

# THE WEEK.

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## The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, POLITICS, AND CRITICISM.

Edited by CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

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## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

PRIVATE members of the Provincial Parliament, and the general public, hoped their patience in calmly submitting to the iteration and platitudes of the debate on the address would be rewarded by the House settling to steady and useful work on its conclusion. This has not been the case, however. Much time is still likely to be wasted in discussing the unpleasant details of the Algoma election. Up to the present moment there is not a particle of evidence that the Government in any way committed itself in response to the notorious telegrams, and the explanation of the only suspicious circumstance—that such messages were going about in cypher—will probably be that the Government were naturally anxious to conceal even ordinary election tactics from their antagonists. The dark hints that "worse remains behind," may be buncombe or they may be founded on fact. Certainly, the means used to obtain the telegrams were such that nothing but success could justify them in the eye of the most indulgent moralist in the opposition. No attempt was made to deny Mr. Hardy's damaging statement that persons were especially retained and paid by the Tories to "tap" the wires. Indeed, some pachydermatous members sought to justify the proceeding by crying "all is fair in love and war." All is fair but the loss of honour. Victory won at such expense is worse than defeat. And so this election dodge, whatever its results, is worse than a crime—it is a blunder, and must recoil, boomerang-like, upon its originators.

THE real bearings of the Irish question are so little understood in Canada, and there is so great a tendency to superadd a mistaken sentimentality to the usual misreading of history on the subject, that the opinion of an intelligent Irishman whose judgment is strong enough to command his national prejudices becomes extremely valuable. Mr. A. M. Sullivan is admittedly one of the most sincere and conscientious among the men of the Irish Nationalist party—a man who is not afraid to tell the Irish people what are their faults and failings, and who would scorn to pander to their prejudices at the expense of truth. Addressing a meeting of his countrymen at Shoreditch the other day, Mr. Sullivan said:—"I know it is of no use preaching political rights to men who leave their children in rags, running about English streets, while they are drinking their wages

in an English public-house. I learned in thirty years of Irish public life to scorn the patriot who talked of dying for his native land and who left his children to starve—it may be to die—while he squandered his money in drink. I concluded that if I desired to see my countrymen at home reconstituted as a nation, and to see my exiled brothers lifted up above the position of hod-carriers and labourers in the stranger's land, to see Irish children winning the respect of foreign people, I must begin to talk to our people of husbanding their slender resources—of retrieving what the penal laws robbed their fathers of, and restoring to the children of our generation the education that in the last century cruel laws denied to our forefathers. Here to-night I stand, and I declare that I would say to all the powers that have ever done wrong to Ireland, 'Give me but one generation of sober, educated, and religious Irishmen, and we will defy the world.'"

THE North-West is again to the fore in making known to prospective English emigrants the advantages of that locality for settlement. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has collected a mass of useful information in this connection, and is about to publish it in pamphlet form, for wide distribution in the old country. The same enterprising corporation has in hand a folder map which for finish and detail is expected to surpass anything of the kind hitherto published. The British Government is also busily engaged in disseminating information to emigrants, among other means adopted being the preparation of a well-got-up hand-book. The subject of emigration is further receiving great attention in Ireland, and altogether there seems to be a probability that a considerable impetus will be given to it at an early date. But we nowhere read of the claims of Ontario being placed before intending emigrants, though it is perfectly well known that the attractions of the North-West and "the other side" have induced an exodus which a wise provincial policy would endeavour to replace. If Ontario is to retain its position as the premier province its governors must show a more genuine earnestness in making known its resources and advantages.

THERE is every prospect of a more than usually stormy session of Parliament in England. By an amazing piece of bad generalship characteristic of Sir Stafford Northcote, the debate on the address was closed before the Conservatives had an opportunity of speaking upon it, much to the disgust of many members who have returned from their constituencies bursting with Tory eloquence and brimful of indignation at the Government. From speeches made during the recess it would appear the opposition dare not oppose the extension of the franchise *per se*, as in case of their return to power it might be necessary for them to introduce a measure with the same object, just as Mr. Disraeli in 1867 brought in a "household suffrage" bill after fighting tooth and nail against the Liberal £7-rental proposal. Their policy will therefore be to protest against an increased electorate at the present moment as inopportune, and they will point to the state of Ireland in confirmation of their contention. The Government will probably be attacked on their Egyptian policy by an alliance of Tories and Parnellites, whilst the latter party will oppose the long-promised London Municipality Bill unless Mr. Gladstone can be induced to promise a similar bill for Dublin, which he certainly will refuse. On the whole the outlook is not a pleasant one. Every consideration will apparently be sunk for party exigencies by the Opposition, and, thanks to the absence of capable leaders, the inedifying and undignified spectacle of a Government assailed by an Opposition led by its tail and with rebels for allies will be offered to an astonished world. The guerrilla war will be carried into the enemy's camp by Lord Randolph Churchill—who commands the sympathy of Lord Salisbury—and Mr. Parnell. The former, familiarly known as "Randy" in the House and the clubs, is a young man of no solid capacity and, *faute de mieux*, attempts to win notoriety by bluster and impudence. Whilst on the stump during the recess he made most violent speeches and hurled reckless charges against the Government, without the slightest foundation. That his policy is a short-sighted one, if he aspires to the future leadership of the Tory party, is certain from the chorus of condemnation with which his vulgar and violent tirades are received by the respectable members. However bitterly hostile the Tories in the House of Commons may be to the Prime Minister, the bulk of them are gentlemen, and they are among the strongest protestors against these wild personal attacks.

## CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

THE "Bystander Papers" are not editorial, but the opinions, expressed without reserve, of an individual writer. Those who hold the opposite opinions are equally at liberty to advocate their views in the columns of this journal. It was the special object of THE WEEK to provide a perfectly free court for Canadian discussion.—EDITOR.

ATTENTION is called to French Parties by the physical death—long preceded by the moral death—of the "Danton of the Second Empire," M. Rouher. Let not science undervalue the power of imagination in human affairs. In France two legends have exerted an immense as well as a most sinister influence. One is the Napoleonic legend, to which Rouher, like Morny, Fleury and Persigny owed his elevation. This, embodied in the lying volumes of Thiers, overturned the constitutional monarchy, gave birth to the second empire with all its villainy and corruption, brought upon France the war with Germany, and still seriously disquiets the republic. The other is the revolutionary legend of which the hagiographers are Lamartine, Louis Blanc and other writers of that school, the greatest fabler of all being perhaps Louis Blanc. To the influence of this legend French Society owes half a century of disturbance, the battles of June, the wreck of the Republic of 1848, and the hideous episode of the Commune. The Commune has been carefully studied by the writer of *Les Convulsions de Paris*, and if his conscientiousness equals his minuteness, there can be no doubt as to the character of the outbreak or the degree of sympathy which it deserves. Suffering there was of course, and suffering, even if it be largely the retributive offspring of idleness and intemperance, always demands our pity, and always proclaims the duty of social reform. But, of enthusiasm, even the most misguided, which could claim the slightest respect, there seems scarcely to have been a particle; nothing appears but mania at best, while the predominating elements are savagery, felony, greed and absinthe. A community in the hands of such regenerators of society would be a bedlam and a slaughter house, as Paris under the commune was. But the influence of the revolutionary legend is manifest. Everybody is mimicking some actor in the scenes of the Terror. There are those for whom Robespierre Couthon and St. Just are too mild, and too little men of action: no models will serve them but Marat and Hebert. Imagination enjoys great latitude, for the men of the first revolution passed over the historic stage like a crowd of ghosts in Dante's Purgatory, hurried along in the driving storm so rapidly that individual scrutiny is impossible. Scarcely has history time to bring the telescope to bear on any figure before it has passed beyond the field of vision. Thus there is unlimited scope for romance, as Lamartine and Louis Blanc have shown. Even the faces have almost become mythical. The beauty of Madame Roland and Barbaroux is not entirely beyond question. Madame B., an Ultra-Jacobin lady, and about the only memoir-writer of the party, if indeed a stream of Jacobin sentiment with hardly any facts can be called memoirs, describes the features of Robespierre, who dined at her house, as so attractive that nature could have formed them only to express a noble soul. Serjent, ex-secretary of the Jacobin Club, who lived nearly to a hundred, and passed his old age at Nice, used in conversation to describe the same features as unspeakably mean and repulsive. Napoleon's portrait is probably idealized. Lord Russell, who saw him at Elba, appeared to have been chiefly struck by his extreme obesity and the evil expression of his eye; and as the young Whig was a worshipper he is not likely to have underrated the beauty of the idol. The spell of the revolutionary legend seems not to have survived the catastrophe of the Commune. French Socialists and Anarchists at present do not talk much about Robespierre and Marat. But the Napoleonic legend has the great advantage of being indissolubly entwined with the military vanity which is the leading passion of the people, at least of that section which inspires literature and moulds opinion. The departure of Rouher marks the final exit from the stage of the group of which he was not the most disreputable member, but the column still stands on the Place Vendôme, and there is in Bonapartism a lingering spark of vitality which the factions and follies of the republicans may yet cherish into renewed life.

