

THE WEEK.

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The Week,

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Edited by CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

ONE of our American contemporaries devotes a brief paragraph to the state of feeling in Manitoba. The paragraphist makes one point worth bearing in mind, which is, that the Farmers' convention demanded of the Dominion more than an American State can ask under the Constitution. But this gleam of intelligent criticism is accompanied by evidence of such marvellous ignorance concerning the Canadian North-West, that we can hardly credit it with its real importance. With oracular stupidity our contemporary declares that the worst mistake in the management by the Dominion of the affairs of Manitoba seems to have been "the failure to create something like a Territorial Legislature." It is gravely stated that "in the absence of a regular channel for the ventilation of local grievances, there is sure to be recourse to extemporized conventions of this kind." *The American* is speaking of Manitoba, not of the North-West Territory, but is evidently unaware of the difference between them; and unaware, at the same time, that a Province, as it expressly calls Manitoba, is abundantly supplied with legislative machinery under the constitution of the Dominion. Rather maliciously, the agitation is declared to have been resorted to by the Manitobans, for the purpose of relieving "the monotony of their eight months of winter." To have said six months would have been too near an approach to the truth for epigrammatic effect.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, in his late address before the Colonial Institute, spoke of a scheme of Imperial Federation to be expressed, not by a "central and unwieldy Parliament," but by a "Council of Envoys," who should work together for each part and "consummate treaties and enforce agreements." His Lordship does not seem, however, to pin his faith very firmly even to this modification of the scheme, and has himself called attention more than one of its attendant difficulties. We fail to perceive that the project in this form becomes in any way less chimerical than it appeared before. Surely the British would consider the independence and integrity of their policy hopelessly compromised if their transactions with foreign

powers were to be made dependent upon the consent of colonial representatives or envoys. And this, or nothing, must Imperial Federation mean.

IF it be true, as the rumours state, that Mr. Norquay is to enter the Dominion Cabinet as Minister of the Interior, it is because the Manitoban Premier sees trouble not far off in his province, and is anxious to be in shelter before the tempest comes. It is said that Mr. Miller is likely to succeed to the leadership. Looking at the brood of discontents in Manitoba, in many cases natural and inevitable, his position for some time to come will not be an enviable one. As Mr. Norquay predicts, the prairie province seems on the verge of a crisis that will call for the wisdom and the moderation of all men who love their province. It is from the west now that comes the most serious menace to Sir Leonard Tilley's national policy.

AS was very easy all along to predict, the crisis in Quebec has been safely passed, Mr. Mousseau retiring to the calm and dignity of the bench, and Hon. Dr. Ross coming to the leadership of the new Ministry. Sir Hector Langevin and Mr. Chapleau are velvety politicians, and they accomplish their ends without jar or mishap; and it will not improbably turn out that in the Ross administration will be found a union of the political family, whose late domestic brawl has filled the Reform press with so many false hopes.

THE KHEDIVE has succeeded in inducing Nubar Pasha to form a Cabinet; has renounced his intentions, if he ever had any, of abdicating the throne; and, under pressure from England, has consented to adopt the course, more prudent than honourable, of abandoning the Soudan to the False Prophet. England thinks seriously of establishing a five years' protectorate over Egypt, through the agency of English Under-Secretaries, appointed to the Egyptian Ministers. The abandonment of the Soudan, upon which England insists, may be for the interests of both England and Egypt, but unless the Egyptians be themselves desirous of it, to require a protected country to dismember itself, even to the most limited extent, for the convenience of the self-installed protector, is hardly what we would expect of British fairness. By consenting thus to give way before the rebel prophet, the unhappy Khedive would be utterly ruining his prestige, but for the fact that he has no prestige to ruin.

THE success of the French at Sontay has been doubly effective in rendering a peaceful settlement with China improbable. It has made the French more exacting in their demands, more hopeful of easily-won success; and it has strengthened the hands of the war party in China, fixing the Chinese in a resolve to accept no mediation. Recruits are called for by the Government at Peking, which has ordered a blockade of the Canton River between the Bogue and Canton forts. The French discover now that several additional points on Red River, and an island in the Gulf of Tonquin, are necessary to them for the purpose of securing their position. Some French journals even demand that an indemnity be exacted of China for the resistance she is making to the French claims, in spite of this resistance having been hitherto mainly diplomatic. Further complications will arise if it prove true that Japan is desirous of making an alliance with France. It is said the feeling in Japan is very bitter against the Chinese Government, which has acted with the utmost arrogance and falsehood toward Japan in the matter of Formosa and the Liu-Tchiu Islands,

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

OUR new Governor-General has appeared with success on the Toronto stage. He is not like his immediate predecessor, a Child of Song, nor like some others among his predecessors, is he under the pressing necessity of cultivating popularity with a view to the improvement of his own position. In his address to the Toronto Club he kept as strictly within the bounds of sense and truth as is possible in an after-dinner speech. Conscious that his appointment did not confer infallibility, that his acquaintance with the country had only just begun, and that the flattery of ignorance is worse than worthless, he was sparing of compliment and preferred the graceful

expression of good will. It is to be hoped that he will never become proficient in arts which have been practised here with very gratifying results to the artist, but with bad results to our people. His good sense appears in his declaration that nothing shall induce him to reprint his occasional speeches. The playful motive which he assigns may be supposed to cover more serious reasons of taste and judgment; he sees that there is no greater betrayal of vanity than a volume of speeches re-printed when their importance is gone. He would be a great man or something approaching one if he could, by a still higher act of self-abnegation, resign himself to acting simply as the representative of a Constitutional Monarchy and refrain from making any use of the artificial authority connected with his rank and office for the purpose of influencing opinion, and thus interfering with the natural course of destinies which he is not to share. But it may safely be said that he is above the noxious littleness of tampering with the press and tuning its organs in his own praise. From his grandfather, the Nestor of Liberalism both in age and counsel, he ought to inherit a mind at once liberal and sure-footed. The stories of his harshness as an Irish landlord are untrue. Though he is an absentee his estates are kindly administered, and he is popular with his tenantry. These calumnies, and the attempts to excite dangerous feelings against him, seem to have been clearly traced, not to anybody in Canada, but to the enterprising editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, who caters, and is no doubt worthy to cater, for the dynamiters and thugs of Chicago. Among the Canadian Irish there has been little or no feeling of sympathy with the criminal parts of the movement; nor have their organs, like the Fenian papers in the United States and in Ireland, poured a torrent of calumnious ordure over the British Government, and over the characters of all British men and women. Their comparative freedom from bitterness, with the British flag always before their eyes, seems to show that the anti-British frenzy of their brethren south of the line is not spontaneous, but the work of demagogues, and that if the demagogues were out of the way, it would be likely to subside. Lord Lansdowne has disapproved parts of Mr. Gladstone's agrarian legislation; but parts of Mr. Gladstone's agrarian legislation are disapproved by persons who are neither large proprietors of Irish land nor small proprietors of good sense.

On the delicate questions of Canadian destiny Lord Lansdowne touched with judicious reserve, though by his order as well as by his office he is bound to adopt the Imperialist view. His theory of the proper relations between the colonies and the Mother Country he expressed under the image of saplings growing up around the parent tree. No friend of independence, at any rate, will quarrel with that similitude; for with maturity, the life of each sapling becomes independent; nor does any tree in the forest send a Governor-General to another. The Dryad in her teens no doubt feels towards her leafy mother the affectionate reverence which all British Canadians cherish towards the Mother Country, and which is at least as strong in the breasts of Nationalists as in those of the politicians of both parties who voted for the Home Rule resolutions. It would be perilous to dally with these high themes. But there is one very simple and practical piece of advice which might be useful to the Governor-General if it could find its way to his august ear. Let him cause to be prepared by some unofficial hand and hung where it will often meet his eye, a map of the Dominion showing distinctly the boundaries of the cultivable territory, and also the territory occupied by a solid population of French. Such a map, presenting the real conformation and geographical relations of his realm, will teach him, by a method as simple as that of an object lesson, truths alike as to the present and the future, which he will hardly learn from official documents or from official lips.

In a social point of view it is not very easy even for the wisest of Governors to prevent his Court from producing its effects. When we read the Court list of persons of fashion who have attended His Excellency's State ball or reception, and the descriptive catalogues of ineffable millinery, in which each Court lady delights to see her expensiveness chronicled, we cannot help feeling that, compared with this sort of thing, even Socialism may have something to say for itself. It is this sort of thing, in truth, that, by filling the minds of the people at once with envy and contempt of the wealthy, makes Socialism flourish. If, as the advocates of the institution always assume, colonial manners need to be refined, this is not the way to refine them. Whatever vulgarity exists can only be made ten times more vulgar by that which fosters at once servility and ostentation. At a State ball in one of the Australian colonies a gentleman who had the misfortune to tread on the gorgeous dress of a great lady, received, to his surprise, from the wearer's lips, a double-shotted epithet, which lost none of its vernacular raciness from being uttered within the precincts of a Court. In the case of a real aristocracy, folly

and display are half justified by tradition and are softened by hereditary taste. Vice-royalty in no way oppresses us, but it misleads us. In politics it makes us rely on a fiction instead of working out real securities for the stability and authority of government. In manners it directs our aim to an ideal which, happily for us, never can be ours. No manners in the world are in reality better than those of the self-made man of this continent, so long as he is content to be himself. The Governor-General may, at all events, and it cannot be doubted that he will, refrain as far as possible from stimulating extravagance, which, where incomes are small, is really cruel. What are likely to be the consequences of opening a Castle Rackrent at Ottawa, he may learn by inquiry into the experience of the past. Some of the Government clerks are said still to rue the day.

IN June last, it will be remembered, a formal indictment for a most serious offence was preferred by the *Globe* against Mr. Shields and against the Government as his alleged employer and confederate. Mr. Shields, it was averred, had been the agent of the Government in the last elections and had expended on that side a very large sum of money, (apparently over \$300,000) which was to be repaid to him by a corrupt re-classification and re-measurement of his work as contractor on Section B. of the Canada Pacific Railway. It was further averred that an honest engineer had been removed from the section for the purpose of facilitating this nefarious transaction. A new Pacific Railway Scandal in short, at least as foul as the first, had come to light. The charge, it is right to say, was made not in the loose and vituperative fashion to which we have been too much accustomed, but deliberately, circumstantially, and so as to challenge a distinct reply. Mr. Shields commenced an action for libel, but after several postponements, the object of which may possibly have been to keep the scandal suspended during the progress of the bye-elections, he has at length abandoned the prosecution and let his suit fall to the ground. The inference is inevitable. It is greatly strengthened by the general character of Mr. Shields, and by his sinister appearances on several other occasions. How comes he, a railway contractor and not a politician, to be expending his energies in the management of elections or doing the work of party in other equivocal transactions? That nothing is impossible to political animosity amidst the frenzy of a general election Canada already knows too well. The scene will now, it is to be presumed, be shifted to the House of Commons. Unfortunately, the result of an appeal to "the Grand Inquest of the Nation" is not a judicial investigation, but a faction fight. If a committee is appointed, party packs the committee, party sits umpire in its conduct of the inquiry, and when the inquiry is completed, party delivers the final judgment. An impartial tribunal, proceeding by the method of judicial investigation, is as much needed for the trial of these offences as for the trial of election cases, and nothing but the extreme moral sensitiveness of politicians stands in the way of its introduction. That the majority will vote down inquiry altogether is a surmise which may be at once discarded; no majority would be so brazen; besides the Governor-General would in such a case, doubtless use the power vested in him and insist on a dissolution. Nor is it likely that recourse will again be had to the singular expedient, sanctioned by Lord Dufferin, of transferring the investigation from Parliament to a Royal Commission appointed by the advice of the accused Ministers. Mr. Alpheus Todd, who, in his book, speaks of the whole of Lord Dufferin's conduct in the devout accents of unscrutinizing adoration, has elsewhere avowed that he did not approve the appointment of a Royal Commission. It is necessary that the people and those who guide the minds of the people should rouse themselves and give their watchful, and as far as possible their impartial, attention to this case. As the natural consequence of countless breaches of public morality, perpetrated and condoned by Party, and of the systematic corruption of the electorate, callousness is creeping over the public conscience. It is an unpleasant fact, but a fact it is, that the standard has sunk lower in Canada than in the United States. Mr. Colfax, a man previously in good standing, was driven from public life for a delinquency less gross than some which, in this country, have not only been committed with comparative impunity, but afterwards gilded over by the prostitution of Imperial honours. The face of freedom is fair, but it will be of little value to us when the heart has been eaten out by political corruption.

THE restoration of Mr. Mills to his seat for Bothwell is an accession of strength to an Opposition much in need of reinforcement. It is also a triumph of justice: for Mr. Mills had evidently been jockeyed out of the seat, though it is not necessary to ascribe to the Prince of Darkness in person the machinations by which the work of evil was effected; the activity of the local imps on both sides is quite sufficient to account for any exploits of this kind. Mr. Mills possesses not only more than the

average measure of political knowledge, but a larger measure than many possess of that rarer quality, political courage. His knowledge of course exposes him to the imputation of being a doctrinaire. These stock epithets of vague signification are very convenient missiles; they are a sort of ammunition which fits every gun. For a long time a person who did not belong to a certain clique was dubbed a Philistine, though nobody could tell exactly what the word meant, except that the person to whom it was applied was not so great a scamp as Heinrich Heine. We can afford to have, by way of variety, one doctrinaire in an assembly the most of whose members are certainly not open to that reproach.

UNIVERSITY Consolidation is not so dead but that it may be worth while once more to state definitely what is proposed under that name. What is proposed, as the best plan, is that the Denominational or Local Colleges should come to Toronto, and there, with University College, be federated under a common University to be called the University of Ontario. The University would institute all the examinations and confer all the degrees and honours. Each of the colleges would, like the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, have its own domestic government, hold its own estates, and maintain whatever system it pleased of religious instruction and moral discipline within its own walls. The Professoriate of the University would conduct the higher instruction, while the mere rudimentary instruction would be conducted within each College by Tutors or College Professors, to whom would also be assigned the individual superintendence of the student. The University Professoriate would be made up of that of University College, and those of the other Colleges combined, the means of maintaining the College Tutoriate being in each case reserved. A fresh arrangement for the appointment of Professors would of course be necessary, and if some variety in the modes of appointment were introduced, this would not be a loss, but rather a gain. A change would also be necessary in the composition of the Senate. Graduates of all the federated Colleges alike would at once take rank, according to their seniority, as graduates of the University of Toronto.

This is the best plan, nor does its realization present to the minds of those who are accustomed to dealing with these matters, any insuperable difficulty, though there would be need of temper in the negotiations, and of care in organizing the system. Another plan is that the Colleges, remaining where they now are, and each undertaking as at present the whole of the instruction, shall enter into federal union for the purposes of examination and graduation. This would be a gain so far as it went: it would secure the effectiveness of the examinations, and restore the value of degrees. But it would not give us a University worthy of the name; and the difficulty of working the system amidst the jealousies which would arise about the appointment of examiners, the choice of subjects for examination, and the regulation of the standard, which the stronger colleges would be always wanting to raise and the weaker to lower, might prove greater than at first sight may be supposed.

