

# THE WEEK

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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XI.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1894.

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## THE WEEK:

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All articles, contributions, and letters on matter 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.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

All good citizens of Toronto will watch with intense interest the progress of the investigation just opened before Judge McDougall. We write with the record of but one day's proceedings before us, but it must be confessed that the evidence adduced on the first day of the inquiry is ominous. Everyone will hope that the indications of readiness on the part of a large number of the Aldermen of the city to sell their votes, in a matter affecting the interests of every citizen, will be shown to be without significance. Otherwise, it is to be hoped that the result may be such as will teach dishonest and unfaithful men who may be shown to have been ready to sell themselves and the

trusts committed to them as honourable men, for filthy lucre, such a lesson as may remain on record for the warning of alderman of itching palms and weak principles for long years to come. The city is to be congratulated that the inquiry is in good hands, and will be relentlessly pursued to the end, whatever that end may be.

Perhaps one of the most ungenerous traits in human nature comes out in the almost universal tendency to say nothing but good, often most exaggerated good, of those who were successful to the end of their careers, and to remember and recall the faults of those who received the punishment of wrong-doing while living, and died in comparative obscurity and disgrace. Mercier's faults and sins as a party leader were brought before the public so conspicuously by reason of their detection and punishment that they come first to the thoughts of most of us when our attention is again fixed upon him by the last great event in his career. It would not in the least palliate his offences to say that other and even greater leaders have used or profited by measures no less corrupt and corrupting than those which made his memory so badly famous, and have, nevertheless, gone down to the grave covered with honors, their faults, if we may use so euphemistic a word, being speedily lost sight of amid the eulogies of their admiring countrymen. That Mercier died a failure is no reason why we should forget the undoubted virtues which were mingled with his weaknesses, to use another euphemism. He was ambitious, but if ambition were counted a crime, the list of our criminals would be recruited from many high places. His patriotism may have been narrow and racial, but he was honestly patriotic. Whether he was really and childishly fond of show and glitter, or whether he merely sought the trappings of the Vatican as a means to an end, it is not easy to determine. On the first supposition, he was strangely weak; the other suggests a trait much worse than weakness. The severest censure, next to that earned by making or profiting by a corrupt use of public funds, was visited upon him for the share he took in the Riel uprising; but his offence in that respect will be greatly mitigated in the eyes of the future historian by the fact that, in afterwards granting the demands of the insurgents, the Government of the day admitted that there was a cause. As a private citizen, a friend, a parent, Mr.

Mercier was evidently esteemed and beloved. He is gone. *Requiescat in pace.*

While the success of the loan which the Minister of Finance found it necessary to put on the English market was only what was confidently expected, it is none the less matter for congratulation. It proves in the most practical and indisputable manner that British capitalists have full confidence in Canada's solvency. Our certainty that this confidence is well founded adds to rather than decreases the cause for satisfaction. Every well-informed Englishman who has any interest in the matter, as well as every intelligent Canadian, knows that Canada has all the essential conditions of national solvency. She has immense natural resources, an energetic, industrious population—all too small as yet, but bound to be greatly increased in the not distant future—free institutions, and, as Governments go in these days of the intense partyism which is so prolific of questionable methods, a good system of government. Add to all this the further fact that she has always hitherto honourably fulfilled all her financial obligations to public creditors, and there is left absolutely no sufficient reason for distrust or hesitation, on the part of Englishmen with money to invest, unless on the one ground that Canada's national debt has already reached too large dimensions in proportion to her population. But any distrust which might possibly arise from such a consideration would be quickly counteracted by the recollection that Canadians have hitherto amply proved both their ability and their willingness to submit to the heavy taxation necessary to meet all obligations, while both the Government and the tax-payers have the satisfaction of knowing that, as a result partly of the large reductions in the rates of interest, and partly of the high financial standing the country has attained, the annual burden imposed by this debt has been far from keeping pace in its growth with the actual increase in the amount of the national indebtedness.

It is announced that the Dominion Government has decided to grant a ninety-nine per cent. drawback on the duties on articles entering into the construction of manufactured goods intended for export, and that this claim is to be allowed on any sum of twenty-five dollars or upwards. From the point of view of the manufac-

turers this is only reasonable, as it simply gives them a fair opportunity to compete in the foreign market with the products of other countries which, like England, have a free-trade policy, or like the United States, admit raw material for manufacture free. But from the point of view of the Canadian consumer it is simply a decree that he shall be compelled to pay a certain percentage more for every manufactured article he purchases than we would have to pay for the same article if he lived in some other country. From the point of view of the Canadian tax-payer it means that he is to be compelled to pay a certain percentage more of yearly taxation in order that the manufacturer may be enabled to sell his products more cheaply to a foreigner than to said tax-payer. Thus in both ways one is sharply fined by his own Government for the crime of being a Canadian, or rather for continuing to live in Canada. Is it not also a further anomaly that in a country which lays so much stress as Canada has done in the past on the right of popular self-government and financial control, the Cabinet Ministers can, by a simple vote in Council, take indefinite sums of money from the national treasury and hand them over, for no value received (directly at least) by the country, to a few individuals engaged in certain lines of business! Of course the representatives of the people have given the Ministers this power. That makes it still stranger.

Contrary to the forecast telegraphed over ocean, Lord Salisbury, in his reply to Lord Rosebery's denunciation of the Lords, did not, so far as appears, offer any counter proposal in the shape of a method for the reform of that body. His failure to do so is explained on the very reasonable ground of want of time to consult with other Conservative leaders, before making so important an announcement. Meanwhile it is most significant that nearly all the newspapers and correspondents admit the imperative necessity of some such announcement, in order to enable the party to withstand the strength of the popular tide. With strange inconsistency, those who have all along sturdily maintained that in throwing out the Home-Rule and other Radical bills the Peers really represented the sentiment of the majority of the English people, now cry out that the Conservative leaders must lose no time in promulgating a scheme for popularizing the Upper Chamber by means of a large admixture of the elective element. Even Mr. Smalley, the steadfast advocate of the view above stated, cables to the *New York Tribune* that "there ought to be reform," that "the hereditary principle is vicious," that the present constitution of the Upper House is defective and dangerous, and that it must be reformed if it is to sur-

vive. And yet, is it not in virtue of that hereditary and irresponsible principle that the Upper House has been able to check the Radicalism of the Commons, and so carry out the will of the majority and save the nation from disruption? Destroy or overweight that irresponsible element by an elective one and what reason is there to suppose that the electoral body will be less radical in the Upper House than in the Lower? It is hard to understand the argument.

In addition to the usual election of state and municipal officers the people of New York State have to vote this fall on an amended constitution submitted for their consideration by a Constitutional Convention held last summer. The proposed amendments number no less than thirty-one, two of which are to be voted upon singly, the remaining twenty-nine in a group. The two amendments to be voted on singly are a canal amendment, allowing the issue of state bonds for the improvement of canals when a majority of the voters approve such issue, and an apportionment amendment, which provides, among other things, that neither New York nor Brooklyn shall ever have more than one-third, or the two combined more than one-half, of the members of the legislature. We have not room even to enumerate the other twenty-nine proposed amendments. Some of them are, however, of great importance, *e. g.*, the prohibition of riders on appropriation bills, and of the giving of passes to public officers; the prohibition of public gambling in any form; the requirement of ninety days' citizenship, instead of ten, as a prerequisite to the use of the franchise; the prohibition of appropriations of public money to sectarian schools; the simplification of the judiciary system, with a view to prevent the delays inseparable from the existing system, etc. The amendment which evokes the most opposition from many of the better class of papers, is that prohibiting the employment of prison labour, except on work for the State. This would, it is averred, result in keeping most of the nine thousand prisoners of the State in enforced idleness, with all its attendant evils. This is a concession to a short-sighted labour policy which would be not only prolific of evil, but contrary to the most enlightened economical and ethical science of the age.

The death of Alexander III, of Russia, has called forth a strain of eulogy which has spread with electric speed, and with but here and there a note of discord, over the two hemispheres. The difficulty in estimating the real merits or demerits of such a man arises chiefly from the difficulty in deciding what place should be given to early training in determining

character and what allowance made for lifelong environment. Measured by any lofty standard of righteousness, the autocrat who could turn a deaf ear to every appeal of the millions under his sway for even a modicum of personal and constitutional freedom; who could send his subjects by tens of thousands to a living death in the wilds of Siberia, on the merest suspicion of disaffection towards his government or disloyalty to his person; who, though a man of ability and culture, could spend his life within sight and hearing of all the great nations of Europe, in every one of which, save his own, the people enjoy to a greater or less extent the blessings of freedom and self government; and who, utterly unaffected by all these influences and by the teachings of history, experience and religion, could refuse to lighten, by the weight of a hair, the intolerable burdens under which those whom he called his people are groaning—measured by such a standard, it is hard to recognize whatever of good there may have been even in him, or to regard him otherwise than as a monster of iniquity. On the other hand there seems no reason to doubt that in his home, and in his relations to those about him who had his confidence, he shows himself possessed of many estimable qualities and domestic virtues. It will always be to his lasting honour that, while for many years he held the peace of Europe and the world in his keeping, his influence has been uniformly on the side of peace. This simply means that when he might have made of all Europe a slaughter-house, with some hope of extension of his own possessions, he refused to do so. The question then is, who of us, with his antecedents, in his circumstances, taught from earliest childhood to believe in his own divine right to rule with absolute authority over the bodies and the souls of the millions under his way, would have done better?

It is doubtful whether history can furnish a case in which greater power for good or evil has been placed in the hands of a single person than that which has now fallen to the young man who is just commencing his career as Czar of Russia. It is not wonderful, under the circumstances, that so little should be certainly known touching the character and views of Nicholas. Rumour ascribes to him a singular lack of kingly ambition, and a strong tendency towards liberalism. But even were these statements known to rest on a reliable foundation, it would be very unwise to rely upon the predilections and enthusiasms of youth, in such a case. The child may be father to the man, but it by no means follows that the heir apparent is father to the absolute emperor. The possession of irresponsible and unlimited power would be a terrible test of the theories and purposes of any man. The

young Czar has a wonderful door lying open before him. The welfare of Europe is, in a large degree, in his hands. He could do more than any other man to perpetuate peace among the nations and bring about a general reduction of armaments. By a well-advised liberalizing of his Government, by introducing constitutional reforms, and giving the people gradually self-government, he might establish himself forever in the heart of the nation, and win, for himself, the liberty, which his father never enjoyed, of walking or driving among his people in safety. His course will be watched with great interest by all the world, and with the deepest anxiety by the millions under his irresponsible sway.

However difficult it may be to obtain reliable information with reference to the actual progress of the Japanese forces in their march through Manchuria towards Peking, there can be no reasonable doubt that they are having things pretty much their own way. The utter incapacity of the Chinese to offer any effective resistance will be one of the marvels of history. The latest rumour at the date of this writing, to the effect that China is imploring the intervention of the great European powers to put an end to the war, on the basis of the independence of Corea and the payment of an indemnity, is made plausible not only by what is known of the state of affairs in the field, but by the authentic statements made by Lord Roseberry in one of his recent speeches. The powers are all more or less interested in preventing the disintegration of China, but in the presence of so many conflicting interests and so much international jealousy, it is doubtful whether they can agree upon any definite recommendations. Jealousy of Great Britain will probably make it unwise or impossible for her to take the initiative, and it is doubtful whether there is any other nation which can do it. Certainly no one will attempt it single-handed, or without a distinct understanding with the rest. Even should they succeed in agreeing upon recommendations to be made to and urged upon Japan, it is doubtful whether, in the flush of victory achieved and the hope of greater to come, the Japanese Government will be in any listening mood. Will the powers apply coercion? It is scarcely probable. It would be difficult, on grounds generally recognized, to find a precedent for such an interference. There is, moreover, great force in the remark of the London *Chronicle*, that, if China desires peace, she should appeal directly to her conqueror. Japan would be but further copying European usages should she insist on that as a first step.

A broad hat does not always cover wise head.

### THE CANADA REVUE CASE.

After mature deliberation, Mr Justice Doherty has pronounced judgment in the case of the proprietors of the *Canada Revue* against Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal. The points at issue, in this somewhat famous case, are no doubt fresh in the memories of most of our readers. In a pronouncement, or circular, which he caused to be read in all the churches within his diocese, the Archbishop forbade "until further order, all the faithful, under the penalty of refusal of the sacraments, to print, to place or keep on deposit, to sell, distribute, read, receive, or keep in their possession," the journal in question. That the result was great financial loss to the proprietors of the paper is admitted. The judgment of the court was in favor of the defendant at every point. The general principle on which the judgment is based is, as we understand it, somewhat as follows: The Catholic Church stands, in the eye of the law, on the same level with any other legalized society or body, with which men may connect themselves. The Archbishop's mandate did not, in any way, transcend the prerogative conferred on him by the members of that church. In criticising the publication in question, he had but exercised the right common to every citizen, so long as the criticism is fair and honest, and it had not been shown to be otherwise in this case. The right to prohibit, under penalty, the reading and circulation of the journal within his diocese, belonged to him, as bishop of Montreal, and even the plaintiff did not deny to the Archbishop, as such, the right to condemn heterodox writings and to forbid his people to read them. The Judge said:—

"The making of this particular rule is clearly shown to have been within the scope of the defendant's authority as Bishop, and the rule itself, not being in conflict with the law of the land—there being no law in this Province, and it not even being pretended that there is, making it unlawful for any association or body of men, religious, or otherwise, to constitute within itself an authority to serve as a guide to its members as to what they shall or shall not read, nor for the person vested with such authority to exercise it over the members of that society—it seems impossible to see in that exercise of authority an act wrongful, as being, under the law of the church, beyond the power of defendant as Bishop."

The judgment was ably and dispassionately reasoned, and it would ill become us to call in question either its impartiality or its legality. But the case suggests so many questions of public interest and stands so closely related to the freedom of the press, which we, as a people, prize so highly, that it cannot be amiss to call attention to some of the difficulties with which the judgment seems beset, and to suggest some of the consequences which it seems to carry with it.

We shall do this in a merely tentative form, without attempting to draw conclusions or make affirmations.

No malice was proved, says the Judge. Suppose malice had been proved would or should this have affected the judgment? Would not all the main arguments underlying it have remained the same? Had the court, on the principle on which the judgment is based, any right to inquire into the motive? Would not doing so have made the State, as represented by the court—for the court is, as itself affirmed, "the State itself, interpreting and applying the law" which itself, through the Legislator, had made—judge of a theological, ecclesiastical, or religious question?

It has been said with some force, though we are not sure whether the court used this argument, that the proprietors of the *Revue*, being members of the church, had thereby agreed to be bound by the laws of the church, one of which is, as they well knew, that the Archbishop has the right to tell the members of the church that they must refrain from this or that course of conduct, must refrain from reading or circulating this or that book or periodical, on pain of excommunication; therefore the said proprietors had no right to complain so long as they continued members of that church. But suppose they had not been members or had withdrawn from its communion before the action in question was taken, would that have affected the judgment of the court? Is there, in regard to an action for pecuniary damages, one law for members of a given church or society, and another law for those who are not members? It is but fair to repeat here that Judge Doherty distinctly affirms that the court knows the Catholic Church only "as it knows any other religious body, or any other association to which persons, being in the State and coming under the jurisdiction of the court, may belong, just to the extent which the State, through the Legislator, recognizes or permits the existence of such bodies or associations." Notwithstanding, or rather in accordance with this, there may perhaps be room for the question above suggested.

The Canadian courts have, we believe, distinctly established that the prelates and clergy of the Catholic Church shall not be permitted to use ecclesiastical intimidation in order to guide the action of its members in regard to the election of members of Parliament or Legislature. Wherein are the cases not parallel? If the Archbishop believes that moral or spiritual harm would result to members of the church within his diocese from the election of a certain candidate, or the success of a certain party, is it not within his jurisdiction to tell them so, and to forbid them, on pain of the refusal of the sacraments, to vote or canvas for that candidate or party? Is it not at least within his jurisdiction to forbid them to read any argument or appeal which may be put forth in favour of



such candidate or party, or any newspaper which supports them? It may be that a layman's want of legal training is at fault, but it is not easy for such an one to discriminate clearly between the two cases, or to see why the one may not be as truly a "matter of a mixed spiritual and temporal character" as the other.

How would the general principles on which the decision is based affect boycotting? If any number of citizens have a right to join a religious society, and empower the head of that society to say what books and papers they may or may not read, buy, sell, etc., why may not the same or other citizens also form a society and empower the head of that society to say with whom they may or may not transact business, have social intercourse, or whether they shall even supply certain offenders with the necessaries of life? It is conceivable that no malice could be proved on the part of such head, but only a desire to further certain ends which he may believe to be fair and honest, and for the mixed temporal and spiritual good of the members of the society.

With all due deference to the learned and able judgment of Mr. Justice Doherty, may it not fairly be questioned whether the issues involved in this judgment are not so far-reaching, and so closely related to individual freedom of thought and speech, as to make it very desirable that the judgment should be submitted to a full court or even to the tribunal of last resort? If so it is to be hoped that the plaintiff may be able to obtain such a reference. We might add that the judgment almost ignores the awful threat of the circular on which so much depends.

#### MONTREAL LETTER.

The struggle for football honors ended, as far as the clubs of this province is concerned, last Saturday, when the Montreal football team was defeated by the team of Ottawa College by a score of 14 to 11. The great fight will now be between the Ottawa College and the leading team of the western league in some Ontario city.

The Montreal Street Railway in its annual report just issued shows profits for the year amounting to nearly \$215,000 as against \$116,000 the previous years. Out of this two four per cent dividends have been paid and the balance of \$37,000 added to the surplus. This is a good showing and proves what can be done under a good system and cheap fares.