As it is in Great Britain, Canada and the United States, so it is in Australia, and in every Anglo-Saxon polity in which a body of Irish Catholics exists. All are threatened by the same peril. In Australia they are now discussing the subject of electoral reform. The author of a very careful essay on the subject in the *Melbourne Review* dwells on the evils connected with the balance of parties and the perpetual swinging of the political pendulum. "This state of things," he says, "is aggravated in Victoria by the existence of the Catholic vote, which is used to defeat ministry after ministry. Parties are generally pretty evenly divided, and the Catholic vote unites now with one side, and now with the other. Our

political system will never acquire stability so long as the electoral law leaves such immense power in the hands of a discontented minority." Such power, however, will be left in the hands of a discontented or self-seeking minority so long as the party system and, with it, the fell necessity of finding or buying support for a party continue to exist. The conduct of the Catholic Irish, or of the main body of them (for, of course, there are exceptions not a few) is perfectly natural on their part, while it is fraught with ruin to the state. The church of which they are the liegemen, and which forms at once the object of their religious devotion and the bond of union among them as a race, is and cannot possibly help being the mortal enemy of Protestant civilization, on the organic principle of which the Encyclical and the Syllabus expressly lay their ban. An Irish Catholic, of the distinct type, may by the softening influence of social and commercial intercourse be made, and often is made, like other citizens in all his personal relations; but, politically, he is not like other citizens; he is not, in the proper sense of the term, a citizen at all. He possesses the suffrage like the rest of us; but he uses it not in the interest of the commonwealth, or of any party in the commonwealth, but in the interest of his church and race. Regarding the rest of us politically almost as aliens, in the midst of whom they are encamped, the liegemen of Rome take advantage of our factious divisions, to bring us all under their yoke and compel us to be the instruments of our own political destruction. In this they resemble the Slave-owners, who by playing off parties in the Free States against each other made themselves masters of the Union and secured the interest of their peculiar institution. The same hypocritical servility is displayed by our politicians in cringing to the Catholic, as was displayed by the Northern politicians in cringing to the Southern vote; and the end of those who thus sell themselves and truck the welfare of the commonwealth for the means of climbing into power will be the same in the second case as it was in the first. All this affected sympathy with the Terrorist rebellion in the Catholic provinces of Ireland is, as everybody who is not blind must see, the mask of a party which is angling for the Catholic vote. As in the United States, when the power of slavery was advancing with giant strides, so in these communities of ours, those who point out the growing danger are branded as disturbers of public harmony. The cry of peace is raised where there is no peace or hope of peace, except in timely, united and firm resistance. Another irrepressible conflict begins to cast its growing shadow over the scene. If we wish, as every good citizen must earnestly wish, to avert a struggle, our course is clear. We are not called upon in any way to curtail Irish rights or to withhold a particle of our sympathy from Irish sufferings. We have only to quell the divisions among ourselves by which the hostile influence reigns, put an end to our senseless factions, set the country above party, and let the manœuvring leaders of Irish Catholicism see that they have nothing to rely on but their own force, of the inefficiency of which to reduce us to political bondage they will very speedily be convinced.

A BYSTANDER.

## HERE AND THERE.

IN an editorial synopsis of the character and work of the late Wendell Phillips, the *New York Tribune* points out that Northerners who advocated emancipation before the war were detested, not so much because the right to hold slaves was believed in, as because agitation was bad for trade. The result was that Mr. Phillips' violent attacks made him a social outcast, a political Ishmaelite, and virtually an enemy of society. We give the following cutting, not only as coming from a journal always opposed to slavery and, therefore, friendly to Mr. Phillips on that question, but as a sample of keener writing than is usually found in American papers:—

"We say these things not to disparage Mr. Phillips; nobody questions the value of his services; but to explain why it is that after slavery had been abolished he found himself so often at war with society. To be at war with society was his normal state for half a century. At the beginning of his career he thought that he saw in all the bulwarks of society, in the church, the school, the university, the press, the ballot, the legislature, the organization of industry, the conventionalities of life, one vast compact with hell; everything that was, was wrong; the first principle of human rights, that man shall own himself, could only be secured by attacking the general fabric of American civilization. That he was proved wrong, in one point after another, did not tend to soften his temper. He wrangled over the events which, if they discredited his methods, were the triumphant vindication of his purpose; and at the end of the anti-slavery agitation he was hardly less hostile to the established order of things than he had been when the "broad-cloth mob" was dragging Garrison through the streets with a rope around his body. Like many other apostles of one great idea, he had a very imperfect comprehension of matters outside his special line of thought. Thus, with the disposition grown inveterate to regard the existing arrangements of society as devices for oppression, it is not surprising that he threw himself into one scheme of wild agitation after another, and brought to the service of visionaries and demagogues that unique combination of fervour, elegance, adroitness, integrity, high-mindedness, and fertility in vituperation which made him the most remarkable orator of our times. He has kept very queer company of late years and sustained very bad causes; but nobody has ever doubted the purity of his intentions. His errors will soon be forgotten; his thirty years' war for freedom will keep his memory green."

THE epidemic of lynching which has broken out in several parts of the United States has given rise to a warm controversy in the columns of the press. There is something fascinating about this rough-and-ready manner of administering justice by rule of thumb to settlers in newly-opened localities, the dimensions of which have grown more rapidly than their governmental institutions. The fears of "a long rope and a short shrift" have probably been strongly deterrent of crimes in such settlements pending the formation of proper tribunals of justice. But once these are established, no sentimental reason can be accepted in justification of outrages against law and order, nor can the mob be allowed to usurp the joint functions of judge, jury, and executioner, even though ordinary forms of justice may appear slow or faulty.

MANY a sportsman has acknowledged his inability to explain how some sorts of game live through severe winters. This subject is well treated in the current *Forest and Stream*. With a heavy fall of snow topped with a sharp crust, trees, seeds and buds covered with ice, it is difficult to see how winged game can live. Nor, in truth, do they. They simply die in such circumstances. The quail is the first to succumb, the wild turkey holds out longer, and the gamey grouse is the last to give in. This winter, however, the last-named beautiful bird lives well in patches of trees, on mountain slopes, and is indifferent to three-feet of crusted snow on the ground so long as the buds of the poplar and birch are not enveloped in ice. The fox rarely dies through the severity of a season, though he becomes fearfully emaciated. The mink and weasel manage very well, the former by fishing, the latter by mousing. The hibernating habits of the bear, skunk, woodchuck and 'coon are well known. The deer, unmolested by other enemies, is rarely beaten by hard weather alone, while the hare, the rabbit and the red squirrel can "snap derisive thumbs" at Siberian weather, with a heavy ice-crust thrown in.

THE controversy on the White Elephant waxes hotter on both sides the Atlantic, and so the "Prince of Humbugs" gets his latest acquisition more widely advertised than even he hoped. Professor Flower says the pink spots so much commented upon are patches of flesh-colour which show through owing to the absence of colouring pigment in the epidermis. That certainly is the recognized cause of similar marks in pigs, and an elephant is only a pig aggrandized, with the tusks enlarged and the snout greatly lengthened. Mr. John Guy Laverick, writing to the *London Times*, says the real white elephant is of a perfectly light tint all over, and offers to put Mr. Barnum in the way of procuring one. So that it would appear cream-coloured elephants do exist, that most "white" elephants are pink, that "Toung" has pink patches like a pig, and that he is, therefore, not a superior article.

