of the *North American Review* by Senators and others who are qualified to deal with this important subject. Dr. Cyrus Edson contributes a paper entitled "Do We Live Too Fast?" "Build up the body," says the doctor, "build up the body! In our modern life this should be dinned into the ears of all until it is obeyed; for, verily, unless we build up the body, the strain on the brain will ruin the American people." The Belgian Minister writes an article upon "The Anti-Slavery Conference." The Hon. Dorman B. Eaton has a contribution entitled "The Degeneration of Tammany." The Hon. T. B. Reed and the Hon. W. S. Holman contribute an interesting paper each upon "Spending Public Money." Mr. Gladstone continues "The Olympian Religion"; the right honourable gentleman closes a most interesting paper with this profound remark: "But we have either to extract from Homer, as it were, by cross-examination, what he probably had no intention to tell us, or else to rely upon similitudes established by foreign archaeology and history for so much of knowledge as we can authentically obtain of the exotic sources of the Olympian religion." Other matters of interest are ably treated in this number.

THE historic name of Bonaparte attracts the eye of the reader in the opening number of the *Forum* for March under the heading of "Political Corruption in Maryland." In it Charles Bonaparte arraigns the politicians of that State in startling language. He says that "It is safe to say that a majority of those there holding prominent positions of public trust are widely and reasonably believed to have, at some stage of their political career, either taken part in fraud, bribery or violence at legal or primary elections, or knowingly accepted offices or nominations secured by such means"; and again, "many of these men have criminal records." This significant article should be widely read in Canada. Clarence A. King, in a gracefully written article on "The Education of the Future," holds that biology and psychology must "form the organic basis for the new round training of man." "The Question of Free Coinage" is ably treated by E. O. Leech, Director of the United States Mint, and Hon. R. P. Bland, Chairman of the House Committee on Coinage. An article which would be profitable reading for the intelligent citizens of Toronto is that on the city of Dresden, entitled "A Case of Good City Government," by Professor F. G. Peabody. Professor John Earle's contribution on "The Study of English"; Walter Besant's on "The Work of the British Society of Authors," and Charles Burr Todd's on "The Case of the American Author," are all good reading—not

to exclude from this category by any means, the other articles in this excellent number.

BROOKE HERFORD'S article on "An Old English Township," which is the first in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, is replete with historic interest. "Don Orsino" increases in interest. Those interested in Russia will enjoy Isabel F. Hapgood's "Harvest-Tide on the Volga." Agnes Repplier's contribution, "The Children's Poets," is written with that fine discrimination, graceful style and full knowledge which have won for the writer distinction as an essayist. A Canadian contributor is F. Blake Crofton, who does justice to the varied talents of the famous Nova Scotian, Judge Haliburton, the author of that inimitable character, "Sam Slick," and at the same time treats his subject with fair criticism. It will surprise many people to learn from this able writer how much the United States humorists owe to their great Canadian prototype, and what advanced views Judge Haliburton had on those great questions of imperial interest which are engaging the thoughts of so many Canadians to-day. The poem entitled "Metamorphosis" is, or seems to be, strangely out of place in the *Atlantic Monthly*. We cannot refrain from culling for our readers two *fin de siècle* rhymes from this ecstatic effort:—

In bluish haze,—her lucent veil
And trailing garments virginal.

Again:—

Has changed; his eyes are mild and calm;
The lion stands confessed—a lamb.

Other well-written articles, short stories, etc., complete the number.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

A NEW volume of short stories by Richard Harding Davis, entitled "Van Bibber and Others," will be published shortly by Harper and Brothers.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN has written to the *London Times* to propose that a fund be raised for the purpose of erecting a monument to James Russell Lowell in Westminster Abbey.

THE American Academy of Political and Social Science has recently published a pamphlet by Professor Eleanor L. Lord, of Smith College, on "International Arbitration."

"IN the Vestibule Limited," by Brander Matthews, is the subject of the new volume in the dainty and very popular Black and White Series, published by Harper and Brothers.

WORTHINGTON COMPANY, 747 Broadway, New York, announce for immediate publication as No. 24 in their International Library, "Conscience," by Hector Malot; translated by Lita Angelica Rice, fully illustrated.