The great event in the legal courts the past week was the delivery of the judgment in the famous case of the *Canada Revue vs. Archbishop Fabre* by Judge Doherty. The judgment, which was a most elaborate one, covered about sixty pages of large foolscap paper, and its delivery occupied nearly two hours. The finding was in favor of the defendant whose act did not constitute an invasion of plaintiff's right, although it affected his interests. It was "damnum absque injuria" but did not render its authors responsible in damages. This case arose out of the act of the Bishop in placing the ban of the church upon the plaintiff's paper which had published articles rather derogatory to the clergy.

The Arts, Law and Science students of McGill had their "night" at the theatre last Friday, and from every point of view—attendance, music and noise—it was a great success. They owned the theatre for the

night and seemed also to have acquired a proprietary right to certain streets, before and after the play. They kept the middle of the road, however, and sent the Roman fire balls straight in the air, and no serious results arose from the demonstration except to the students themselves who in the morning conversed among themselves in hoarse whispers. They had a big time in the theatre and out of it; they presented huge bouquets of flowers to the stars of the company during the early hours of the night, and serenaded the professors between midnight and morning. A brass band took a prominent part in the event.

Joseph Jones, Coroner, died last Saturday at the advanced age of nearly 87 years. Mr. Jones was probably the oldest coroner in the Dominion, having been continuously in office for fifty-seven years. It is stated that he held no less than 11,400 inquests during the long tenure of his office. He was the oldest justice of the peace, as well as one of, if not the oldest, lieutenant colonel of militia in the Province. His official experience had been a varied one, as might be expected. He conducted the inquest upon Mason, who was killed in an attack upon the residence of Sir L. H. Lafontaine. He presided over the inquest on the body of Major Ward, killed in a duel by Mr. Sweeny, a local lawyer of celebrity at the time. He also held inquests arising out of the Gavazzi riots, the explosion of the steamer *Iron Duke*, the terrible calamity at Belœil, and many other sad events. Coroner Jones' life was an interesting page of history. He was born in Quebec in 1808, of Welsh parents, was educated there, and at the age of twenty-seven removed to Montreal where he remained until the day of his death.

After a long and severe fight the Hon. Honore Mercier has at last succumbed to the common enemy, and his body lies in a grey, cold vault in the Cote des Neiges cemetery, behind the mountain. The whole city mourned his death, and hardly was there a flagstaff that had not a flag at half mast a few minutes after the news spread through the city. Only the good of the past was remembered. Mr. Mercier's life was an eventful one; honors were showered upon him at home and abroad; and he lived in a manner becoming two centuries ago giving full vent to all his desire for show and pomp regardless of expenses. He was a man of indomitable energy which made his comparatively short life equal to the lives of ten ordinary men; always active, courageous and hopeful, even when his friends were low spirited and down-hearted. It was this energy that made the death struggle so long and hard, and it might be said that he died on his feet. The funeral was one of the longest ever held in Montreal, not even excepting the funerals of Cartier or McGee. Many thousands came in by train from the various cities and towns of the Province; many thousands walked in the procession and many thousands looked on. The demonstration was immense, although having no official character, and it showed the feeling of respect to the memory of the dead Premier. There was considerable show and pomp in connection with the funeral as it dragged its slow way through the principle streets of the city, but it was befitting a man of Mr. Mercier's character, who, in his lifetime, loved much grandeur and admiration.

#### MY AUTOGRAPHS OF THE "AUTOCRAT."

I venture to think that I am not making too large a boast when I claim to possess a unique copy of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It came into my possession in the following manner:

In the month of February, 1887, through the kindness of William Dean Howells, who personally conducted me into Dr. Holmes' presence, I enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten privilege of spending part of an afternoon in the beautiful study looking out upon the Charles River.

I well remember the current of our conversation, in which the subject of hereditary and pre-natal influence bore a prominent part, but shall not attempt to recall any of it here, interesting and characteristic as what Dr. Holmes said could not fail to be.

While taking a hurried survey of the books that crowded the room, it occurred to me that I had at home a perfect copy of what I conceived to be the first edition of the "Autocrat." It bore the imprint of Phillips and Sampson, and was embellished with a number of pictures from the pencil of Hoppin. It had been in my possession a good many years, and I always regarded it as one of the choicest of my literary possessions.

On my describing the book to Dr. Holmes he said it must be a copy of the first edition, and in answer to my enquiry was not sure whether or not he himself had a copy.

The happy thought at once came to me that I might effect an exchange that would be mutually agreeable, and I suggested to Dr. Holmes that if he would write his favorite verse in a modern copy of the "Autocrat" I would gladly exchange my copy for it.

He demurred at depriving me of a volume I had evidently treasured, but I assured him that I would consider myself greatly the gainer by the arrangement proposed, and I came away promising to send him the book immediately on my return home.

I did not fail to keep my word, and shortly after despatching the volume received the following acknowledgment:

My dear Sir,—

I am very glad to have a copy of the first edition of "The Autocrat." I am not sure that I have one with the imprint of Phillips and Sampson, and even if one should be found upon my shelves, I have two children, each of whom would be much pleased to own a copy of that edition.

I will send you a more recent edition with the verse in it which you ask for, and which I shall be pleased to copy for you, leaving me still your debtor for a kind and thoughtful service.

Believe me, Dear Sir,

Gratefully yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A little later there came this note, showing the careful nature of the man:

I have the volume of the "Autocrat" all ready, but I want your exact address which I have lost sight of, your letter being misplaced. Please send it on a postal card and much oblige,

Yours truly,

O. W. HOLMES.

In due time the eagerly awaited volume arrived, and great was my delight on opening it to find within the following inscription :

J. MACDONALD OXLEY,

With the kind regards of

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,

and that most exquisite of his verses,

“ And if I should live to be

The last leaf upon the tree

In the Spring.

Let them smile, as I do now

At the old forsaken bough,

Where I cling,”

with the poet's signature appended, but also a perfect photograph of his shrewd, kindly, winsome face, with his name in full beneath.

Having carefully inserted both the first letter and the photograph in the book, I need hardly say that I have ever since regarded my copy of the “Autocrat” as a possession of peculiar preciousness.

Some years later I contributed to the columns of the *Sunday School Times* an article on “The Children in the Library,” which was, in the main, an expansion and application of the “Autocrat's” remark with regard to what constitutes a gentleman, “Above all things, as a child, he should have tumbled about in a library. All men are afraid of books who have not handled them from infancy.”

Thinking that possibly Dr. Holmes might be interested in my development of his doctrine, I sent him the article, whereupon he promptly responded :

My Dear Sir,—

I thank you for your “sermon,” which I have read with much pleasure. I am much gratified that you have honored me by making use of some words of mine as a text worth enlarging upon.

Believe me, My Dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

In every case the hand-writing is the “Autocrat's” own throughout, and now that he has passed away from us as sweetly and gently as he lived, my brief correspondence with him must always remain one of the most dearly treasured experiences of my life.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

Montreal, Canada.

#### OF BEAUTY.

The convoluted wave, God's first sea-shell,  
Uppethers now the deep's great harmonies;  
From the far blue an Alp-like cloud doth  
well,

Baring its azure peaks to the heavenlies :  
My spirit's outward bound, hath liberty !  
Earnest as rising flame its young love  
burns

To catch the awesome gladness flowing free  
O'er earth and sky as Beauty's face upturns.

O, naught is great without thy effluence !

In curving billow's culminating sweep,  
In mountain heights, the strength of  
grace is seen :

Essence divine, of God-like competence,—  
Reposeful in the heart of things as sleep !  
Robed in the purple, sceptered, throned  
a queen !

THEODORE H. RAND.

At Minas Basin.

At the German manoeuvres a new shoe sole for soldiers will be tried. It consists of a kind of paste of linseed oil, varnish and iron fillings with which the soles of new shoes are painted. It is said to keep leather flexible and gives the shoe greater resistance than the best nails.

#### A NOVEMBER IDYL.

The Indian is not alone in thinking a good hunt the greatest earthly delight ; nor is he the only man whose idea of Paradise is a flat expanse of sedge and rank grasses, a treeless horizon, with the moist, dreary atmosphere, broken here and there by stream and pond. No, there might be one more addition to “Gates Ajar.” Make it a heaven where we can take a good dog or two ; a heaven where we can creep through eternity from forest game to that of the marsh ; not a heaven with glare and glitter and music, but one where the melody will be the whir of the partridge, the rustle of leaves and the sharp ping-bang ! that follows, where the harmony is one in which swan and mallard, teal and black duck, each lends aid. The sea there would not be crystal, but an endless tract of sluggish, reed-bordered, swampy pools ; the only brightness, a dim-colored morning holding the flash that heralds the report. No warm heaven for us, with insence of flowers and meadow-sweet odors of an eternal summer's day ; far better the whistling of the coming storm that drives the birds to shelter, the dank smell of the sedges, and the brown tints of autumn everywhere.

To a home bird this is one of the insolvable mysteries ; as subtle as feminine delight in a new bonnet is to the average man. The word November means the drawing of the curtains half an hour earlier in the evening ; a first fire in the grate ; the putting away of summer-time things, and chrysanthemums on the table, with their glass catching the glint of the fire-light ; it means the cat curled up on the rug ; and the children's hour, when boy-princes and fairies have to be told of, and retold again. To some of us it means a time when, looking into those glowing coals, the past rises up phantom-like, and voices, long hushed, are heard in the eerie chimney wallings ; to the younger ones, a time when speculation is rife as to what is coming.

To my mind November, since I was married, means a scow and a skiff, a shooting-jacket, an old muffler and a disreputable cap for one of us, a greasy rubbing of fire-arms, endless discussion as to the size of shot and the making of cartridges, the finding of decoys which, if they prove true to their name, pronounce the duck a most credulous creature ; a raid upon the store-room for canned meats, pickles and sauces, with finally a sleepless night, and an early start for the marshes.

In a dismal rain we boarded the “Hiawatha,” at Sarnia. We gave but one glimpse into the cabin, and recognized at once the suitability of “Hiawatha.” Indians everywhere ; Indian babies, from papoose strapped on, to baby limit ; old women who looked a hundred in face but were still quick in movement ; squaws who kept to blankets and beads, large earrings and moccasins, and squaws who had cast aboriginal adornings aside and were object lessons in evolution, with bangs, artificials, and mask-veils. We closed the door and sought shelter under the deck awning, upon the only dry spot left. We were between the cook-house and the refrigerator, and every five minutes the cook “troubled us to move,” while he sought the wherewithal for supper, which was to be served on board. This was tiresome, but anything rather than the cabin and the Indians. Past Indian village and Indi

an church, from one mouldy dock to the next, and the rainy afternoon wore on to a bright sunset. The freight we carried seemed endless in disembarking ; every wharf we left behind was laden. Those wharves were marvels of decay ; rotten piles and planks each bowing to its neighbor ; dismal holes and staring nail-marks, out of which the nails had dropped long ago ; until at length we came upon one with nothing left but posts, and with an indignant snort the *Hiawatha* steamed on. From time to time skiff loads of decoys were taken on board, the wooden eyes plainly winking “birds of a feather flock together.” We viewed from afar Oaklands and Mt. Clemens, but the joys of such resorts were dead ; clearly, summer was gone, and they looked cold and uninteresting in the red autumnal evening. Darkness fell, and out of it loomed Walpole Island, and occasional gleams of the eddying channel écarté. How did that river's name ever become corrupted into “the Sni ?” Ask the people of the Flats for the channel écarté, and they would stare ; but the Sni all men know. Various red and green lights met and passed us in the darkness, seeming like the eyes of monsters bent on devouring our small boat. Those same lights are the most successful of decoys, and put to shame their wooden brethren. Our captain told us of a great “take” during the previous season. The bright light attracted a flight of ducks, and in a moment they were beating about the shivering glass in hundreds, with sticks and other improvised weapons, all hands carrying on the slaughter. The lighthouse-keepers tell the same story ; more birds beat themselves to death on the sides of the Beacon than can be made use of by the families.

A sharp turn and we were up the Sydenham, one of the many meandering, snag-laden streams with which the district abounds. We were among the whisperings of the grassy reaches where acre upon acre of tussock offers an insecure foothold for the hunter, when he has to abandon his punt for the bird fallen within the marsh. These rivers are much like canals, with muddy sides and bottom ; and where, unprotected by roots, are being washed wider and more shallow, owing to the traffic, which is great. We saw a group of lights, about a stone's-throw distant, as we judged ; they were near, as the crow flies ; but we were not crows and had to abide by the windings of the stream, which here behaves like a dissipated snake. Out of the darkness we heard an occasional cry, now a quack, again a plaintive piping ; the fitful glinting of farm-house lights gave way to those of our village, which in turn were lost in the blackness about the dock where the runner for our inn made night still blacker with the swinging of an old-fashioned lantern. We followed him and it up the silent street ; together we passed through a low doorway and on up an never ending passage-way, the latter three feet in width, which played us continual tricks with its uneven floor. No sooner had we stumbled up a two-inch step than we were headlong down one of three, and so on, until an open door and lights, that revealed a supper-tray with adjuncts, announced that we were “at home.”

The next morning broke clear and coldish, with a bright sun and a haze on the horizon which meant fine weather and continued, though, when it once broke,

possibly the last to be expected. "Pshaw" says Jack, "not worth a rush," so we started to investigate. The house, from the outside, seemed to consist of innumerable additions, in which the main building had become extinct. Every addition was small and took a fresh level; add to this an insufficiency of foundation, and the gentle rise and fall of the flooring was accounted for. The cleanliness, inside and out, was spotless. Snowy floors and tables, pewter that reflected the day's brightness, glimpses of pantries where the shelves looked like some lace-flounced belle, methodical rows of caddies and boxes, and the character of the chief of the interior lay revealed. No idle hands there, no tasks begun and left unfinished. Jack sniffed, and promised himself a cosy supper and toddy after the first big day in the marshes. Every room opened into two or three more, and a vista was afforded which ended in kitchen and yard beyond. A shrill voice came borne on the morning air; evidently these maids lived under martial law. The voice was answered by the occupant of the cage in the window. The parrot put his head on one side in a reflective way; "what'll y' ave," says he, "brandy hot?" "No," says Jack, "I'll take Canadian Club." Then, with a surprising swiftness, and in the exact tone of one from the inside room, "be quick, will you," says Poll.

The yard, clean as the house, was teeming with creatures alive and dead; dogs of all sizes and kinds, chiefly pointers and setters, with a few retrievers thrown in, Rock, Bobtail, Brandy and Soda, all coming forward, some with a warning, some with a welcoming bark. And then there was Rags, the very most knowing Scotch terrier in the country. There were quacking tame ducks and gabbling geese, fowls, and a full-blown turkey-cock with his harem; and upon the broadside of the barn a ghastly collection of crucified wild geese. Spread out, tip to tip, they looked an incredible breadth; some were comparatively fresh, the feathers scarcely spoiled, and varied from that to all stages of composition and skeleton form. The landlady told us two of the birds were from eggs taken out of a wild nest and hatched by a civilized goose, but that as they emerged from goslinghood they became so fierce no one dare go into the yard unarmed. The end of it was her husband shot then and nailed them up with the rest. Aloft in the shed was a glistening mass of dark and beautiful plumage; dark greens and blues, soft greys, and bits of golden brown where partridge and quail hung among the ducks, a few sober landrails, some pigeons, a wild goose or two, an enormous trumpeter, and the long dangling legs of a heron. Such an array, and all belonging to a Toronto man, he of the dog and gun, who was, as the landlady termed it, "a professional." "But a gent from Detroit beat him by fifty."

About the dining room, as everywhere else, a quaint simplicity prevailed, and ducks prevailed still more. In time we might ejaculate *Toujours Perdrix*, but at first flush it seemed almost sacrilegious to see those birds stuffed with sage and onions, stewed, or put to any other indignity of a culinary kind.

The village was after the same pattern, no one in a hurry; the very children went to school in a leisurely way, befitting a place where there was an intermittent boat service and no railway. The river,

the flat-bottomed barges, the general dilapidation, the want of new paint, made the *tout ensemble* a living Dutch landscape, with only one incongruous feature in a modern swing bridge. But it swung heavily and slowly, accommodating itself to its surroundings. Modern cottages with frantic little bow-windows mingled with old log houses; and close by the water's edge was one habitation, taut and tidy, the cabin of some wreck, its small windows gaily curtained and the low, open door revealing a cradle and baby, a healthy looking young woman working about, and in a rack on the wall a gun and fishing tackle. A water-spaniel stood in the doorway, barking at the unfailing brood of tame ducks, which went with every homestead. The river swarmed with these broods, and in them all were gleams of wild plumage. Monstrous snags, some nearly hidden, others lifting a warning finger, together and the narrowness of the stream, seemed to make navigation a problem. A sharp, positively an alert, whistle, warned us of the coming boat; looking up from the sombre shore it seemed a Leviathan. It filled the channel and forced the water inshore, making a commotion out of keeping with all else. As far as eye could reach there was nothing but brown grass and rushes, and at the very limit of the horizon, which seemed lifted in air, a solitary tree and two gaunt windmills broke the line. I asked a boy playing on the shore what the windmills were for. To that side, he said, there were farmlands, and the water had to be pumped off them! He also told us rattle-snake and copperhead stories, and I picked up a small specimen of the latter reptile—need I say dead—crushed and no bigger than a worm, but an undoubted copperhead. The pig was the snakes enemy we were told; one jump and his sharp hoof "did for" a wriggler. We turned homewards, leaving behind us no sight but rush and sky, no sound but the sighing and swishing of reeds.