"THE Happiness of Women" has of late received considerable attention in the correspondence columns of a section of the English press, provoked by a paper on the subject in a London review. An advanced civilization has already removed many extraneous causes of discontent and unhappiness among women, and it is a legitimate induction that their gradual raising in the social scale will further conduce to such happiness as is within reach. Physical causes have considerably contributed to the "unhappy disposition" referred to in the paper mentioned. The playground, the gymnasium, the cricket and hunting fields have always been recognized as necessary portions of boyish and manly education, whilst a mistaken prudishness until of late precluded girls and women, who really require more careful physical training, from developing the body. The very natural result has been the "discontent and unhappiness" bewailed. The over-sensitive nervousness which characterizes so many ladies is more the result of want of out-door exercise than of feminine weakness. Any medical man but a quack prefers to prescribe fresh air and exercise rather than tonics. One never hears of "discontent and unhappiness" in the sense referred to among fishwives who help their lords to discharge and sell their cargoes, or follow the amphibious pursuit of shrimping and mussel gathering. "Another woman" hits home when she writes—"a great cause of unhappiness in women—I mean in those fighting with real misfortunes—is their cowardice. Brought up to consider not merely right and wrong, but the opinion of the world, of their friends and relations, they submit tamely to evils from which a firm and persistent will would soon have freed them. Many an act which looks like self-sacrifice is, at the core, mere weakness, fear of the world, of the anger or annoyance of those who have no right to be either angry or annoyed. I think the first lesson to be taught our girls, like our boys, is to be afraid of nothing except doing wrong."

SIR WILFRID LAWSON is the self-elected comic man of the English House of Commons. He is further leader of the "local option" party, who would give power to two-thirds of any community to prohibit the sale of alcoholic liquor in their midst. He is, withal, an enthusiastic Radical. In the course of a speech the other day, *apropos* of aristocracy, Sir Wilfrid is reported to have said:—"He was not of that section of party men who attached themselves to a great man to be dragged through the dirt to dignity. He denied that he had sneered at a new Conservative candidate because he did not belong to a family of great antiquity. In the words of that unhappy man, the Poet-Laureate, on whom the great misfortune had lately fallen of being kicked upstairs to associate all his life with titled mediocrities, he said, in lines which would be remembered when the House of Lords had ceased to exist, that—

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good.  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood."

THE *London Spectator* is of opinion that Scotland has not sent first-rate men to the English Parliament since the Reform Bill. The *Scotsman* is very wroth at this statement, and in reply gives a long string of names of Scotchmen who have occupied important public positions during the period named. Amongst others the *Scotsman* gives Francis Jeffrey, the Right Hon. James Abercromby, Lord Campbell, Lord Macaulay, Lord Cardwell, Lord Aberdare, Sir J. Ferguson, Mr. Grant Duff, Mr. Joseph Hume, Mr. Baxter, and Mr. Trevelyan. But the *Spectator* responds that whilst it is most creditable to Scotch constituencies to send up such men, "first-rate men who rise to rule and who so sway Parliament that they are by themselves powers," were the sort referred to. Not one of those quoted by its contemporary was more than second-rate, except Macaulay, whose greatness was displayed in another field. Lord Cardwell, who might have been Premier, and Mr. Trevelyan, who may rise far beyond his present level, are both Englishmen, and do not come within the meaning of the *Spectator's* paragraph at all. On the other hand the English journal disclaims any intention of lecturing a country which is "politically the soundest of the three kingdoms."

A PROMINENT English weekly review, discussing the question of industry, refers to the popular view that black men are very lazy, average white men are lazyish, whilst the Englishman alone loves work for itself. This is palpably untrue. The Belgian or French peasant is more industrious than his English brother, and is a veritable glutton for remunerative work. The Englishman can get through a quantity of good work, but will not labour on Sundays—or even Saturday afternoons—like his continental fellow. Close observers are of opinion that Chinamen are by far the most industrious workers. The well-fed negro comes next, provided he is allowed holidays; the continental workman comes third; the average Englishman comes next; and the brown man is last. The Englishman, however, is approaching the brown man in a deliberate desire to limit his own industry. He considers more leisure better worth his while than more pay—a decision to which the brown man came two thousand years ago.

By its action in again refusing Mr. Bradlaugh permission to take his seat in the House of Commons, the English Tory party has further strengthened that notorious non-jurist's position. Despite the unpleasant theories with which his name is associated, the thrice-elected member for Northampton has equal parliamentary rights with the 228 gentlemen who voted that he be excluded from the precincts of the House. Outside a small, if clamorous following, Mr. Bradlaugh was a nonentity, and if he had been permitted to take his seat he would soon have found his level in oblivion. But the persecution of the Opposition and a few bigoted Whigs have gained for him the sympathy of many who cordially detest his doctrines, and has obtained for him and them a notoriety they could never otherwise have obtained.

A CORRESPONDENCE of more than usual importance to military men and sportsmen has for some time been going on in the columns of the English press. Mr. J. D. Dougall, the well-known Bennett-street gunmaker, stoutly maintains that target-practice will never make a good shot on the field of battle or of sport. "Vernier" sights on military rifles for use in action, he says, are a mistake. He points to the fact that the English soldiers in the Boer war, though highly trained and armed with the most scientific weapons, could deliver no effective reply to the rough Africanders, who were sportsmen from childhood. He suggests that military rifles be fitted with plain folding "leaf-sights" for distances up to 400 yards, and that beyond that range the common sense of the soldier be left to guide

his fire. For both fighting purposes and those of sport the absurd practice of shooting with one eye closed should be abandoned. To close one eye is to lose a sense of distance, and to throw away the natural endowment of binocular vision. This is not done in driving a nail, in playing cricket or billiards, and ought not to be done in rifle-shooting.

WHATEVER the objections—and they are many—to the military systems of the continent, at any rate they have spoiled the trade of the anarchist. The immense numbers of men under arms, the precision of their weapons, the substitution of broad straight boulevards which can be commanded by artillery for the old tortuous streets in great cities, have made street fighting much too serious a recreation for malcontents. Hence the indifference with which Paris received a threatened descent “into the streets” of some hundred thousand *canaille*, who from misfortune or fault were idle, and who modestly demanded some two hundred francs each from the Government. Neither in Paris nor Berlin were securities affected as they would have been quarter of a century ago by such an announcement, nor did the London exchange show any excitement. For the same reasons the Nihilistic scares in Vienna and St. Petersburg are productive of only local agitation. A few persons in authority who have made themselves obnoxious or who represent obnoxious institutions may quake, and by their influence the press is made to send up a cry to heaven for sympathy and help. But the community at large has perfect confidence in the power of the executive to maintain law and order. The cheap blather of such men as Rossa, and the wild chimeras of Mr. George have no effect on educated England beyond causing derision. Albeit, the real friends of Ireland are pained to see an excitable warm-hearted people misled by the blood-thirsty vapourings of the former.

THE *Saturday Review* devotes a couple of columns to the exposure of Mr. George's theories. Our contemporary says that enthusiast uses big brushes and very bright or very dark colours, but no competent person who has read his book can call him a competent writer. “The book is essentially an appeal to ignorance in its method and style no less than in its arguments, and in what do duty in it for facts.” Nothing is gained by calling the English people “stupid” because they decline to rob the Duke of Westminster. The following extract is a good specimen of the terse, acrid manner which forms the specialty of the *Saturday* :—

If, as has been abundantly shown already, Mr. George's history is fiction, his economy moonshine, his proposal to make the State directly dependent on the changing seasons and the varying skill of agriculturists a piece of political madness; if his ethics are limited to the assertion of the divine right of robbery, and his theology an assumption that the divine thoughts are necessarily identical with Mr. George's crotchets, the connection of his theories with the supposed facts which prove his enthusiasm for humanity deserves epithets no more complimentary than these. In neither of his books is there the slightest attempt to show in what way the expropriation he proposes would benefit any living soul, or a single recognition of the fact that, as all his scheme could do would be to relieve taxpayers of taxation, the paupers and the prostitutes, the outcast children and the starved labourers whom he pities, and not one of whom pays a penny of taxes except on excisable liquors and a few other commodities, would be in no way relieved. Nowhere is it possible to find the least consciousness that, if the scheme could ever be got to work at all—if mankind at large could be seized of the estates with which Mr. George would invest it, and, further, could be got to retain possession thereof, the only result would be a condition of permanent stagnation in which all men would live like negro squatters. The “natural, equal, and inalienable rights of men,” which Mr. George recognizes, mean simply the natural and unalterable level of savagery. To put it briefly, Mr. George's past is a fiction, and his future, if it could be brought about, would be a pigstye.