LEARNING is justified of her children. The Oxford Convocation, which includes non-residents as well as residents, the non-residents being a great majority, refused, on High Church grounds, to send an address to the Emperor of Germany on the fourth centenary of Luther. But the residents came together and sent one on their own account. Among the non-residents there is an immense mass of Tory squires and parsons. These are the men by whose votes Peel and Gladstone were ejected and Tory broomsticks were elected. "I wish," said a Tory voter, when taunted with the insignificance of his candidate, "that my candidate were really a broomstick, then I should feel indeed that I was voting for a principle." Gladstone had a majority among the residents; both he and Peel had a large majority of the men who had taken high honours. But in Peel's day, the Headships and Fellowships of Colleges were still confined to clergymen, and the University itself was overwhelmingly clerical. All this has now been changed. Oxford is still in the penumbra of the old system, and the other day the nomination of a Nonconformist Fellow of a college as public examiner in a school which includes theology, was rejected by the Academical assembly. But the existence of a Nonconformist Fellow in itself is the tocsin of a revolution which would have seemed like the end of the world to the Dons of the Eldonian era. Science has returned to the home of Roger Bacon, and the University is in a fair way to take once more the place in the van of progress which she occupied in the days of Grosteste and Walter de Merton. Young Oxford is liberal in the highest degree.

Not only is Young Oxford liberal; part of it appears to be dallying with Socialism, the philanthropic aspirations of which have a natural

attraction for the youthful mind, especially while the life of spiritual aspiration is suspended by the collapse of religious belief. Mr. William Morris, who preaches Socialism, it seems, in no mild or measured phrase, apparently has disciples, or at least finds hearers even in the high places of the University. Mr. Morris is, himself, a capitalist and a master-manufacturer receiving, like the rest of his class, the profits of his trade; and when he denounces his own system as iniquitous, it is naturally asked how a man of his fine moral sensibilities can bear to be a partaker in the iniquity. His answer is that he is merely a link in an iron chain from which he cannot disengage himself. The retort is ready that the history of reform swarms with instances of martyr spirits, who, at the sacrifice of every thing they possessed, have torn themselves away from systems or associations which their consciences condemned. But Mr. Morris' defence, though fatal to the grandeur of his apostleship, has its foundation in sound sense. Gradually to improve the organization of society is within our power, and no one who knows history (which few Jacobins do) can doubt that this is being done, though the movements of the universe are slow. Suddenly to change the organization of society, by political fiat or by revolutionary spasm is beyond our power, as disastrous and bloody experience shows. Yet this is the aim of Socialism, while the other is the aim of Reform.

AN historical falsehood which serves a party purpose, though you may tear it to pieces, will never die. Once more is heard the doleful tale of the "English invasion of Ireland." Once more it is replied that the English people had no more to do with the Norman invasion of Ireland under the patronage of the Pope than the Mexicans had to do with the Spanish invasion of Peru. The conquest of Ireland by the Normans was the almost inevitable supplement of their conquest of England, and was a part of the cycle of Norman enterprise, as that again was one of the last episodes in the vast series of migrations commonly called the Invasion of the Barbarians. In the case of Ireland, as in that of England, Norman rapacity was consecrated and cheered on to its prey by the centralizing ambition of the Papacy; and the scandalized patriotism of the Irish Catholic only deepens the fatal characters by hopelessly contesting the authenticity of the Papal missive. The English stubbornly resisted the Conqueror and would have repelled him, had not the arrow entered the eye of their hero king: the Irish doubly invited him; for Henry was called in by the Churchmen to protect them against the chiefs, and Strongbow was called in by a chief who had been worsted in a clan feud. The charge against the English people of having put out the light of education and learning in Ireland falls with the charge of invasion; but it is groundless and absurd in every respect. That precocious civilization which produced the Irish Missions, and which has its monuments in the Round Towers and the illuminated Book of Kells, seems, though most interesting and touching, to have had scarcely any root in the nation; it appears to have been almost exclusively ecclesiastical, and after growing with gourd-like rapidity, to have been trampled down, before the coming of the Norman, by the hoofs of the barbarous clans. The Norman in fact might, without exceeding the usual hypocrisies of conquest, have styled himself a civilizer as well as an orthodox crusader. To talk of British connection in recent times as the enemy of Irish education, and as having outlawed the alphabet, bessems the same veracious lips which accuse the British Government of deliberately organizing Irish famines. Who introduced the system of National Education into Ireland? By whom was its introduction opposed and its administration thwarted? How has popular education fared in Italy, Spain, Mexico and other countries thoroughly under the control of the Roman Catholic priesthood? What reason is there for doubting that had the British Government been out of the question, Ireland would have remained intellectually in the same condition as Calabria? What reason is there for feeling sure that she would not lapse into the condition of Calabria if the influence of the British Government were withdrawn?

But the fallacies about Irish history, fraught as they are with venom, and pertinaciously as they rear their heads, are not so noxious as that which lurks in the perpetual designation of the Disunionists as "the Irish," and of Disunion as the "Irish cause." In Limerick, one of the most Irish of Irish cities, "the city of the violated treaty," the Unionist candidate in a recent election, though beaten, was not distanced. In every election contest, even in the South of Ireland, a strong Unionist party shows itself, and this in spite of the organized terrorism which the Parnellites keep up, and to the influence of which the Irish character is singularly open. Property and education throughout the island are opposed to revolution, though they may be in favour of an extension of local self-government, against which nobody has said a word, and which Parliament was prepared to grant. When a single man from the higher ranks of commerce stoops to accept a nomination at Mr. Parnell's hands, he is welcomed as an angel from Heaven.

Yet no revolution has ever succeeded without a large leading element of the upper class. In the Protestant districts of Ulster a solid mass of Unionism, the very core of Irish industry, intelligence, and vigour, has once more barred the gates of Derry against the enemies of Protestant civilization; and the rebel party is in the ridiculous position of having to claim for its meetings the protection of the Government against which the rebellion is directed. The loyalty of Ulster is a rock of offence to Nationalist writers on both sides of the Atlantic, and is one which no vinegar will remove. But even among the Catholic peasantry, while the agrarian movement is, and always has been, strong, the political movement is, and always has been, weak. Artificial strength is lent to the political movement by its junction with the agrarian agitation. Give the Irish peasant a full belly and you will hear little more, so far as he is concerned, of the repeal of the Union. But Irish revolution is a trade by which the leaders on both sides of the Atlantic have already made their fortunes, while their dupes are sent by dozens to the gallows. By the practice of this branch of industry, the Irish of the Catholic provinces are being converted into a people of political mendicants, taught to live, not by labour and thrift, but the brandishing of the repeal bludgeon and the exhibition of historical sores. Some day there will be an outbreak, and if it takes place, as it did before, in combination with the foreign enemies of England, and when she is fighting for her life, mercy will be turned out of doors, and the blood of the hapless people will again flow in torrents, while the demagogues and journalists will be reposing in the quiet enjoyment of their patriot gains.

To crown the pile of delusion, it is invariably assumed that the Anglo-Saxon and Irish races are divided from each other by St. George's Channel, and that nothing but a repeal of the Union is needed to terminate their uneasy wedlock and completely separate them from each other. But to say nothing of Ulster, what is to become of all the Irish in England and Scotland? Are they to be sent back to Ireland? Or is it supposed that they will be suffered to live on British soil as a nation apart, using the British franchise for the purpose of a standing conspiracy, in the interest of their kinsmen across the channel, against the community in which they dwell? The connection has become practically indissoluble, and if the Irish, under the influence of reckless and mercenary demagogues, persist in their hostility to the British and in their attempts to wreck the commonwealth, the consequence on some disastrous day will be, not peaceful separation, but internecine civil war. What the result of such a death-struggle between the races would be can be doubted by no human being. Not a Catholic church would be left standing in the two islands. The Pope and the wiser of the ecclesiastics see this plainly enough, and they wish to preserve peace.

A BYSTANDER.

OFFICIAL REPORTING IN PARLIAMENT.

THE House of Commons in full session presents a very interesting scene. As the visitor settles in his seat his eyes fall naturally first upon the man whose handsome presence and graceful bearing, no less than ever impartial rulings, invest him with peculiar fitness for the Speaker's chair: thence they wander off to the serried ranks of members on either hand, the busy clerks at the central table, the bright-buttoned pages darting hither and thither like magnified blue-bottles, the keen-visaged line of newspaper vigilants in their hanging-basket gallery above the Speaker's head, and finally down below him to two little tables on the floor half-way between the entrance and the awe-inspiring mace. At one of these tables is always seated a ready writer whose swift and silent pencil seems to bespatter the paper beneath with inexplicable characters. Every ten minutes the table beside him is filled by a new-comer who, with one quick glance to identify the member speaking, sends his pencil speeding along the red-ruled lines, while the other having finished his "take" slips quietly out to turn his weird hieroglyphics into every-day English. Not a moment is wasted, not a word is lost, but hour after hour the men follow one another with unfailing regularity, until the House adjourns, and their labours are ended for that night.

These deft pencil-drivers are the official reporters whose duty it is to preserve an authentic record of all that is said and done in Parliament. Their work is one of great importance and requires very special ability.

The present staff comprises eight members, viz:—Messrs. George B. Bradley, Stephen A. Abbott, Joseph C. Duggan, George Eyvel, Albert Horton, J. O. Marceau, F. R. Marceau, and T. J. Richardson; Mr. Bradley being chief and having as assistant Mr. J. C. Boyce, whose principal work is to edit and index the printed sheets. The Messrs. Marceau confine themselves to members who, in speaking, use the French language, and consequently enjoy a much easier time of it than their fellow-labourers, as frequently days will pass without their having anything to do, the majority

of the Quebec members being quite at home in English, and preferring to employ it. With the exception of Mr. Bradley, who uses a curious stenographic system, inherited from his father, and improved by himself, all the staff write in Pitman's phonography.

Until within the last few years each man had to write out his own notes, but this plan being found to involve too serious a physical strain, amanuenses were provided, who wrote at the reporter's dictation, thereby relieving him of much manual labour. With the present year type-writers are to be introduced, and it is expected that by this means the notes will not only be rendered much more legible for the printer but be worked out with far greater rapidity, thus allowing the reporter a good breathing space between his "takes," as his ten minute spell at the before-mentioned little table is designated.

There being six English reporters, each one has a "take" an hour, and as with a rapid manipulation of the type-writer his notes can be transcribed in about thirty minutes it will be seen that there is generally a pause of twenty minutes or so, which enables him to go back to work thoroughly refreshed. As fast as the notes are transcribed, they go off to the printers, and are transmuted into type, and so speedy is the process that if a member makes a speech of any great length, the exordium is in type before he has reached his peroration. Every day the sheets containing a full report of the previous day's doings are laid upon the members' desks when the House opens. These sheets the members whose speeches are recorded thereon correct and polish according to their calmer judgment, and from the corrected sheets the official report is printed. Such in brief is the system whereby the eloquence of the present is preserved for the benefit of posterity.

In the Senate a similar system prevails, the only difference being that Messrs. George and Andrew Holland do the work by contract, instead of being officials under control of the House.

In this connection some of the figures showing the number of reporters employed in other legislatures may be found interesting. The official staff of the United States House of representatives comprises five reporters, and ten amanuenses; in the French Chamber of Deputies there are ten reporters, and as many amanuenses. The London *Times* has sixteen reporters attending to the Parliamentary Debates; the *Standard* seventeen, and the *Morning Advertiser* fifteen.

Although in public use for so many years past, and winning wider application day by day, there is still, to the ordinary observer, a kind of magic about verbatim reporting which invests it with peculiar interest. And it is an interesting art in spite of its intense drudgery. The writer has had many years' practical experience, and yet to this day he feels a thrill akin to that of the racer at the starting post every time he measures speed with a speaker new to him. There is such a bewildering uncertainty about speakers. They may be rapid or they may be slow, their ideas may be clearly conceived and lucidly expressed, or they may be undecided as to what to say, and quite in the dark as to how to say it. The mere speed of a speaker does not alone render him difficult to report, on the contrary some speakers, like Sir Charles Tupper or Mr. Blake, who never mangle a sentence or fail to fully express an idea, are far easier to take down accurately than many others who are not so fast by twenty words a minute. Some conception of the difficulties reporters have to contend with may be formed from the following example, which is far from being a caricature of the usual style of not a few honourable members:

"I was about to observe, sir, with regard to this bill, that the promoters, and here I must beg pardon of my hon. friend, for I find they have made a mistake, but I wish clearly to point out that the \$120,000 was not subscribed for the purpose indicated until—[a voice: "It was \$130,000"] Sir, I say the \$150,000—[a voice: "Which was it?"] on which so much stress has been laid—[a voice: "\$120,000."] Sir, I protest against these interruptions, and I repeat that the majority of the inhabitants, if they were polled, would be found not only opposed, but they would with one voice, unless I am very much mistaken in expressing their views, and I have read every one of the local journals, and feel sure the balance of opinion, even if the drift of it could be mistaken, but it never can—that my constituents are, as a body, united in opposing this measure."

Very little dependence is to be placed upon what ordinary speakers say about not being correctly reported. Nobody who has not been behind the scenes would believe the coolness—evidently sincere in most cases—which speakers will repudiate the children of their own tongue. They make all sorts of muddles, especially when they attempt antithesis or epigram, and then stand aghast to see them in black and white. Among the amusing recollections of the present writer is a case in which an hon. member of a Provincial Legislature, whose pompous conceit was only surpassed by his spacious and abundant ignorance, not being content with the

treatment his eloquent efforts received at the reporter's hands sought redress to his wounded vanity by arraigning him before the House. The culprit of course had to report his own indictment, and in so doing took the utmost pains to print the hon. gentleman's remarks *verbatim et literalim* in all their beauty unadorned, instead of carefully doctoring them as aforetime. The opening sentence will serve as a specimen of the speech: "Mr. Speaker, I rise to a privilege of order." The rest may be found by curious readers in the official report. Thenceforth the reporter was allowed to pursue the even tenor of his way unchallenged. Much more modest, and safer withal, was the course taken by a fellow-member of the one just mentioned, who preserved unbroken silence whilst a matter affecting his own constituency was being discussed, and then at the close of the debate slipped some fragmentary notes into the reporter's hand with the request that he would try and make him up a little speech out of them, as he (the hon. member) though old in years, "was a young hand at the bellows, and had not had courage to get on his feet." The request was of course complied with, and the worthy man had half a column credited to him in the report of that day's proceedings.

This last incident well illustrates the principle of official reporting, and explains its necessity. The chief importance of a speech in Parliament now lies not in the fact that it is delivered, but in the fact that it is read in the report by thousands of people, and this being so, the reporters are, and must continue to be, very important officials of the Houses of Parliament.

Ottawa, January, 1884.

JAMES MACDONALD OXLEY.

ON THE LATE REMARKABLE SUNSETS.

THE peculiarly striking sunset effects which have been observed during the past few months, have given rise to a good deal of inquiry, and in the following I desire to draw attention to certain circumstances which seem to connect this phenomenal appearance with the remarkable outburst of volcanic activity on the island of Krakatowa in the Straits of Sunda, the data on which the connection is based being taken from many letters in *Nature*, and from *Symons' Monthly Meteorological Magazine*.