Few modern authors can write a more perfect essay or a more finished story than can Robert Louis Stevenson, yet there is perhaps not a more unpractical man in the world of letters to-day, and as an editor he would be as distinct a failure as he is a success as a writer and novelist.

JOSEPH EDMUND COLLINS, formerly of the *Toronto Globe*, died at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, recently of kidney disease. He was thirty-six years old and was born at Placentia, Newfoundland. He was author of the "Life and Times of Sir John Macdonald, under the Marquis of Lorne," and was a man of good literary ability.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce "A Golden Gossip," another neighbourhood story, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney; "Equatorial America," describing a visit to St. Thomas, Martinique, Barbadoes and the principal capitals of South America, by Maturin M. Ballou; "The Rationale of Mesmerism," by A. P. Sennett; "Roger Hunt," a novel, by Celia P. Woolley, and "Speeches," by Henry Cabot Lodge.

WE have received from Montreal a neat and unique programme of an entertainment to be held in the Lecture Hall of Emmanuel Church in that city on Tuesday, the 22nd inst. The literary and musical selections are to be taken from the works of Canadian authors and composers. The well-known names of Messrs. W. D. Lighthall, William Wilfred Campbell and Dr. W. G. Beers appear on the list. The stimulus given by such entertainments to Canadian literary and musical effort cannot fail to have good results. It would be well if the various commercial centres of our country would from time to time give public encouragement to and derive more benefit from the culture and talent they possess.

THE unfinished programme of the Canadian Institute papers for March is as follows: Saturday, 12th, "Lieut.-Col. Coffin and his Private Correspondence during the Rebellion of 1837," by H. R. Fairclough, M.A.; Saturday, 19th, "Gleanings from European Art-Fields: II. paper—(Nineteenth Century Sacred Art)," by J. W. L. Forster; "The Southwold Earthwork and the Country of the Neutrals," by James H. Coyne, B.A., St. Thomas, Ont.; Saturday, 26th, "The Ontario Game Laws," by G. S. Wilgress, B.A., barrister, Huntsville, Ont. In the Biological Section, Monday, 21st, "Woodland Wanderings," by C. W. Armstrong, and in the Historical Section, Thursday, 24th, "The Rebellion of 1837-8, as seen by an English Officer," by James Bain, Jr.

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG says that during the war days the poet Whitman, then a poor clerk on small wages in one of the Washington departments, used to make a daily pilgrimage out Pennsylvania Avenue to the camp and the

hospitals. He practised the severest economy, so that every penny he could spare might go to the sick, as he was unwearied in his devotion to the wounded, carrying to them wine and cordials, mixing medicines, and frequently sitting beside a dying man's cot through the long hours of the night. It may be thought a humble war record, but to a man of the superb physical strength and vitality which Whitman possessed then, the confinement of the sick room must have been as severe a test of quiet heroism as the leading of a charge on the field of battle.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

THE Lounger in the *N.Y. Critic* says: "I doubt that there is an editor in America who is more beloved by his staff than Mr. George W. Childs, of the *Philadelphia Ledger*. One of his associates said not long ago: 'It is little less than paradise to be in Mr. Childs' employ. He is the kindest and most generous of men. He not only pays everyone about him well, but he pensions every man when he reaches a certain age.' He takes an honest pride in the fact that every man in his employ, from editor to porter, owns his own house. Apropos of the pensioning, it is told that his cashier came to Mr. Childs one day and said: 'Mr. —, whom you are paying a pension to, is a rich man. He is worth at least \$200,000. Shall I stop his pension?' 'For what reason?' asked Mr. Childs. 'Should a man be punished because he has been thrifty and saved his money?' So the pension was continued, and when the man died it was found that he had left, not \$200,000, but \$500,000."