The article then concludes by stating there can be no possible antidote to Mr. George, in the case of any reasonable person, better than the reading of Mr. George's works.

### ENGLAND'S OLDEST COLONY.—III.

#### LAND AHoy!—CAPE PINE.

STEAMERS of the Allan Line which ply between Halifax and Liverpool make Cape Race, the south-eastern corner of Newfoundland; those which carry the Royal Mail under contract with the Newfoundland Government, call at St. John's, in passing to and fro. When our Scotch friends, arm-in-arm, a bottle in each hand, were “first fittin'” for the year of grace '83, and the “fun grew fast and furious”; when many in Toronto were returning from watch-light service; on a night clear and star-lit, the wind fresh but steady from the north-west, the billows of the Atlantic rolling long and free, the *s. s. Caspian*, plunge on plunge, making fourteen knots an hour, we sighted a fixed white-light on the southernmost point of Newfoundland—called, from the dark forest that once overhung it, Cape Pine. From the deck you may see that light twenty miles at sea. It stands three hundred and twenty feet above water-mark. The house for its accommodation consists of iron, was built by Mr. Gordon, of Greenock, at the instance of the British Government, and is similar, in form and material,

to that erected by the same engineer on the south-east end of the Bermuda Islands, which is classed by navigators among the finest light-houses extant. There was need of it.

In 1816, before the closing of navigation, the transport *Harpooner* took on board at Quebec detachments of the 4th R. V. Battalion, their families and stores, to land them at Deptford, England. Peace was restored, their long and arduous term of service in Canada was over. About midnight of the tenth of November, when all but the watch were below and many, most, were asleep, she was thrown upon St. Shott's, a few miles inside Cape Pine, and fell on her beam ends on the port side. Sharp rocks staved the bottom of the ship, and the waves washed furiously over her, carrying away masts, tackling, every boat but one, smashing berths and stanchions between decks, and burying not a few both of passengers and crew. When a report ran through the shivering survivors that a lighted candle had set fire to some spirits in the captain's cabin, not far from the magazine, control was at an end, panic revelled unconfined. Now and here was the opportunity, not of the cautious, the prudent, the sage, but of the brave man, of him who would give his life a sacrifice. Altruistic? Ay, as the Apostles were altruistic. Chief-mate Atkinson, somehow, got the remaining boat out astern, with two others jumped in, and, taking a line with them, the trusty three made for a boulder that loomed largely close by and against which the breakers fell with terrific roar. They reached the summit of the cliff, a hundred feet or more, how none of them could tell, heard above the din the shrieks of those on board, returned hail, but for what end? Their line was gone, their boat ground to splinters, the nearest settlement fifteen miles off, its existence doubtful, its direction unknown. In this extremity, no boats, no rescue, nor chance of any, death shrieking wildly for his prey, Captain Bryant stood collected, bethought him of a dog there was on board, made fast the log-line round his chest and middle, then flung him overboard. No record tells what agony these people went through as, day struggling with night made darkness visible, they strained their eyes to track the poor brute's course, now on the crest, now on the bosom of the wave, now pitched almost to the summit of the bluff on which Atkinson and his comrades cried aloud, cheering him on, now swallowed in the trough, the breakers lashing and rolling over him, their lives resting on a frail cord, on a dog, and he a shuttlecock for the waves.

It is the fashion now to call Byron pretty names, and many homilies have been built on that cynical epitaph wherein he contrasts the virtues of his dog with the want of them in man. There shall be no defence of him offered here. But, one would be inclined to think that the poet had cause to rejoice that he had a friend, true and leal, rather than, in this keenly intellectual age when, nine cases out of ten, friendship veers with the wind or adjusts itself to the barometer of fortune, to complain that he had not more than one. The reader, also, will be glad to learn that that friend was of the race most daring of his kind in extremity, most gentle in disposition, most faithful to man, around whose neck hang the medals of humane societies, was first discovered on these shores and takes his name from Newfoundland. Conscious, as it were, of what depended on him, the gallant creature cast from the *Harpooner* battles bravely with the storm, with no small toil reaches the summit of the bluff, then, his work done, disappears from history. To the log-line was knotted a rope, to the rope a hawser, to the hawser slings, to which all who trusted themselves, men, women, children, one by one, came safe to shore. All? All but one. His wife and daughter came scatheless through the flood; but Lieutenant Wilson, a stout, able man, we are told, could not maintain his grip on the rope. The company was scarcely planted on the rock out of the breakers' way, on that wild November morning, but a healthful son, who, in all probability, still flourishes in the West of England, was born unto the sergeant of the guard. The helpless mother was plucked from a watery grave, but the strong swimmer was swept under of the surf. Explain it how you will, it is the unlikely thing which comes to pass. Of the three hundred and eighty persons whose names were on the ship's roll, two hundred and six, in large measure veterans who frequently had faced shot and shell on this and on the continent of Europe, met their death near Cape Pine. One hundred and seventy-five were conveyed to St. John's, where, say the papers, “the merchants and gentlemen most promptly and generously came forward, in the most handsome manner, to the relief of the surviving sufferers.” A fortnight after, they set out for Portsmouth in the *Mercury*, of Poole, carrying with them vivid recollections, if of the terrors of St. Shott's, then of the hospitality of St. John's.

From Cape Pine to Norman is several hundred miles. The text-books have it that the island is three hundred and fifty miles long by two hundred broad, and contains thirty-six thousand square miles of surface, that is, four thousand more than Ireland, seven thousand more than Scotland.



Newfoundland's commissioner at the late Fisheries Exhibition, whose means of information none will question, Sir Ambrose Shea, sets down her area at forty-five thousand square miles. Her acreage of twenty millions and odd approaches near to that of England without Wales. The shore line is greatly irregular, and at one point so deeply indented as almost to cut the island into two parts, as to leave only a narrow neck, two to three miles across, called Come-by-chance, to link the former province, now the peninsula of Avalon, with the main land. It is reckoned to be two thousand miles in length, and provides frequent and excellent harbours. The mariner defines Newfoundland's position as lying between the forty-sixth and fiftieth parallels of north latitude, and between the degrees of longitude fifty-two and fifty-nine west of Greenwich. To the eye strategic she fronts the St. Lawrence, guards either entrance to the Gulf, and holds the key of British North America as approached from the Atlantic. A geologist would tell you, contrary to what has sometimes been surmised and said, that the debris of the river has had little or nothing to do with her formation; that, rather, she is one with her continent in structure, and, long before our day, was rifted from it by glacier action, more probably by volcanic upheaval, of which traces are everywhere to be found. Scanning the map, you may say roughly that her outline is that of a triangle. A line along the south coast, from Cape Race west, gives you its base. Upon it drop a perpendicular from Cape Norman, and you have a right-angle at Cape Ray. Join Norman with Race and you draw an hypotenuse along which glides a current from Baffin's Bay, rich with freight, which "yields to England," says Bacon, speaking of the Newfoundland of his day, "more wealth than all the mines of Peru and Mexico yield to Spain." T. B. BROWNING.

### CO-EDUCATION IN UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

"A Bystander" in the last number of THE WEEK repeats his oft-reiterated and somewhat stereotyped warnings against the evils of co-education, the occasion of his remarks being the fact that the Legislative Assembly of the Province is about to be asked to insist on the door of the provincial college being opened to women as the door of the provincial university has been for the past seven years. To those who have read the distinguished publicist's past utterances on this vexed question it is needless to say that he contents himself with dogmatizing on the subject, and that he does not throw upon it a single ray of light that is likely to be helpful to those on whom will shortly be cast the responsibility of deciding the matter. It is equally needless to remind all who take any interest in the question that the time for dogmatizing about it has gone by never to return. The opponents of co-education are everywhere placed on the defensive, and each succeeding year brings perceptibly nearer the time when the college that persists in excluding women from its lecture halls will be regarded as a fossil anachronism.