That swing bridge deserves a word. Leaning on its substantial white rail the view up stream was not a thing of beauty. Ugly sawmills, piles of stacked cordwood, a motely crowd of barges, tugs and scows, some grain-laden schooners; the trim little steam-yacht of mine host, in which he and his sporting friends get to the Sni; a huge creature called the Glenfinlas; some walnut trees overhanging the shore, with now and then a splash as a nut falls in, all this as in a picture, when the bridge-keeper offered me "a ride." In a moment we were swinging round, while at either end of the roadway horses and carts, school children and other patient folk, waited. The keeper, Jim Blake, was communicative, giving many interesting stories of the Flats, its game and its yearly visitors. Like other old people he thought "things are not what they used to be." Every year more land went under water and the river became shallower, and "as fer ducks, they'll never leave off until every feather is blown away." He did not approve of preserving Walpole Island as in places so preserved "there was a man for every duck." The farm where his father had lived, and where he himself was born, was then under water and shot over by sportsmen. He was rather hazy as to whether the land had sunk or the water had risen; but the result was the same, and it all happened in one season. The crops were left standing to rot. And that was sixty years ago.

With the haze of late autumn upon the landscape, and the drone of the old man's voice in my ears, I fell to wondering what it might be in the sixty years to come, this collection of lagoons, sluggish rivers and insecure islands. Are the dream-days of the hunter to pass away? In this region there does not seem much danger of disturbance; the grasses wave defiance at settlements, and while, in the oases of solid earth, villages may rise up and flourish, there will still remain miles upon miles of dun waste where red-head and canvas-back, broad-bill and widgeon can take their chances against the gun, and where the wild-geese, in his autumnal eighty miles an hour, may see little but brown tint and still pools beneath him.

\* \* \*

At six in the morning Jack, abominably cheerful, put his head inside my door. "Glorious morning! Cold drizzle, and they say we're sure to have sleet-snow-and-wind by eleven. You can't come. Ta-ta."

As Jack is still carrying about some of my shot in the calf of his leg, it is probably as well that I can't come.

\* \* \*

"Ya-honk! Ya-honk!"—they know him well;

His meaning none hath need to tell.  
He counts them all with anxious eye,  
Then southward, like the storm, they fly,  
While ever and anon the note  
Falls from his red and panting throat  
"Ya-honk!"

"Ya-honk! Ya-honk!" 'tis in the night  
He takes his wild and weird flight.  
He leads his wild wives through the sky  
With winkless and unerring eye.  
He guides them sure from dark to dawn;  
He comes—"Ya-honk! Ya-honk!" he's gone!

K. M. LIZARS.

#### PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S "ASCENT OF MAN."

Dr. Drummond's Lowell lectures, published under the above title, have already been noticed in the columns of *THE WEEK*. Nevertheless, in view of other criticisms, some further notice may not be without interest and value. It is not too much to say that, upon the whole, the "scientific" world, in so far as it has given forth any voice, has spoken the very reverse of favourably; indeed it has been said that the lectures are of no scientific value whatever; "that whatever is true is borrowed; whatever is strained, false and inclusive is the author's own." We have some faint recollection of reading, some years ago, when the world was all agog with Darwin's *Origin of Species*, that similar things were said of the great naturalist by certain savants, and even if science, it may surely be said, that the wisdom of to-day is the folly of the morrow. Certainly in these days, when the horizon of possible knowledge is ever broadening, we are all at the mercy of the specialist; and, most emphatically, the busy life of a Canadian clergyman forbids him to enter thoroughly into any line of scientific research, yet, if he has a sympathy for human kind, few men come more into contact than he with the varied phases of the thought of the day, from the hard-headed, practical lumberman, to whose shanty occasionally comes a stray quarterly, to the philosopher at whose table he may occasionally set. And to those who, with the writer, believe that the work of soul-saving is the building up of character,



## MENDELSSOHN'S GRAVE.

The winter of 1887 and 1888 was an unusually severe and stormy one in Germany. The snow was often deep, and the air was almost constantly chilled with cold. During one of the numerous storms, and when the snow was falling heavily, a friend and ourselves left Leipzig (where we were then studying), on the morning of the 24th of December, to visit Berlin and to make a pilgrimage to Mendelssohn's grave. Not that we are such a great Mendelssohn worshipper, but we had previously, at different times during our travels through Germany, visited the final resting places of many great and famous musicians, Wagner, Liszt, Schumann, Weber, and others; and were desirous of seeing where lay the body of the lamented and fascinating Mendelssohn. We were to take an early train, which left about five in the morning, and consequently it was not yet light when we ventured forth. The wind was blowing dismally through the deserted streets, and piling the snow in little heaps, so that walking was exceedingly difficult and slow. We had not gone, however, more than three or four blocks, before we espied a *droschke* standing close to a lamp post, and, on our hailing the driver, he was glad, indeed, to get the job of driving us to the *Berliner Bahnhof*, which is quite a distance to the east of the city. We were not sorry to arrive there and get—we were going to say comfortably settled—in our car, but there is no such thing as comfort, as we understand the word, in any railway carriage, in winter time, on the continent, as there are no fires, or, if by chance, there is any heat furnished by the railway people, it is so limited in quantity as to be almost unnoticed. We were soon off and in due course of time, several hours after, we arrived in Berlin. The next morning we rose early and enquired of several people whom we met, not forgetting the hotel porter, of course, who is supposed to know everything, and also in music shops and book stores as well, if they could direct us to the cemetery where the composer, Mendelssohn, was buried. And none could tell us. We were astounded, for we had thought that surely in Berlin, the most musical city in Germany, even the children on the street would know that Mendelssohn, who has charmed thousands in all parts of the world, by his graceful, beautiful music, was sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, in one of their own cemeteries. At last we met an old gentleman who directed us, and shortly after, on Christmas Day, we stood before his tomb, which is in the enclosed plot of the family, in the *Alte Dreifaltigkeits Kirchhof*, just outside the *Halle-thor*. He rests beside his talented sister, Fanny, and his son, Felix. A few steps behind are the graves of his father and mother. His tombstone is a plain slab of marble, in the shape of a cross, on which is engraved his name, and the dates of his birth and death. This is all.

The wandering winter winds murmured sorrowfully over the graves, and had formed little fairy white mounds from the snow which was still falling; and, although the evergreen ivy had so lovingly entwined itself on the headstones which bore their names, fresh flowers had been cut and laid there that morning on the

evolving what Paul calls perfect manhood in Christ Jesus, rather than in the inculcation of certain sectarian formulæ, or the encouragement of some sickly sentiment that has little influence upon the life for charity and honesty, some opinion on such issues as are raised around Dr. Drummond's word, if not necessary, are at least most desirable; unless on such companionships as indicated the pastor is content to play the dummy, or prove himself woe-fully behind those whom he essays to lead. Of course I know there are those who seem to think that God is glorified more if He works through human ignorance than through those who use their talents to some purposes; such, however are not likely to read *THE WEEK* and may be left meanwhile to enjoy their delusion. The sympathetic clergyman will be compelled to form some opinion as to the character and value of scientific research. The writer has been so compelled, and with a modesty which, though not apparent, is real, would offer some observations on "The Ascent of Man" and some of its critics as they have shaped themselves to him.

Though said to be of no scientific value, an element of poetry is readily acknowledged in the work which has been written, says one critic, by the canons of poetry rather than by the canons of science. That pleasant old gossip, "The country parson," in one of his earlier recreations, talks about the art of putting things. One of his fine sentences in that essay is: "The noble use of the power of putting things, is when a man employs that power to give tenfold force to truth." No one denies to Henry Drummond the art of putting things, and in that very art may be found some grain of scientific value. Let us see. Take the very title of the book as compared with Charles Darwin's great work, "The Descent of Man." They stand side by side on my shelves, and the contrast is suggestive. From similar facts the one traces descent, the other follows ascent; the one looks back to find man in the slime from which he may have sprung, the other looks onward for that great divine event to which the whole creation moves; and they both deal with the same data as they state thus diversely the problem to be solved. Let us stay for a moment to enquire whether there may not be some scientific value in this way of putting things, for what is science? When the French Academicians declined to view Darwin as a scientist, was it not because he lacked scientific imagination? He had so thoroughly repressed all theorizing as to be a mere recorder of things observed. The scientist must have a working theory, even though, like Newton's emanation theory of light, it is doomed to be disproved; evolution is the theory of to-day, scientific, but a theory nevertheless; for what in very truth is evolution but the tabulating by the human mind of certain phenomena in their observed sequence. Evolution explains nothing as to the origin or the destiny of things only as it leaves the line of strict demonstration, and either drops a plummet into the deep of the past, or gazes wistfully on for some ray of light through the mist of the future. All scientific truth rests upon some assumption which must needs accept as proved. Darwin's weakness as a scientific observer was his ultimate lack of imagination; may not Henry Drummond's "Ascent of Man"

be yet accorded some scientific value from its very poetic method of putting things?

At a time when Tennyson's position, as a poet, was being questioned, F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, ranked him high in the realm of poesy, giving him credit, among other requisites, for "vision or insight." If Mr. Robertson's saying "Poetry creates life; science dissects death" be adopted, and Dr. Drummond's work be held as having no scientific value in that sense, we need not quarrel with the critics—to us the poetic value will far transcend the other. But if science is knowledge, and working theories be admissible in the pursuit thereof, then the poet's insight has value, and the very terms "Evolution of a mother, a father" may, and in our judgment do, afford examples of insight, of vision; and scientific research is assuredly as safe travelling along the ascent, as in confining itself to the dissecting room of the past and studying the descent of man; at any rate the onward look is a reassuring one, and the difficulties no greater even at this present, looking along the "poetic" line of Henry Drummond's book. The book lays no claim to original research. It professedly attempts "to tell in a plain way a few of the things which science is now seeing with regard to the ascent of man," and for that "plain way"—its "art of putting things"—the work has for us busy workers a great value; and in its adding of Altruism as a missing factor to evolution's struggle for existence, the coming generation of reverent scientists may recognize an item of real value in the solution of life's complicated problem.

Evolution is but a vision. No missing link in the great chain of being has been fully supplied; even variety, whence came it? Antecedent and consequent only are seen. How small a part of His (or shall we write "its?") ways are before our vision. The scientific mind calls this assumed order evolution. Our author projects his gage somewhat further. He "trusts that God is love indeed and love creation's final law." Is he less scientific because he arranges phenomena on that line? One of the critics confesses: "Could it be known there may be a moral magnificence in nature; only in its entirety we cannot know nature, and what, at the present hour, we do know leaves her to us immoral." But we also know that we only know in part, and only knowing in part we cannot declare the immorality of nature. Dr. Drummond, therefore, is to us strictly within the lines of scientific—or poetic—insight when he assumes as a working hypothesis one of Bishop Butler's positions that "the notion of a moral scheme much more perfect than what is seen is not a fictitious but a natural notion, for it is suggested to our thoughts by essential tendencies—and these tendencies are to be considered as intimations," and he so reads nature as to—

"See in part

That all, as in some piece of art,  
Is toil, co-operant to an end."

And that end love. We, at least, find real value in the work.

JOHN BURTON.

(Gravenhurst.)

The *Toronto Mail* estimates that since last May at least 40,000 French-Canadians living in the United States have returned to Quebec.

clean white snow which covered the graves. Yet Mendelssohn died in Nov., 1847, forty years before, but still his ever mourning relatives and friends so remembered his greatness as to lay garlands of flowers on his tomb. Only those who are her worshippers, or who are deeply impressed with the works and life of a great and noble artist, can realize the sensations which thrilled us, or the thoughts which passed rapidly through our minds, as we gazed at the name, the elevated mound, and all that remained of the once active and lovable Mendelssohn. But we have his works left, his splendid oratorios, lovely songs, overtures, concertos for both violin and piano, quartets, piano pieces, including the tender, languishing "songs without words," part songs, etc, which will keep his memory fresh in the minds of music lovers, for years and years to come. Truly a great legacy. We picked some ivy leaves—and have them now treasured in a little book along with many others—and came away. We had gone but a few steps, when we saw, carved on a neat but not costly monument, the magic name, Carl Tausig, the great and magnificent pianist, who went over Europe like a meteor, as Liszt did before him; who stood among all the younger pianists of his day, solitary and alone, a dazzling, brilliant, impassioned genius. The very name excites one. And so this great artist, whose tone was so superb and gorgeous, whose technic so fabulous, and whose touch so exquisite, and who was barely 30 years old when he died—"he, too, lies buried here"! We did not expect this, for at this time we did not know he was buried in Berlin, having thought his body had been taken to Warsaw, where he was born. "Poor Tausig," we murmured, as we walked away, and retraced our steps to the great throbbing city, "what a pity that he should die so soon!"

W. O. FORSYTH.

### MOON-RISE AT COW BAY.

The tide is high, and thundering on the strand

The breakers crash. In the dim light

We sit in hushed expectancy. The night  
Is filled with beauty; the long stretch of sand  
Whence the salt wave recedes in motion  
grand,

With iridescence glows upon the light;

And, while we watch, the seaward sky  
grows bright,

And brooding darkness flees from off the  
land.

It comes! The full round glory of the moon!

She rises from the ocean like a queen

With royal pomp to hold her regal sway.

Over the rolling waters falls a sheen;

And all the wild and romping waves at  
play

Laugh as they catch the precious, golden  
boon.

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

July 20th, 1894.

Dr. Holmes, who passed away the other day at the age of eighty-five, was the teacher of a doctrine which is well worthy of every general acceptance. There was nothing of the sage in Dr. Holmes' manner; he was never oracular nor over wise; yet by example and precept he taught all his life-long and never with more effect than in his last few years the possibility of retaining something of the mental freshness and cheeriness of youth even to an extreme old age.—*Montreal Herald*.

### PARIS LETTER.

"Doomed to death, but fated not to die"—immediately. That appears to be the situation of the poor Czar. There is deep personal sympathy felt for him, because it is felt the chain that has bound the world's peace is about to snap. Perhaps it may not be so, and it would be pitiful if the destinies of the world depended upon a single human will. It would be better to conclude that the Czar fully comprehended his epoch, and was convinced that peace, not war, was the guarantee for the prosperity and integrity of his own realm. It is the uncertainty about the policy of his successor that throws darkness and pain around the disappearance of Alexander III. The best gauge of this feeling is the sadness and depression of the French. They have no reason to conclude the end of the world is come because the Czar is dying; his death will not imply that any power is desirous to wipe out France. Indeed the bigness of modern nations, and the magnitude of their material interests, keep them in the paths of peace. There are no more worlds to conquer, and any power that started on that speculation would not be allowed to go far till pulled up. It is not the Czarevitch himself, so much as his advisers, that cause the apprehension of an unsettled future. The little that is known of the coming emperor is to his advantage; he leans to economic questions. I have been informed that he has a commendable "crank," that of a thorough belief in the alliances of peoples by means of trading; the more money they make by their mutual commercial transactions the more they will be inclined to keep together. The French have special grounds to be a little drooping, when contrasting the rejoicings last October in honor of Russia and the present gloom. But such is life.

Not any marked interest is taken in the reassembling of parliament. The chamber will have its usual ups and downs. The ministry is to be baited as a matter of course. By introducing its promised social reform bills it would give popular satisfaction, clear away much that is cloudy, and disarm a good deal that is turbulent. But it would do more, it would accelerate the recasting of political parties, and put an end to all serious cleavages and splits. It is the incoherences and repulsions existing, and the hesitation to grapple manfully the remedies, that produce all the mischief. The Belgian elections just concluded, are full of lessons; they show that Demos occupies himself less and less with liberal theories, and desires material amelioration through social progress. The masses now consider that liberty is not an end, but a means for arriving at lessening the burden of their daily labour. The childish restrictions placed upon universal suffrage in Belgium will soon be swept away. That arbiter of all politics is a master that can be guided and directed, but never muzzled; to attempt the latter, would be mopping up an intrusion of the Atlantic. In Belgium the liberals displayed fear of the public, and have been cleared away; there are only two parties now in evidence, the Catholic and the Socialist; both adopted the platform of bold social advance, but are diametrically opposed as to the measures for directing the evolution. But that will be accomplished without any revolution. Both agree to go ahead.

The municipality intends trying the Berlin plan of night omnibusses; a certain number of busses will continue on trunk lines to ply till three o'clock in the morning, to accommodate the play-house, ball going, club frequenting, and legitimately night working classes. The busses will start at intervals of twenty minutes. After midnight the cab fares are to be doubled, and in addition they are only to be found on the frequented thoroughfares. If the General Omnibus Co. declines to enter into the view of the Municipal Council, the latter will work the experiment itself; so that will be the shadow of the coming abolition of the Buss Company's monopoly, which is really at the mercy of its employees. A forty-eight hours strike by the latter, and the company's concession falls in.

Except the members of the Budget Commission, and even that is open to doubt, not a single unit of the population of France understands the Budget. It presents this extraordinary characteristic, every minister feels proud, in being able to have whittled down the estimates of his department, and yet the total amount of the budget is some millions in excess of that of last year! Call you that financial reform? That economy beats the seven Labours of Hercules rolled into one. But in the days of Hercules legerdemain was unknown. Despite the crushing expense France aims to have an army equal to that of Germany, and a fleet on a peer with that of England. The Minister of the Colonies has solemnly declared that all the colonies of France in Africa are in a state of prosperity. Even Dahomey is a pearl. But it costs 1,258 fr. to transport a ton of merchandise from Bordeaux to Timbuctoo. M. Cecil Rhodes had better look to his laurels. Delagoa Bay is accepted as destined to return to England; the Portuguese need money, cannot open up that region, and must economize. England now wants the splendid Bay for sentinel and scouring duty in the Indian Ocean.