SOME time ago we drew the attention of our readers to "Inscriptions de l'Enisei," published at Helsingfors by Professor Donner. Dr. Campbell, of Montreal, in a paper read before the Canadian Institute, compared the copies of inscriptions contained in this volume with more accurate ones sent to him by Vladimir Youferoff, of the Imperial Society of Geography, at St. Petersburg, and regretfully condemned the collection as misleading attempts to reproduce the characters of the originals. Thereafter he proceeded to exhibit two inscriptions correctly copied, and to submit them to an exhaustive analysis, proving them, even by minute particles of speech, to be written in Japanese. The oldest bears date about 480 A.D., and, as the date is given by reference to the Buddhist era, it is clear that the inscriptions were the work of Buddhist priests. The nations among whom they rose are denominated the Raba-Kita and the Yoba Kita, parts, apparently, of the Khitan, who, in the ninth century, conquered China, and, two centuries later, disappeared in the north-east. These, Dr. Campbell maintains, were the Japanese on the move from the north of India towards their island home of historical time. The name Kita links them also with the degraded Yeniseians of Siberia, whose word for man is *kit* and *hit*, as the Japanese is *hito*. In Dr. Campbell's forthcoming work, "The Eastern Track of the Hittites," some thirty Siberian and more Buddhist Indian inscriptions, together with a few from American mounds, are translated and woven into a continuous history of the remarkable race whose more ancient record forms the subject of his two published volumes.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

—Dollaroeracy. 50c. New York: Jno. A. Taylor & Co.
Carlyle, Thos. Lectures on the History of Literature. \$1.00. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Crawford, F. Marion. Zoroaster. \$1.10. London: Macmillan & Co.
Keene, Hon. H. G., M.A., Oxon. The Literature of France. \$1.00. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Wilkins, Mary E. The Pot of Gold. \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

A VERY successful company is the Ontario Mutual Life Insurance Company. Although only established in 1870, it had, on the first of January last, assurances in force to the amount of \$14,934,807, showing an increase of \$1,224,007 over the previous year. The assets of the Company at the same date were \$1,959,031, with a reserve for the security of policy holders of \$1,780,775, and a surplus over all liabilities of \$155,559. These figures tell their own tale, and speak volumes for the energy and ability of Mr. W. H. Riddell, the secretary, and the judgment and capacity of Mr. Wm. Hendry and the Board of Directors and the great popularity of their methods.

THE Forty-ninth Annual Report of the Mutual Life Insurance Company shows the extent of its operations during the past year and its financial condition on December 31, 1891. Each successive report has usually been declared to be "the best in the history of the Company." The report for 1891 is no exception, demonstrating as it does the increasing popularity of the Mutual Life and the extension of the benefits conferred upon those fortunate enough to hold its policies. The assets now amount in the aggregate to \$159,507,138.68, and the liabilities to \$147,476,171.52. The surplus fund for the payment of dividends and to insure the policy-holder against every emergency amounts to \$12,030,967.16. But for the former system of the Mutual, which allowed its policy-holders to reap immediately the benefit of the profits accrued in the form of annual dividends, the amount credited to this account would be largely in excess of the surplus of any other company. During the twelve months the policy-holders of this Company received \$18,755,711.86, against \$16,973,200.05 in 1890, an increase of payments for the year of \$1,782,511.81. This is a most creditable showing, and proves this Company to be exceedingly well managed.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ON A BUST OF GENERAL GRANT.

Two stanzas from the last poem written by James Russell Lowell, in *Scribner's Magazine* for March.

A FACE all prose where Time's (benignant) haze
Softens no raw edge yet, nor makes all fair
With the beguiling light of vanished days;
This is relentless granite, bleak and bare,
Roughhewn and scornful of æsthetic phrase;
Nothing is here for fancy, naught for dreams,
The Present's hard, uncompromising light
Accents all vulgar outlines, flaws and seams,
Yet vindicates some pristine natural right
O'ertrapping that hereditary grace
Which marks the gain or loss of some time-fondled race.

So Marius looked, methinks, and Cromwell so,
Not in the purple born, to those they led
Nearer for that and costlier to the foe,
Newmoulders for old forms, by nature bred
The exhaustless life of manhood's seeds to show,
Let but the ploughshare of portentous times
Strike deep enough to reach them where they lie:
Despair and danger are their fostering climes,
And their best sun bursts from a stormy sky:
He was our man of men, nor would abate
The utmost due manhood could claim of fate.

THE DELIGHTS OF JAMAICA.