"As a general system, co-education may safely be pronounced a failure," says "A Bystander." I say that the assertion is simply ludicrous, and I challenge him to the proof. The only apology for it which he offers in his article is a reference to what is taking place at Cornell, and the citation of President Eliot, of Harvard, as an authority; and both of these are easily disposed of. Dr. Eliot never had any experience of co-education himself, so far as I am aware, and if he cannot give us the testimony of experience then his opinion is not evidence, any more than "Bystander's" own opinion is. By way of contrast to both let me cite the views of Horace Bushnell, who should be accepted by "Bystander" as a disinterested observer, seeing that he is as strongly opposed as any one can be to the "sexual revolution," the dread of which throws so many minds nowadays off their balance. I quote from the opening sentences of a book written to prove that woman suffrage is a "reform against nature," which was published in 1869, and the date of which is very significant. After speaking of the manner in which "the whole male half of the race, having power to do it, have been piling weights of disability and depression on the other half," Mr. Bushnell says:—

We have made a good and right beginning already in the matter of education, and the beneficent results that come along with our new codes of training are even a surprise to us; compelling us to rectify a great many foolish prejudices that we supposed to be sanctioned, as inevitable wisdom, by long ages of experience. The joining, for example, of the two sexes in common studies and a common college life—what could be more un-university-like, and, morally speaking, more absurd? And, as far as the young women are concerned, what could be more unwomanly and really more improper? I confess, with some mortification, that when the thing was first done, I was not a little shocked, even by the rumour of it. But, when by-and-by some fifteen years ago (i.e., in 1854), I drifted into Oberlin and spent a Sunday there, I had a new chapter opened that has cost me the loss of a considerable cargo of wise opinions, all scattered in loose wreck never again to be gathered. I found that the old church-idea of a college (*collegium*), where youths of the male sex were gathered to the cloisters of their male teachers, the monks, and where any sight or thought of a woman approaching the place was conceived to be a profanation, was itself a dismal imposture, and a kind of total lie against everything most beneficent in the bisexual order of our existence. I

learned, for the first time, what it means that the sexes, not merely as by two-and-two, but as a large open scale of society, have a complementary relation, existing as helps to each other, and that humanity is a disjointed creature running only to waste and disorder where they are put so far asunder as to leave either one or the other in a properly monastic and separate state. Here were gathered for instruction large numbers of pupils, male and female, pursuing their studies together in the same classes and lessons, under the same teachers; the young women deriving a more pronounced and positive character from association with young men in their studies, and the young men a closer and more receptive refinement and a more delicate habitual respect to what is in personal life, from their associations with young women. The discipline of the institution, watchful as it properly should be, was yet a kind of silence, and was practically null—being carried on virtually by the mutually qualifying and restraining powers of the sexes over each other. There was scarcely a single case of discipline, or almost never more than one, occurring in a year. In particular, there was no such thing known as an *esprit du corps* in deeds of mischief, no conspiracies against order and the faculty, no bold prominence in evil aspired to, no lying proudly done for the safety of the clan, no barbarities of hazing perpetrated. And so the ancient, traditional, hell-state of college life, and all the immense ruin of character propagated by the club-law of a stringently male or monastic association, was totally escaped and put away. What we see occurring always, where males are gathered in a society by themselves, whether in the prison, or the shop, or the school, or the army—every beginning of the *esprit du corps* in evil is kept under, stowed away, made impossible by the association of the gentler sex, who cannot co-operate in it, and cannot think of it with respect. And what so long ago was proved by this earliest experiment, has since been proved a dozen or twenty times over by other experiments under other forms of religion, as well as under all varieties of literary culture and social atmosphere. The experiment of joining the two sexes in the same studies, and composing in that manner the society of college life, has now been carried far enough I think, to show that it is the only plan which is really according to nature. Whether the colleges and universities of the old monastic type will change their organizations, so as to claim their advantages in the better way discovered, remains to be seen. Perhaps they would not do it if they could, and perhaps they can not do it if they would. It remains, in either case, to be seen whether they have benefits of any kind sufficient to compensate for their moral disadvantages, and so to keep them still in existence.

Thirty years ago Mr. Bushnell, an uncompromising opponent of the general movement so cordially disliked by "A Bystander," regarded the Oberlin experiment as an unqualified success. He adds that a score of more recent experiments of a similar kind had proved equally successful as far back as fifteen years ago. We have similar testimony, some of it even more emphatic, from keen, impartial and competent observers, many of whom have taught in, while some have presided over, colleges in which co-education has been fully tested. And yet, on the authority of Dr. Eliot, who does not appear to have ever taught a mixed class in his life, we are told that "as a general system, co-education may be pronounced a failure." Where has it ever failed after a fair trial? Not in Cornell, for, on "Bystander's" own admission, the attendance of women in that institution has risen to about fifty in fifteen years—a most encouraging success in view of the youth of the University, and the parental and other prejudices that had to be overcome by the ambitious girls. Not in Ann Arbor, where the attendance of women is much larger than it is at Cornell, though co-education has been permitted for a shorter period. From a report of the National Commission of Education, published in 1874—the latest to which at this writing I have access—I learn that ten years ago there were, in the United States over 120 universities and colleges in which co-education was practised; that in many of these the attendance of the sexes was nearly equal; that in some the female students were the more numerous, and that in not a few they numbered upwards of 100; in one case reaching 160. It is needless to cite testimony on this point, though there is plenty to be had.

The question at issue, with respect to University College, is an extremely simple one. The senate of the Provincial University has, ever since 1877, admitted women to its examinations. During these seven years ninety-five candidates have applied for leave to pass the matriculation examination, and no fewer than eighty-three—an unusually large proportion—have passed it. Of the latter number, sixty are at present of the standing of first-year, fifteen of second-year, and eight of third-year. None have ever yet attempted the third or fourth-year examinations, for the simple reason that in University College alone can tuition be obtained in subjects of those years, and its door is closed against them. As University College is, equally with Toronto University, a Provincial institution, supported entirely by public funds, which are the property of the whole people, and managed under the authority of a public Act of Parliament, not a private charter, the great injustice inflicted on deserving young women anxious to complete their education is too obvious to need emphasizing. They are not asking for permission to live in the college residence, but merely to attend the lectures of the professors, some of whom are, by the way, quite willing to have them in their lecture rooms. The great majority of the male students, nearly ninety per cent., now live in private boarding-houses, and female students can safely be permitted to do likewise, as in the case of the Normal School, where co-education of adults has been the rule for thirty years. There is no law against the admission of women to University College, except the will of a majority of the faculty, and that made up, with the sole exception of the President, of the least experienced members of it. What Mr. Gibson asks the Legislature to do is to declare that, as women are now admitted to the University examination-hall, they should be as freely admitted to the Col-

lege class-rooms. The one is the complement of the other, and a perusal of the statutes governing both will show that the Legislature never intended sex to be a disability in an applicant for admission to either.

The formal reply made to applicants by the College Council can be construed only as either a strange confession of moral weakness or a reflection on the character of the male students. Women are refused admission because their presence is deemed by the Council incompatible with the maintenance of "due order and discipline" in the institution. We have seen what Mr. Bushnell has to say on this point. We know what the practical result of the Normal School system has been, and we know that in almost every High School and Collegiate Institute in the Province adult male and female students are constantly in the same class-room. No intelligent master of a secondary school would now think of separating the sexes, whatever the age of the pupils might be; and even "Bystander" will admit that the hearts of students of twenty-one are just as "combustible" in a school as in a college. Indeed the chances of a scandal arising from the mingling of sexes are less in the college than in the school, owing chiefly to the higher character of those women who have the fortitude to attempt a university course.

WILLIAM HOUSTON.

### RABELAIS.

A scathing article in which the London *Saturday Review* subjects *Punch* to an all-consuming fire is amusing the literary world. It is perhaps a waste of dynamite on the part of the *Review* to blow up the booth of Momus. The offence of *Punch* was to call Rabelais a dirty old black-guard. THE WEEK has also a word to say to that.