The French Academy has been occupied since the days of Richelieu with the composition of an exhaustive Dictionary of the French language. Renan computed that it would require two hundred years to complete the task. Penelope could never finish her Berlin wool work, because what she achieved in the day, she undid in the night. Now the Academy is kept back by the flood of new matter. It has just admitted the word "Actualité" to be worthy of a classic niche—in column "A," where the Immortals still flounder. It may be news for the English to learn, that an English dictionary, unabridged, contains 36,619 words, while that of France has but 33,000. The writer boasts of this "find"; there are only "18 English words" in the English dictionary, while "100" appear in the French work. As a consolation for Saxons their dictionary has one Chinese word, and three Irish words, perhaps the three "F's," and eleven Scotch. Further, while the French dictionary contains twenty Americanisms, that of the English does not contain one. Here is a fact that will grieve that self-exiled anti-Israelite, Drumat. In the French Dictionary there are 110 Semitic words, in the English but 40.

The depressed condition of trade will form a subject of early discussion in the Chamber. But *cui bono*? Since the voting of the ultra protectionist tariff three

years ago, the exportations of France have dropped 1,248 million frs., and in those branches of industry which gave the largest share of work. The importations have proportionally declined. Yet the protectionists promised that, with the application of their cure, the foreigner would be barred out, his markets opened to French products, and prices in the home market augmented. The farmers now know to their cost the contrary; their wheat can only command a give-away price; foreign cereals, despite 70 fr. a ton duty, flood the market; France having closed her frontiers to the foreigner, he has doubly locked his entrance gates to French goods. The protectionists have the whip hand in the Chamber because they are elected by the agricultural vote. But manufacturers and traders have to blame themselves also not a little for the sad state of things; they will not produce cheaply; they will not seek the client, but wait for the client to drop in, like hungry larks from the sky. Workmen have injured employers by striking for wages that their output could not justify, being too much handicapped by foreign competition. The fabricant simply closed his workshop, and retired to live humbly on the remnants of his capital. An employer does not start in business to be a philanthropist. This "concatenation of circumstances" chokes off the famishing retailers.

The 630 plans—and the cry is still they come—competing for the "1,900 exhibition" prizes, will all be exhibited in the galleries on the Champ de Mars. Two journals promise to aid the judges by inviting a *plebiscite* on the lot. The name of an amateur architect is whispered who has sent in a series of most original drawings.

Marshal Bosquet explains in his memoirs that he lived a bachelor because he was too occupied with fighting, and never had the chance of meeting a lady to help him to wedlock.

The Association of "Interviewers," have had their first gala dinner; they commenced by the practical joke of inviting some of their most important victims. Zola, who like M. de Lesseps, is ready to be reviewed by any one, only desired that a journalist be at once a poet, a *romancier*, and a great writer. For that evening only, celebrities could sleep tranquil—the interviewers were not on the war path. M. Banes was much honored; his speciality is to interview persons whom he never interviews. Madame Severine was the only lady journalist present; her duty is to interview the sick in mind, body and estate; she gives one-third of her earnings to the poor. Sarcey, the critic, could only stop to take a plate of soup; on leaving he kissed his neighbor, Madame Severine, stating that "was his supper." The president proposed the toast, "To Truth," while observing that interviewers were not historical documents. M. de Vogüe was down to reply for the "Victims!"—but did not come; he still smarts from his wounds. "Gentlemen"—as the party was breaking up—"I come to interview your faces," said a photographer, then the magnesium light "searched" out all the guests for the camera group.

The diamond cut diamond telegrams sent from the Far East have created so much scepticism, that many people question if any war does exist between the Sinas and the Japs. In the Rue de

Rivoli, a grocer announced a rise of three sous in the price of his tea, due to the China war. Another grocer, not quite over the way, put up a board setting forth a fall of four sous in the price of Chinese tea, as a consequence of the invasion of the Japs of the Celestial Empire. In the same neighborhood is a real pig tail, who vends "only tea from the French Colonies"—France does not produce a leaf of tea in all her possessions. There is still room for "Salvation Army tea at two-pence half-penny per pound."

#### GLIMPSSES AT THINGS.

A pendant to men's "noble longings for the strife," is found in women's tidying impulses. The berserker rage of male heroes was caught in the heat of the battle; that of female heroes is caught in the throes of cleaning. There is even a legend that a brave woman, in a fit of housewife's frenzy, once defeated a mouse. Wrapped neither in the armor of mail nor arms of male, clad merely in a wrapper and dust cap, but leaning on her trusty broom, she is said to have faced the wild beast; and, before she had time to realize the full extent of her danger, or to seek safety in flight, the atrocious animal ran away. Certain it is that women have attempted deeds almost as daring, inspired by their yearnings to keep things tidy. In this spirit Dame Partington essayed to repel the encroachments of the Atlantic Ocean upon her floors. In this spirit a woman known as Mother Goose, aspired to reach heaven with her broom, not to secure her own happiness, but to add to the neatness and cleanliness of the firmament. The lady with the soaring, if prosaic, ambition, was going "so high," she said,

"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky."

It was not to save her country's flag, but her own carpets that Barbara Fritchie forbade the Southern soldiers to enter her home. Witnesses have appeared who have deposed that she defied the troops, not as an indignant patriot, but as an indignant housekeeper. Their boots were dirty; her floors were neat and clean, and she meant to keep them so.

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head;  
But spare your country's flag!" she said,  
according to Whittier's imaginative poem. But truth demands that these lines be altered, said the *New York Sun*, somewhat thusly:—

"Muss, if you must, the old back shed;  
But mustn't muss the porch!" she said.

The Paris correspondent of an American paper, informs us that "a master of statistics," in estimating the population of the world at the close of the 20th century, gives Germany 115,000,000, China 550,000,000, and the United States 400,000,000. Now, "a master of statistics" may prove as far astray as anybody else in his estimates of the growth of population, unless he be also a master of geography and political science, and an observer of the motives that urge men to emigrate. It is, of course, possible that chemical inventions may enable the world to feed 2,600,000,000 human beings, and Germany and China to support the vast populations assigned them. It is equally possible, and equally improbable, that the United States will have 400,000,000 in-

habitants about a hundred years from now. But before they reach half that great total the less crowded soil of Canada will have begun to outweigh the supposed drawbacks of her climate in the mind of the average emigrant; and, unless her advantages are neutralized by a pernicious policy she will thenceforth attract a larger immigration, not only comparatively, but positively also, than the United States. In the year 2,000 her population will most likely be nearer a fifth than a tenth of that of the great republic. The estimates of 30 millions for Australia, 30 millions for Argentina and Chili combined, and 100 millions for Africa seem also improbably small.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

#### ERRORS OF AUTHORS.

The queer mental obliviousness which sometimes leads men to forget or ignore facts which are perfectly obvious to everybody but themselves, and at most times to themselves also, has often been noted in the case of professional authors. It was while laboring under a fit of aberration that Macaulay, when speaking of the manner in which great minds discredited themselves when stooping to tasks beneath them, said that it would be unfair to estimate Goldsmith by "The Vicar of Wakefield," or Scott by "The Life of Napoleon." He wrote the lines with his own hand, himself re-read and revised them, then read and corrected the proofs, and after the review in which the article was published (the *Edinburgh*, of October, 1841) had appeared, it occurred to the author that he meant to have written "History of Greece" instead of "Vicar of Wakefield." Macaulay knew perfectly well what he wanted to write, but the familiarity of the expression made him oblivious to his real meaning, and, without intending to do so, he wrote "Vicar of Wakefield" from mere force of habit. Writers of fiction are peculiarly liable to errors when stating matters of fact. It not infrequently happens that one part of the narrative fails completely to tally with another. Several such errors, caused by sheer forgetfulness, are to be found in "Robinson Crusoe." When he wished to swim out to the wreck he feared that the distance would be too great if attempted with his clothes on, so he stripped and went out, and after his arrival, forgetting all about his nude condition, the author made him fill his pockets with biscuits from the ship stores. A little later in the same connection he made Robinson mourn for the loss of his clothes, swept away by the tide, forgetful that there were several trunks of sailors' clothing on board the ship to say nothing of the stores carried by the purser.

Shakespeare speaks of King John and his barons fighting with cannon, whereas these instruments of destruction were then entirely unknown; he causes one character to mention printing a couple of hundred years before the time of Gutenberg, and another to allude to striking clocks in the days of Julius Cæsar; he mentions a billiard-table as part of the furniture of Cleopatra's summer palace, and causes Hector to quote Aristotle; he makes ridiculous blunders in geography, giving seaports to Bohemia, an inland country, and speaking of Delphos as an island. All these were probably blunders of ignorance, for in matters like these the great dramatist

seldom rose above the common knowledge of his day; but in *Hamlet* there are two exceedingly curious mistakes evidently the result of pure forgetfulness. One is in the speech made by the ghost to Hamlet:—

But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young  
blood,  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from  
their spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, oh list!

If the passage has any meaning it must refer to the story of the murder, which the ghost, in spite of his earnest assertion that he is forbidden to disclose, immediately proceeds to narrate. In a popular novel of recent date the author decided to kill his victim with consumption, and then gave him all the symptoms of pneumonia. Wilkie Collins avoided blunders of this kind by a curiously practical method. When he wished to use sickness as a means of promoting the plot of his story he interviewed the family physician on the subject. In one of Massinger's plays a rival powders a bouquet with poison, a lady takes the flowers in her hand, her lover kisses the tips of her fingers and drops dead. Even Shakespeare is sometimes gravely in error when he undertakes to dispose of his characters by poisoning them, as witness the famous case of Hamlet's father, who, as the dramatist alleges, was murdered by having poison poured into his ears, and died without waking.

The "Count of Monte Christo" is full of slips that could have occurred only through the author's forgetfulness. The fortune with which he endows his hero is enormous, being about 4,000,000 dols. to begin with, and after years of the most reckless expenditure, after money has been scattered with both hands and in lavishly prodigal fashion, the author assures his readers, in calm forgetfulness of the amount with which he started the Count on his career, that the remainder is over 10,000,000 dols. Thackeray, who was exceedingly anxious to get everything right, was perpetually getting things wrong. Any reader who takes the pains to examine critically the works of the great English satirist, will find innumerable blunders, arising for the most part simply from carelessness. The names are mixed—the hero is sometimes called by the name of one of the other characters, and in at least one place an important personage is called by a name from another novel. This was Philip Firmin, whom he called Clive Newcome. Nor was this his worst blunder, for in another story he killed and buried old Lady Kew, and later brought her again on the scene to round off a corner of the story.

George Eliot, whose knowledge of science is highly commended, in "The Mill on the Floss" makes the odd blunder of having the boat overtaken in mid stream by a mass of drift floating at a more rapid rate than the frail craft, a physical impossibility. More than one astronomer has pointed out the mistakes Charles Reade has perpetrated in astronomy and geography. But Reade is not the only sinner in this particular. Howells sometimes makes a parade of his knowledge, and in one place with "Silas Lapham" alludes to the "rank and file" as synonymous with officers and

men. Dean Swift speaks of Pennsylvania as a frozen, desert plain, a blunder that might be extenuated on the score of the ignorance prevailing in his time, and, for that matter, ever since, in England, of American matters; while Amelia B. Edwards, in "Hand and Glove," mentions "an overseer on a Massachusetts cotton plantation."

The unlucky author of "Don Quixote," writing in his cellar-gaol, with the stone window ledge for a desk, could not be expected to have the accuracy of a scholar, and the circumstances under which his great book was written no doubt furnish at least a partial explanation of its innumerable oversights and blunders. With regard to Mambrino's helmet—i.e., the barber's basin—we are told that when the galley slaves attacked the Don they took the basin from his head and broke it all to pieces. A little further along Sancho had the basin, intending to get it mended; still further, it is again mentioned as "broken into a thousand pieces," and the same day the Don comes into the company at the inn with the basin on his head. In one place we are assured that Gines de Passamonte stole Dapper, Sancho's donkey, and a few lines further on it is stated that "Sancho, seated on Dapper, jogged on leisurely after his master." Sancho left his wallet at the tavern where he suffered the blanket tossing, and a little later had his greatcoat stolen by the galley slaves, but a short time after, finding a portmanteau in the mountains, he crammed the gold into his wallet and put the linen into his great coat pockets. So careless was the author that in one place he makes a large party eat two suppers in one evening.

The *Sardanapalus* is an imaginative, not an historical, performance, and when he wrote it Byron must have known perfectly well that the *Sardanapalus* was an entirely different character from the one he is supposed to be in Byron's drama. When speaking of Xerxes' ships, about 1,200 in number, Byron multiplies them into thousands. Nor is he entirely correct in his geography, for he alludes to Taos as an island whereas it is a seaport in Asia Minor. Greene, the dramatist, speaks of Delphos as an island of Greece, but Delphos is an inland city, as he might have learned by consulting any map or other books of reference. Longfellow makes as bad a mistake as any when, in an effort to be classical, he crowns the death angel with amaranth, the flower of life, and the life angel with asphodels. Longfellow simply got the two mixed. The phenomena of the moon's changes are, however, of a nature that seem to befog the poetic mind to an incredible extent. Ridder Haggard, for instance, in his romance, "King Solomon's Mines," tells of an eclipse that took place at the new moon, a blunder that was not much worse than that of Dickens, who speaks of the new moon in the east in the evening, and Besant hardly improves on the situation when, in "The Children of Gibeon," he makes a new moon come above the eastern sky at two o'clock in the morning. So, also, Coleridge gets his ideas of the moon fearfully confused when, in the "Ancient Mariner," he speaks of a new moon rising in the east with a bright star between her horns. Trollope was heartily laughed at by his acquaintances for causing Andy Scott to "come whistling up the street with a cigar in his mouth." Annoyed at their

gibes, he claimed that the thing was quite possible, that anyone could whistle with a cigar in his mouth; but after vainly making the attempt to achieve the feat, he yielded the point, and in the next edition left out the cigar.—*Globe Democrat*.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

GEORGE HERBERT.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—The true authorship of the wise saying; "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small," is as yet unacknowledged.

The editor of one of our city newspapers waxes warm on the subject; he is indignant that it should be imputed to Matthew Arnold and scouts the claim of Julia A. Kellogg. He drags forward Longfellow as the author, and quotes triumphantly his stanza.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly  
Yet they grind exceeding small;  
Though with patience He stands waiting,  
With exactness grinds he all."

Now I am opposed to granting Longfellow's claim. His taste in the use of language is the chief cause of his success. He is wise and useful in the use of his materials but lacks richness or originality. The same thought occurs in Bailey:

"God worketh slowly; and a thousand years  
He takes to lift His hand off"

J. G. Holland says:—"The great soul that sits on the throne of the universe is not, never was, and never will be in a hurry."

The simile contained in the aphorism must be as old as man himself, i.e., as old as the custom of grinding corn. Sophocles records another simile, showing forth the same idea: "Faith hath a shuttle of adamant, and weaveth therewith innumerable counsels; and from none thereof is there any escaping." Hear Euripides: "The gods are slow to anger, but their anger moveth very surely." And again: "Though the gods make long tarrying, yet in the end they will come."

In Faber's, *Thesaurus* we find under "Mola": "Sero molunt deorum mola, idest; Qui peccant, etiamsi serius, tamen aliquando dant poenas Exstat inter Sibyllinos versus et iste."

Nam mola postremo pinset divina farinam."

Job says: "The triumphing of the wicked is short."

Voltaire writes: "Et des dieux quelquefois la longue patience. Fait sur nous à pas lents descendre la vengeance."

Metastasio sings "I see well, O heavenly Father, why thy thunderbolts do not hasten to destroy the impious. Thou art slow to punish, either that bad men may have time to repent, or that the righteous may be made perfect through suffering."

But the man who struck the note which has resounded in the ears of the poets ever since, was George Herbert, the English Pastor. He was a burning and a shining light in his own time, and he still sheds a softened lustre over ours, which our local editor must not quench. With a conscience tender as a child's, and a heart loving as a woman's, his intellect is none the less powerful. There is a graceful humor which adds much to the charm of his prose and poetry. He puts me much in mind of Oliver Wendell Holmes. They both employed greatly the proverbial philosophy of common sense. In reading portions of "The Temple," by Herbert, one almost fancies he is reading Holmes' "Urania, or a rhymed lesson." In an edition of the works of George Herbert, edited by the Rev. Robert A. Willmott, and printed in New York, in the year 1854 (my copy was a prize given to me when in the High School in the city of Quebec, at page 326, among the "Jacula Prudentum, or outlandish Proverbs, Sentences, etc." I find the following: "God's mill grinds slow, but sure." The



"Jacula Prudentum" were first printed as a separate volume in 1640; and this curious and interesting collection was undoubtedly the mine from which subsequent writers dug much of what their friends claim to be the product of their own imagination.

Let me now endeavour to point the moral and adorn this tale of dry facts; which tale I have unfolded in order to have justice done to "the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts."

What is the meaning of the ejaculation, "God's mill grinds slow, but sure." It is generally printed under the heading "Retribution;" but in my humble opinion it is of broader import than evil justly befalling the perpetrators of evil. What, according to me, Herbert meant, was that God, to speak reverently, had roughly sketched out his scheme with regard to this planet and its inhabitants, but had left the details to be filled up by mankind, first intimating to them what His plans were. The Mill was started. Occasionally nations, tribes, families and individuals appear to have a harder husk than others, and strike out independently in their own course of good or evil. They wantonly defy the mill-stones, and seem to prosper in doing so; but in the end they are ground to fine powder and harmonized with the general plan; their very eccentricity, rebellion and resistance but proved the accuracy of the machinery and the wisdom of the Head Miller.

Such is my unaided interpretation. I have never seen another. Would some nobler intellect correct me if wrong; or if right, encourage me by saying so.

RICHARD J. WICKSTED.

Ottawa, October, 1894.