The Island of Krakatowa lies nearly opposite the Straits of Sunda, which separate the islands of Sumatra and Java; it is about five miles long by three broad, and its mountains rise to a height of between 2,000 and 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, covered to the summit with luxurious tropical vegetation. On May 20th the mountain became an active volcano and the captain of a passing vessel reports passing through an "apparently illimitable cloud of drifting pumice" when ten miles off the island. This eruption was of itself sufficient to reduce the island to a desert, and a party from Batavia who subsequently visited the island and whose report is published in *Nature*, found "the front of the volcano all wrecked, nay completely buried under pumice dust, which, when the sun shone upon it, became of a yellowish grey colour, while thick masses of condensed vapour accompanied by incessant fulminations boiled up from behind the bare and gently sloping dunes * * * and from time to time the incessantly changing ravelled wreaths of smoke were sucked. The rest maintained their original form to a height of several thousand feet and then they slowly drifted eastward (*i. e.* were left behind by the rotating earth) and spreading out into mist discharged their ashes downwards in black streaks like the dark fringes of rain cloud seen on the horizon." This was the state of affairs between the first outbreak and August 26th, the volcano continuing to discharge vertically incalculable quantities of the finest pumice dust, on this day an eruption took place the magnitude of which the mind can hardly grasp. The island with its lofty mountain has been literally blown away, and a tidal wave estimated at ninety-eight feet in height swept over the low lands of the adjoining islands, causing the death of thousands and ruining property to an enormous extent. Mr. Symons quotes as an instance of its power, "at Lelock Betony a Government steamer was swept *three miles inland*."

On September 2nd, just a week after the great eruption, at Trinidad, W. I., the sun is reported as looking like a blue globe, and after sunset the sky became of so bright a red that it was thought there must be a fire, then on September 8th and for some time after, green suns are reported from India and Ceylon, and Dr. Meldrum, F.R.S., writes of unusual chromatic effects and green suns having been observed at Mauritius, Rodrigues and the Seychelles, and suggests that they are due to the presence of volcanic dust in the upper strata of the atmosphere.

There are reports from many other places, Australia and New Zealand included, of remarkable sunsets and all subsequent to the date of the final

eruption. The collection and examination of all these reports will doubtless be undertaken by some physicist.

It would of course be premature to state positively that the phenomena observed here in Canada are due to the same cause, but it seems fairly probable that it is so and that the mass of dust spread itself first and most densely over the region of the Tropics, travelling (or rather seeming to travel, by being left behind by the earth in its rotation) eastwards, and finally being carried north and south in the atmospheric circulation until here in Canada it manifests its presence by the unusual brilliance of the sunsets and that peculiar afterglow which has been observed more than an hour after the sun was below the horizon.

ANDREW R. GORDON.

Since writing the above I have seen in *Nature* a report of a paper by Mr. R. H. Scott, Secretary of the British Meteorological Service, in which he traces the atmospheric waves generated by the eruption; he finds that the wave travelled with a velocity nearly that of sound, the estimated velocity being rather over 700 miles per hour.

A. R. G.

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

"TRUTH," the most read and most quoted of English periodicals is always on the track of "social sensation." It has a "puzzle department," as all its readers well know, which, for the most part, does not differ from similar features in other publications, but occasionally some popular idea is strikingly evoked by the nature of the puzzles propounded. In one of its November numbers a prize was offered for the best definition of a mother-in-law, which elicited a numerous competition. Hundreds sent in their definitions, all tinged more or less with the feeling which the puzzle suggested. The "puzzle editor" has printed over a page of the competitors' efforts, which he describes as "assorted specimens—good and otherwise."

Most of these are uncomplimentary. A mother-in-law is smartly defined by the different cynics as "the wet blanket of matrimony;" "the leader of the opposition;" "the inspector of the union;" "a check-mater;" "the brimstone of the match;" "the Government whip;" "the home rule party;" "a discordant accompaniment to 'Home, sweet home!'" "a family *jar*;" "the policeman of the hearth—being always ready to take one up in a disagreeable manner;" "a mentor or tormentor;" "dear to one that's dear to you, but dear at any price;" "a wedding present of a watch;" "the ma(r) to matrimony," etc. These, of course, are only a few selected for their pungency. That many have very strong feelings in reference to the subject-matter and have felt the "iron heel" is manifest from an occasional definition which, ignoring every merit except brevity, hurls forth a malediction fresh from the heart. Of these are "a beastly nuisance;" "a thorn in the flesh;" "domestic dynamite," etc. One observes, with questionable charity, of this much maligned relative that she is "not so bad as she might be, seeing she has no character to lose."

But she has her champions, too. One styles her feelingly, "one whose mission in life is to bear the blame of her daughter's shortcomings and the burden of her son-in-law's acerbities: to have a purse at his command and a cellar to his taste: to be fawned upon in his adversity and scorned in his prosperity." Others say she is "a great, but unappreciated blessing;" "oil on troubled waters;" "a help in sickness, an unfailing friend." And the depreciator who thinks her "an example of the proverb, 'distance lends enchantment to the view,'" is boldly contradicted by a gallant friend who calls her "an angel in the house."

"A goose that lays a golden egg" is an equivocal definition. So is "an unmitigated blessing—when well treated." For it is not every one that understands the treatment of a mother-in-law. We have heard of a man who kept two in perennial good-humour and attributed his success to his policy of making his successive wives jealous of their mothers' influence instead of making the mothers jealous for their daughters' portion. He generously credited the mothers with all the virtues inherited by their daughters, and their own virtues to boot—and, indeed, the old ladies seemed dearer, as well as *cheaper* than the young ladies to this highly endowed son-in-law. This man would be a hero to one of the competitors, "J. McGrigor Allan," who instead of adopting the epigrammatic diffuses this definition into an essay, and who exclaims:

"How great is he who governs wife and wife's mother. Greater than Milton—he could not govern his wife. I should like to know this mute, inglorious Cromwell. He who lives happily with a mother-in-law is philosopher, saint or slave. Zimmerman's mother-in-law—one in a thousand—"contributed not a little to increase his felicity." Too good a woman to exercise his patience, she failed in the mother-in-law's mission. Some men rise above this vulgar prejudice—even love their mother-in-law too well. One recently eloped with his wife's mother! Congreve's "Lady Pliant," making love to her daughter's suitor, has her modern counterpart. Fine subject for female fiction! —J. MCGRIGOR ALLAN."

This page or two of definitions is another proof that the mother-in-law is still a potent factor in the social economy. She runs through the whole gamut of virtues and vices in the exercise of her functions. To some she seems to be "the thorn that bore the rose;" "the rock of ruin against which the new matrimonial ship often strikes and splits in two," while to others, under different circumstances "a comfort to husband and wife; a help in sickness; an unfailing friend."

Halifax, Dec. 31st, 1883.

J. W. L.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, January 12, 1884.

THE most absorbing topic of political discussion continues to be the tariff question. There are various speculations about the probable action of the Committee of Ways and Means on this question. Mr. Carlisle appointed a number of very able men on this committee. It has for its chairman Mr. Morrison, of Illinois, an able and upright man, who is a revenue reformer. It contains among its members, Kelley, of Pennsylvania, the leading Republican protectionist in the House; Kasson, of Iowa, another prominent Republican; Blackburn, of Kentucky, a prominent Democrat; Hewitt, of New York, and other able men.

Mr. Hewitt is frequently spoken of in these days as a candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket. His party would do well, and could hardly do better than to nominate him. But he is probably too good a man to secure the nomination. He is not obscure enough and has not what the politicians call "personal magnetism" enough. But he is one of the ablest men in his party or in Congress. He is a man of solid information and long political experience. He has also had experience in business affairs, being a very wealthy and successful iron manufacturer. He is the son-in-law of the late Peter Cooper, the well-known philanthropist and founder of the Cooper Institute in New York.

It now seems reasonably certain that the above committee will report and the House of Representatives pass a new tariff bill, removing the duty on many kinds of raw material and greatly decreasing the duty on imports in general. And should the Senate, which is Republican, refuse to concur in this measure, then a clear issue would be made, with which to go before the people in the Presidential campaign.

If the issue should be squarely made, as above stated,—which however is not probable,—the *Sun* and some other Democratic papers would probably refuse to support the ticket. But the loss of half a dozen such papers as the *Sun* would be made good by receiving the support of the *Post*, by far the ablest New York daily, and the *Times*. We are in a transition period as to the tariff, steadily advancing towards free trade, but the details cannot be foreshadowed. It will probably take ten years, and may take twenty, before we shall have free trade. Those interested in political affairs in the United States should follow the question with some care at present, as it is the key to a correct understanding of the political situation for 1884.

The Republican and the Independent journals are at present giving the Democrats some severe thrusts for substituting Payne for Pendleton as United States Senator from Ohio. The former is perhaps as able and as pure a man as the latter, but the latter's support of Civil Service Reform and his prominent part in passing the law are regarded as a chief source of his weakness. Such practical opposition to that important measure counterbalances a great many planks in the party platform in favour of it. The standing of the Democratic party in regard to this question is none of the best, and they can scarcely afford to take such a backward step.

The celebrated *restaurateur*, Delmonico, disappeared a few days ago, and as he has been for some months in bad health, it is feared that he has killed himself. It has been said that the Delmonicos first taught the New Yorkers how to dine; this was filling a great need, and thus they have doubtless been important agents in our civilization. But it shows how low a plane our "great dailies" move upon, when they give a column or more each day to the subject of his disappearance, the probability of finding him, vague talks with detectives and his friends—utterly inane. And yet Americans complain of being too busy to read anything, except what bears on questions of the most pressing importance. But crude are the journals, and crude are the readers.

In the theatres Booth is at present the leading attraction. He has appeared this week in *Richelieu*, the *Fool's Revenge*, and *King Lear*.

At the two opera houses we have had, Rossini's *Semiramide*, Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore*, Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, Flotow's *Morta*, Bizet's *Carmen*, and Ponchielli's *La Gioconda*.

At the German theatre, the *Thalia*, was recently produced Suppe's *Afrkareise*, which is drawing good houses. Our large German population has only one German theatre, and consequently they support it well. The manager is thereby able to keep a troupe that produces these light operas better than they are produced at the other theatres. At any rate it is easy to see that a German audience at the *Thalia* receives more amusement and enjoys the point of these pieces better than the American audiences at the other theatres.

Although the Loan Exhibition of Paintings has now closed, the discussion as to the propriety of opening such exhibition on Sunday is not yet ended. The weight of public sentiment is decidedly in favour of opening them, though there are many respectable people and a number of fanatics that oppose it. But if New York had a national gallery, like London, or

a Louvre, like Paris, it is almost certain that it would be open on Sundays—part of the day, at least.

The funeral of Dr. Lasker, the distinguished German orator and statesman, on Thursday afternoon, was attended by thousands, and hundreds were turned away from the synagogue, who were unable to obtain even standing room. An eloquent oration was delivered by Carl Schurz, who is one of the most eloquent orators we now have, whether in German or English. In 1877 and 1878 I had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Tasker several times in the German *Reichstag*. That body contained no superior to him as an orator; it was interesting to see the Liberals draw near in a circle around him, whenever he arose to speak. His sudden death away from home is sad, but it is sadder to think that such a simple, unselfish, patriotic man should have had the last years of his life pained by the *Judeuhetz* in Germany.

P. KING.

"A Reader" writes to us from Montreal suggesting that artisans, no less than physicians and surgeons, might be obliged to take out a license and to work at an established rate of remuneration. The proposal seems to us hardly a practicable one.—THE EDITOR.

THREE FLOWER PETALS.

WHAT saw I yesterday walking apart
In a leafy place where the cattle wait?
Something to keep for a charm in my heart—
A little sweet girl in a garden gate.
Laughing she lay in the gold sun's might,
And held for a target to shelter her,
In her little soft fingers, round and white,
The gold-rimmed face of a sunflower.

Laughing she lay in the light where stands
A rough-hewn step in that sunny place,
And her yellow hair hung down to her hands,
Shadowing over her dimpled face.
Her eyes like the blue of the sky, made dim
With the might of the sun that looked at her,
Shone laughing over the serried rim,
Golden set, of the sunflower.

Laughing, for token she gave to me
Three petals out of the sunflower;—
When the petals are withered and gone, shall be
Three verses of mine for praise of her,
That a tender dream of her face may rise
And lighten me yet in another hour,
Of her sunny hair and her beautiful eyes,
Laughing over the gold sunflower.

A. LAMPMAN.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

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

IV.—Continued.

"Oh, German music is the most dreadful baw!" here struck in Lord Glenartney. He had taken an immediate fancy to Kindelon; he liked people who were in a different sphere from himself; he usually went with jockeys and prize-fighters, whenever the demands of his great position permitted such association, in his native country. Here in America he knew only the Poughkeepsie set, that had seized upon him and kept close watch over him ever since he had landed in New York.

"No, I don't at all agree with you there," said Kindelon. "Undoubtedly German music is based upon a grand idea. I should be sorry not to believe so."

"Bless my soul!" laughed his lordship, "I don't know anything about grand ideas! The small ones are quite as much as I can manage comfortably."

"Mr. Kindelon will be shocked by such a confession, I'm sure," said the gentleman (named Fyshkille, who was strikingly slim, who gazed at people condescendingly over a pale parapet of very stiff shirt-collar, and who considered himself to have a natural turn for satire. "He appears to be a person of such grand ideas himself.")

This airy bit of impudence caused Mr. Van Arsdale to twirl one end of a dim, downy, moustache and perpetrate a rather ambiguous giggle. But Mr. Hackensack, who was stout, with a pair of large black eyes, set in a fat, colourless, mindless face, whipped forth a silk pocket-handkerchief, and gave an explosive burst of merriment within its soft folds.

"You seem to be very much amused at something," drawled Sallie, while she looked in her languid way toward her trio of admirers.

"We are," said the satirical Mr. Fyshkille, who prided himself on always keeping his countenance. His two friends, who thought him a devilish clever fellow, both produced another laugh, this time suppressed on the part of each.

Pauline felt keenly annoyed. She glanced at Kindelon, telling herself that he must surely see the pitiable ridicule of which he was being made the butt.

She had, however, quite miscalculated. The self-esteem of Kindelon as utterly failed to realize that he was an object of the slightest banter, whether overt or covert, as though he had been both near-sighted and deaf. He knew nothing of the idle autocracy with which accident had now brought him into contact. He was opposed to it on principle, but he had had no experience of its trivial methods of arrogance. He had come into the box to see Pauline, and he took it broadly for granted that he would be treated with politeness by her surrounders and listened to (provided he assumed that office of general spokesman which he nearly always assumed wherever chance placed him) with admiring attention.

A few minutes later he had stripped his would-be foes of all sting by effectively and solidly manifesting unconsciousness that they had intended to be hostile. He talked of Wagner and his followers with a brilliant force that did not solicit heed and yet compelled it. He discoursed upon the patent absurdities of Italian opera with a nimble wit and an incisive severity. Then he justified his preference for Donizetti and Rossini with a readiness that made his past sarcasm on their modes quickly forgotten. And finally he delivered a eulogy upon the German motive and ideal in music which showed the fine liberality of a mind that recognizes the short-comings in its own predilection, and foresees the inevitable popularity of a more advanced and complicated system.