The present assumes that the present is the true and only standard of taste, and quarters on that standard *Punch* and Ouida, with for crest a Woman in White, rampant, and as motto a prurient innuendo in the slang of the American vulgate from the pen of some female novelist. The present has no patience with the past. Addison and his co-respondents are to the taste of to-day as deservedly dead as Queen Anne. The language used by these people was horrid. If a godly remnant may be believed things were said and done in Charles the Second, his day, that would be extremely ungentle now. Were an amiable reader of the present WEEK to reject himself (which means to project himself backwards) into the times of Henry, the eighth of that blessed name and memory, he might find several things uttered and done that he could only palliate in view of peculiarity in the constitution of that monarch and his monarchy. The farther back one goes the darker things look, although, like a personage whom one of our English chroniclers describes as "that old incendiary," even the dark ages are not as black as they are painted. Had they not flexible glass and some knowledge of architecture? The Homeric heroes fitted their time, although, of course, it was highly reprehensible and not in good form, to bully one another in the way they did. Most of the gods and men—*ay di me!* and women—mentioned in Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, seem to have been injudicious in their conduct and worse in their talk. Probably excuses might be made for them all, but THE WEEK is not, at present, retained as their apologist.

There is, or was, an established British belief that everything is worse on the continent of Europe, and especially in France, than in happy England. In the double decade of years between 1520 and 1540 society even in England was rather naughty from a present point of view. It was in the habit of calling a spade a "spade." This was indefensible as a matter of refinement. It ought to have spoken of the tool as a horticultural implement with a handle, and have limited the coarser word to the shovel of a bishop and the spade on a guinea. But people did not. They barefacedly called the thing a spade. It was the custom of the country. Even so lately as the days of Elizabeth—of whom no scandal—a playwright produced an acting drama called "the Custom of the Country."

The European continent at the time—that is to say the south and middle western, for the keen north kept the air purer—was, as to its morality, covered with a fungoid growth, or to speak less figuratively, with venality, oppression, profligacy, corruption, sensuality and consequently with universal coarseness, spoken and written. In the holiday processions under Lorenzo the Magnificent, the *Canto delle Meretrici* was sung in character through the streets of Florence. Leo X., glory of Italy and the Papacy, who, as his father and all of the Medicis, liked his literature highly spiced, was never weary of having Machiavelli's not prudish screaming farce *Man-dragore* performed in the private papal chamber. The dipper into European history of the era meets with many occurrences and remarks that it would take a *very* special pleader to exonerate. Society was in a fester to its core.

In this foul and fæcal simmering of the social elements grew to manhood and to a kind of spurious priesthood Francis Rabelais; he was a man of good digestion, that was item the first in his favour; of sound lungs, his laugh must have been a diapason; an admirable judge of wine—for had he not graduated in the grape of his father's Touranian close? and in his every *menu* of the Gargantuan feasts shows it; a man with the hugest idea of giving a dinner and eating it; joined to these fine qualities the boldness of a lion, or a Luther, or a Knox, the impertinence of a jack-pudding and the wisdom of the most ancient of serpents. This man knew his era. Had he girt up his loins and preached, his compatriots would have stoned him like Stephen. Unlike many good souls of the present day—with reverence be it spoken—he did not overestimate his value in holding forth. A meretricious glorifying of literature was then the fashion, and Rabelais called in literature to his aid. "The Inestimable Life of the Great Gargantua" offered to the world, being newer—would presumably be—as entertaining as the "Adventures of Roland," or more so. Success attended his literary venture. The book took.

Many debating societies have puzzled their modicum of brains as to the distinction between wit and humour. Rabelais drew no line, but taking humour as the basis stirred in his wit-pellets as plums in porridge. No acrid ingredient mingled in his roly-poly; a delicate acid, dropped in minims, served to accentuate the mass which he offered to the digestion of his race. The salutary medicaments meant for purging were agreeably disguised but not concealed.

Had Francis Rabelais, physician, recommended in a dulcet tone of voice a course of bread pills, and a mild dip at Tadousac to cure the almost incurable, he might have become a fashionable doctor and been knighted—or, worse still, have been made a baronet—but would he have been the giant, feared and loved, that he was? If he had spoken in phrase not comprehended by the mob he talked to, could he have established a salutary cautery on that mob's hide? We think not; he spoke the language and uttered the vulgarities of the day that the vulgar of the day might comprehend him, but behind every vulgarism is but partially hidden a wholesome text or attempt to lead up to and impress a truth. For the then licentiousness of expression, even in the throne room of the Sovereign Pontiff, the scholar has only to look, in addition to the incidents already quoted, at the writings of the brilliant Cardinal Bembo, right hand literary man of the respectable Pope Alexander Farnese. What the Cardinal, mainstay of an avowedly reforming pope, said, Rabelais deemed he might say likewise, but in the vernacular of his province—instead of the latin of the Vatican. It may modify the horror of some to learn that the vulgarities of Rabelais were an important factor in the Reformation. That his own mind was more at home in a wider refinement of thought is apparent to those who read between the lines; he lowered himself that he might be understood. The teacher spoke to his pupils in their own foul provincialism. So do traders of Hong Kong talk pigeon-English that they may be intelligible to the flowery Chinese. The complete parables of Rabelais are to be found only in the library of the ripe scholar. There let them remain. Strong meats are not for babes and sucklings, but there is no reason why tender ones should not have a nice wholesome slice off the holiday joint. Which reminds us that the intention of this paper is to recommend Professor Morley's recently published "Gargantua and the heroic deeds of Pantagruel," in which the rather too strong Rabelais is made fit for decent society, and as seemingly innocuous as the most abandoned *roué* in a white waistcoat on his good behaviour at a girls' party.

HUNTER DUVAR.

### CARNIVAL NOTES.

THE week has been a busy and merry one for Montreal. On Monday the second Winter Carnival began under circumstances altogether auspicious. The weather was delightful, somewhat milder than on the same occasion last year, but still such as to leave no doubt as to the season. The sky was of the clearest blue, bright sunshine gladdened the heart, the streets were in good condition for walking and driving, and all the elements conspired to make life enjoyable. For several days previous, visitors had been flocking in from all directions. The hotels were crowded, and hundreds of lodging-houses were as full as they could conveniently be. The hospitality of a large number of private houses had also been availed of. Altogether our population had been increased by a good many thousands. The preparations had occupied the thoughts of the chief and subordinate committees for several months, and nothing that was likely to add to the interest of the event had been lost sight of.

For such a feast of reason and healthful pleasure, no city could be better provided than Montreal is. A winter carnival on a modest scale might be extemporized any fine day, and no variety of taste be left ungratified. The programme is really little more than a synopsis of games and amusements which are in full activity all the winter through. Sleighting, skating, curling, snow-shoeing, tobogganing, hockey, lacrosse on ice,

trotting races, skating masquerades, concerts, balls, *tableaux vivants*, torch-light processions, and other forms of recreation are, in one or other mode of exhibition, quite familiar to the gay youth and mirthful age of Montreal. That is, in truth, the most important fact in connection with the Carnival. Of added features, the reception of the Governor-General and the vice-regal party, the concourse of visitors, and the castle of ice are the most noteworthy. Of course, too, every point of interest is intensified by the spirit of a common purpose and the prevailing enthusiasm.

Montreal has six well organized snow-shoe clubs, the oldest of which dates back to 1840. No doubt, long before that time informal gatherings of snow shoers had tramped it merrily through our winter woods, when on the 9th of January, 1666, M. de Courcelles set out from Quebec on an expedition to the country of the Agniers. Major Herbel de Rouville, with a party of French and Indians, travelled on snow-shoes from Canada to Deerfield, Massachusetts, in the winter of 1704. The motive of the foray was the recovery of a bell that had been ordered from France for the use of the little church at Caughnawaga, and which is still in existence and an object of much veneration. From that time on the *raquettes* must have been in frequent use amongst the French Canadians, though their adoption as means of healthy exercise and pleasure is comparatively recent. Carrioling seems to have been the favourite out-door amusement of the *jeunesse dorée* of Quebec towards the close of the last century. An old carrioling song of that period is extant, of which the following verses may serve as a specimen:—

"Not all the fragrance of the spring,  
Nor all the tuneful birds that sing  
Can to the plains the ladies bring  
So soon as carrioling.