#### THE SPECTATOR'S CANADIAN INDIANS

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—Carlyle's famous generalization regarding the twenty-seven millions of the British Islands is commonly regarded as both hasty and unkind. But every now and then, something occurs to show that the sage of Chelsea knew whereof he affirmed. For instance, it is plain, from *The Spectator* of Oct. 13th, that one of the majority occasionally does a review for that most respectable periodical. A certain C. J. Johnstone has committed a book upon this distressful country of ours, called, "Winter and Summer Excursions in Canada." Many of his facts are extremely curious and duly impress the plastic mind of *The Spectator's* reviewer. For example:

"It is noteworthy," he writes, "that of the existing five millions, about three are of pure or mixed Indian blood." p. 498 b.

"Noteworthy" is the word. Now, Mr. Johnstone has unmasked us, and further deception is useless. Three millions of us are Indians; but we are peaceful now; we have buried the hatchet; we smoke the pipe of peace. In our winter excursions, we move along the trail from snow hut to snow hut, but during the summer we don the mild tepee. We track the proud bison through the Place d'Armes, and trap the wary beaver in the wilds of the Queen's Park. At our schools, we learn the English language. I, myself, never spoke anything but Ojibway on my reservation till I was fourteen. Even now, I often find myself relapsing into my mother tongue. The truth will out. It is well known that the Countess of Aberdeen has to get down on her hands and knees and crawl in at the door of the igloo, known as Rideau Hall. The report industriously circulated by our perfidious sachems of the Big-Talk Lodge, at Ottawa, that we have railways and steamers is a pure fabrication. It is notorious that when their excellencies visited Halifax last midsummer, they came from the interior on skates and snow-shoes, where they were not drawn on dog-sledges. The really intelligent foreigner never thinks of coming to Canada except in July, and after having provided himself with fur-clothing and such a sleeping-bag as Mr. Kennan used in Siberia. In that rigorous month we

natives invariably nail the "thermometer to the flue and cover it with wood" to keep it warm. Otherwise we would perish. English soldiers in the garrison here who neglect this wise precaution and are "insufficiently provided with clothing" often freeze to death in August. This year, the average was low, only four per week, as shown by the mortality returns. But then the season was mild.

Of course. Why should England care to know anything of her greatest colony? Why should a single one of those "prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true-born Englishman" be ever disturbed? Why should *The Spectator* entrust its reviews to children above fourteen years of age?

KAH-NAY-JAN.

Halifax, N.S., Oct. 30th, 1894.

#### THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS.\*

Pepys' diary seems to have a perennial popularity and deservedly so. The fondness for social gossip will obtain so long as there are people to be talked about and people to talk. Lord Braybrooke's is the great edition of this noted work and the noble compiler has done his work, so well, so diligently, and with such spirit and discernment, that his notes may, from time to time, as in the instance of this edition by Mr. Wheatley, be supplimented. They cannot well be supplanted.

The first edition, that of Lord Braybrooke, was published in 1825. In 1828 the second edition appeared in five volumes. An enlarged edition came out in 1848 and 1849. The fourth edition, revised and corrected, was made public in 1854, and as late as 1875 and 1879, the Rev. Mynors Bright put forth another edition with additional notes, the new matter amounting to about a third of the whole. It has remained for the present editor to give to the world the full diary with the, no doubt judicious, reservation "of a few passages which cannot possibly be printed." It will be observed, however, that where such passages do not appear their omission is sufficiently indicated.

The leading facts in the life of Pepys are so generally well-known that it is almost unnecessary to recapitulate them. Suffice to say that he was born at Bampton in Huntingdonshire, and educated at St. Paul's School and Magdalen College, Cambridge. The Earl of Sandwich became his patron, and, as his secretary, Pepys accompanied him in the fleet which brought back Charles II. He held the office of secretary to the Admiralty and proved a most efficient and progressive officer. His memoirs relating to naval affairs is an important work. In 1684 he was elected president of the Royal Society. In addition to his special knowledge of naval matters, Pepys was a man of considerable attainments and in architecture, history, music, sculpture and painting he was no mean authority. He died in 1703.

By far the most important and lasting monument of Pepys is his Diary, and we question whether the English language contains such another. It is a marvellous and minute picture of his own life and time. The faithful hand of Boswell has portrayed for us the portly doctor who bulks so largely in the field of literature; no less faithfully has the shrewd, yet candid, Pepys, painted for the reading world, his own life and time, all unconsciously,

\*The Diary of Samuel Pepys M.A., F.R.S., with Lord Braybrooke's Notes. Edited with additions by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Vols. I. to IV. London: George Bell and Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 1893-4.

in the pages of his diary. With vivacity, naivete, competent literary skill, and most minute detail, the varied aspects of the life of the period are unfolded before the reader with startling distinctness.

Turn where you will there is not a dull page. Take for instance that of the first volume, lying open as we write, and not inappropriately or unseasonably, let us read what our diarist has recorded of Nov. 20th, 1660. "About two o'clock my wife wakes me and comes to bed, and so both to sleep and the wench to wash. I rose, and with Will to my Lord's by land, it being a very hard frost, the first we have had this year. There I staid with my Lord and Mr. Shepley, looking over my Lord's accounts and to see matters right between him and Shepley, and he did commit the viewing of these accounts to me, which was a great joy to me to see that my Lord do look upon me as one to put trust in. Hence to the organ, where Mr. Child and one, Mr. Mackworth (who plays finely upon the violin), were playing; and so we played till dinner and then dined, where my Lord in a very good humour and kind to me. After dinner to the temple, where I met Mr. Moore and discoursed with him about the business of putting out my Lord's £3,000, and that done, Mr. Shepley and I to the new play-house, near Lincoln's Inn-Fields (which was formerly Gibbon's Tennis Court), where the play of 'Beggar's Bush' was newly begun; and so we went in and saw it; it was well acted. And here I saw the first time, one, Moore, who is said to be the best actor in the world, lately come over with the King, and, indeed, it is the finest play-house. I believe, that ever was in England. From thence, after a pot of ale with Mr. Shepley at a house hard by, I went, by link, home, calling a little by the way at my father's and my uncle Fenner's, where all pretty well and so home where I found the house in a washing pickle, and my wife in a very joyful condition. When I told her that she is to see the Queen next Thursday, which puts me in mind to say that this morning I found my Lord in bed late, he having been with the King, Queen and Princess at the cock-pit all night, where General Monk treated them; and after supper, a play, where the King did put a great affront upon Singleton's musique, he bidding them stop, and bade the French musique play, which my Lord says do much outdo all ours. But while my Lord was rising, I went to Mr. Fox's and there did leave the gilt tankard for Mrs. Fox, and then to the counting-house to him, who hath invited me and my wife to dine with them on Thursday next, and so to see the Queen and Princesses."

What happened on the following Thursday lovers of Pepys will, of course, well remember, but for the benefit of those of our lady readers, in whose memories the record may have grown dim; and also to show what a gallant lover of his wife our diarist was, despite their occasional minor differences, we shall quote part of it: "The Queen, a very plain little old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect nor garb than any ordinary woman. The Princess of Orange I had often seen before. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frized short up to her ears did make her seem so much the less



to me. But my wife standing near her, with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she."

Gallant Samuel Pepys! On that day there was no earthly Queen or Princess comparable to the sovereign of your own heart and home! Would that this had been so on every other day of your wedded life. How comparatively spotless the pages of your diary then would have been, despite your thirsty soul and the minor peccadilloes therein recorded!

The fourth volume brings the diary down to a little later than the date of the victory over the Dutch of June 3rd, 1665, of which the enthusiastic Pepys declares: "A great[er] victory never known in the world. They are all fled, some 43 got into the Texell, and others elsewhere, and we in pursuit of the rest. Thence, with my heart full of joy, home, and to my office a little; then to my Lady Pen's, where they are all joyed and not a little puffed up at the good success of their father; and good service indeed is said to have been done by him. Had a great bonfire at the gate; and I with my Lady Pen's people and others to Mrs. Turner's great room, and then down into the streets. I did give the boys 4s. among them, and mighty merry. So home to bed, with my heart at great rest and quiet, saving that the consideration of the victory is too great for me presently to comprehend."

The last entry recorded in this volume is of June 28th, 1665, in which Pepys writes: "To supper and to bed. Thus this book of two years ends." And here may we leave our incomparable diarist for the present, only adding that this latest edition seems to leave nothing further to be desired, save the remaining volumes which will complete it. Portraits, most beautifully engraved, of Pepys and some noted men of his day will be found in the volumes noticed, and doubtless others will be included in those yet to come. The notes, like the diary itself, are more complete and satisfactory than any that have yet appeared, and the edition on the whole merits our most hearty approbation.

### ONTARIAN FAMILIES.

It cannot be doubted that a fair and impartial record of families whose members have done good service to the state is of use in many ways. The details included in such records are particularly serviceable to the historian and biographer. The novelist may find in them suggestions for stories. Here and there the poetic fancy may be stirred into action. The tragic humorous and pathetic sides of life alike contribute to their unfolding and even vainly stands not idly by.

It was a happy thought which led Mr. Chadwick to undertake the compilation of this by no means unimportant work above mentioned. It is desirable, and commendable that some such record should be made of the United-Empire-Loyalist and Pioneer families. "No people," the compiler justly remarks in his preface, "can look back to a more honorable commencement from which to date their family histories than those whose ancestors were United Empire

Loyalists, or the later immigrants who came to Upper Canada as pioneers to take their part in constructing a prosperous country out of wilderness." Again in the preface the compiler says, "It is, or should be, a matter of interest to every one to know something of those who have borne his name before him—no matter whether they have been earls or blacksmiths; and more especially so if they (whether earls or blacksmiths) have served their country well and faithfully, either in peace or in war, in great things or in small."

This sentiment is most praiseworthy but in all honesty let the blacksmith's descendants not be permitted to disavow their ancestor, or if a barber be the progenitor, like Lord Lyndhurst (if our memory serves us right), be always ready to take their children and show them the shop where their grandfather shaved people at a penny a head.

We must also see to it in such records that wealth, sometimes ill-gotten, and its not infrequent adjunct, snobbery, be deservedly kept in the shady background. We readily admit that the persistence of some ambitious people will at times sap the virtue of the most resolute biographer and names, curious names, will be forced into company all too good for them. But we suppose so long as the world lasts this shall be, and good wheat must *volens volens* rub shoulders with chaff. It is, however, none the less regrettable. In such cases the old maxim obtains *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, and a memory that reaches back for a quarter, not to say a half a century supplies ample food for humorous reflection. On such occasions one cannot help recalling the words of the brooding Danne "Look here, upon this picture, and on this," or the quaint couplet of good George Herbert:—

Hark and beware, lest what you now do measure,  
And write for sweet, prove a most sore displeasure.

In glancing at the list of 75 families "expected to be included in 'Ontarian Families' there are names of historical note and individual merit which are at once noticeable; well-known names of recognized worth and standing, but one is tempted to look dubiously at some names which appear and ask that cause be shown for their presence and what service they have rendered to the state, or for what deeds of intellectual or moral achievement, if not valour, their names appear. Are these 75 families really the very cream and choice of Ontarian chivalry, and are all others doomed to company with the great unwashed? We cannot help thinking, and we say it with all deference, that their still may be good Canadian families of United Empire or Pioneer descent whose names and records do not appear in this list of 75.

Disraeli said that in order to obtain social recognition a man must either have blood, a million, or genius—granted, but pray don't let us mix the material. Let there be a scientific adjustment of the social particles for it needs no "rule of three" to prove that not even a million can buy blood that is "blue" or brains that are priceless. The Spartan simplicity of the honest, self-made man is beyond praise, while the sycophancy of the snob is despicable.

It is worth bearing in mind that the very refinement and modesty which are inseparable from good breeding deter the possessor of a good name and ancestry from seeking public notice. Wordsworth truly tells us: "The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly." The smell of some of our most gaudy social flowers is in all conscience none of the sweetest.

One of the curious features of the social development of our neighbours, the people of the United States, during the past quarter of a century, has been the craze for heraldry and genealogies, productive in some instances of ignorant and grotesque blunders—as where a family named Salisbury appropriated the arms and crest of the Marquis of Salisbury, utterly oblivious of the not unimportant fact that Lord Salisbury's surname is Cecil. The lists already published in the States number not hundreds but thousands. Few families in the older settled portions of the country being without information as to the names and succession of those of their own surname, carried back in most cases to known families in Britain, France, Holland or other countries. Burkes' Peerage has become the Boston Bible and every library of standing prides itself on its collection of genealogies, its sets of the new English Genealogical Register, Harleian Society, Colonel Chester's and other reprints of Registers, not to speak of the well-known heraldries of Berry, Burke, Collins, Debrett, Douglas and Gwilym.

Much of this is amusing for Republican America, but at the same time one cannot help respecting the feeling which prompts a man to seek to know what manner of men his forbears were. In a land where wealth alone fails to afford distinction, it is necessary for fashionable people to find progenitors even when history fails to record their names. The pen of the satirist and the pencil of the caricaturist have failed to impress Mrs. Snigglesby, whose father, the worthy pork packer, had no recollection of father or mother, and whose earliest days were spent in the streets, with the fact that because her name is Snigglesby, therefore the connection with a county family in England called Snaglesby is rather doubtful. But this good lady is satisfied that the twenty-five dollars paid to the seal engraver for finding a satisfactory family connection and a crest is only a fair business transaction.

A further step has been reached in the publication of *America Heraldica*, emblazoned with the coats of arms of American families claiming this distinction, and no doubt succeeding editors will find good and profitable grounds for continuing the series. Meanwhile both Burke and Debrett have begun the publication of a colonial peerage which bids fair to be as interesting in this country as the parent volumes are in England and the United States. While we notice names included in them which make us pause it cannot be denied that Canada, as part of the Empire, has preserved a certain number of inherited and created titles which are worthy of being recorded.

Mr. Chadwick's book, the first two numbers of which have recently appeared, contains admirable fac-similes of the coats of arms of some of our old Ontario families, which are beautifully emblazoned. The Genealogies appear to be carefully traced and are clearly set out. The work

\* Ontarian Families, Genealogies of United-Empire-Loyalist and other Pioneer families of Upper Canada. By Edward Marion Chadwick. Toronto: Rolph, Smith & Co., 1894. Parts I and II.

bears evidence of industry, care and painstaking, and the compiler has received flattering letters from some of the first English authorities on such subjects to whom the work has been submitted. While sensible that there may be room for such a compilation, even in democratic Canada, we should not be unmindful of the supplication of the ancient Anglican litany. "From all blindness of heart, from pride, vain glory and hypocrisy. . . . Good Lord deliver us."

### TIRRIL.

A youth shot by the accidental discharge of a gun, while hunting with one of the Professors of the school in which he was a student.

With luring note the hunter calls,  
The deer leaps to the fateful bourn;  
Down the blue deep the falcon falls,  
The bleeding dove is ruthless torn.

So fair a world, so sweet a day,  
How should they speak of woe and pain?  
How should they shake our hearts and say  
Where our our young hunter lieth slain?

The ancient shadow glideth still,  
Where'er we walk it cometh nigh;  
The busiest lives their measure fill,  
And youth may find a time to die.

A voice that sounded loudest cheer,  
And gave the note of purest glee,  
His comrades never more may hear,  
And one bright face they ne'er may see.

That spring of life doth guiltless flow;  
While autumn forests, golden-hued,  
Echo a sullen sound of woe  
Through all their sylvan solitude.

Ye moist red on the crimson'd leaves,—  
Ye drops that wayside grasses stain,—  
Ye faltering voice that vainly grieves,—  
Ah, who can bring ye back again?

A shadow lies upon the hill,  
Through each long hall it creeping goes;  
The playground echoes all are still,—  
Thy fate each awe struck student knows.

But sorrow lifts her wail for thee,  
O, child, borne to thy mother now!  
That dark'ning stain, how can she see,  
Blent with death's pallor on thy brow.

Wild grief shall have of tears her fill,  
Till resignation bring repose;  
But, ah, brave heart, thou shalt be still,—  
Unharm'd by any wind that blows!

Yet He who marks the sparrows' fall,  
And the crushed lily on the lea,—  
Who hears His children when they call,—  
Hath surely taken thought for thee!

Hast thou no charm, O quiet grave!  
For those who in thy bosom lie?  
Hast thou not hid the good we crave,  
Which thou wilt give us by and by?

God knoweth all! Who giveth strife,  
Then rest, when labour ended is,  
Who maketh death the way of life,  
And sorrow's door the gate of bliss.

PASTOR FELIX.

### ART NOTES.

We expect soon to hear of the next exhibition of the Palette Club.

On Saturday evening last Mr. W. A. Sherwood presented to the Canadian Institute, at the first meeting of the session, a portrait of the Secretary of the Institute, from his own brush. The gift was acknowledged appreciatively, and the artist elected a life member.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid have returned from their summer home in Ontario, New York State, to their winter residence

in our own city, "bringing home their sheaves" in the form of many canvasses. They will be at home to one and all of their friends every Saturday afternoon in the delightful studio of their rooms in the Yonge Street Arcade.

The first "Saturday Night Sketch" of the season in connection with the Women's Art Association, met at the house of Miss Dignam, 250 Rusholme Road, about forty members and friends being present. Dr. C. E. Saunders, the well known flautist, gave a talk on "Pigments," dwelling on their stability and instability, when exposed to the light and atmosphere, and the chemical action when combined. He strongly discouraged the use of pigments that were not permanent, but which might be used on the grounds of cheapness or brilliancy, and recommended the use of such only as could be depend on for lasting qualities. The sketching was proceeded with diligently. Several flute solos were rendered during the evening by Dr. Saunders, and were much appreciated. The Saturday Sketch will be continued at the homes of the different members during the season.