THE climate of these uplands is perfect, resembling the most lovely English summer weather, with a fresh, exhilarating feeling in the air that recalls Switzerland and the Alps. The evenings, however, are cooler than those of our English summer, so that when the day closes it is pleasant to have a fire of fragrant cedar logs in the sitting-room. The scenery all around is strikingly fine. Blue Mountain Peak, the highest mountain in the West Indies, on whose summit, as is related with pride, ice has more than once been found, rises on one hand; John Crow Peak on the other, beyond which rise range upon range of mountains melting away in a blue haze on the horizon. Below glistens the placid sea; through it the palisades writhe like a dark serpent with Port Royal for its head, guarding the magnificent harbour, while "distance lends enchantment to the view" of hot, dusty Kingston, with the Lignanea plain brightened here and there by the green gleam of cane fields. The rides through the high mountain district are most beautiful, but one must have a steady head to venture on some of the paths, which, in places, are barely a couple of feet wide, the mountain rising sheer at one side to a precipice at the other, down which a single false step on the part of one's pony would send one spinning some couple of thousand feet. On many of these paths it is dangerous to stop for a single moment, and impossible to turn round or pass man or beast. In one instance a lady dropped her handkerchief and had to proceed without it, as the track is so narrow that no one would dismount to pick it up. The hills are thickly covered with masses of the largest and most juicy wild strawberries to be procured anywhere; in places they grow as if planted in regular beds. Cape gooseberries and blackberries abound, and there are bilberries in quantities, but the lowly shrub from which we were wont at home to pluck the latter has there sprung into a regular tree, in whose shade we sit and rest when wearied with strawberry picking. Enjoyable expeditions may be made in all directions. A ride to the top of the peak and a night in the hut near the summit for the enterprising, or a tramp to the top of cloud-capped John Crow, clearing the way as we go with machetes, the shrill whistle of the unseen "solitaire" ringing all round us; every now and then the presence of a wild hog hidden in the bush telling how much he is disturbed by the unwonted intrusion. So invigorating is the air that one may walk for miles without feeling fatigue. To the lover of botany or the collector of ferns, the highlands of Jamaica are simply paradise.—*From the Highlands of Jamaica, by Lady Edith Blake, in North American Review for March.*

HORSEMANSHIP AND POLO.

HORSEMANSHIP originated in Asia. Our earliest records of this noble exercise locate it in Asia Minor among the Trojans. Hector in the Iliad is the "horse-taming Hector." In the catalogue of the warriors who contended for Helen on the Plains of the Troad, the Greeks (from Europe) are mentioned only as navigators, archers and spear-men; but when the poet comes to the Trojans (Asiatic, and their allies from Asia Minor) he begins, "Asius, son of Hyrtacus, whom large and fiery steeds bore from Arisbe, from the river Silleis." . . . "The sturdy heart of Pylæmenes, from the Eneti, whence is the race of wild horses." . . . "And the portals of Troy were opened, and the troops rushed out, both foot and horse." And the closing verse of the Iliad is familiar to all scholars: "Thus indeed they performed the funeral rites of the horse-subduing Hector." It may be noted, however, that what we now term cavalry combats were not known at that period. Both Greek and Asiatic heroes rode in two-wheeled chariots open at the rear, and the axles close to the ground, the wheels being of small size. From these chariots or cars they hurled their spears. When it came to swords, they leaped to the ground and fought on foot. The first mention we have of horseback fighting is in Per-

sian and Assyrian annals. The inhabitants of South-western Europe lived in a hilly, rugged country, unsuited to cavalry warfare. Such a method of fighting, as well as of exercise, was naturally practised on the vast plains of Asia Minor and Arabia. When the ten thousand Greeks, hired by the younger Cyrus, marched against his brother Artaxerxes in that expedition which has made Xenophon at once immortal and the terror of every school-boy in Christendom who finds himself plunged into the "Anabasis" before he has mastered the Greek verb, the Greeks fought on foot, while the Persian Cyrus on horseback charged almost alone into the ranks of horsemen that attended his brother, and was cut down by their scimitars. The Persians and the Arabs were—like Dazzle in "London Assurance"—virtually "born on horseback." A vivid picture of the early training in equestrianism of a Persian prince is afforded us in the "Boyhood of Cyrus," by Xenophon. There could be no better style for us to copy than that of the Greeks. If we look at any one of the many models of Greek warriors, we shall see at once that they look perfectly at home on horseback.—*From "Horsemanship and Polo," by Foshall Keene, in March Lippincott's.*

THE SHORT STORY.