"Nor Venus with the winged loves  
Drawn by her sparrows or her doves,  
So gracefully or swiftly moves  
As ladies carrioling."

The snow-shoers, too, have their poets, and there is nothing more inspiring than a snow-shoe chorus joined in by the whole company on the line of march. The following stanzas are from a great favourite with the Montreal Club:—

"Chilliest of skies above,  
Coldest of fields below,  
Bound to the shore we love,  
Ever and on we go;  
Far as the eye can peer,  
Where the goal of the mountain shines,  
Our forward course we steer,  
Up to the feathered Pines;  
Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
Vive la Tuque Bleue.

"What if the tempest roars,  
What if the wild winds blow;  
Our buoyant spirit soars  
Over the steppes of snow;  
Swift as the antlered deer,  
Light as the soft gazelle,  
The hedge and the wall we clear,  
And the gorge that we know so well;  
Tramp, tramp, tramp;  
Vive la Tuque Bleue."

Besides the Montreal, there are the St. George, the Canadian, Les Trappeurs, the Argyle, and the Maple-Leaf clubs, every one of which has its own uniform.

It may seem strange that curling should have found a local habitation and a name in Montreal before snow-shoeing. On the excellent authority of Col. Dyde, C. M. G., this appears to be the case. In an interesting contribution to the carnival number of the *Witness*, he describes a match that took place in 1835 between the Montreal and Quebec curling clubs. There are now three well-organized clubs, each with double rinks and club room.

Though tobogganing is an ancient sport in Montreal, it was not until 1880 that it was thought worthy of organization. There are now four fine clubs, one of which bears the name of our Governor-General. They have all their own slides. That of the Park Toboggan Club is situated in a spot, known as "The Pines," famed for the beauty of its surroundings, and one of Montreal's chief attractions. The total run there is 1,300 feet with a fall of eighty-four and a-half feet. It is double, each slide being ten feet wide. The total length of Montreal Club (three slides) is 1,500 feet; of the Lansdowne, 1,800, and of the Tuque Bleue, 1,200.

His Excellency and Lady Lansdowne must have been pleased at the reception with which they met. The living arch was an arch of triumph in more than one sense. Apart from its living freight, it was a handsome structure, well planned and well put together. Two solid towers, with their connecting and dependent arch, had been so built as to furnish standing room, hidden by greenery, for over two hundred blanketed snow-shoers. Surmounting each tower was a star of snow-shoes, and above the arch was a scroll formed of three toboggans, with the motto, *Virtute non Verbis*, and underneath, in distinct significance, the city's "Welcome." The tasteful costumes, mingling with the foliage of the evergreens, were quite effective.

The imposing castellated structure which bears the name of Ice Palace is believed to be the third of such fabrics as yet erected. The first, that of the Empress Anne of Russia, erected at St. Petersburg in 1740, and described in Cowper's poem, "The Task," had no successor until a happy thought gave existence to the architectural fancy that lent so much *éclat* to last year's carnival.

"In such a palace poetry might place  
The armory of winter . . . ."

"Silently, as a dream, the fabric rose;  
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.  
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts  
Were soon conjoined, nor other cement asked

"Than water interfused to make them one.  
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,  
Illumined every side; a watery light  
Gleamed through the clear transparency, that seemed

"Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen  
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.  
So stood the brittle prodigy; though smooth  
And slippery the materials, yet frost-bound  
Firm as a rock."

There could hardly be a truer description than that which the poet's creative eye enabled him to write of a structure which he had not seen with his bodily vision. But, of course, there is room for any variety of plan in ice as in stone-work. Montreal's first attempt was admirable, when it is considered that the builders had no experience to guide them. That of this year is a much finer building. It is a castellated structure which would be imposing even if it were built of stone. Its length is 160 feet, and greatest breadth sixty-five feet, while the height of the central tower is eighty feet. No description can give any just notion of the impression conveyed by this shapely mass of ice. Seen by a person unwarned its effect would certainly be startling. There is a weird and ghostly look about it that recalls some of the imaginings of Gustave Doré.

The scene on Wednesday night was memorable. Such a concourse of people has seldom come together in Montreal. The attraction was the attack and defence of the Ice Palace by the snow-shoers. The weather, which was so bright and cheery on Monday, had undergone some change for the worse, but the drizzle had ceased, and the leaden skies were favourable to the pyrotechnic display which was to light up the heavens. From whatever side one approached the palace, the ethereal towers, glimmering with the electric light, formed a conspicuous object, and once the eye rested on it, it was not easy to withdraw the gaze. Every now and then the blaze of many-coloured fireworks crossed and re-crossed the dome, descending in showers of light of every shape and hue. The snow-shoers, in their gay uniforms, were ready for the word of command, and, after some pretty evolutions, marched, each man bearing a torch, towards the slope of the mountains. The crowd, though pressing and jostling, was induced to make a path for them. It was a novel and interesting sight, as the long line of torch-bearers, first white, then red, made its way to the summit, where they began such a storm of shells and rockets as gave a fair idea of a genuine bombardment. The scene was one to fire the heart of the dullest beholder and the miscellaneous multitude entered heartily into the spirit of it. The sight of so many people might well give rise to conflicting emotions, for, however joyous the occasion, there is much of solemn suggestiveness in a vast throng of human beings. "When the sun set, where were they?" When a few suns set where will that great multitude have disappeared to? On the very spot where they stood, around that castle of ice, had once lain the forefathers of the hamlet—for then it was little more. On every spot almost on which a foot rested tears had been shed over the grave of the loved and lost. And long before those vanished forms had made their appearance on that or any scene, another people, whose hospitality had been the first ever offered to civilized man on the site of this great city, had lived and loved and suffered and passed away, by what cruel breath of fate no one knows. When to the summit of that same mountain to which he gave its name, Cartier was guided by some of his simple, trusting hosts, on what a different scene did he gaze from that which meets the eye to-day!

There is one lack, of which the visitor to Montreal, who has had experience of Quebec, may sometimes be made conscious. Montreal has no Le Moine. Historians there are, indeed, learned and conscientious, by whose research the Province and the Dominion have largely profited, and will still profit. But there is none to whom every spot to which history or tradition has attached some association is an object of tender interest and care, as every notable point in and around Quebec is to Mr. Le Moine. Such a *vates sacer*, on whom he might lean for guidance to the many localities and buildings and sites that have had a memorable share in our annals, many a stranger visiting our city would thankfully appreciate.

It was thoughtful of the committee to open all the libraries, museums, art gallery and other storehouses of knowledge and culture to the strangers attending the Carnival. Much as there may be to attract in the amusements of the week, there must be a few who, in such a continuity of pleasure, will long for quiet intercourse with a book, a picture, or such relics of the world's past ages as the Redpath museum contains.

The idea occurred to a few ardent skaters of making our historic *personnel* a feature in the Victoria Rink masquerade. As a picture of life and beauty, and brightness, and joy, the scene, on that occasion, could not be surpassed. The building, which is considered one of the finest on the continent, was adorned with all that taste and loyalty could suggest. The ice temple was "a thing of beauty," though obviously not a "joy for ever," and the grotto might have been the home of winter fairies. Montreal is famous for the skill of its skaters, and the evolutions of the fair *figurantes* at the carnival evidently astonished some of the strangers. As for the historical figures, there was Jacques Cartier, who may have crossed that very spot when he touched the blind, and the lame, and the feeble that were brought to him, and comforted and inspired them with the spirit of gratitude, if he did not heal them. And Champlain, who came later by a life-time to find no trace of that peaceful habitation of a simple race, and Frontenac, who revenged their wrongs by breaking the power of the haughty Iroquois; and Wolfe, who effected what the Kirks and the Phipses and the Walkers had attempted in vain, making Britain mistress of the Gulf and

of the citadel and the whole broad interior. The presence of the viceregal party and so many other visitors of distinction made an impression which, perhaps, could have been gained by no imaginary reproduction of the vanished forms of our changeful past.