He had silenced everybody before he finished, but with the silence of respect. He had forced even these petty triflers who dwelt on the mere skirts of all actual life, to recognize him as not simply the comer from a world which they did not care to know about, but from a world greater and higher than any which they were capable of knowing about. And finally, in the flush of this handsome little triumph, he made his exit, just as the curtain was again rising, after a few murmured words to Pauline regarding certain night-work on the New York Asteroid, which must prevent him from seeing the remainder of the performance.

Nobody heeded the opera for at least five minutes after his departure. He had left his spell behind him. Pauline at first marked its cogency, and then observed this gradually dissolve. The flimsiness of their thinking and living returned to them again, in all its paltry reality.

"Of course," murmured Mrs. Poughkeepsie to Pauline, "he is a person who writes books, of one sort or another."

"If they're novels," said Lord Glenartney, "I'd like awfully to know about 'em. I'm fond of readin' a good novel. It's so jolly if one's lyin' daown and can't sleep, but feels a bit seedy, ye know."

"I fancy they must be rather long novels," said Sallie, with a drowsy scorn that suited her big, placid anatomy.

"I wish he'd not run off so; I wanted the address of his hatter," declared the envenomed Mr. Fyshkille.

"Or his tailor," amended Mr. Van Arsdale, with the auxiliary giggle.

"I guess you'd find both somewhere in the Bowery," pursued the fleshy Mr. Hackensack, who always said "I guess," for "I fancy," and had a nasal voice, and an incorrigible American soul inside his correct foreign garments.

Pauline now swept a haughty look at Mr. Fyshkille and his two allies, and said, with open displeasure:

"I suppose you think it an unpardonable sin for any gentleman to suit his own taste in dress, and not copy that of some English model. But your uncivil comments on Mr. Kindelon, before myself, his admitted friend, show me that he might easily teach you a lesson in good manners."

All three of the offenders were now forced to utter words of apology, while Lord Glenartney looked as if he thought Mrs. Varick's wrath great fun, and Sallie exchanged a look of ironical distress with her mother, that seemed to inquire: "What uncomfortable absurdity will Pauline next be guilty of?" But Mrs. Poughkeepsie and Sallie left their kinswoman at her Bond Street residence that night with very agreeable adieus. True, Lord Glenartney occupied a seat in their carriage, but even if this had not been the case, neither mother nor daughter would have vented upon Pauline any of the disapproval she had provoked in them. She was now a power in the world, and near to them in blood, and even her follies merited the leniency of a Poughkeepsie.

But after Sallie and her mother had said good-night to his lordship and were alone at home together, the young lady spoke with querulous disgust of her cousin's behaviour.

"She will lose caste horribly, mamma, if she goes on in this way. It's perfectly preposterous! If there is one thing on earth that is really *low*, it's for a woman to become strong-minded!"

Mrs. Poughkeepsie nodded. "You are just right. But she's her own mistress, and there is no restraining her."

"People *ought* to be restrained," grumbled Sallie, loosening her opera cloak, "when they want to throw away their positions like that."

"Oh, Pauline can't throw herself away so easily," affirmed Mrs. Poughkeepsie, with sapient composure. "No, not with her name and her big income. She will merely get herself laughed at, you know—*encanailler* herself most ludicrously; that is all. We must let her have her head, as one says of a horse. Her father was always full of caprices; he wouldn't have died a poor man if he had not been. She merely has a caprice now. Of course she will come to terms again with society sooner or later, and repent having made such a goose of herself. That is, unless. . ." And here Mrs. Poughkeepsie paused, while a slight but distinct shudder ended her sentence.

Sallie gave a faint, harsh laugh. "Oh, I understand you thoroughly, mamma," she exclaimed. "You mean unless some adventurer like that Mr. Kindelon should induce her to marry him. How awful such a thing would be! I declare, the very thought of it is sickening! With that superb fortune, too! I shouldn't be surprised if he had proposed already! Perhaps she has only been preparing us gradually for the frightful news that she has accepted him!"

But no such frightful news reached the Poughkeepsies, as day succeeded day. Pauline went little into the fashionable throngs, which were at the height of their winter gayeties. She soon quitted her Bond street residence for good, and secured a small basement-house on a side street near Fifth Avenue, furnishing it with that speed in the way of luxurious appointment which a plethoric purse so readily commands.

"I am quite prepared, now," she said to Kindelon, one morning, after having received him in her new and lovely sitting-room, where everything was unique and choice, from the charming chandelier of twisted silver to the silken Japanese screen, rich with bird and flower in gold and crimson. "Of course you understand what I mean."

He affected not to do so. "Prepared?" he repeated, with the gay gleam slipping into his eyes. "For what?"

"My *salon*, of course."

"Oh," he said. "I confess that I suspected what you meant, though I was not quite sure. I almost feared lest your resolution might have undergone a change of late."

"And pray, why?" asked Pauline, raising her brows, with a little imperious smile.

"You have not mentioned the project for surely a good fortnight," he returned. "I had wondered whether or no it had weakened with you."

"It is stronger than ever!" Pauline asseverated. She folded her hands in her lap, and tried to look excessively firm and resolute. She was always particularly handsome when she tried to look thus; she was just slender and feminine enough in type to make the assumption of strength, of determination, especially becoming.

"Ah, very well," replied Kindelon, with one of his richly expressive smiles. "Then I have a proposition to make you. It concerns an immediate course of action on your part. Have you ever heard of Mrs. Hagar Williamson Dares?"

Pauline burst into a laugh. "No. It sounds more like an affirmation than a name. . . 'Mrs. Hagar Williamson Dares.' One feels like saying 'Does she?' Don't think me irredeemably trifling, and please continue. Please tell me, I mean, what remarkable things has this remarkably-named lady done?"

"Nothing."

Pauline's face, full of a pleased anticipation, fell. "Nothing? How tiresome?"

"I mean nothing remarkable," Kindelon went on, "in the luminously intellectual sense. And yet she is a very extraordinary woman. At twenty-five she was divorced from her husband."

Pauline shook her head troubledly. "That does not sound at all promising."

"He was a dissolute wretch. The Courts easily granted her a release from him. At this time she was almost penniless. The question, as she had two little children, naturally arose: 'How are we three to live?' She had been reared in a New England home; her dead father had been a man of extensive learning, and at one time the principal of a successful school. Hagar had always had 'a taste for writing,' as we call it. She began by doing criticisms for a New York journal of rather scholarly tendency, whose editor had combined pity for her almost starving condition

with appreciation of her undoubted talents. But the prices that the poor struggling young mother received were necessarily very meagre. She became practical. She asked herself if there was no other way of earning money by her pen. She soon discovered a way; it did not require her to know about Diderot, and Strauss and Spinoza, with all of whose writings (and with many classics more of equal fame) she was finely familiar, it simply required that she should lay aside every vestige of literary pride and write *practically*. Good Heavens! what a word that word 'practical' is in literature! You must tell the people how to bake a pie, to cure a headache, to bleach a shirt, to speak the truth, to clean silverware, to make a proposal of marriage. Mrs. Dares did it in country letters, in city letters, in newspaper editorials, in anonymous fine print columns, in the back parts of fashion and household magazines—and she does it still. For a number of years past she has superintended a periodical of the popular sort, which I dare say you have never heard of. The amount of work that she accomplishes is enormous. A strong man would stagger under it, but this frail woman (you'll think her frail when you see her) bears it with wondrous endurance. Her life has been a terrible failure, looked at from one point of view—for it is scarcely exaggeration to say that had she not been handicapped by poverty in the beginning she might have swayed and charmed her generation with great books. But from another point of view her life has been a sublime success; she has trampled all aspiration under foot, forsworn every impulse of honourable egotism, and toiled for the maintenance of a home, for the education of her two daughters. They are both grown up, now—girls who are themselves bread-winners like their mother, and bearing their yoke of labour as cheerfully, though not with the same splendid strength, as she. One is a school teacher in a well-known *kindergarten* here, and one has become an artist of no contemptible ability. Meanwhile Mrs. Dares has not merely established a pleasant and refined household; she has caused to be diffused from it, as a social centre, the warm radiations of a sweet, wholesome hospitality. Like some of the high-born Fifth Avenue leaders of fashion, she has her 'evenings.' But they are of a totally different character. They are not 'select;' I don't claim that grace for them. And yet they are very interesting, very typical. Some shabby people meet there—shabby, I mean, in mental ways no less than in character and costume. But the prevailing element is of a higher order than they. Anyone whom Mrs. Dares believes to be an earnest worker in the field of letters will have no difficulty about gaining her favour. I think she would rather greet in her rooms some threadbare young poet who had published at his own expense a slim little volume of poems possessing distinct merit and having received the snubs of both critics and public, than welcome some rich and successful writer whose real claim upon recognition she honestly doubted. And for this reason she makes mistakes. I have no doubt she is aware of making them. When we search the highways and hedges for cases of deserving charity, we cannot but light upon at least an occasional impostor—to put the matter as optimistically as possible. And now let me tell you that if my mighty explanatory outburst has roused your desire to meet Mrs. Dares, the opportunity to do so lies well within your reach."

"How?" said Pauline. And then, as if abashed by the brusque abruptness of her own question, she added, with a little penitent nod; "Oh, yes; you mean that she has kindly consented to let you bring her here."

(To be continued.)

EVENINGS AT HOME.

A HUMAN SKULL.

A human skull! I bought it passing cheap,
Indeed, 'twas dearer to its first employer!
I thought mortality did well to keep
Some mute memento of the Old Destroyer.

Time was, some may have prized its blooming skin;
Here lips were woo'd, perhaps, in transport tender;
Some may have chuck'd what was a dimpled chin,
And never had my doubt about its gender.

Did she live yesterday or ages back?
What colour were the eyes when bright and waking?
And were your ringlets fair, or brown, or black,
Poor little head! that long has done with aching?

It may have held (to shoot some random shots)
Thy brains, Eliza Fry, or Baron Byron's;
The wits of Nelly Gwynn, or Doctor Watts'—
Two quoted bards; two philanthropic sirens.

But this I trust is clearly understood:
If man or woman is adored or hated—
Whoever owned this Skull was not so good
Nor quite so bad as many may have stated.

Who love can need no special type of Death;
Death steals his icy hand where love reposes;
Alas for love, alas for fleeting breath—
Immortelle's bloom with Beauty's bridal roses.

Oh! true-love mine, what lines of care are these?
The heart still lingers with its golden hours,
But fading tints are on the chestnut trees,
And where is all that lavish wealth of flowers?

The end is near. Life lacks what once it gave,
Oft death has promises that call for praises;
A very worthless rogue may dig the grave,
But hands unseen will dress the turf with daisies.

THE VILLAGE.

It is the last day of July: for a thousand versts on every side lies Russia—home. The whole sky is a shadowless blue; one little cloud only floats upon it and melts away. A windless, sultry calm, the air like warm milk.

The larks trill, the doves coo, the swallows sweep by with their swift and noiseless flight, the horses neigh and crop the grass, the dogs stand about, gently wagging their tails, but not barking.

There is a mingled smell of smoke, hay, tar and leather.

The hemp is ripe, and gives forth its penetrating but pleasant odour.

In a deep, gently-sloping ravine grow rows of thick-topped, weather-beaten willows. Below them flows a brook; in its bed the stones quiver beneath the rippling surface of the water. In the distance, where earth and sky join, is to be seen the blue line of a broad river.

On one side of the ravine are a number of neat little barns and store-houses, their doors all carefully closed; on the other side, half a dozen peasants' huts built of fir logs and boards. Every roof is surmounted by a bird-house on the top of a tall pole; on the gables are tin horses' heads with stiff manes. The rough panes of glass shimmer with all the colours of the rainbow. On the window-shutters are vases of flowers painted in a very primitive fashion. Before the houses stand heavy benches, with here and there a cat curled up in a ball, with pointed, transparent ears; behind the high threshold is the cool, dark interior.

I am lying on a horse-blanket close to the edge of the ravine, amid scattering heaps of the fragrant new-mown hay. The busy peasants have spread the hay out before the houses, that it may dry in the summer sun; then it goes into the barn—it is delightful to sleep upon.

Curly-headed children peep out from under heaps of hay; busy hens pick about after beetles and flies; a young dog is rolling on the grass.

Brown-haired lads in long white blouses, belted at the waist, and with heavy boots on, are leaning against a cart and laughing together, and chaffing one another. A young, round-faced woman looks out of the window, and laughs half at the boys and half at the children frolicking in the hay. Another young woman is drawing with her stout arms a great dripping bucket out of the well. The bucket sways and trembles on the rope and lets fall long, sparkling drops.

An old woman is standing before me; she has on a new checked dress and new leather shoes.

Three rows of large glass beads encircle her withered, sunburnt throat; her gray hair is covered with a red and yellow-striped kerchief, which hangs low over her dull eyes.

But the old eyes smile pleasantly, the whole of her wrinkled face smiles: the old creature must be nearly eighty years old. . . . Yet one can still see that she was beautiful as a girl.

The brown, claw-like fingers of her right hand hold a cup which is full of cold milk, fresh from the cellar. The outside of the cup is covered with drops of moisture. On the palm of her left hand she reaches out to me a large slice of fresh black bread,—“Eat, and may it do you good!” Suddenly the cock crows and claps his wings; answered soon by the bleating of a calf from the barn. “I call that cheekey,” I hear my coachman say.

This contentment, this rest and plenty in a free Russian village! Oh, this blessed quiet!

And I think to myself: What is the need of a cross on the Church of Santa Sophia of Constantinople, and all that sort of thing, that we city people think so much of!—From *Tourguéniff's Poems in Prose*.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

Who in Bagdad does not know great Jaffar, the sun of the universe? Once, many years ago, when Jaffar was a youth, he was walking in the neighbourhood of Bagdad.

Suddenly he heard a hoarse cry—some one calling for help.

Jaffar was distinguished among his companions for wise judgment and lofty understanding, but he had also a sympathetic heart, and could depend upon his strength. He hastened in the direction of the call, and saw a weak old man crowded against the city wall by two highwaymen, who were about to rob him.

Jaffar drew his sabre and attacked the rascals; one he killed and one he put to flight. The old man whom he had saved fell at the feet of his deliverer, kissed the hem of his garment, and exclaimed, “Brave youth!

your generosity shall not go unrewarded. I appear to be a miserable beggar; but appearances are deceitful. I am no ordinary man. Come tomorrow at daybreak to the market-place; I will wait for you there at the fountain, and you shall be convinced of the truth of my words."

Jaffar considered: "This man really seems to be only a beggar,—but who knows? Why should I not make the trial? And he answered and said: "Well, father, I will come!"

The old man looked at him and went away.

The next morning at daybreak, Jaffar betook him to the market-place. The old man was already waiting for him, leaning against the marble basin of the fountain. He took Jaffar silently by the hand and led him into a little garden, which was surrounded by a high wall.

In the middle of this garden from the greensward grew a peculiar kind of tree. It looked like a cypress, but had deep blue leaves. Three apples hung from the stiff, erect boughs,—one, a middling-sized apple was oval and milk-white; another, large, round and bright-red; the third, small, wrinkled and yellow.

The tree rustled softly, although no breeze was blowing. It tinkled gently, as if it were made of glass; and it seemed to be conscious of Jaffar's approach.