AMERICAN writers, less greedy than Lord Bacon, have taken the short story for their province. Patriotism, to be sure, compels us to blow our national trumpet in many different directions; but in this matter patriotism may be left where Lady Teazle desired to leave honour, and we may rest on our own signal merit without any flourish of trumpets. The French have brought the *conte* to the great perfection of M. Guy de Maupassant, not to speak of writers who are dead, and to the lesser perfections of many lesser men; England has Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling; and translations from time to time apprise persons who read English and French only that other literatures, the Slavonic in particular, have a delicate art of their own in the short story. But there is no sign that the art is anywhere so rich, so varied or so fresh as it is with us. In England it has been and remains foreign and sporadic; in America it is the most vital as well as the most distinctive part of literature. In fact, it flourishes so amply that this very prosperity nullifies most of the apologies for the American novel. Perhaps the answer more often made than any other to attacks upon that department of fiction is that life in the United States is poor in variety, and especially in the contrast of classes, which is frequently the only means of existence for an English novel. Hence, it is said, the cis-atlantic novelist takes refuge in the Tennessee mountains, or in the international episode, or in Creole days of long ago, and leaves the average of here and now to Mr. Howells and a few other hardy spirits. But the American short story, however episodic by nature, needs no other nation to assist its episode. Nor does it need the mountains of Tennessee or the Creole past, although it scorns none of these adventitious helps to interest. It appears to have become, in truth, the national mode of utterance in the things of the imagination, and, taking its own wherever it finds it, the short story has become more and more variously expressive.—*Atlantic Monthly for February.*

CURIOSITIES OF ANIMAL AND PLANT LIFE.

IT is a marked characteristic of the cactus tribe to be very tenacious of life, and when hacked to pieces, to spring afresh in full vigour from every scrap or fragment. True vegetable hydras, when you cut down one, ten spring in its place; every separate morsel of the thick and succulent stem has the power of growing anew into a separate cactus. Surprising as this peculiarity seems at first sight, it is only a special desert modification of a faculty possessed in a less degree by almost all plants and by many animals. If you cut off the end of a rose-branch and stick it in the ground under suitable conditions, it grows into a rose-tree. If you take cuttings of scarlet geraniums or common verbenas, and pot them in moist soil, they bud out apace into new plants like their parents. Certain special types can even be propagated from fragments of the leaf; for example, there is a particularly vivacious begonia off which you may snap a corner of one blade, and hang it up by a string from a peg or the ceiling, when, hi presto! little begonia plants begin to bud out incontinently on every side from its edges. A certain German professor went even further than that; he chopped up a liver-wort very fine into vegetable mincemeat, which he then spread thin over a saucerful of moist sand, and lo! in a few days the whole surface of the mess was covered with a perfect forest of sprouting little liver-worts. Roughly speaking, one may say that every fragment of every organism has in it the power to rebuild in its entirety another organism like the one of which it was once formed a compound element. Similarly with animals. Cut off a lizard's tail, and straightway a new tail grows in its place with surprising promptitude. Cut off a lobster's claw, and in a very few weeks that lobster is walking about airily on his native rocks, with two claws as usual. True, in these cases the tail and the claw don't bud out in turn into a new lizard or a new lobster. But that is a penalty the higher organisms have to pay for their extreme complexity. They have lost that plasticity, that freedom of growth, which characterizes the simpler and more primitive forms of life; in their case the power of producing fresh organisms entire from a single fragment, once diffused equally over the whole body, is now