Mr. T. H. Wilkinson, O.S.A., had on exhibition on Monday and Tuesday of this week, at the rooms of Dickson and Townsend, King street West, quite a large collection of water-colors. The result of the sale, which took place some time after going to press, we do not know, but to judge by the number of visitors coming and going, the prospect was good. Among the best of the pictures were a brilliant autumn vista in the Rosedale Ravine; a "Misty Morning"—a symphony in greens and greys, with the gleam of the white birch trunks; a brilliant sunset sky, in "Castle Rock;" and a fine glimpse through a stone gateway in "Old Marcelles." These are only a few of many good pictures, some of which show that the artist has seen and seized the picturesque of both town and country in our own land, for there seems to exist the idea that of that quality we have none here.

In addition to the very interesting collection of architectural drawings (which might possibly have been made of more value to the profession by the addition of plans and sections of some of the buildings, but certainly not of more interest to the public generally) the Art Association, of Montreal, has assembled many objects of a kind not often seen. Mr. Angus has lent models of windows and archways illustrating the Moorish architecture of the Alhambra; their wonderful decorations in red, blue, and gold are exactly reproduced and give a far better idea of the beautiful effect of Arabesque ornaments than drawings could do. The Hon. G. A. Drummond has also loaned some very quaint examples of old Chinese art work in wrought iron, showing what wonderfully delicate forms can be produced in this metal. Several choice water colors of interiors of English Cathedrals were very fine; the drawing for a sun-dial for a residence on Sherbrook street is quaint and original, and the technical skill shown in most of the work, notably in single windows, or portions of buildings, is excellent.

Mr. P. G. Hammerton, in "A Sketch of Francois Flameng" in *Scribner*, makes the following remarks on genius and its

environment: Some readers will remember a little treatise by M. Taine, on "The Philosophy of Art," in which he advocated the theory that the artist is the product of his time. Taine had a full belief in this theory himself, and supported it by many arguments and examples. Since then a new opinion has found expression. Artistic genius, it is said, exists independently of everything else, and there never has been an artistic epoch. *Spiritus spirat ubi vult* alike in time and space. The artist appears where he is least expected, and when the most elaborate preparations are made for his reception, the world may wait for him in vain. Each of the two doctrines contains a portion of the truth. The artist is nothing without a natural gift, and the natural gift is sure to prove abortive unless he is favorably situated for its development. Harmen, the miller, has a son born at Leyden, near the beginning of the seventeenth century. The artistic and theological influence of Leyden and Amsterdam operate upon the child, and the result is Rembrandt. The same influences operated upon a child of inferior natural endowment, and the result was only Van Vilet. But if the child Rembrandt had been born in the twelfth century he would have illuminated missals, and if he had the Shetland Islands for his birthplace he would have learned no fine art whatever.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Paderewski has said that he will not play the piano very much more in public, as he intends devoting his time almost entirely to composition. In that case we may never hear him in America again. During his short career thus far as a pianist, he has made a vast amount of money, perhaps quite sufficient to last him the rest of his days, so he can well devote his leisure time to creating art works, especially when he has such genuine gifts in that direction. Many of the world's greatest performers have done the same thing. The great Liszt latterly gave nearly all his time to composition, Rubinstein is doing so now, and d'Albert has recently said that he believes musical composition should be the highest ambition of every musician, no matter how difficult it is to win success. Friedheim remarked to us, not very long ago, that in all probability, in the course of four or five years at most, he would retire, also, from public piano playing, and engage in composition, for which he has great fondness, and also remarkable talent and originality. His piano concerto, a truly pregnant and beautiful composition, although bristling with the most torturous combinations of excessive technical difficulties, and which we had the good fortune to hear played twice by the composer when he was in our city last June, is considered by Mottl, the eminent conductor in Carlsruhe, to be the most brilliant and effective written in recent years. Saen-Saens is a splendid pianist, although he rarely plays—composition taking nearly all his time. It is the same with Moritz Moskowski, although he now and then teaches—and Emanuel Moor, the Hungarian pianist, now living in London, who is a fine player, but has practically abandoned the concert room, in order to have plenty of time to pursue the fascinating study of composition. Concert piano playing is excessively nerve-wearing. The technical demands are so

great, the repertoire must be so large, and the constant, unceasing practice which must be done in order to retain the high degree of pianistic finish we are accustomed to hear from great virtuosi, the tediousness of railway travel, and appearing before critical audiences, are all calculated to influence the mind against that kind of life, and to seek the restful quiet of the study, in creating instead of performing.

What has become of our orchestra this year? We do not hear anything about it, although we had expected to see announced, before this, at least one or two concerts. We believe the only way to procure a permanent orchestra here is for a half dozen or more wealthy music lovers—if they can be found—to become guarantees for the undertaking, and then a thorough canvas made of the entire city for subscribers. The number of concerts might safely be placed at four, with good solo talent assisting, and the price for reserved seats for the season to subscribers might, perhaps, be placed at, say \$2.00, fifty cents each concert. There are enough good players and professional men in the city to form a good orchestra, of say 45 or 50 players who, with a good conductor, could produce some really excellent effects. And moreover we firmly believe, if some such scheme as we have indicated, keeping out all *dilletanti* and restricting the members to good technical performers, who could then be decently paid, were adopted, and the resources for making it successful, properly developed, it would pay right from the beginning. Only on these grounds can we ever expect to have a permanent Toronto orchestra. If players, who make their living by music, cannot be paid something worth while for the time spent in rehearsals, how can they be expected to attend, when they might be utilizing their time to advantage elsewhere? They have to live and consequently should be paid such a sum as would ensure their regular attendance at each and every rehearsal. Starvation wages will ultimately ruin any orchestra.

Isaye, the great Belgian violinist, will be heard in Toronto for the first time during the early part of December. The Beethoven trio—H. M. Field, pianist, Heinrich Klingenfeld, violinist, and Rudolf Ruth, cellist—will assist. This combination of artists composing this trio play with beautiful ensemble, and their performances will assuredly give much genuine musical pleasure.

The Mendelssohn choir, under the baton of Mr. A. S. Vogt, will produce the following works at the first concert, to be held in the Massey Music Hall on the evening of Jan. 17th, 1895: Mendelssohn's 43rd Psalm, Gaul's "Daybreak," McFarren's "You Stole My Love," Nevin's "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," Mason's "Lullaby," Sullivan's "I Heard the Soft Note," Weinzierl's "Magic of Spring Waltzes," Jensen's "Feast of Adonis" (choral ballad), and Dudley Buck's "Robin Adair." The numbers are especially well chosen, and form a most interesting variety. Under Mr. Vogt's artistic direction, the public may be sure of hearing some most refined and finished singing. Increased interest will also be added to the occasion, by the appearance of some eminent solo artist, probably either Mme. Lillian Nordica, the beautiful soprano, or César Thompson, the

great Belgian violinist. However, we will be able to announce definitely in the very near future.

It is possible that the phenomenal soprano, Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, she with the extraordinary compass, will sing here some time during the winter.

Mr. W. H. Hewlett has been awarded the gold medal given by Mrs. Geo. Tait Blackstock for the greatest proficiency in extemporization on the organ. Mr. Hewlett is a pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt.

A crowded audience assembled to hear a musical programme performed by piano pupils of Mr. Edward Fisher and vocal pupils of Sig. and Madame d'Auria, in the hall of the Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening, Nov. 1. The numbers performed, which were of a high order of merit, received brilliant interpretations, and were most enthusiastically received. The piano pupils gave evidences of very careful training, and did themselves and their teacher much credit. The vocal work was also exceptionally good. Several of the young ladies displayed very elastic and beautiful voices, and should, with experience and further study, develop into good singers. We are sorry at the moment of writing, we have mislaid our programme, so cannot give the names of those taking part who particularly distinguished themselves, but at some future time we may hear the same pupils again, so will be able to give more details. The programme closed with a careful and brilliant performance of one movement of Schumann's piano concerto. The concerto was accompanied by the Conservatory String Orchestra.

As intimated last week, Toronto is to be favoured with a visit—on Tuesday next, the 13th inst., in the Massey Music Hall—from the great soprano, Melba. The lady's voice is of the loveliest and her singing is delightfully fresh and spontaneous. Her support is also of the best: Mme Scalchi, contralto; M. Manguiere, M. Plaucon, Miss Gertrude Metz (the pianist) and the orchestra of the new Metropolitan Opera House, led by Sig. Beignani. This concert promises to be one of the most important which has ever been given in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Klingenfeld, violinist and vocalist respectfully, gave a recital in St. George's Hall, on Tuesday evening last, the 16th inst. The hall was comfortably filled by a select and attentive audience, who were evidently delighted with the excellence of the programme, and the refined and beautiful way in which the various numbers were rendered. The first number was a suite for the violin, by Franz Ries. The work is charming, full of delightful rhythmic surprises and graceful, tender melody. The *molto vivace*, a sort of whirling, rapid, go-without-ceasing movement, closes the work most brilliantly. Mr. Klingenfeld was happy in his performances of this suite. His tone is rich and mellow, and his technic abundant and highly developed, which showed to advantage throughout the entire selection, if we accept a slight wavering of the pitch on certain sustained notes. His other numbers included Sarasate's "Gypsy Melodies," Bach's aria on the G string, and the first movement of Viewx-temps concerto in E minor. The Gypsy melodies were played so effectively, and with such fascination and brilliance,

as to call forth an enthusiastic encore, to which the violinist responded by playing Schuman's "Day Dreams" most exquisitely. His phrasing of this number was beautiful. The other numbers received likewise good and musically interpretations. Mr. Klingenfeld is certainly a talented and cultivated player, and we hope to hear him more frequently. Mrs. Klingenfeld sings with modest, unaffected simplicity. Her voice is not large, out is of smooth, elastic quality, and she sang truthfully and with refined expression. Her selections were an aria from Weber's *Der Freischutz*, two lovely Chopin songs, "The Maiden's Wish" and "Lithuanian Song," and two beautiful songs by Edward Grieg, "Sweet Violet" and "Autumn Song." She was the recipient of several bouquets of flowers. To spend an hour or so listening to music of this kind is certainly very pleasant, and we hope many such recitals can be inaugurated. Miss Hattie Mockbridge played the accompaniments tastefully and artistically. Mrs. Klingenfeld accompanied her husband in the *Ries Suite* and acquitted herself admirably.

Mr. Fairclough's organ recital, the second this season, was given last Saturday afternoon in All Saints' Church. He played as usual in a scholarly and brilliant manner the programme of pieces spoken of in our last issue. Mr. Walter Robinson, the well-known tenor, assisted by singing a couple of songs in very pleasing style.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

THE COLLEGE WOMAN. By Charles Franklin Thwing, LL.D. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1894. \$1.00.

Not long ago we favourably noticed Dr. Thwing's excellent work, "Within College Walls." We now are glad to commend the present volume. As woman has manfully asserted her right to "higher education," and is now eating the hitherto forbidden fruit, such a book as this of Dr. Thwing's is most timely. The learned author has had special facilities as president of a university for studying this and related questions and he writes with the authority derived from experience. Here prudent advice mingles with pure and exalted sentiment, and an intimate knowledge of the subject in all its bearings is conveyed with clearness, conciseness and wisdom.

TEXT BOOK OF ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY FOR NURSES. By Diana Clifford Kimber. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Williamson & Co. 1892. \$2.50.

Nursing has become such a popular profession or rather branch of professional life that text books for nurses should be in large demand. It is to meet such demand that this capital compilation has been made. Many years experience as assistant superintendent of leading training schools in New York and Chicago, a thorough familiarity with her subject, and good power of exposition well qualify Miss Kimber for her task. In the preparation of this book some of the best known works by eminent specialists have been laid under tribute. A successful effort has been made, not only to give important and useful information, but to impart it in such a way as will provoke thought and lead the student on from cause to effect. There are no less than 137 illustrations in the volume and 7 full page plates, contents, glossary and index complete what must prove a valuable and instructive publication for those intending to become, or who are already nurses, by one of their own sex and calling.

## UNDER THE SECOND RENAISSANCE.

By Florence Trail. Buffalo: C. W. Moulton. 1894. \$1.00.

This neat volume of 190 pages may be called a theatrical tale. The heroine is a clever actress who in real life acts the part of a lovesick maiden, much to her own detriment. She dearly pays the penalty which her own impulsive conduct brings upon her. In the end, however, after having been severely buffeted by adverse fortune, she surmounts all difficulties, achieves the desired success and wins the noble lover who was the unconscious cause of her grievous troubles. It is not at all a bad story, and to those who like to take their drama quietly by their own fireside will afford an hour's pleasant recreation.

## ANIMALS' RIGHTS. By Henry S. Salt.

Vivisection in America. By Albert Leffingwell, M.D. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1894. 75c.

There is a great deal to be said for dumb animals, especially in view of the fact that they cannot speak for themselves. Animals have rights and few days pass without enforcing this fact upon the mind. Human brutality should be checked, and the law which protects the helpless beast from its cruel master should more frequently be invoked. This excellent publication should be widely read, its arguments and statements are well worth considering—they are clearly, forcibly, even philosophically and scientifically presented. We may not agree with everything urged upon us by the writers, but there is no denying the importance of their cause or the clearness, humaneness and force with which it is urged. The bibliographical appendix is a useful adjunct to the volume.

## THE PRINCIPLES OF CHESS. By James Mason. London: Horace Cox. 1894.

We confidently recommend this little book to Chess players, particularly to beginners. The elements will be found of great use, showing the relative value of the pieces and how greatly these values change under differing circumstances. The elements also give some very good endings, especially the pawn endings. The part on general principles is also good and should be carefully studied. The part on combinations contains end games by celebrated masters, and that, on master play contains a short collection of games by well known experts on the different openings with copious notes. Altogether we should advise anyone fond of this game to get the book. Mr. Mason is known as perhaps one of the ablest writers on chess. This excellent book will not only prove a boon to old and young players of the kingly game, but will much enhance its author's reputation.

## ST. PAUL'S CONCEPTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

By A. B. Bruce, D.D. Price 7s. 6d. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Willard Tract Depository. 1894.

To students of theology there could hardly be a better subject for a book than the theology of St. Paul. Not only is he the "last of the Apostles," not only is he the most voluminous writer in the New Testament; but his teaching extends over so protracted a period that he represents various types of the "conception of Christianity." Moreover the methods of theological study which are now (very properly) in vogue, demand, above all things, the study of the writings of St. Paul. He determined, more than any other writer, the doctrines of the church, especially of the Western church; and, even if the Johannian theology should become the type of future religious thought, it will never be possible to ignore the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

Dr. Bruce's essays appeared first in the pages of the monthly *Expositor* and are now very properly reproduced in a volume. He begins with the sources. Next he treats of

St. Paul's religious history. Then come the early epistles, followed by the leading doctrines on Sin, the Righteousness of God, the Death of Christ, Adoption, etc. In the later chapters the author considers what may be regarded as the more prominent doctrines of the later epistles (not, however, absent from the earlier ones), the Christian Life and the Church; and finally the Last Things. It would be absurd to speak of this work as complete. The chapter last mentioned leaves much unsaid. But it is a valuable contribution to its subject which we should be sorry to be without.

## STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN APOLOGETICS, New Testament and Post Apostolic. By the Rev. James Macgregor, D.D. Price 7s. 6d. Edinburgh: T. &amp; T. Clark. Toronto: Willard Tract Depository. 1894.

The present volume forms a useful sequel to the previous volumes of the same series, which have been already noticed in our pages, and with approval. Dr. Macgregor is, as an apologist, more sternly orthodox and conservative than is common at the present time; but it is most important that this side, also, should be heard, especially when it speaks with intelligence and after sufficient equipment. These cannot be denied to the present writer.

He begins by insisting upon the importance of apologetics, which can hardly be denied; and he proceeds to show that this quality was present in the ministry of Christ, in his appeals to prophecy and to miracle, also in the apostolic ministry, and in the post apostolic periods, both before and after the Reformation. This whole scheme is carefully and thoughtfully worked out, and generally with adequate lucidity of expression, although here and there there are sentences that might be improved. As a specimen of careful work, we may refer to the appendix to chap. i, sec. 1, on the sin against the Holy Ghost. The meaning of this solemn sentence seems now to be a creed upon among divines; but there is something fresh and vigorous in the author's handling of it. Still more noticeable, especially in these days, are the appendices in which he gives a chain of criticisms on the position now occupied by the so-called "higher criticism." Without deciding these questions or even entering upon them, we may say that the revolutionists are not yet victorious, and that there is much in the present volume on this subject deserving of serious consideration.

## ARCHITECT, OWNER AND BUILDER BEFORE THE LAW. By T. M. Clark.

Fellow of the American Institute of Architects. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Williamson & Co. \$3.00.

The respective rights and relations of each of the above classes in the eye of the law are often matters of grave consideration. Their legal bearing has occasioned much research and no little perplexity. So long as Architects plan for Owners and Builders are employed to shape the plan in wood, or more solid brick or stone, rights will arise and wrongs be done. Agreements, whether verbal or written, will be entered into, contracts drawn and executed, and plans and specifications prepared. So common are such relations in every-day life that it is palpable to everybody that a body of law must have arisen bearing upon and, at least, measurably regulating such relations. But where to find it when it is needed has many a time and oft puzzled both artificer and practitioner. Mr. Clark has come as a benefactor to his sometime bewildered brethren of the rule and compass and we need not omit his friends of the wig and gown. This excellent work of nearly 400 pages presents a summary of American and English decisions on the principal questions relating to building and the employment of architects, with about 800 references, including, also, practical suggestions in regard to the drawing of building contracts and forms of contract suited to various cir-

cumstances. The general division of the work is into three parts—the first dealing with "The Architect and the Owner" in their various relations; the second with "The Architect and the Builder" in their respective relations; and the third with "The Builder and the Owner" in the same regard. Tables are given of abbreviations; of cases cited; and of cases cited from the reports of different States. It is somewhat amusing to note that with the ample inclusiveness with which ye American citizen regards the rest of the world, Canada, England and France, from the tail in the last mentioned tables of which Alabama, Arkansas, etc. are the head. An index is appended. Marginal abridgements and references are abundant and helpful. The practice of giving the exact wording of judgments is praiseworthy. Though this is an American work dealing mainly with American law it is of such general application, by analogy, that it must prove a useful book here.