"Young man!" said the old man, "pluck one of these apples, and know that if you pluck the white one and eat it, you will become wiser than all other men; if you pluck the red one and eat it, you will become as rich as the Rothschilds; but if you pluck the yellow one and eat it, you will win the favor of all old women. Decide without delay; in one hour the fruit will wither and the tree sink into the depths of the earth!" Jaffar bowed his head and considered, "How shall I decide," he muttered to himself. "If I am too wise, my life may be miserable. If I become richer than everybody else, that may excite envy, so I will pluck and eat the third apple." He did so, and the old man laughed with his toothless mouth, and said, "Oh, wisest of young men! You have chosen rightly! Why should you want the white apple? You are already wiser than Solomon.

"The red apple you don't need either; you will become rich without its aid, and yet excite no one's envy."

"Now tell me, venerable old man," said Jaffar trembling with joy, "where the esteemed mother of our gracious Caliph lives." The old man bowed low and showed the young man the way there.

Who in Bagdad does not know the sun of the universe,—the great, the celebrated Jaffar?—From *Tourguénif's Poems in Prose.*

IS FRIDAY AN UNLUCKY DAY?

Perhaps the world will never get over the idea that Friday is an unlucky day. That the crucifixion occurred on a Friday is more than can be proved. But admitting all that is claimed, there have been many events occurring on this unlucky day that were decidedly the reverse of unlucky. Of course, a long list might be given, but a few, connected chiefly with American history, will do. On Friday, August 3, 1492, Columbus sailed from Palos on his memorable voyage of discovery, and on Friday, October 12th, he discovered the first land, the island which he called San Salvador. On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VIII. commissioned John Cabot, and this commission is the first English state paper on record concerning America. On Friday, September 7, 1505, St. Augustine, Fla., was founded—the oldest town in the United States. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower made land at Princetown, and on the same day the Pilgrims signed the compact which was the forerunner of our constitution. On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. On Friday, February 22, 1732, Washington was born. On Friday, June 16, 1775, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 8, 1777, occurred the surrender at Saratoga. On Friday, September 25, 1780, Arnold's treason was discovered. On Friday, October 19, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and the war for independence ended in complete victory. Other events might be named. In the war with Mexico the battle of Palo Alto began on Friday. The north-western boundary question, which threatened war with England, was settled on Friday of the same year. On Friday, the Confederates captured Fort Sumter, and precipitated the war for the Union. The Port Royal forts were taken by the Union forces on Friday; the battle of Pea Ridge closed on Friday; slavery was abolished in the District of Columbia on Friday; Fort Pulaski was taken, Memphis was taken, Fredericksburg bombarded, the battle of Gettysburg was ended, Lee defeated at Five Forks, the Union flag restored to Fort Sumter, all on Friday.—*Second Century.*

ANIMAL SUICIDES.

Scorpions are extremely prone to suicide when subjected to great physical pain. Place one within a circle of fire, and it will invariably throw forward its tail and wound itself fatally, seemingly preferring to die in this way than to endure the torture of fire. Spiders and ants attempt the same, tearing off their own legs and stinging their bodies. Crabs and lobsters often throw off their claws and legs, and so escape, while some of the starfishes, when lifted from their homes, fairly drop in pieces. Such an occurrence is described by Professor Forbes, of London, and it has probably been the experience of every collecting naturalist. He says:

"The first time I took one of these creatures I succeeded in placing it entire in my boat. Not having seen one before, and being ignorant of its suicidal powers, I spread it out on a rowing bench the better to admire its form and colours. On attempting to remove it for preservation, to my horror and disappointment I found only an assemblage of detached members. The next time I went to the same spot to dredge I determined not to be cheated out of my specimen a second time. I carried with me a bucket of

fresh water, for which the starfish evinces a great antipathy. As I hoped, a luidia soon came up in the dredge—a most gorgeous specimen. As the animal does not generally break up until it is raised to the surface of the sea, I carefully and anxiously plunged my bucket to a level with the dredge's mouth, and softly introduced the luidia into the fresh water. Whether the water was too cold for it, or the sight of the bucket too terrific, I do not know, but in a moment it began to dissolve its corporation, and I saw the limbs slip through every mesh in the net. In my despair I seized the largest piece and brought up the extremity of an arm with its terminal eye, the spinous eyelid of which opened and closed with something exceedingly like a wink of derision."

In the island of Lugon, Semper found a snail that, did he attempt to take it by the tail, would throw off the useful member and elude his grasp. The same is true of the so-called glass snake which often breaks into several sections when alarmed.

PERIODICALS.

THE progress *The Continent* is making thoroughly justifies its act in removing to New York. The issue for January 2nd shows improvement on all sides. There is a good display of advertisements, which means an infinite deal to the eye of the practical publisher. The illustrations are unusually good. "Lake George," drawn by Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson, is simply exquisite. Mrs. Helen Campbell contributes a paper on Gray's Elegy, the illustrations to which, especially that by F. B. Schell, for the line,

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,"

are at high-water mark. Dr. McCook's papers, "Tenants of an Old Farm," are remarkably instructive and entertaining; and they are illustrated admirably. Mr. Newell's odd story continues undeniably interesting, though several of the most important characters persist in talking most pedantically on all occasions. A decidedly good sketch, well written and racy, is that entitled, "McWilliams's Luck," by W. W. Howard. Excepting for Miss Meta Thorne's Christmas poem, which is good, the poetry of the number is, as is so frequently the case with this periodical, very unsatisfactory.

MCWILLIAM'S LUCK.—BY WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

McWilliams was down on his luck.

I do not wish it to be inferred from this that McWilliams ever had any luck in particular, or was likely to have, as fortune's fickle wheel spun him away into the future. Neither do I wish it to be thought that he had been a victim of continuous ill-luck, for such, I feel bound to say, was not the case. His had been an indifferent, mongrel sort of luck, scarcely equal to sudden flights of reckless sublimity, nor mean enough to sink to a comforting level of actual mental misery. A positive luck of either complexion might have been consistent, but an indifferent, neglectful luck was disheartening, giving the depressing feeling that the man was not to be thought of even for a plaything of fate. For some time it has been a matter of conjecture with me whether or not McWilliams would have succeeded better in early life had he recognized the indifference of his luck, and so set fate at defiance. Fate is bound to respect the man that strikes for himself, and if the battle be well fought, she will bestow upon him the sweetest smiles of her daughter Fortune.

McWilliams, unfortunately, never recognized this. He had lived with the half-defined notion that fortune would some day turn in his favour, and that he would achieve enduring success without much effort of his own. He followed this belief with a singleness of purpose which, had it been applied in a more practical direction, would have brought his expectations to a realization. A blind faith in fortune, or luck, even when fortune is kind, is more injurious than most people imagine. Like a young woman with a too-constant lover, fortune grows tired of her idolatrous follower and plays him scurvy tricks without limit.

Luck had played villainous pranks with McWilliams time out of mind, and McWilliams had taken them so uncomplainingly and so good-naturedly that to all fair-minded persons it seemed a distressing case. If McWilliams had known what pranks were being performed upon the bridge of his own nose, he would have thrown the fickle flirt over his shoulder without hesitation; but he didn't know, and he kept straight along, with annoying persistence, making luck into a sort of second-hand religion. There was no missionary to convert him, and he swarmed along through early life half-enveloped in a cloud of doubts and barbaric beliefs. And he was exasperatingly good-natured and courteous; almost any one might impose upon him. This was illustrated in the battle of the Wilderness, when McWilliams, after fighting with unexampled bravery at the head of an assaulting party, rushed gallantly to haul down the stars and bars that floated above the redoubt. He kept the enemy at bay with his sword, while, with his disengaged hand, he tried to haul down the flag. He had nearly succeeded, when some one called to him, "Let the colonel cut down the flag!" With the instinctive courtesy of his nature McWilliams stepped aside to see his superior officer's gleaming sword sever the cord that held the flag. Of course, the colonel got credit for the deed, while McWilliams, who had won the ground by hard fighting, was unnoticed. As I have said, almost anybody could impose upon McWilliams.

In saying that McWilliams was down on his luck, I wish to suggest that at the time at which we make his acquaintance he was in the proud condition of having been noticed (in an adverse way) by fortune. It seemed as though ill-luck, having tomahawked him for his own good, had scalped him as a cure against further conceit. It was high time evidently, that the trodden worm should turn sea-serpent and swallow its tormentor. Even a worm that has spirit enough to turn, gains the fear of some and the respect of everybody. Fate would much rather notice a spirited worm than a cowardly lion.

The favoured spot at which McWilliams was down on his luck was Pithole. All Americans, and a great many foreigners, that were alive in the summer of 1865, will remember Pithole. It was at that time, and for a year afterward, the "eighth wonder of the world," an excitable, erratic city, built in a day, worshipping the green flood of petroleum that flowed up from holes in the earth, and baptized in mud a fathom deep. There has been nothing like it in all the romantic history of the oil country since. Oil was discovered on the Holmden farm early in the year, and, before summer closed, the wooded hills upheld an eager city, third in postal importance in the great State of Pennsylvania. It rose in a night, and like its heavenly prototype, the comet, blazed forth for a brief season, and then went out. Perhaps there was a touch of destiny in the name. It was just after the war, when good names were scarce, and the new town was allowed to name itself. A natural pit, or hole, in the rocks on the summit of a

neighbouring mountain, furnished material for a title, and the town, with roystering indifference, adopted the suggestion.

The day on which McWilliams admitted to his inner consciousness that he was down on his luck was January 29th, 1866. It was something of a comfort to him, even in that condition, to know that fortune had deigned to notice him. He had drifted in on that stream of men fresh from the trenches of the hostile south, and, in common with his neighbours, had invested his savings in what was then mere speculation. He had leased a small tract of land on the hillside above the town, and started to drill for oil. This was in the early summer, or spring, of 1865. Developments in the immediate neighbourhood were so uniformly successful that McWilliams was looked upon as a lucky fellow and future oil prince. From the awakening of this sentiment I date the beginning of McWilliams's run of ill-luck, for at this time he was shamefully imposed upon by a young woman in Oil City.

The young woman was good enough in her way, but her way, unfortunately, was a little out of the orthodox line. Personally, and so far as any one knew, she stood without reproach, but her ideas of life, I grieve to say, were somewhat warped. She was anxious (but, for the sake of euphemism, let us say 'ambitious') to get a husband. I am inclined to the belief that she did not expect to love her husband when she got him, for she had had time enough on her hands to love two or three husbands. It would have been an easy matter for her to get married had she cared less for social distinction and a future free from trades-people's bills, but a praiseworthy desire to shine as the wife of an oil prince caused her to throw a drag net over the unsuspecting head of McWilliams. This net took the shape of a plausible argument to the effect that McWilliams's casual meetings with the young woman were compromising in their tendency, and that, unless McWilliams was enough in earnest to clear her name of reproach, he should leave the country until the society of Oil City forgot him. This was arrant humbug, as every liberal-minded woman in the oil country will attest; but, as I have said, McWilliams was easily imposed upon. Like a thorough-going oil man he refused to let anything stand between him and the oil well of his dreams, and in a straightforward, honest sort of way, he married the young woman out of hand.

Mrs. McWilliams ought to have been happy; but if the unsolicited testimony of disinterested witnesses may be allowed as evidence, it would seem that she was in a state of constant dissatisfaction and misery. With a wariness truly Scotch in its origin and tendency, McWilliams refused to launch into extravagance in living until the capacity of the Pithole lease should be known. This vexed Mrs. McWilliams beyond endurance; and it came to pass in early winter, when the lease failed to produce anything but the driest kind of dry wells, that the indignant wife, declaring that McWilliams had failed in his duty toward her, left the oil country to try her fortunes elsewhere. After paying his wife's debts, McWilliams—now penniless and friendless—seated himself on a stump on the hillside above Pithole and admitted to himself, with a dull feeling of satisfaction, that he was down on his luck.

McWilliams's luck had deserted him at last! The hopeful man had waited a long time for fortune's wheel to stop in front of him; and now that it had stopped a flying spoke had knocked him down. Most strong and healthy persons will resent a blow, even from fate. With a Scotch slowness to wrath—after picking himself up and seating himself on the stump above the town—McWilliams observed that his luck had treated him cruelly. Sitting there, watching the busy wells around him, the puffs of steam that floated away like snowy banners from panting engines; hearing the rattle of machinery and the clang of busy hammers, and noting with sullen brow the prosperity of hundreds of men beside him, McWilliams gave rein to his swelling temper and with sturdy arm aimed blows at fate.

The process of it was altogether unrecognized by McWilliams. This revolt at fate was in another form, but a renunciation of a religion, and the ultimate issue was neither argued with nor questioned. The subtle sophistry of unknown argument within him did not find its way to his lips. So far as can be learned his utterances were emphatic and commonplace. "Well," said he, "I guess I'm pretty low down now; luck's all gone to thunder, and no mistake. Luck? To the devil with luck! Who said anything about luck? There's no such thing. Hard work makes it—hard, steady, pounding work."

The debate within him sent out no bulletins to the public for several minutes. At length, when the sun suffused his thoughtful eyes with golden radiance from the western hilltops, McWilliams roused himself angrily, and with a little "To hell with luck!" strode down to the town.

Fate must have paused in surprise to see its grandchild, Luck, so grievously flouted by a hitherto harmless slave. She must have respected him then, for McWilliams was beyond her power. He had taken his destiny into his own hands.

The morning of the 29th day of January, 1866, saw McWilliams at work with a shovel on the edge of his lease. He was digging a water well. "Most likely find a quicksand or a coal bed here," he muttered grimly. "Drilled for oil and found salt-water on the upper edge. Things seem to go by contraries with me." Luck having no connection with this well, neither quicksand nor coals were found, but water, pure, fresh spring-water, in volume sufficient to supply half the town. Later in the day McWilliams put into the well a box pump of his own manufacture, and with the help of a dozen barrels and a few lengths of two-inch iron pipe established the McWilliams' Water Works.

McWilliams was pretty low down on his luck at this time; for he was less than a heifer of wood—he was a drawer of water. In Pithole in 1865-66 the drawing of water was much more profitable than it had been in ancient Palestine. In dry months water retailed at 10 cents a drink and \$1 per bucket; but in the closing days of January 60 cents per barrel was the ruling price. Even in the dry months there was little danger of a water famine, for, as the price of drinking water increased, the demand fell off to such an extent that O'Reilly, a saloon-keeper who had come to Pithole with a keg of liquor on his back and thirteen cracked glasses in his pockets, was enabled to buy a diamond pin as big as a walnut and to run as the popular candidate for mayor. At the time when McWilliams' broad back began to heave up and down with the motion of the pump-handle, water was cheap enough to drink, and yet not too expensive for an occasional cleansing of soiled linen; so that at the end of the first day's pumping McWilliams considered himself justified in looking forward to the time when he might put in a boiler and engine and steam-pump.

At the close of the second day McWilliams was so well satisfied with his defiance of fate, fortune and luck, that he determined to quit his boarding-place, and, for the sake of economy, take up his residence in an abandoned engine-house on his lease. This engine-house was all that remained of his attempt to strike oil; the derrick, boiler, engine and other machinery having been sold to pay his quondam wife's debts.