confined to certain specialized cells which, in their developed form, we know as seeds or eggs. Yet, even among animals, at a low stage of development, this original power of reproducing the whole from a single part remains inherent in the organism, for you may chop up a fresh-water hydra into a hundred little bits, and every bit will be capable of growing afresh into a complete hydra. Now, desert plants would naturally retain this primitive tendency in a very high degree; for they are specially organized to resist drought—being the survivors of generations of drought-proof ancestors and, like the camel, they have often to struggle on through long periods of time without a drop of water. That is why the prickly pear is so common in all countries where the climate suits it, and where it has once managed to gain a foothold. The more you cut it down the thicker it springs; each murdered bit becomes the parent in due time of a numerous offspring. Man, however, with his usual ingenuity, has managed to best the plant on its own ground, and turn it into a useful fodder for his beasts of burden. The prickly pear is planted abundantly on bear rocks in Algeria, where nothing else would grow, and is cut down when adult, divested of its thorns by a rough process of hacking, and used as food for camels and cattle. It thus provides fresh moist fodder in the African summer when the grass is dried up and all other pasture crops have failed entirely. The flowers of the prickly pear, as of many other cactuses, grow apparently on the edge of the leaves, which alone might give the observant mind a hint as to the true nature of those thick and flattened expansions. For whenever what look like leaves bear flowers or fruit on their edge or midrib, as in the familiar instance of butcher's broom, you may be sure at a glance they are really branches in disguise masquerading as foliage.—*Grant Allen, in Longmans Magazine.*

EVERY man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:
But if thy store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.

—Shakespeare.

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The Remarkable Experience of Chas. Quant as Investigated by an Albany (N.Y.) Journal Reporter—A Story of Surpassing Interest.

Albany, N.Y., Journal, March 4th.

SARATOGA, March 4th. For some time past there have been reports here and elsewhere in Saratoga county of a most remarkable—indeed, so remarkable as to be miraculous—cure of a most severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, simply by the use of a popular remedy known as "Pink Pills for Pale People," prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Morristown, N.Y., and Brockville, Ont. The story was to the effect that Mr. Chas. A. Quant, of Galway, who for the last six or eight years has been a great sufferer from creeping paralysis and its attendant ills, and who had become utterly powerless of all self-help, had, by the use of a few boxes of the Pink Pills for Pale People, been so fully restored to health as to be able to walk about the street without the aid of crutches. The fame of this wonderful, miraculous cure was so great that the *Evening Journal* reporter thought it worth his while to go to Galway to call on Mr. Quant, to learn from his lips, and from the observation and testimony of his neighbours, if his alleged cure was a fact or only an unfounded rumour. And so, he drove to Galway and spent a day and a night there in visiting Mr. Quant, getting his story and interviewing his neighbours and fellow-townsmen. It may be proper to say that Galway is a pretty little village of about 400 people, delightfully located near the centre of the town of Galway, in Saratoga county, and about 17 miles from Saratoga Springs. Upon inquiry, the residence of Mr. Charles A. Quant was easily found, for everybody seemed to know him, speak well of him and to be overflowing with surprise and satisfaction at his wonderful cure and restoration to the activities of enterprising citizenship, for Mr. Quant was born in Galway and had spent most of his life there. Mr. Quant was found at his pretty home, on a pleasant street nearly opposite the academy. In response to a knock at the door it was opened by a man who, in reply to an inquiry if Mr. Quant lived there and was at home, said: "I am Mr. Quant. Will you come in?" After a little general and preliminary conversation, and after he had been apprised of the object for which the *Journal* reporter had called upon him, he, at request, told the story of himself and of his sickness and terrible sufferings, and of the ineffectual treatment he had had, and of his final cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and cheerfully gave assent to its use for publication. He said: "My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born in the village of Galway, and, excepting while travelling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. My wife is a native of Ontario. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall weighed 180 pounds and was very strong. For twelve years I was a travelling salesman for a piano and organ company and had to do, or at least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly and slept in enough 'spare beds' in country houses to freeze any ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have pain in my back and legs and became conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they did me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the *Journal* reporter an electric suit of underwear for which he paid \$124.) In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take morphine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so effected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York hospital on Fifteenth Street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill and I remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse I had become entirely

paralyzed from my waist down and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing and my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put seventeen big burns on my back one day with red hot irons, and after a few days they put fourteen more burns on and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water, and upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"In this case Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, had after four years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians been pronounced incurable, and was paid the \$1,000 total disability claim allowed by the Order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking some fifteen boxes was fully restored to health.