## THE JUNGLE BOOK. By Rudyard Kipling.

New York: The Century Co. 1894.

No better name could have been given to this handsome book of over three hundred pages of splendid story. Of Mr. Kipling's genius there has been no doubt since Mulvaney and his two imitable comrades in arms first made their howl to the reading world. Fit successors, if not supplanters, in the realm of English fiction, to Athos, Porthos and d'Artagnan of Gallic memory. The fame achieved by this author's poetry and prose for adult readers is here fully equalled by his efforts for the entertainment of the young. Mystery and magic seem real at his touch. The marvellous life and growth of the Indian jungle are seen, as in a picture. One hears "Shere Khan" roar, "Kala Nag" trumpet, the terrible "Nag" hiss, and feels the scorching Indian sun glow. "Mowgli's Brothers" is indeed a stirring story. Adopted when "a naked brown baby" at the instance of "Baloo, the sleepy brown bear," and "Bagheera, the black panther," by the "Free People, the wolves," "he grew up with their cubs, though they, of course, were grown wolves almost before he was a child, and Father Wolf taught him his business, and the meaning of things in the jungle, till every rustle in the grass, every breath of the warm night air, every note of the owls above his head, every scratch of a bat's claws as it roosted for a while on a tree, and every splash of every little fish jumping in a pool, meant just as much to him as the work of his office meant to a business man." Mowgli, however, soon begins to feel masterful. "He took his place at the Council Rock, too, when the Pack met, and there he discovered that if he stared hard at any wolf, the wolf would be forced to drop his eyes, and so he used to stare for fun." Pages 38 to 41 are simply splendid in their dramatic power. We have never read anything stronger of Mr. Kipling's. The Mowgli stories run on for 133 pages "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" could scarcely be surpassed as a vivid representation of the way in which the mongoose pays his respects to the cobra, or as a brilliant sketch in natural history. "When Greck meets Greek then comes the tug of war." "Nag" and his bad wife, "Nagina," found this more than verified in their intercourse with brave little "Rikki-tikki-tavi" of noble memory. "Toomai of the elephants" fully illustrates the richness of our author's imagination, the graphic power of his pen, and his witchery over the reader. Nowhere do we find him in better form than where he tells the wondrous story of "Little Toomai, who had seen what never man had seen before—the dance of the elephants at night and alone in the heart of the Garo hills!"

It is difficult to understand the object to which the King of Abyssinia intends to devote the elaborate postage stamps which he is now having engraved and printed at Paris. Their is no post office and no postal service in Abyssinia.—*New York Tribune*.



## PERIODICALS.

"Our colds and what to do with them" is the title of a sea-sable article in the *Journal of Hygiene* for November. It is interesting to know something of the health habits of the late William Cullen Bryant as here set out.

*Littell's* for 3rd November has selections from the *New Review*, *Blackwood's*, *Macmillan's*, *The Argosy*, *Longman's*, *Cornhill*, including fiction and articles of literary, historic, scientific interest, not omitting poetical selections.

The *Chap Book* of Nov. 1st has a pleasing portrait of Gibert Parker, a poem from his pen, "There is an Orchard," and a charming sketch of him by Bliss Carman. There is much other readable matter in this capital number of the little, but precious, *Chap Book*.

"Lady Jane's Vagaries" is the title of a new serial story in the November *Temple Bar*, which begins well. The Governante of Paris is a very interesting sketch of a "Parisian Queen of Society" during the Napoleonic regime. "The Trees and Flowers of Tennyson" is a pleasant short paper. "Black Bat" is the title of a well-told tale. "A Recent Literary Discovery" should have been named "A Classic Hoax." Colonel E. Mitchell has a paper on the historic rock, Gibraltar.

"A Favourite Haunt" is the title of the pretty frontispiece of the November number of *Outing*. It accompanies a bright and graphic sporting sketch by E. W. Sandys. Henry T. Finch writes a paper on those strange people, "The Ainos of Northern Japan." Elizabeth Taylor continues her readable series entitled "A Woman in the Mackenzie Delta." "Leuz's Tour Awheel" takes the reader through the Yuman Province, and Captain H. J. Woodside has a paper on the Northwestern Forces of Canada.

*Scribner's Magazine* for November has for its frontispiece a representation of Louis Deschamps' striking picture "Charity." Philip Gilbert Hamilton writes a short article on the subject of the picture and the artist. Julian Ralph writes with his accustomed vigor on an "Election Night in a Newspaper Office." Mr. H. G. Prout continues his papers on English Railroads, this time dealing with their methods. N. S. Shalers writes an able appreciation of "The Horse." "True Pictures Among the Poor" will find many sympathetic readers. Ernest E. Thomson contributes a stirring wolf story, "The King of Currumpaw," which he also illustrates. This is a good number of *Scribner's*.

May Hallock Foote begins the November *Atlantic* with a two part story entitled "The Trumpeter." Frederick Bancroft follows with an able article on "Seward's Attitude Toward Compromise and Secession." Lafayette Hearn favors us with glowing prose and moving tragedy from his Japanese diary. J. M. Ludlow presents some thoughts on the growth of American influence over England. Harriet Waters Preston and Louise Dodge give the first of two papers on a noted historical character, Reginald Pole. George Birkbeck Hill has a paper of unusual literary interest, entitled "Boswell's Proof Sheets," a paper well worth reading. Richard Burton writes of Maurice Maeterlinck. The remaining departments are, as usual with the *Atlantic*, excellent.

"Portraits of Women" is the title of the leading contribution to the *Cosmopolitan* for November. Among them will be found that of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger—better known as Julien Gordon Lee Meriwether has a sprightly paper on "The Great British North West Territory." A contribution of historic interest is that entitled "Great Passions of History," which discusses the character and relations of Charles VII. of France and Agnes Sorel. "The Art Schools

of America" receive attention from W. S. Harwood. James Creelman has chosen an interesting subject: "The Chiefs of the American Press." In writing of "Public Control of Urban Transit," Sylvester Baxter ably treats an important subject and refers, by the way to Toronto and its street railway. William I. Fletcher's paper on "The Public Library Movement" is a good one.

The Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, Secretary of the United States Navy, intelligently discusses the fight off the Yalu river in November number of the *North American Review*. The Japanese minister to the United States defends the action of his country with regard to the present war in the East. Max O'Rell argues that French immorality is refined and Anglo-Saxon coarse. Captain A. T. Mahan and Captain Lord Charles Beresford give their views on the Possibilities of Anglo-American Reunion. Amelia E. Barr writes of the modern novel. "Woman is the born story-teller of humanity, and men may very well leave her to strike the note to which the fiction of the twentieth century will respond" is the dictum of this novelist. Among the remaining contributors is the name of Charles Dickens who writes on Public Dinners in London.

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Rudyard Kipling's first American story will appear in an early number of the *Century*.

Mr. Carter Troop, M.A., has been appointed permanent manager of the *Trinity Review*, the college journal which Mr. Troop has edited and managed so successfully for some years past.

A most timely book in these eventful days for the future of Russia is "The Life of the Czar," written by Mr. Charles Low, author of "The Life of Bismark," and published by Macmillan & Co.

C. F. Lummis, the author of "The Land of Poco Tiempo," has collected his tales of Pueblo Indian folk-lore for publication in a book called "The Man who Married the Moon." It will be illustrated by George Wharton Edwards.

A new story by Miss Machar, entitled "Down the River to the Sea," has been published in the United States by the Home Book Company, and is to be published by John Lovell and Company, of Montreal. We doubt not that this book will be as acceptable to Canadian readers as have been the other charming stories of this clever authoress.

Walter Besant is to edit the new survey of London to be published by Messrs. A. & C. Black. This work promises to be of no ordinary interest and among other things will contain a History of London—its Liberties, Charters, Trade, Political Power, Religion, Manners and Customs; and it will present a picture of the great city as it is from every point of view.

M. Phileas Gagnon, of Quebec, announces the publication of what gives promise of being a most interesting bibliographical work referring to books, charts, plans, views, drawings, engravings, portraits, autographs and manuscript documents bearing on the history of Canada and the adjacent country fully illustrated. The book is warmly commended by His Hon. Judge Baby and M. l'abbé H. R. Casgrain.

One of the most important of the illustrated books which Mr. George Allen con-

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templates issuing, says the London *Literary World*, is the limited *édition de luxe* of Spencer's "Faerie Queene" in large post quarto form, with illustrations by Mr. Walter Crane. It is to be published in monthly parts, and will probably be the artist's *chef d'œuvre*, as he himself said that it had been the dream of his life to illustrate the "Faerie Queene."

The *Colonies and India* has this note: Mr. B. L. Farjeon, the well known Anglo-Australian, or perhaps, more properly, New Zealander novelist, has been "recreating" on the Thames. He is busy as ever, however, and is, I believe, engaged upon an important novel to be first published next year in a number of newspapers simultaneously. The new and cheaper editions published lately of "Something Occurred" and of "The Last Tenant," have had, I understand, large sales. Mr. Farjeon is also now writing a novel on a striking theme, which will be published in April. Certainly Mr. Farjeon is among the most industrious and productive of our living novelists.

From the *Colonies and India* we learn that two letters of Charles Darwin have been published for the first time in the *Bulletin* of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Trinidad. These letters were addressed, before the completion of Darwin's book on the fertilization of orchids, to the late Dr. Herman Cruger, who was Government Botanist at Port-of-Spain for some years, asking him to observe if possible the fertilization of certain species of the Melastomads. In the first letter he expresses a suspicion that the flowers which have the singular projections or horns from their anthers may be visited by a small insect which penetrates one of the horns of the anther with its proboscis, to obtain the fluid contained in them. In the second letter Darwin admits that this suspicion is quite groundless, and asks for information with regard to any instances of "bud-variation" in plants from the warmer regions cultivated in the West Indies.

The *Springfield Republican* has this to say of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins: He is 31 years old, a graduate of Oxford, where he took first classes in classical moderations and the school of Literæ



Humaniores, and is at present a lawyer with chambers in the Middle Temple, made famous by "Pendennis." His portrait shows a long, thin face, without beard or mustache, and with a somewhat stern, ascetic expression, particularly in the close shut lips. He is much occupied with the profession and with politics, and literature is only an affair of leisure moments. His first novel was "A Man of Work," published in 1890, and followed in 1891 by "Father Stafford." In 1892 he wrote "Mr. Witt's Widows; a Frivolous Tale," and in 1893 "Sport Royal" and "Half a Hero." But his literary career may be said to date from "The Prisoner of Zenda." The others are little more than preparatory studies.

Among the notable features of the *Illustrated London News*, appearing in November, may be mentioned the following: A colored frontispiece entitled "A Rest on the Way;" Stanley Lane-Poole's interesting article, "Caged in China," treating of this mode of imprisonment—past and present; "Malachi," by Gilbert Parker, a most interesting story; "The Life and History of Lord Russell of Killowen," the present Lord Chief Justice of England, as told by Katherine Tynan; Stanley J. Weyman's (a second story), "From the Memoirs of a Minister of France—The Tennis Balls;" "The House where Napoleon was Born," by Caroline Holland; "The Benefit of the Doubt," by Violet Hunt; "The Pessimist of Plato Road," by George Gissing; "The Man and the Town—Lord Swansea and Swansea," by Frederick Dolman; "The Island of Philadelphia," by Dr. Garnett; "Popular Art," by Mason Jackson; "Nema," by Hedley Peak; "Moreland Idylls," by Grant Allen, and "A Handful of Gems," by E. L. Cutts.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Algernon Charles Swinburne: Felise. Portland, Me.: Thos. B. Masher. \$1.
- Sidney Lee: Dictionary of National Biography (Vol. XII.) New York: Macmillan & Company; Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- Mrs. C. V. Jamieson: Toinette's Philip. New York: The Century Company. \$1.50.
- Mrs. Oliphant: The Reign of Queen Ann. New York: The Century Company. \$6.
- J. N. Larned: History for Ready Reference, Vol. III. Springfield: The C. A. Nichol's Company.
- W. J. Alexander, Ph.D.; M. F. Libby, B.A.: Composition from Models. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. \$2.25.
- John Burroughs; Riverby. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. \$1.25.
- Annie S. Swan: A Lost Ideal. Toronto: Wm. Briggs; London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. \$1.
- Lillian Russell: Airlie's Mission. London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 35c.
- Thos. Nelson Page: Polly. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- Wm. Henry Frost: The Wagner Story Book. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.50.
- Frank R. Stockton: Pomona's Travels. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- Wm. Kirby, F.R.S.C.: Canadian Idylls.

#### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

##### THE SOB OF THE SEA.

I heard the deep, strong, strenuous, godlike sea,  
An ardent wooer, bending suppliant knee  
To smiling earth, plead earnestly for love,  
Now whispering soft and low  
In the tide's tender flow,  
Now, storm-swept, raging, fierce thro' fiord  
and cove.  
But beauty, sitting there,  
So sweet, so heavenly fair,  
Repulsed her lover brave,  
Spurned every pleading wave,  
And in her pride defiant,  
Haughty and self-reliant,  
Said, "I will dwell alone."  
And then I heard the sea utter a moan  
So deep, so true, 'twould melt a heart of  
stone!  
And evermore,  
From every shore,  
From unlit caves,  
From wind-whipped waves,  
That heart-cry of the sea  
Comes sobbing back to me

Horatio Mills.

##### A WOOD HARDER THAN EBONY.

Several species of ironwood have long been known and widely used, on account of their extraordinary weight and hardness, in the manufacture of such articles as axles and plows. It is claimed, however, that these are entirely surpassed by a certain tree found in the Northern Transvaal, regarding which M. Basiaux, at present travelling in South Africa, has transmitted a note to the Geographical Society of France. The wood is a sort of ebony, and so excessively hard that it cannot be cut in the ordinary manner, except when green. When mature and dry it resists every known tool, and blunts or breaks the finest tempered steel. It is, apparently, almost impregnable against fire, as it required a fortnight's constant burning to reduce the trunk of one of the trees to ashes, and although heavy, it is said to be considerably lighter than steel or iron.—*Invention.*

##### RUSSIANS DON'T TALK POLITICS.

Nowhere in Russia do politics enter into the life of the people. Politics in Russia are the Czar; and whatever he does is right. You cannot induce a Russian, at least in Archangel, to touch on politics even in friendly conversation. When the Czar's "name-day" comes round, as it did the other day, the houses are decorated for the event. But even this is controlled by the authorities. "Two flags for this house, three for yours, hang them out of the window," and it is done. They worship the late Czar—they have made of him a saint, as they have made a Messiah of Alexandria III. Ask them when the St. Petersburg railway is to be made, when the poor are to be better paid, when the children are to play in the sunshine instead of slaving in gangs in the ships—"When the Czar comes" is always what they say. The Czar will never come. I think they might take that as established if they would, though the other Czars have come, passing up that way on their pilgrimage to the Holy Isles.—*Longman's Magazine.*

A fop of fashion is the mercer's friend,  
The tailor's fool, and his own foe.

#### A VICTORIA CO. MIRACLE.

THE STORY OF AN EX-REEVE OF CARDEN TOWNSHIP.

Seventeen Years of Intense Suffering from Rheumatism—Local Physicians and Treatment in Toronto General Hospital Failed to Help Him—How He was Restored to Health and Activity.  
From the Lindsay Post.

There are few men better known in Victoria county than Mr. Richard Fitzgerald, who was one of the first settlers of the township of Carden. He was elected to the honorable position of reeve of that township for twelve successive years and filled that position with so much acceptance to the people that he was pressed to continue in office for a longer time, but was compelled to decline the honor. It therefore goes without saying that Mr. Fitzgerald is not only known to all the residents of the township, but that his word is considered by those who know him to be as good as his bond, and that upon anything he may say the most implicit confidence may be placed.

When young, a stronger or more hearty man could not be found, but possessed of an iron constitution, he did what too many are prone to do, neglected his health, and exposed himself to all sorts of weather, often in the pursuit of his calling as a farmer, being wet to the skin for hours at a time. A little over seventeen years ago he found that he had contracted rheumatism of a muscular form, and each succeeding day found him in a worse condition. He applied to the local doctors in his neighborhood, but received no relief, and was then induced by them to apply for admission to the General Hospital at Toronto for treatment, and was in that institution for several months, until he became disheartened at the want of success attending his treatment and returned home, as was thought, to die. By this time the muscles of his body had become so contracted that he could not straighten his limbs, and was forced to spend the greater part of his time in bed, and when able to get around at all, it was only with the aid of a stout pair of crutches. When he attempted to raise to his feet, his legs would crack at the knees like sticks of wood, caused, as the doctors told him, by the fluid in the joints being completely dried up.

He was constipated to a fearful degree. When he retired at night there was not sufficient blood in his veins to keep him from feeling intensely cold, and in order to keep him warm his daughter knitted him woolen leggings and lined them with soft wool. Several times his family, a portion of whom reside in Michigan, were summoned home to see their father for the last time, as he was thought to be on his death-bed. Finally, after suffering as much bodily pain as would have killed an ordinary man, and at a time when he had not set his foot on the ground for a year, he was induced by his son to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, as he had heard of the many remarkable cures made by that remedy. It was after much persuasion that he was induced to give them a trial, as he had then spent a small fortune in medicines and different modes of treatment under which he had steadily grown worse, and he had despaired of finding anything that would help him. At last he began the use of the Pink Pills and had not taken them long before he began to notice a decided improvement in his condition. Continuing their use he found he could get around much better than he had been able to do at any time for many years, and after a still further use of Pink Pills he was entirely relieved from all rheumatic pains, and is now a wonder to himself and all who knew him. Mr. Fitzgerald is now 70 years of age, is able to walk to Kirkfield every day, and is enjoying better health than he has had since he was first affected.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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OCTOBER NUMBER READY.