With the hands engaged in purely mechanical labor, the busy mind breaks away from the menial office of the body and soars into a world of its own. The unthinking hand plods on, the quiet eye performs its part; but the mind, roaming at its will, builds castles, towns and cities, paints pictures in bright array at close of day, until ambition, filled with light and hope, returns to cheer and soothe the wearied senses that in honest labor wore the hours away. Suddenly awakened from its lethargy, McWilliams's strong mind ran on before, and with a master hand built water works, laid lines of pipe, and poured into the owner's pockets a stream of gold. The practical outcome of this hopeful train of thought became apparent on the first day of February, when McWilliams, after working-hours, began to dig foundations for the new boiler and pump.

Those three (scape) graces, old grandmother Fate, her worldly-wise daughter, Fortune, and her impulsive granddaughter, Luck, watched McWilliams with curious attention that day. Here was a former slave, in defiance of their teachings, well started on the road to prosperity; here was a case that demanded attention. If McWilliams, by sheer force of will and energy, could get along without them, they surely could not get along without him. They *must* get him back in some way, and with this resolve they retired to work out their plot.

The fourth day of February, 1866, will long be remembered by men that drill for crude petroleum. It was the day on which Fate shot her last arrow at McWilliams. Leaving the clumsy pump and greasy water-barrels in charge of an indigent negro, McWilliams set off for Oil City to buy machinery for his new enterprise. Second-hand engines and pumps were not plentiful, but after a tiresome walk up Oil Creek McWilliams succeeded in purchasing what he wanted.

It was late in the afternoon when, on his return, he came in sight of the hills of Pithole. A towering cloud of smoke hung over the city. Holmden street was in flames. The Tremont House, the Syracuse House, the United States Hotel, the Buffalo House, and the Chautauqua livery stables were great blocks of fire.

McWilliams hastened forward. His first thoughts were for his pumps and water-barrels. Of course, in their eagerness to subdue the fire the citizens would seize upon his pump and use all the water without a thought of remuneration. In hasty or careless pumping they would destroy the well or pump it dry. Panting and breathless, McWilliams looked eagerly at the burning buildings. Only a dozen or so of frantic men seemed to be near them, and no water was being thrown on the flames. The well must have gone dry! McWilliams sat down upon a stump and groaned. Fighting against fate was a hard job, after all. After a few moments he rose and resolutely pushed on toward his lease. He would know the worst. The Scotch grit in him came to the surface, and he determined, with set teeth and clenched hands, that neither fate, luck nor the devil could swerve him a hair's breadth in his purpose. He would succeed; hell itself had no power that would make him pause.

But what was this as he climbed a slight rise of ground? Three thousand men were crowded upon his lease. Something unusual had occurred. It could not have been that the well had merely gone dry; no one cared about that. It could not have been that the negro had fallen into a quicksand and disappeared; no one cared about a white man's life, much less a negro's. What was it—what was fate's revenge?

The crowd pressed like madmen about the pump. Greasy drillers, with strong, rude motions, elbowed aside less stalwart men and trod on the toes of finely-dressed speculators from the East. Small men went down like straws in the crush and were carried out half strangled. Employer fought with workman for places at the pump.

"What new misfortune is this?" cried McWilliams, as a man dashed past him. "They pumped your well dry, and—" The runner was gone before the sentence could be finished.

The well had gone dry! This was enough to start with. What next? McWilliams forced his way into the crowd with fierce energy. Men recognized him and gave him room.

The pump-handle was flying up and down like a runaway walking-beam. Then McWilliams, crowding forward, suddenly stopped. Something there—there where his eyes were chained—sent the blood back upon his heart, and left his cheeks and lips like ashes. It was oil!

McWilliams's luck had run on to its uttermost limit; it had done its worst, and here was the result. McWilliams had pumped for water and found oil! The first of the wonderful surface wells of Pithole had been struck. Did McWilliams care? No; for in that trying moment, when the sun threw the radiance of that sparkling stream of oil into his staring eyes, the Scotch perverseness held its own. He had done with fate and luck forever.

"Fore God, Massa," shouted the negro, as he caught sight of McWilliams in the crowd, "I'se po'ful glad to see you. I pump dis yer ting for de fire, an' de mo' dey frows on de mo' de fire burns."

The negro was right. It will be remembered that the discovery of the famous surface wells was due to the fire on Holmden Street. In speechless amazement the firemen saw streams of water turn to fire and go blazing heavenward. When it became known that the water-well on the hillside was belching forth a torrent of oil, the fire lost all attraction except to the hotel proprietors and persons financially interested. For a full description of the scene I cheerfully refer the reader to the flowing English of the Pithole Record of February 5, 1866.

McWilliams received this gift of fortune with sullen thankfulness; much in the same spirit as that in which an angry, wilful child accepts a favour that it has fought for. He took what was given; but there was no concession in word or thought. It was a part of his resolution to take things as they come—he had already learned to part with them as they go; which was much the harder.

I need not detail the events following the discovery of the Pithole surface wells. Having served their purpose these wells fell away to nothing. They were but the heralds of that greater fall, in which Pithole itself went down into material oblivion. Flower and fern bloom and wave over its ruins now.

McWilliams sold his lease when prices sat on the very summit of their wild glory, and following the line of development into other fields bought cautiously and wisely. He gained the reputation of being a careful operator—a man who, leaving nothing to chance, pounded away until success, through sheer weariness, gave up her store of wealth. Fortune tried to play with him once or twice, but gave up in despair. Nothing could withstand the careful attention to detail with which he hammered away at his own chosen ideas.

Mrs. McWilliams returned with the intention of setting up a brilliant establishment. She went away again with a check for five thousand dollars in her pocket. In exchange she had given a written promise never to return. As I have suggested elsewhere, it was an uneasy thing to impose upon McWilliams. A month afterward she was lost in a storm, while on her way to Europe.

Last winter, while standing as an idle visitor in the correspondents' gallery in the House of Representatives at Washington, I heard a strong, steady, familiar voice deliver a speech on the tariff question. The honourable member went at his subject hammer and tongs, and by his dogged earnestness claimed the close attention of the whole house. Something in his gesture, in a forgetful moment, spun me back to the oil regions. It was McWilliams!

As he finished his speech he saw me and hastened upstairs to meet me. His grip was stronger and even more persistent than his speech.

"How's your luck, McWilliams?" I asked, when the first explosion of good-will on both sides were over.

"Oh, hang the luck," said he, "I never think of it. All the luck there is in life is that which you can pound out with your fist. It's hard work and plenty of it. But come down to Willard's; my wife will be delighted to see you."

"Your wife?"

"Yes; not the first one—she's in the bottom of the sea, poor thing—but Miss Child; she kept the school at Oil City, you know."

"What, the little girl from New England?"

"The same."

"You must have had luck with you there, McWilliams."

"No; not exactly. She said it wasn't luck; but that I kept at it so persistently, so perseveringly, she had to marry me. But come—come along."

And I went.

FROM *The Queen* we cannot forbear quoting fragments of a paper dealing with "Our Slipshod Cousin." We commend it earnestly to all whom it may concern.

The untidiest little varlet to be found within the four seas, the stamp of disorder was marked on our slipshod cousin from her birth. With an artistic sense of what is beautiful, and a wholesome sense of what is right, our slipshod cousin contrives to be always in the midst of ugliness because of disorder; and to be always doing mischief because of neglect of times and forgetfulness of promises. She will take infinite pains,

and even go to an absurd expense, to get the exact shade of some unearthly colour which is the only one she will wear if it be a gown, or suffer before her eyes if it be a carpet, a table-cover, a portiere. But when all is done, she spoils the effect of the one by a crumpled frill, a bit of frayed ribbon, soiled gloves, shabby shoes—and the value of the other is lost in the want of arrangement, the heaped up mass of heterogeneous waifs and strays strewed all about, which gave one the impression of a Noah's Ark before the beasts had settled themselves in their respective stalls.

Wherever our slipshod cousin passes she leaves her mark as unmistakably as the print of a bird in the snow or a whirlwind over the sand. In fact, she is something like a whirlwind in little, and sets the small things flying and the light ones floating wherever she appears. She is not rude, nor coarse, nor naturally noisy, but she is always in a hurry; she never sees all round her, nor, for the matter of that, straight before her; and she has the habit, therefore, of brushing against all that she ought to avoid and of knocking down all that is not absolutely immovable.

Our slipshod cousin is always in that state which women mean when they say they are "caught." Whenever people call, they find her unprepared and in a state of disorder both in person and in circumstance. This is partly because she cannot be got to understand the need of fixed times and settled places. If she has an interview with her dressmaker she takes off her gown in the drawing-room and is fitted on before the fire—because it is so cold upstairs and she is afraid of taking a chill. She is sure no one will come; it is not one o'clock yet, and who can come at such an unusual time? But she forgets that she herself appointed that lady who wrote to her about the character of Mary Jane to come at half past twelve, and that said lady may be expected to turn up at any moment. So she does, while our slipshod cousin is standing before the fire, with her old dress about her feet and her new one pinned on to her shoulders, and is ushered into the drawing-room by the footman—our slipshod cousin having forgotten to lock the door or to say that she was invisible. Her untidiness and want of thought cost poor Mary Jane her place, for the lady, who was a martinet with a tight hand and rigid notions, was very naturally not inclined to take any one into her service who had been sent to the unending muddle of of our slipshod cousin's.

The saints of old, solicitous to find such penance as should ensure their salvation by the patience with which they endured their pain and the constancy carried to their afflictions, never tried travelling with our slipshod cousin. Had they done so they would not have needed hair shirts, nor unboiled peas in their shoes, nor the "business end of tin tacks" set up on their beds to lie on o' nights, nor any of the thousand and one ingenious devices for self-torture and discomfort by which they hoped to win eternal bliss. The ways and works of our slipshod cousin would have been enough. She is, in fact, a penance in herself that can scarcely be surpassed. Pretty, good-tempered, pleasant in manner, and by no means a fool, she is yet, as a travelling companion, an infliction to which a blister is an anodyne and a mustard plaster a compress of rose leaves. Never by any chance in time, she is for the most part so late as to lose the early morning train by which alone the journey could be done in one day, or the boat which sails only twice in the week. She has nothing packed when all the rest have their trunks strapped and labelled; and when the porter is carrying down the luggage of the rest to the hotel omnibus standing at the door, she is kneeling in the midst of confusion to which chaos alone affords a parallel. She has always twice as much to get into her trunks as they will hold, at least with her mode of packing. For she does not pack, she piles; and then she wonders why her luggage "swells" as no one's else seems to do, and how it is that what went in so easily at home, leaving free spaces and available margins everywhere under the packing of her mother, her sister, or her maid, is now absolutely impossible. It is as if her "gowns and things," as she calls her effects, were like those Pharaoh's serpents in fashion a few years ago, or like an expanded flower which no human ingenuity could ever fold back into the calix.

When urged to seize that fast vanishing forelock and to get her things ready betimes our slipshod cousin answers with imperturbable equanimity: "Oh there is no hurry! We have plenty of time!" When still further prodded, and your watch for further emphasis, thrust before her eyes, she drags out hers from her bosom, where the chain or the bow gets entangled among the pins which do duty for buttons, the buttons which are weak about the neck, the hooks which waggle like Chinese mandarins' heads when they are touched, and triumphantly proves that you are at least twenty minutes too fast. For she is always about that amount of time too slow, and she will never be convinced that she is wrong and that you are right by railroad time. At last when she is got under way—with what difficulty! she finds that she has left something behind her. This is invariable. Either it is her purse or her keys—something of importance and quite indispensable; or it is a comparative trifle, such as a handkerchief, a pair of scissors, or the like. In any case it is something.

Another of her peculiarities is, she never pays twice alike. Sometimes she gives a franc where she ought to give five; sometimes she gives five where one would have been almost more than enough. It all depends on her mood of the moment, our slipshod cousin disdaining those fixed principles by which the mass of reasonable folk are governed, and acting as the humour takes her in all her dealings with her kind. Fortunately, that humour is generally good and amiable, else she would be indeed intolerable. A creature like our slipshod cousin, peevish, complaining, quarrelsome, fault-finding, would be something even beyond the patience of Job, the constancy of saints. To be incompetent for her own part and then to throw the blame of that incompetency on others, would be simply insupportable; and, just as camels when they are overloaded kneel down and die, so would the companion of a person of this kind be forced to give up and let the fates work their will. But one may love what one cannot respect; and our slipshod cousin, though a nuisance, an infliction, a torment—what you will—has certain qualities of heart which make one forgive her defects of head, and "put up with her," as the saying goes, with what patience one can command.

THE January number of *Lippincott's* maintains the usual standard of excellence of that magazine. Among the most valuable and interesting of its contents may be mentioned "Life at Oxford," by Norman Pearson, a paper which none will care to put by till they have read it all; "Notes of a Conversation with Emerson," by Pendleton King, a subject which cannot fail to allure the reader; "Matthew Arnold on Emerson," by L. J. Swinburne; "Healthy Homes," by Felix L. Oswald, and other well-written and study-repaying papers. The fiction department does not lag behind, and the verse by John Moran and Henry A. Beers is in keeping with the general contents. Belle Osbourne contributes "Hawaii Pono, a Sketch," in which she describes the coronation of King Kalukarra and Queen Kapiolani, of Hawaii:

On each side of the pavilion stood a man burning a bundle of kukui-nuts wrapped in leaves, which is an emblem of royalty, while rows of natives in black evening dress, with small feather capes over their shoulders and holding things that look like enormous feather dusters and are called *kahilis*, were stationed beside the bridge. An old woman in the audience invoked blessings on the dead king in a shrill, monotonous voice.

When the royal party were finally settled in the pavilion, the band played "Hawaii Pono," the national anthem, and then the chief justice administered the oath. The crown, which reposed on a silken cushion, was presented to the king, who placed it on his own head, but was obliged to screw it round several times before it could be made to fit. Then a page bent the knee and handed him the queen's crown. A maid of honour removed a small coronet from her majesty's head, and in so doing displaced a

considerable portion of the royal frizzes. The king then placed the crown upon his consort's brow, but, in his agitation put it on a little sideways, and the poor queen had to sit with a crooked neck during the rest of the ceremonies to keep it from falling off.

One of the young men, squeezed in between two girls, brought out his guitar, and, throwing back his head and glancing upward with that particularly sentimental air which the player of this instrument always assumes, sang, in a fine baritone,—

Oh, the girl in the yellow *holaku*,
The girl in the yellow *holaku*,
She loves me, and
I'll be true
To the girl in the yellow *holaku*!

Then they all twanged away and played a song composed by the king, "Adios, adios-ke aloha!" which is a jumble of three languages, to a sweet and plaintive tune, and then the chief performer gave us a half-white song, so called because half the words were English and half native.

Finally, we turned into a long avenue lighted on each side by rows of torches, and drew up before a low gate, from which we walked over canvas to the house. We paid our respects to the hostess, a handsome lady, beautifully dressed, who had the tinge of olive and the magnificent hair which betoken native blood. From there we went over more canvas to the *lanai*.

The *lanai* is a feature of the islands. It means either a small arbor, or a large floor covered overhead with a roof, sometimes of shingles, but often of vines or dried grasses. The one we were conducted to was canvased for dancing, and had a roof overhead, and opposite the entrance, in letters of flowers, were inscribed the words "Aloha nu'ne" ("You are welcome").