"I thought I would try them and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills and I took them according to the directions given on the wrapper on each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe, as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of pills I began to feel beneficial effects from them. My pains were not so bad; I felt warmer; my head felt better; my food began to relish and agree with me; I could straighten up; the feeling began to come back into my limbs; I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eye came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills—at a cost of only \$4.00—see!—I can with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days I walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone; I have gained ten pounds; I feel like a new man, and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors had given me up as incurable."

Other citizens of Galway, seeing the wonderful cure of Mr. Quant by the Pink Pills for Pale People, are using them. Frederick Sexton, a sufferer from rheumatism, said he was finding great benefit from their use, and Mr. Schultz, who had suffered from chronic dysentery for years, said he had taken two boxes of the pills and was already cured.

Mr. Quant had also tried Faith cure, with experts of that treatment in Albany and Greenville, S.C., but with no beneficial results.

A number of the more prominent citizens of Galway, as Rev. C. E. Herbert, of the Presbyterian Church; Prof. James E. Kelly, principal of the academy; John P. and Harvey Crouch, and Frank and Edward Willard, merchants, and many others to whom Mr. Quant and his so miraculous cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are well known, were pleased to have the opportunity of bearing testimony to the high character of Mr. Quant, and of verifying the story of his recovery from the terrible affliction from which he had for so long a time been a sufferer.

Truly, the duty of the physician is not to save life, but to heal disease.

The remarkable result from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the case of Mr. Quant, induced the reporter to make further enquiries concerning them, and he ascertained that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is generally used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of study and careful experiment. They have no rival as a blood builder and nerve restorer, and have met with unparalleled success in the treatment of such diseases as paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling which affects so many, and all diseases depending upon a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they affect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

On further inquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Morristown, N.Y., and are sold in boxes (never in bulk by the hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., from either addresses. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—My horse was so afflicted with distemper that he could not drink for four days and refused all food. Simply applying MINARD'S LINIMENT outwardly cured him. Feb., 1887. CAPT. HERBERT CANN.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT for bronchitis and asthma and it has cured me. I believe it the best. Lot 5, P. E. I. MRS. A. LIVINGSTON.

Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right.

The Nerves

seem strained to their utmost, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon cures

Indigestion,

restores harmony to the system, gives strength to mind, nerves, and body, while it also purifies the blood and removes all trace of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, etc.

Fast Eating

And irregular meals are causes of Dyspepsia, which will soon become incurable except by careful attention to diet and taking a reliable stomach medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this:

"Owing partly to irregularity in eating, I suffered greatly from dyspepsia, accompanied by

Severe Pain After Meals

I took two or three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and entirely recovered, much to my gratification. I frequently have opportunity to praise

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am glad to, for I consider it a great medicine." C. I. TROWBRIDGE, Travelling salesman for Schlotterbeck & Foss, Portland, Me.

N.B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.


Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

At the electrical exhibition to be held at St Petersburg, there is to be exhibited a talking clock that will be sure to attract attention. The dial is made to represent a human face, the interior containing a phonograph. The quarter hours, half hours and hours, are told by the phonograph in a strikingly human voice. The clock can be set at any particular hour in the morning so that it will repeat several times the phrase, "it is time to get up."

THE EAGLE SCREAMS—CANADA'S WONDER.—The St. Johnsbury Caledonian, Vt., U.S., thus lauds St. Leon water: "No pimple or blotch will long remain if this life-restoring essence is freely drunk; the skin assumes the soft and ruddy bloom of youth. Poisons, bile and all effete matter, the fuel that feeds deadly epidemics, is destroyed, the nerves braced, and that wonderful transformation, exalted health and vigour, will follow its use."

A MINE of coal of very fair quality for steaming purposes has been found by accident in the Straits of Magellan, according to *Engineering*. Signor Fossetti, the captain of an Italian steamer, was compelled to anchor in Shagnet Bay to make some repairs, and while there he discovered coal very near the surface. Reaching Valparaiso, he sent a corps of experts to the scene of the discovery in a steam launch, who found that the coal was not only abundant, but of excellent quality. The importance of the discovery to the commerce of the world can only be appreciated when it is considered that all steamers passing through the Straits of Magellan are required to coal there, and that the supply has hitherto been brought from Cardiff, Wales.—*Science*.

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