## Book Reviews.

A Monthly Journal devoted to New and Current Publications. Price, 5 cents each number; subscription, 50 cents a year.

The current number contains some Reminiscences of the late Walter Pater, by Prof. E. B. Titchener, Cornell University.

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## PUBLIC OPINION.

Montreal Witness: Christian unity, by mutual growth, is a very different thing from the ecclesiastical unity proposed to be brought about by a courteous accommodation of creeds and authorities under the placid presidency of the Pope. It tells us that the unity of Christendom can only be accomplished by Christians uniting in love of Christ to do the will of the Father.

St. John Gazette: The Czar, though condemned by many of his subjects, it is believed acted conscientiously in the interest of his people and of peace; his position was a difficult one; history will do him justice. His death at this time may have a disturbing influence but it is hoped that the wisdom and prudence of his successor will ensure the preservation of peace.

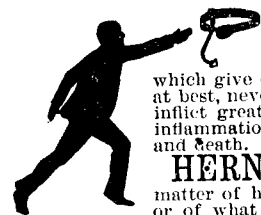
Manitoba Free Press: Salisbury's reply to Rosebery does not define the issues between the two great parties as distinctly as the people could wish. The Liberals want to draw attention away from the Home Rule question and divert it to the House of Lords, while the Tories insist on making the Irish question the issue again by favoring a reform of the House of Lords and giving attention to other social matters. Salisbury so far seems to have the best of it.

Ottawa Citizen: The justice and liberality with which England has treated the natives of New Zealand has drawn a tribute from Max O'Rell in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for September. He says: "These Maoris are in parliament to defend the rights and interests of the natives. Does not a fact like this help us to understand the success of the undertakings of the firm John Bull & Company?" England still leads the world in civilization, enlightenment and good government.

Canadian Gazette: The tendencies of Canadian trade are all upward; the adjustment of the Canadian and United States tariffs points in the same direction, not alone because of the increased trade they promise, but because of the security they give for the continuance of existing duties—a security upon which business must largely depend. The development of dairying and mixed farming throughout the length and breadth of Canada is another gratifying feature of the present position, and must do more than anything else to help the farmer and stimulate the agricultural development of Canada despite low wheat prices.

Victoria Colonist: The American tail-twister of to-day is neither admired nor respected by the intelligent public of the United States. He is looked upon as a kind of actor whose performance is at times very amusing, and it is not hard to discern that the applause he receives has in it a note of derision which the applauders are at no pains to disguise or conceal. It is, we are glad to know, very seldom indeed that an American of intelligence and ability who has resided any length of time, either in Great Britain or Canada, takes home with him when he returns an evil report of the British people or British institutions. On the contrary the great majority of them have nothing but good to tell their countrymen of the subjects of Queen Victoria and of the Government under which they live.

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**SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.**

Professor Metschukoff, of Paris, a pu-  
 pil of Pasteur, has discovered a cure for  
 mucous fever by a method of inoculation  
 similar to that used by Koch.

The total length of the telegraph lines  
 of the world is about 1,006,000 miles, of  
 which 540,000 are in America and 380,000  
 in Europe. In the United States alone  
 there are 400,000 miles.

The *France Militaire* says that the  
 French and Spanish Governments have  
 agreed to the boring of two railway tun-  
 nels through the Pyrenees to connect the  
 two countries at Saint Chiron and at  
 Oloron.

A Berlin inventor has recently dis-  
 covered a method by which soap may be  
 substituted on the recording surface of the  
 phonograph. The advantage gained is  
 that soap is unaffected by changes in tem-  
 perature.

Professor Boyd Dawkins has found  
 evidence at the Tullie House Museum,  
 Carlisle, to show that the Celts did their  
 enamelling not by inlaying but by fusion  
 —an interesting discovery which may lead  
 to others.

A new disease, called "elevator sick-  
 ness," is on the increase, says a Chicago  
 physician, and results in brain fever and  
 a disordered nervous system. It is caused  
 by the shock given the nerves by the sud-  
 den descent of the express elevator which  
 feels almost like a fall.

The *Baltimore Sun* says: "About  
 three miles from the town of Cordele, Ga.,  
 is located a body of water called the 'van-  
 ishing lake.' It has an area of four square  
 miles, and every autumn it dries up com-  
 pletely, although a week before this phe-  
 nomenon takes place it is 12 feet deep in  
 some places. The water reappears in the  
 spring."

"This is truly a utilitarian age," re-  
 marks the *New York Mercury*. "Until  
 two years ago only the fins and tails of  
 sharks were cut off, dried and made use of,  
 but now the whole skins are bought, too,  
 and are tanned into leather by a new pro-  
 cess. Nearly all the fins and tails are still  
 taken to China, where they are delicacies,  
 worth from \$300 to \$500 a ton."

Light may be thrown upon the vexed  
 question of the origin of man in the  
 Western Hemisphere by a recent discov-  
 ery in Southern Mexico. In a rock hewn  
 tomb has been found a bronze and ham-  
 mered iron sword, bearing on its blade  
 and handle, in rich inlaying of silver,  
 characters of record and representations  
 of life distinctively Assyrian and Grecian.

By a new continuous record seismome-  
 trograph at the Collegio Romano, a con-  
 siderable number of distant earthquakes  
 of 1893 and 1894 have been mechanically  
 registered in Rome. The most interesting  
 record is that of the Japanese earthquake  
 of March 22nd, 1894, which shows slow  
 undulations some 25 miles long, propa-  
 gated across nearly a fourth of the earth's  
 circumference.

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 that will be of value commercially has, we  
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 actly the same in all the particulars re-  
 corded. Mr. Francis Galton, F. R. S.,  
 having taken the finger-prints of 2,500  
 persons, and found a difference in every  
 case, deduces from this fact that the pro-  
 bability of a resemblance occurring is  
 about 1 in 64,000,000.

In a paper recently read before the  
 Scientific Congress at Paris, M. de Lap-  
 parent, the French geologist, expressed the  
 opinion that all mountains would vanish  
 off the face of the earth in course of time.  
 He declared that, if the actual natural  
 forces at work upon our globe retain their  
 present intensity, in 4,500,000 years all  
 inequalities of surface will be levelled. He  
 instanced as a striking example the re-  
 duction of the Ardennes, which were once  
 a chain of the Alps, but which had al-  
 ready shrunk to their present dimensions  
 at the outset of the Tertiary epoch. The  
 Alps, he said, exemplified the youth, the  
 Pyrenees the maturity, and the mountains  
 of Provence the declining years of moun-  
 tain ranges, while the central plateau of  
 France was typical of their death and dis-  
 solution. He adduced other arguments  
 in support of his thesis—namely, the  
 levelling of the earth's surface in a given  
 number of cycles.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, says: "When I look at any large ecclesiastical assembly I cannot but wonder whether so many able-bodied men ought not to be digging and plowing, and otherwise getting an honest livelihood, whilst the sisters, wives and mothers were undertaking the culture of the spiritual life. It cannot require so many able-bodied men to reveal the kingdom of heaven."

Buenos Ayres will soon see the completion of the largest opera house in the world. It will seat 5,000 spectators and the stage will hold 800 persons. The house is so constructed that box-holders can have their carriages drive up to their tiers, and for the occupants of the galleries there are elevators. The parquet seats can be removed, and the auditorium converted into a circus in three hours.

It is said that the post of "Tiger-Slayer in Chief" to the Government of the Straits Settlements have been conferred on M. de Nancourt, a French sportsman well known in the East, that gentleman having been appointed over the head of Major-General Probyn, also a well-known shikarry. It seems that the General has only killed about 400 felids in his time, while the French sportsman's score now registers over 500.

Reports of naval officers commanding patrol boats in the Bering Sea generally show that the regulations have been of little avail to protect seals in the open season. Pelagic sealers have killed about 25,000 head during the past season, which were found asleep on the surface, and of which fully 80 per cent. were females. One officer predicts the extermination of the seals within the next five years at the present rate of slaughter.

A "Society of African Pioneers" has been formed with a programme similar to that attempted by the late Cardinal Lavigerie in the Sahara. A few Frenchmen, robust and courageous, are to settle in the centre of an unexplored region, erect a house able to resist all assaults, cultivate the land, receive and shelter native proselytes, and thus gradually form a native and Christian village strong enough to repel slave-dealers.—*Evening Post.*

Camilla Urso, the violinist, always closes her eyes when playing. This she explains: "people in the audience used to distract my attention. A lady might come in late wearing a high bonnet, with nodding feathers. That bonnet immediately had an individuality above all others; it fascinated me. A young couple whispering behind their hands, others impatient and moving in their seats, a fluttering programme—they all distract me. At first it was difficult to perform without seeing the conductor and orchestra, but perseverance was needed as in everything else worth doing well."

Some valuable gems have been sold lately at Rakwane, in Ceylon. A Moor boutique-keeper the other day purchased a blue sapphire weighing about 72 carats from a Tamil man for 1,000r. As soon as he had completed the purchase, he sold it again to a dealer for 3,250r., and the latter sold the gem to a merchant in Colombo for 5,000r. It is said that the gem is worth a good deal more than this amount. The Tamil man referred to

possesses another blue sapphire for which he has been offered 5,000r., but he will not part with the gem for that price, as he expects a larger sum.

Mrs. B. M. Hall, Fernwood, Ill., U.S.A., August 15th, 1894, writes:—"I am 61 years old. For two years I have been afflicted with partial paralysis of the lower limbs rendering me unable to walk a block without complete exhaustion. After using Acetocura for five days the pain had entirely disappeared, permitting me to enjoy a good night's rest, and after ten days treatment I was able to walk two miles without fatigue."

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My Dear Sirs,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints.

I am yours truly,

J. A. HENDERSON, M.A.,  
Principal of Collegiate Institute,  
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Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria st., Toronto.

A man that keeps riches and enjoys them not is like an ass that carries gold and eats themselves.

## A NEW LIFE OF NAPOLEON

Magnificently Illustrated,

will be the chief feature of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE in 1895. It is written by

PROFESSOR WILLIAM M. SLOANE,

who has spent many years in preparation for the work. The interest in Napoleon has had recently a revival that is phenomenal in its intensity. Thus far no biography of the "man of destiny" has appeared in either English or French that is both free from rancor and attentive to the laws of historical criticism. THE CENTURY has secured it—a complete and interesting history of the life of one of the most marvelous of men. Every one will want to read this, no matter how much he may already know of Napoleon;—here is the concentration of all the lives and memoirs. In preparing it the author has had access to original sources of information, and his work has the advantage of coming after the numerous volumes of memoirs. It begins in



## The November Number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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Every resource of THE CENTURY has been brought to bear to enrich the narrative with pictorial illustrations not unworthy of the subject. European and American collections have been ransacked for portraits of the period, and for the most trustworthy pictures by contemporaries of the events described. To these have been added many of the greatest modern masterpieces of French art—the works of Meissonier, Detaille, Gérôme, Vernet, Delaroche, Lefevre, etc. In addition, many original pictures have been made by French and American artists. The theme creates an opportunity for the most interesting and most brilliant pictorial series of a historical character yet presented in the pages of a magazine.

### A New Novel by Marion Crawford, A Romance of Italy, Illustrated by Castaigne,

"Casa Braccio," begins in the November CENTURY. It is considered by Mr. Crawford his best work—setting forth, in a striking and original manner, the tragedy of human passion.

### "Washington in Lincoln's Time," A Series of Papers by Noah Brooks,

begins also in the November CENTURY, with chapters on "The Capital as a Camp," "Conversations with Lincoln," "Some Famous Men of the Period."

"THE CATHEDRALS OF FRANCE" is the title of a valuable series of articles by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer, with illustrations by Joseph Pennell, which begins in the November CENTURY, following the brilliant papers on English Cathedrals, by the same writer and artist. "THE MAKING OF THIEVES IN NEW YORK," by Jacob A. Riis, interesting REMINISCENCES OF HAWTHORNE, by his daughter, "IN THE CITY OF CANTON" (richly illustrated), complete stories by Hezekiah Butterworth, and others, are in the November CENTURY.

This number begins a new volume. The next issue of THE CENTURY—a superb Christmas number—will contain

### RUDYARD KIPLING'S FIRST AMERICAN STORY, "A WALKING DELEGATE."

If you are not already a reader of THE CENTURY, begin with the November number, now on every news-stand; price, 35 cents. Price, \$4.00 a year. All dealers take subscriptions, or remittance may be made by check, draft, money-order, or express-order to the publishers,

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**QUIPS AND CRANKS.**

The Chinese language contains 40 000 characters, and nearly all of them are necessary in explaining why the Japanese have gained so many victories.

Husband : H'm—er—what's the matter with this cake? Wife (angrily) : Nothing at all. The cook-book says it's the most delicious cake that can be made.

"Edith, how can you think that Mr. Littlethink is interesting?" Edith : Why, dear, he wears such beautiful chrysanthemums, and never has anything to say.

She (heatedly) : I wish I had known you better before we were married. We haven't a single sentiment that we can agree upon. He : Oh, yes, we have—that last sentiment of yours.

Gentleman : I thought you were a blind beggar? Beggar : That's my lay, Guv'nor. "Well, you are not blind now." "Well, sir, can't a poor fellow take a day off occasionally?"

We are told that all things come round to those who wait, including a bald head, round shoulders, false teeth and ear trumpets, and heaps of miscellaneous trouble. This "waiting" business is not all it is cracked up to be.

Hotel Clerk (to guest from Chicago) : Do you require a room with bathroom attached, sir? Guest : No, thanks; I shan't be in town more than a fortnight, and I took a bath a few weeks before I left home. Too much water isn't healthy.

Jack (on the borderland) : Can you play any of the latest marches? Maud (lady in waiting) : No; I don't know any of the new things. Sophie (mutual friend) : She hasn't practiced anything for six months but that old wedding march from Lohengrin.

"But, papa," wailed the young woman, "you can have no idea of how he loves me. He is willing to die for me this minute." "Well," said the old man, scratching his chin thoughtfully, "I don't know that I have any objection to that. I was afraid he wanted to marry you."

Lady : Well, what do you want? Tramp : Me and me pal's left a dispute to you, mim. "What is the dispute?" "As to whether you looks more like Mrs. Langtry or Helen of Troy. We had a bet of a lunch on it, mim; and if you'd kindly decide the bet and loan us the lunch we'd be much obliged."

A young Scotchman was once halting betwixt two loves; one possessed of beauty, and the other of a cow. In despair of arriving at a decision he applied for advice to a canny compatriot, who delivered himself thus : "Marry the lass that has the coo, for there's no the difference o' the coo's value in any twa weemin in Christendom."

Scene, Barber Shop. Tonsor'al Artist (surveying his victim) : Your hair is getting very thin, sir. Victim : Yes; I have been treating it with antifat. I never liked stout hair. Artist : You really should put something on it. Victim : So I do—every morning. Artist : May I ask what? Victim : My hat. The rest was silence.

A couple of Irishmen were standing near a cotton press in a Texas town watching the huge bales of cotton being reduced to their lowest numerators and denominators, so, to speak. "Tim, I'd loike to put ye under that and squeeze the devil out of yez," said one o' them. "Would ye, indade?" was the reply. "Squeeze the devil out of yerself and there would be nothing left."

Count M— had been out for a day's sport, but had killed nothing. Returning home, he met a little country lad carrying a live rabbit, which the count purchased of him at the price of one franc. But it was necessary that his game should exhibit shot marks; wherefore he hung the rabbit by a rope to the branch of a tree, stood at a distance of a few paces, fired—and severed the

rope which secured the rabbit! The nimble creature ran off, and the count went home with an empty bag

Two negroes were in partnership down in a distant hamlet in the State of Virginia. They quarrelled and issued the following notice :

NOTIS.

De co-partnership heretofore resisting 'twixt me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owes de late firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owes will settle wid Mose.

(Signed) George Washington Brown.  
(De other partner).

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**"Great is Acetocura."**

185 Madison street,  
Chicago, Aug. 17, 1894.

Gentlemen—One day last month I called into the office of your agent, Mr. S. W. Hall, on other business, and received the gentleman's condolence upon my wretched appearance. As a matter of fact, I was a sick man—had been receiving treatment from two different physicians without the slightest benefit. I certainly was discouraged, but afraid to let go. I had not had a decent night's rest for most ten days, no appetite, no ambition, "achey" all over, but bowels were in good order—the fact is, neither the physicians nor I knew just what the trouble was. Mr. Hall spoke of Acetocura. I confess I would have paid little attention to it but for my precarious condition. He insisted on giving me half a bottle to try, and refused to accept any payment for it. I read the pamphlet and had my mother rub me that evening. Failing to produce the flush within 15 minutes, I became thoroughly frightened—the flesh along the spine seemed to be dead—but persisting in it produced the required result in just 45 minutes. That night was the first peaceful one in ten, and on the morrow my spine was covered with millions of small pustules. By night I felt a considerable improvement. Owing to soreness the application was omitted, but again made the third night. The following day showed a wonderful change in me. I felt like a new man. Since then I have chased rheumatic pains several times, with the greatest ease. From being sceptic, I cannot help but say, "Great is Acetocura." It is truly wonderful, and I am most grateful to Mr. Hall for his action.

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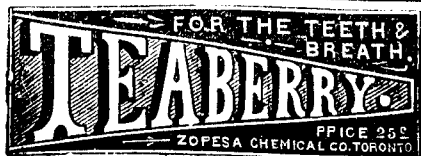
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