The veranda projected out over the ocean, and Chinese lanterns twinkled everywhere. An enormous punch-bowl surrounded by an army of glasses stood in one corner, and on a raised platform sat four Portuguese, who contributed the music, all playing on guitars and keeping excellent time.

Between the dances we went out on the veranda, and, leaning on the railing, looked at the sea rolling in over the coral-reefs to our very feet. The air from the water was deliciously cool after dancing. Then back to the house, where supper was served under some low trees, and we could look out on a weird cocoonut-grove, strange and fantastic in the moonlight. Oh, Wai-ki-ki! tropical, sentimental Wai-ki-ki! I wonder if any where in the world the moon looks down on a lovelier spot!

THE January *St. Nicholas* is not so irresistible a number as was the December issue. It is entirely readable and interesting, but has less richness and piquancy than last number. There are also fewer quotable things. Miss Louisa Alcott begins her "Spinning Wheel Stories" with a tale of seventy years ago. The opening article is a Colorado story by H. H., entitled "Christmas in the Pink Boarding House." Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop has a story with the happy title of "Fun-Beams." Professor Boyesen continues his "Tales of Two Continents," and Mr. W. O. Stoddard gives the second instalment of "Winter Fun." "The Land of Fire," Captain Mayne Reid's last story, increases in interest and instructiveness. There are verses by Mr. Joel Benton, Miss Helen Gray Cone, and others. A new and excellent feature is the "St. Nicholas Almanac," begun in this number. Therefrom we quote the following fable with many morals—

THE FOX AND THE HEN.

"How big a brood shall you have this year, madam?" said the Fox to the Hen, one cold winter evening in the barn-yard.

"What's that to you?" said the Hen to the Fox.

"Supper!" replied the Fox, promptly.

"Well, I don't know," said the Hen, in reply; "I may have ten; But I never count my chickens before they are hatched."

"Quite right," said the Fox, "neither do I; and, as a hen in the present is worth ten chickens in the future, I will eat you now." So saying, he carried her off.

The next morning the farmer, seeing the tracks of the fox in the snow, took his gun and went out and shot him. "Alas!" said the Fox, "I should have waited for the ten chickens; there is no snow in summer time."

BOOK NOTICES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. By T. Hall Caine. Boston: Roberts Bros.

This is a book, which from one point of view possesses much the same kind of interest as the lives of De Quincey and Coleridge. Each is the history of a man of genius, who became the slave of a drug. But the cases are not exactly parallel. The two elder writers took to opium to relieve pain and on account of its exhilarating qualities; Rossetti took to chloral to induce sleep. The effects of opium are well known; chloral, though it did not impair Rossetti's intellect, or especially lessen his power of doing work, rendered him excessively nervous, made him the prey of misconceptions as to the acts and intentions of his best friends, and shortened his life by many years. The use of some sedative was rendered necessary, and its injurious results increased, by his mode of life. His hour for going to rest, or rather for taking his first dose of chloral, was four in the morning. He took no exercise. He seems to have been almost insensible to the charms of an out-of-door existence. He felt no desire to travel. For a great artist, whose special excellence was his mastery of colour, he was wonderfully inappreciative of the charms of fine landscapes. Of that love of rural scenery which has been a marked characteristic of nearly every considerable English poet during the last one hundred years, he was almost wholly destitute. He was essentially a denizen of the town. Towards the end of his life he became extremely sedentary. For a period of two years he seldom left his house, and never on foot. His secluded way of

living rendered it a serious trial to him to see a new face, and so great a shock did it inflict upon him to be taken unawares that his most intimate friend was liable to incur his aversion by paying him an unexpected visit. One might suspect that the morbid character of his genius was the outcome of his peculiar habits, were it not that his earlier poems are marked by the same idiosyncrasies as his later works. He was a strange compound of weaknesses and fine qualities. The romantic history of the book which contained his first volume of poems in manuscript throws much light on his nature. Strange to say, his wife, long before he succumbed to chloral, fell into the habit of using laudanum. An overdose killed her, and as she had inspired much of his verse, he made up his mind in the excess of his grief to abjure poetry and bury what he had written in her grave. His determination was carried into effect. But after a time, when the reputation which his friends, Swinburne and Morris, had acquired, re-awakened in him the desire to make his own powers known, he regretted what he had done. For a long time he wavered, the prey of conflicting desires; but, at last, "after an infinity of self-communions," he decided to have the book exhumed. While this was being done, he sat alone at the house of a friend, anxious, and full of self-reproaches both for burying and recovering his poems. They were published and brought him fame. Seven editions were sold in rapid succession; but it was long before their resolute author ceased to torment himself with the thought that he had been guilty of an act of sacrilege.

J. M. B.

THE NEW SONG AND OTHER POEMS. By Mrs. W. N. Clarke. Toronto: Standard Publishing Co.

The above comes to us as a dainty little volume in heavy paper covers, tied with red silk, with red-lined pages of liberal margin. We have not space for an extended notice, such as the quality of this verse would warrant, but we must express our unqualified opinion that the work is a genuine addition to Canadian song, an opinion which will be well supported by our quotations, both here and under another department. We presume this is a first volume. There is a marked absence of crudity and slipshod writing. The poems, as a rule, are technically correct and artistic in execution; and a fine rhythmic faculty is evidenced. But, what is of still greater importance, the inspiration of these poems is unmistakable, the feeling strong and delicate, the interpretive power at times subtle and always sympathetic. We quote

DANDELIONS.

In meadows deep, till summer's fullest flush,
With burnished buttercups and clover sweet,
Where coy wild strawberries into ripeness blush,
And eager children stray with restless feet.

The dandelions all at leisure grow,
Their silvery stems reach upward day by day,
Awhile a gladsome golden light they show,
Then change to filmy moons and pass away.

What need of haste? The summer days are long,
And, ere the mower thinks upon his scythe,
Mid sunshine, hum of bees and warbled song,
The dandelion has lived its life, full blithe.

THE WARNING.

Oh, maiden, mind thy spinning,
And swiftly whirl the wheel,
Nor let that wistful glance, so shy,
Adown the pathway steal.

Thou hast the charm of spring-time,
Thy heart an opening flower;
He doth but seek its sweet to win,
Doth woo thee for an hour.

To please a fancy flitting
Through all the wide world's room,
Doth lightly stay his footsteps near
Thy cottage close abloom.

And reaching o'er the paling,
A careless hand anon
Will pluck sweet love, as 'twere a rose,
Then saunter idly on.

So, maiden, mind thy spinning,
And faster whirl the wheel,
Nor let that wistful glance so shy,
Adown the pathway steal.

*The thread is all uneven,
And low the wheel doth hum;
A rustling in the alder shade—
The little wheel is dumb.*

From Mrs. Clarke's "The New Song and other Poems."

We have received Mrs. Southworth's latest, and probably best, novel, which she has re-christened "Ishmael, or In the Depths" (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.) Its former title, that under which it was printed as a serial, was "Self-made, or Out of the Depths;" the change strikes as a bold departure, somewhat. The story is pre-eminently Mrs. Southworth throughout, sensational to the last degree, often stilted, and turgid, and inconsistent, but certainly not dull. The type is good and readable.

The work of a genuine enthusiast is this study of Walt. Whitman, by Dr. R. M. Bucke, which comes to us from Mr. David McKay, of Philadelphia. Dr. Bucke is a Canadian, and we understand that this work was written during a visit of the "Good Gray Poet" to Canada, when Dr. Bucke had the honour of receiving him as a guest. The volume is a valuable one in spite of its unblushing hero-worship. Whitman's personality is one which seems to justify either hatred or adoration, but which makes mere contemptuous indifference ridiculous. Dr. Bucke courageously undertakes the defence of the poet against the charges of obscenity which it is fashionable to hurl upon him. We think the defence is adequate and satisfactory, while at the same time we consider all the sexual poems most unpleasant, and most hopelessly unpoetical and inartistic. The poems of Whitman to which exception is so generally taken, are the very reverse of prurient; unfortunately, their characteristic is, at the same time, the reverse of modesty.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE THOMAS ORCHESTRA CONCERT.

The music-appreciating people of Toronto who attended the concert presented by the above orchestra on Monday evening, 7th January, in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens, owe the very great treat which was afforded them to the enterprise of the firm of Messrs. Suckling & Sons, upon whose individual responsibility the risk, which was no small one solely rested.

We are glad to hear that financially they have not suffered, although the margin on the right side was a very small one. The programme was admirably prepared, and embraced choice selections from several of the greatest composers. The first number, "Beethoven's Fourth Symphony," in B flat op. 60, Allegro Adagio, Allegro Vivace and Allegro non troppo, was performed with exquisite grace, power and pathos. The simple but grandly severe subjects upon which this master work is constructed and so wonderfully and beautifully worked out in logical sequence by the great composer, the delicate decrescendoes and grand crescendoes, the intricate cross phrasing of polyphonic writing, in fact all the demands which a great work makes upon the individual members of an orchestra, were fully met, and successfully overcome. Here was a subject given by strings, replied to by wood, taken up by horns, continued perhaps by lower brass, and in one movement concluding most effectively upon the kettledrums. Throughout the whole orchestra all was complete, no blurring of tones, no missing of beats, nothing to mar the effects of a perfect whole. The second number on the programme was the Scene and Aria—"Ocean, thou mighty monster," from Weber's last and, Der Freischütz excepted, perhaps finest Opera. This grandly dramatic number was sung by Madame Gabriella Boema, who has a soprano voice of large compass and dramatic power, and a faultless method; she was accompanied by the orchestra, and, it is safe to say, she did full justice to the author and gave entire satisfaction to the audience, who twice recalled her. To these recalls, however, she responded only by an acknowledgment.

Number three was the "Ride of the Valkyries," by Richard Wagner. Of this strange, wierd, wild, uncanny, yet withal beautiful composition, what shall we say? That it is of the very opposite school to the old classical masters, of polished monumental grace and beauty, is strikingly apparent; those who heard Wagner presented by a competent orchestra for the first time, must not suppose that this number is wholly a representative piece of that great master. On the contrary, it is a thoroughly unique specimen of the realistic school. In the "Ride of the Valkyries" one perceives in a tone picture the steady, onward, irresistible stride of the steeds of Valhalla. This is represented by the under subject sustained by string and brass instruments, while in the startling play of fifes, flutes and reeds one recognizes the pressing, urging, dashing onward Valkyries in their furious haste. The whirl and swirl and whistling of the rapidly cleft air, the very snap of the whips, all are suggested—nay, presented—in this curious and wonderful tone picture. The second part of the programme opened with a Scotch Rhapsody in three movements—1, *Mestoso* risoluto; 2, *Andante dolente*; and 3, *Vivace*. The composer, A. C. MacKenzie, a young Scotchman of promise, has shown much skill and mastery

of composition and of the resources of the orchestra in this rhapsody. Taking for the theme of No. 1, the well-known air "Scots, wha hae":—for the Andante "She's fair and fause"; and for the Vivace, a Hornpipe—he has succeeded in producing an interesting work. The only thing which from a purely musical standpoint is apt to militate against its perfect success is the familiarity of the airs; these, though rendered never so perfectly, will savour of the common—although from the popular view this may be altogether in its favour. Madame Bcema followed with recitative and Aria, "Non Mi Dir," Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, meeting with an enthusiastic recognition from the audience who, as on the previous occasion, twice recalled her, to which however she, properly, did not respond other than by a bowed acknowledgement of the compliment. The Scherzo from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was charmingly rendered, and, indeed, left nothing to be desired. The concert concluded with the symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," by the great master Liszt. Full of bold themes and tender, idyllic dreamings, it is indeed a poem, the only part which produces regret in the minds of the hearers being *L'envoi*. Of Mr. Thomas as a conductor it is generally acknowledged by those who have played under his baton, that he is a thorough leader, always collected and cool, never allowing himself to be carried away by ill-timed enthusiasm. He takes his *tempos* sufficiently quick to sustain the necessary brilliancy and character without confusion. And to the mind of the listener, at least, confusion is the invariable consequence, when music of a complicated polyphonic character is played too fast—an error into which modern *virtuosity* is too prone to fall. There will, however, always be discontented people whom nothing will satisfy, and the critics,—save the mark!—"those who have failed in art," must say something adverse, or how could they sustain their reputation for superior musical knowledge? And so some amateur critic who perhaps cannot harmonize the common scale, must undertake to pick flaws in the method and manner of a conductor who has had vast experience for more than a quarter of a century, and whose ability has been recognized over a broad continent.

It is to be hoped for the sake of the advancement of musical art and literature that some provision for a collection of works on the Art of Music in the Toronto library has been considered when making purchase of books.

I HEARD a quaint little story of a dear boy of eighteen who has been much with Miss Terry and to whom she has often chattered no doubt as she did to one of her own sons, one nine and the other eleven, but who is desperately in fancy with her. The other day he sent a most aggrieved note to her, because before his face she called him a young gentleman—but in speaking of him to a friend she called him *a boy*! And this same aggrieved "young gentleman" is he whose father gave him money for a new pair of gloves in the morning and at night asked him if he had purchased them. "Sir, I—no, sir!" "Why not——?" calling him pleasantly by name, for he is not only a dear boy, but a dear good boy. "Because I wanted to get some flowers for Miss Terry and I thought you wouldn't notice the gloves!"

WE take the following from the Boston letter of the *American Queen*:—That Irving, while he is socially much liked, could have professional enemies or rather "disapprovers," is easily comprehended, but that Miss Terry could be disliked for a moment in any way passes my understanding. Seeing her at a time when the most remarkable woman must be at her greatest disadvantage—early in the morning, suffering intensely from neuralgia, and anxious for her reception, one moment placed me, as hundreds of others have been placed, at her feet. Before she had risen from her chair she impressed me, and before she had crossed the room to greet me she had fascinated me, and I knew then the truth of her own just saying that she has "not an acquaintance in London." Every one who knows her is her friend, and though I am not at all given to gush, I can say no less than that I think her the most weakly, womanly, strongly sympathetic—magnetic if you will—and intensely exquisite woman I ever saw. I am not fond of æsthetics, and I not partial to actresses, but I do love Miss Terry—and there's the end of it!

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE following report of an interview with Whittier, which we find in the *New York Sun*, goes far to explain some of the deficiencies in the Quaker Poet's work: "Whittier said that Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, and himself had always been friends. There were no jealousies, and each took a pride in the work and successes of the others. They

would exchange notes upon their productions, and if one saw a kindly notice of the other it was always cut out and sent to him. Hawthorne was by the others regarded as the greatest master of the English language. Whittier describes himself as unlike any of the rest, for he never had any method. When he felt like it he wrote, and neither had the health nor the patience to revise his work afterward. It usually went as it was originally completed. Emerson wrote with great care, and would not only revise his manuscript carefully, but frequently re-word the whole on the proof-sheets. Longfellow, too, was a very careful writer. He would lay his work by and then revise it. He would often consult with his friends about his productions before they were given to the world. 'I was not so fortunate,' says the Quaker poet. 'I have lived mostly a secluded life, with little patience to draw upon, and only a few friends for associates. What writing I have done has been for the love of it. I have ever been timid of what I have penned. It is really a marvel to me that I have gathered any literary reputation from my productions.' Of Walt Whitman he remarks: 'As I only read books to get the good out of them, I am not a critic, and I have lived too long to quarrel with a man over his idiosyncrasies. I found some very strong things in Mr. Whitman's book.'

LORD LYTTON in the just-published life of his father says that "Falkland" is the only one of Bulwer's works which was composed without recourse to tobacco; "and for this reason," continues the author's son, "its composition was slow and laborious."

"THE Bread-Winners" has been copyrighted and published in England in due form by Frederick Warne & Co. Consequently, no edition of this novel can be published in Canada without the consent of the legal proprietors of the English copyright, who have taken steps to protect the interests of the author in the Dominion.

MR. OSCAR WILDE has nearly ready a new volume of poems. From the rich promise of his first volume, we may expect in this new work a great and genuine addition to English verse. Mr. Wilde is said to have paid more attention to the "conventionalities of English morality" in this than in his previous volume.

A PART of the "Mystery" of Dickens's uncompleted novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," will be revealed in the February *Century* by Mrs. Alice Meynell, in describing "How Edwin Drood Was Illustrated." Several of the unpublished studies made by Fields, the artist, for the story will accompany the paper.

AT the meeting of the Canadian Institute on Saturday evening, Professor Ramsay Wright delivered a paper on "The Nervous System of the Catfish."

THE TRUE METHOD OF REASONING IN SCIENCE.

THE late Maurizio Bufalini, a distinguished Italian physiologist, recorded in his will this result of the busy and thoughtful career of a man of science:

"The constant experience of my long life has fully convinced me of three great truths viz.: (1) That all principles of reasoning called *a priori* are entirely false, or at any rate do not lead to the discovery of other knowledge, and that the philosophy called speculative or dogmatic should therefore be regarded as impossible. (2) That only the philosophy called experimental is true, and should alone be adopted. The same is true of the method which is called by the same name. (3) That nevertheless, before my efforts in that direction, this method had not been generalized into a complete system or body of doctrine which would enable it to be more correctly understood, and which would also serve to explain complex causes and the method of reasoning about them.

"Being thus persuaded I was compelled to conclude that the sciences had not yet acknowledged the true method, had not yet invariably followed the true mode of reasoning, and had always left the way open to well known and obnoxious ancient errors. From this it appears that the use of the experimental method has always met with serious difficulty, and this I discovered was due to the habit of reasoning with words whose meaning is not sufficiently determinate, as in learning language many words still have to be used which do not stand for sensible and concrete objects; all which has favoured the birth and establishment of a mode of reasoning closely resembling the dogmatic."

Dr. Bufalini has accordingly founded a prize of the value of 5,000 francs, to be awarded at an interval of each succeeding twenty years to the person presenting the best exposition of the experimental method in science, as a solution of the following problem:

"The necessity of the experimental method in arriving at the truth and the relation of all the sciences being assumed, it is required to demonstrate in a first part how far the said method is to be used in every scientific argument, and in a second part to what extent each of the sciences has availed itself thereof during the time that has elapsed since the last competition for a prize, and how they may be brought to a more faithful and complete observance of the method itself."

It may interest some of our Canadian men of science to know that the Royal Institute of Higher Studies at Florence invites a general competition for this prize; only conditioning that the essay shall be written either in Italian or Latin.

ACCORDING to Bradstreet's, Canada had twenty-nine failures last week, as against nineteen the corresponding week of 1883 and four the corresponding week of 1881. The failures last week were nearly all those of small traders.

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK.

AT HOME.—Another victim of the railway disaster has died during the week.—Prescott has voted to unite with the counties of Leeds and Grenville.—The civic relief committee of Toronto has \$1,640 on hand. Considering that Toronto is regarded by so many of the enterprising emigrants from Ireland as a place where it is no work and all play, and the girls can become fine ladies without wetting their fingers, the fund is not likely to endure very long.—The Shields libel suit against the *Globe* has failed for want of prosecutors. It will be remembered that the *Globe* charged Shields, who is a Government contractor, with having been in corrupt collusion with the Ottawa Ministry, with having paid certain moneys to aid the Government in their elections, and with having received beforehand, a sufficient consideration for this course. Shields, on reading the accusation, wrote indignant letters, declared he would take the *Globe* to court, actually issued the writs, but now when the question actually comes up he fails, not alone to appear, but to so much as press the suit through agents.—Free libraries have been voted for Berlin, Simcoe, St. Thomas, and London, but Whitby, which is a city already wise enough, defeated a free library proposal. The example of Toronto, it is pleasing to note, is being followed in many prominent towns in the Dominion.—Biddulph has begun again to render brutal account of itself.—The Eastern Extension Railway has passed into the hands of the Dominion Government.—The Toronto Electric Light Company is fast winning a foothold in the city. The electric light is used by a number of prominent establishments along the principal streets, and the clear, delicate illumination, so resembling an intensified moonlight, gives a gross and brassy aspect to the competing gas.—The South Renfrew Liberals have nominated Dr. Dowling as their candidate for the Local Legislature.—The Governor-General, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, and suite, arrived in Toronto on Wednesday morning, after a delay of several hours on the route, occasioned by the heavy snow-fall. The party made a flying trip to Niagara Falls, and also visited the chief places of interest in Toronto. They attended the Yacht Club ball, making an excellent impression upon all who met them. His Lordship was entertained at dinner by the Toronto Club, and made a practical, manly, and successful speech. He has evidently, from the frequent warm outbursts in his speech, the faculty of "thinking on his legs." Very many have declared his speech to have been equal to, if not better, than any address delivered under like circumstances by Lord Dufferin, who was nothing if not profusely, promptly, and at all times and places, eloquent.—The "agony" in political circles in Quebec is now over. Mr. Mousseau has escaped and been appointed to the vacant judgeship of Rimouski. Hon. Dr. Ross, who besides having a fairly brilliant political record, is governor of the Quebec College of Physicians and Surgeons, has been called to the premiership. The Reform press still continues to predict a collapse of the *Bleus* as the ultimate outcome of the embroglio, but the thought is the son of the wish, and that is all. Hector Langevin and Mr. Mousseau are very suave politicians, and will do things smoothly, and, for themselves, well.—The following appointments to the Senate have been made:—Mr. J. G. Ross, of Quebec, in the place of the late Senator Price; Hon. A. Lacoste, Montreal, in place of the late Senator Bureau; Dr. McMillan, of Alexandria, in place of the late Senator Brouse; Mr. James Turner, of Hamilton, in place of the late Senator Hope; ex-Sheriff McKindsey, of Halton, in place of Lieut.-Governor Aikins. The vacancies caused by the death of Senators Hamilton and Gibbs have not yet been filled.—A child in Hamilton died from the effects of having swallowed a nut-shell.—According to Premier Norquay, Manitoba is on the verge of a crisis.—During the past year, 110,284 persons settled in Canada.—London is about establishing a soup kitchen. In the same city two female liquor detectives are busy in helping to carry on the "great movement."—The Grand Trunk Company will be asked to pay certain claims of those dependent for livelihood upon the victims of the late railway accident.—It is rumoured that Mr. Norquay is to be taken into the Canadian Cabinet as Minister of the Interior. If this be so, Mr. Miller will probably succeed him as Premier of Manitoba.

ABROAD.—New Orleans has now its Cremation Society. Within an hour after the body passes into the hands of the incinerator, and while the funeral sermon is being preached, the body is reduced to ashes, which ashes appear on an urn prepared for the purpose. There is nothing revolting about the ceremony.—The Annamites lost at Sontay 400 killed, and 600 wounded.—There is rioting and bloodshed among the Wisconsin Indians.—The Pope will soon issue an encyclical regarding Catholics becoming Freemasons.—The French Cabinet is divided upon the Egyptian question. Prime Minister Ferry thinks the present a good time for France to regain her position in Egypt. Some of his colleagues hold adverse opinions and deprecate action in the matter.—It is reported that Abyssinian troops have taken and sacked the town of Keren, slaughtering the Egyptians who defended it. The Arab element here is greatly excited, and a conspiracy is said to exist among them which extends to their fellows in Cairo, Beyrout, and Ceylon. Contemplating an outbreak three Arabian ex-officers have been arrested, and evidence establishing the connection of others with the affair is in possession of the authorities.—The Chinese in Hainan solicit imperial protection against the French; and it is reported that 2,000 men are proceeding thither.

PROSPECTUS OF THE WEEK.

There appears to be in Canadian journalism a field still unoccupied, which can be filled only by a periodical enabled to furnish at the requisite outlay literary matter of the best quality. This field is the aim of the proprietors of THE WEEK to fill. They will appeal particularly to the Canadian public; but they crave no indulgence on this score at the hands of Canadian readers. They are willing that THE WEEK shall be judged by comparison with other periodicals, English and American, of similar scope and price, hoping to gain the favour of a body of readers not limited by the bounds of Canada.

THE WEEK will appeal by a comprehensive table of contents to the different tastes which exist within the circle of a cultured home, and will endeavour faithfully to reflect and summarize the intellectual, social and political movements of the day. The man of business, whose hours for reading are limited, will, it is hoped, find in this periodical the means of easily keeping himself acquainted with the chief events and questions of the time.

Fiction, in the form both of serials and short stories, will occupy a prominent place, and will be regularly and liberally supplied. For this purpose the assistance of acknowledged talent has been secured. Verse will be welcomed as often as it is found possible to procure it of the right quality. Sketches of travel and papers descriptive of places interesting from their scenery or their associations will from time to time appear. Critical essays and short biographical papers will also form features of THE WEEK. Current events, both at home and abroad, will be closely watched, brought carefully into focus, and impartially discussed. It will be the Editor's constant aim to keep his readers well abreast of the intellectual progress of the age.

In politics THE WEEK will be thoroughly independent. It will be untrammelled by party connections, free from party leanings, unbiassed by party considerations. The rule which it will adopt, of requiring every article to bear either the writer's name or some note of individual authorship and responsibility, will enable it to allow liberal scope for the expression of individual opinion, and to present, as far as possible, the best advocacy of the best cause. In Canadian politics its desire will be to further, to the utmost of its power, the free and healthy development of the Nation.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The following are among the attractions which will be offered the readers of THE WEEK in the earlier issues:

"A BYSTANDER"

will contribute, at intervals, reviews of current events, especially of events in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe.

MR. EDGAR FAWCETT,

the well-known author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "Tinkling Cymbals," "An Ambitious Woman" (just completed in the *New York Tribune*, and attracting wide attention), "A Hopeless Case," etc., is writing for THE WEEK a new novel, entitled "The Adventures of a Widow." This novel deals with New York Society, a field which Mr. Fawcett has made peculiarly his own. The columns of THE WEEK will also, from time to time, be enriched with some of Mr. Fawcett's exquisite verse.

PRINCIPAL GRANT,

in a series of papers, will describe a tour taken by him, in company with Mr. Sandford Fleming, during the past summer, over the route of the Canada Pacific Railway. Dr. Grant and his party traversed entirely new ground, by crossing the Selkirks, which have hitherto been considered impassable. These interesting papers will be entitled "Down the Kicking Horse and across the Selkirks." Dr. Grant will also contribute articles on various important subjects, such as Indian Affairs, Progress in British Columbia, etc.

Contributions in prose and verse may be looked for from J. E. Collins, Joaquin Miller, Louis Honoré Frechette, Dr. C. P. Mulvany, George Stewart, jr., John Reade, Mrs. Kate Seymour McLean, Miss Machar (*Fidelis*), Dr. Daniel Wilson, John Charles Dent, Wm. Houston, F. Blake Crofton, G. Mercer Adam, J. Hunter-Duvar, R. W. Phipps, Wm. F. Clarke, Professor Murray, Sir Francis Hincks, R. W. Boodle, O. C. Auringer, Mrs. J. F. Harrison (*Seranus*), J. M. LeMoine, Frederick A. Dixon, J. G. Bourinot, W. D. LeSeur, and many other writers of note. Art, Music and the Drama will receive abundant and careful attention. There will also be a series of critical essays on "The Younger American Poets," by the editor.

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Many prominent medical men have personally investigated the INTERNATIONAL THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE and express themselves satisfied that the Physicians comprising the Staff are thoroughly qualified medical men; that patients receive the latest and most scientific treatment, and that the Spirometer, invented by DR. M. SOUVIELLE, Ex-Aide Surgeon of the French Army, is really a valuable addition to Medical Science. Anyone suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Consumption in its first stages, or Laryngitis, should consult the physicians of the Institute personally and be examined; if not, write for list of questions and copy of "International News," published monthly. Physicians and sufferers can try the Spirometer free. Consultations free. Address International Throat and Lung Institute, 173 Church Street, Toronto, or 13 Phillips' Square, Montreal, P. Q.

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CHARLES DRINKWATER,
Secretary.
Montreal, January, 1884.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY
FOR DECEMBER.
CHRISTMAS ATTRACTIONS.
FRONTISPIECE. Portrait of John Page, first of the celebrated Page family of Virginia—from a painting by Sir Peter Lely, London, 1660.
CHRISTMAS TIME IN OLD VIRGINIA. John Esten Cooke. Illustrations: Old Smithfield Church—Portrait of Col. Archibald Carey, from a painting by West—Rosewell, home of the Pages—Portrait of Governor John Page, of Rosewell, from portrait by West—Christ Church of Alexandria—St Peter's Church, where Washington was married—Stratford, the home of the Lees—Portrait of Judge Edmund Pendleton—Christmas Tree in Old Virginia (by Will H. Lowe)—Saratoga, Home of General Daniel Morgan—Portrait of General Nelson—The Nelson Home.
HOLIDAYS IN EARLY LOUISIANA. Norman McF. Walker.
CHRISTMAS-TIDE IN CANADA. John Reade, F.R.S.C.
CHRISTMAS SEASON IN DUTCH NEW YORK. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb.
A HURON HISTORICAL LEGEND. Horatio Hale, M.A.
COLONEL DAVID CROCKETT, OF TENNESSEE. General Marcus J. Wright.
QUIVIRA: A Suggestion. Dr. Cyrus Thomas.
ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS. Sir Henry Clinton's Original Secret Record of *Private Daily Intelligence*. Contributed by Dr. Thomas Addie Emmet. Introduction and Notes by Edward F. De Lancey. Chapter III. Also, two valuable Original Letters.
NOTES. Historical Societies in their relation to Local Historical Interest—Mr. Cary's Answer—Martin Luther's Memory—Morse's American Geography—Noah Webster's Love Romance—The Nelson Homestead—Death of David Van Arsdale—Evacuation of New York—A Venerable Historian—The Star-Spangled Banner.
QUERIES. Origin of Aboriginal Dialects of America—An Old Clock—Is it the First American Coin?
REPLIES. To be Prepared for War is one of the most effectual means of Preserving Peace—Note and Query—Sawing—First Money—Colonel Francis Barber—Quisquising—Letter from General Horace Capron.
SOCIETIES. New York Historical Society—Chicago Historical Society—Maryland Historical Society—Huguenot Society of America.
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WHAT IS CATARRH ?
From the Mail (Can.), Dec. 15.
Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of urbercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxo-moza, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.
Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus tissue.
Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers,
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and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.

What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A.H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh.
Oakland, Ont., Canada, March 17, '83.
Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son:
DEAR SIRS,—Yours of the 13th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease, and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for Catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that is hard for me to realize that I am really better.
I consider that mine was a very bad case; it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but I feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you.
You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers.
Yours, with many thanks,
REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

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