It was not on the rinks alone—the Crystal, and Prince of Wales, as well as the Victoria—that the effect of fancy costume was added to the exhilaration of healthy exercise and delight in the display and witnessing of rare skill. At the opening of the Montreal toboggan slide, the costumes were one of the chief attractions, set off, as they were, by the natural charms of the scene, and setting off the no less real charms of the wearers. Some of the fair adventurers evidently felt not a little trepidation, though most of them assumed perfect confidence, always well founded in the skill and care of their guides. Every night of the Carnival, when other attractions did not prove stronger, all the slides were occupied by joyous throngs. The hearts of the Lansdowne Club were more than once made glad by the visit to their slide of Lord Lansdowne, who did honour to the club by wearing its handsome white uniform. On Thursday night Lady Lansdowne accompanied him, and the whole scene was one of extraordinary brilliancy and interest.

Of the curling bonspiel, which opened on Tuesday and continued all through the week, it need only be said that, among those who love to "mark the lea with mirth and glee in cauld, cauld frosty weather," there was quite as much enthusiasm as centred around any other entertainment of the Carnival. To numbers of Americans the trotting races were the cream of all the sports, and the Driving Park gave ample opportunity for the study of some national characteristics. The McGill, Victoria, and Ottawa hockey teams are well trained, and their play attracted quite a number of interested spectators, the Governor-General honouring them by his appearance at the rink on Friday morning.

In Carnival week, the proper hospitable frame of mind has been cultivated by preparation and looking forward to its most amiable point, and all citizens vied with each other in providing for the comfort and happiness of the guests. Not only has this culmination of good feeling produced its best fruits during the week now near its close, but the committee took excellent care that if any exceptional disposition were displayed to take selfish advantage of the incomers, it should be promptly discouraged. On the whole, it may be said that seldom, if ever before, was an appeal made to the kindly nature of Montreal with such altogether satisfactory results. Many a friendship, too, has grown out of this week's *reunion* that will last while life lasts. Montreal has new ties with many a distant city which may be fraught with good for us and them. When in after days they or we look on any of the excellent illustrations of the Carnival, we can fill in vacancies with remembered forms, or substitute for features in the scene those whose smiles so much entranced its pleasures for us.

Montreal, Feb. 9.

J. R.

#### OTTAWA NOTES.

THE great guns of the political parties have opened fire and the action has become general all over the political field. There have already been three motions of want of confidence, and the way is being prepared for a fourth; private bills are pouring in, the Government's proposed legislation has caused great and general excitement; lobbyists are hard at work, deputations are coming forward in shoals, demanding redress of all sorts of grievances, and the rumour-makers are more than busy. The politicians and their assistants and the hangers-on of the session are rapidly assuming the look of men who sustain a constant effort with some difficulty, a look which is characteristic of the busy part of the session, and the Parliament buildings seem to grow worse as to ventilation, and more shabby as to appearance, just as is always the case during the legislative season.

The debate on the Canadian Pacific Railway resolutions occupies the greater share of the attention of the House, and from Monday will no doubt monopolize it, as the Government has decided the question shall be discussed from day to day until decided. There can be no doubt that if the proposed loan is to do the Canadian Pacific Railway Company any good, it must be given soon. Meantime the air is full of rumours about opposition to be raised to the measure and about proposed amendments to it. It is only fair that the Company should give as well as ask, and Mr. Blake pointed out in a speech which must rank as one of the very ablest of his life, that now was a good time to try to compel them to give up their monopoly and to enter upon an engagement to complete the work by 1886, to enable them to do which is the great reason urged for granting this loan.

Sir Richard Cartwright has signaled his re-entrance into Parliament by a strong indictment of the Finance Minister for his action in advancing \$300,000 to what he calls the "scandalously mismanaged" Exchange Bank. Whether Sir Leonard did or did not give the money because the Exchange Bank people were political friends cannot be decided in a quarrel of the partisans about it, but the event proved him grossly in the wrong. The Finance Minister's only defence was gone, and therefore he could only make a confused rambling speech and trust to his followers to help him out. But on the other hand the attacking party was in a strong position. His manner of speech gave strong corroborative evidence to the truth of another odd rumour that has been current. When Sir Richard was last in

the House his rising to speak on any question was the signal for groans, cat-calls and derisive cheers from the other side. He seemed to enjoy the fight, however, and was apparently never in better humor with himself than when shouting away at the highest pitch of his rasping voice, trying to make himself heard above the discordant sounds from the other side, and abusing his adversaries in good, sound English. It is said, however, that when he came here this session, his friends gave him a hint that he was doing their cause no good by exasperating the enemy, and begged him to be a little less peppery. If his speech of yesterday was not the result of some such conversation as that, it is hard to surmise what was the matter with him. He had the Finance Minister on the hip, and knew it; yet he spoke calmly (for him), and even when the Government side sought to fire him, gave out only a hasty spark of angry retort and straightway was cold again. The fact was probably that he was trying to roar gently, so as not to try the sensitive nerves of his friends; and the verdict must be that as a gentle roarer he is not a success.

The demand of Quebec for better terms has been made. Mr. Ouimet, member for Laval, made a speech last night to show that all considerations of fair-play and good policy were in favour of granting an additional subsidy to Quebec. Many of his arguments were such as would apply to the other Provinces as well, but he applied them to Quebec alone, leaving it for others to make what further use of them they wished. He did his best to secure the sympathy and co-operation of the Opposition by saying that the subsidies now paid to the Provinces were so small that the Provinces were left more dependent than they should be upon the central authority, and that this state of affairs led toward legislative union. The Opposition did not bite, however, and after a few other French members had spoken the motion for papers, under cover of which this speech was made, was carried, without either amendment or dissent. This is not the best of the matter. The position of Quebec is so desperate that nothing but more money or pinching economy will save the Province. The alternative is a terrible one for Quebec politicians, and, however loudly the people call for it, it is hardly likely the politicians will enter upon that course.

Once again we are threatened with a revival of the miserable question of Orange incorporation. The subject in itself is a fair one for debate, and neither those who support nor those who oppose the measure need be ashamed to present their views upon it. But, it has become so palpably a mere ghost-trick for each party to scare the other with, that the solid sense of the people should rebel against it. If the Orangemen want incorporation, let them come forward like men and demand it. If the question is in their opinion of sufficient importance to warrant it, let them make it a question at the polls; but to have the thing drag along as it has done for years past and then to expect to arouse sympathy by means of it, is an insult to the intelligence of the public. This session, for instance, the petition for the bill was not put in until late, and then so quietly that very few knew that it had been put in at all. To-day was the last day for receiving public bills, and it is only to-day that the Orange leaders appeared in Ottawa to urge its passing. An extension of time for presenting private bills has been granted and the Orange Bill is once more not brought forward, but awaits some further arrangements before being put before the house. It was a good trick once, but it is played out and ought to be put to one side with the Pacific Scandal, the Neebing Hotel and other ancient properties of the political theatre.

Dinner parties, afternoon parties, tobogganing parties and only one ball. This is the record of the social season so far, and the people who are always ready to be invited out and the people who think they have done their share of entertaining begin to wonder how long this state of affairs is to continue.

ED. RUTHVEN.

#### NEW BRUNSWICK LETTER.

WE have just been witnessing one of those political somersaults here that would create astonishment elsewhere. With us, however, such things are matters of course, as the personal and pecuniary elements are stronger than the political in our electoral contests. Mr. Pickard carried the county of York, in the last general election, by a majority of 917, and the Reform papers sent up a shout about "the triumph of Liberal principles," "the downfall of Toryism," and much more to the same effect. Those who were familiar with public matters in New Brunswick knew that this talk was all rubbish, and that half the voters knew little and cared less about Liberalism or Toryism in the abstract or the concrete. Mr. Pickard's big majority proved Mr. Pickard's great popularity in his county, and it proved nothing else. Mr. Pickard died, and his political friends seemed to think they only needed to decide among themselves who should be his



successor. They did not think it possible that they could be successfully opposed. But Mr. Temple, knowing full well how large a number of Mr. Pickard's following was personal rather than political, accepted a nomination from the friends of the Government and boldly entered the lists with what looked like desperate odds against him. His opponent was an abler man than he, but not so well known or so personally popular. The local Government was against him, its power in the county being wielded by the partner of the Liberal candidate, but he had the influence of the Dominion Government in his favour. Mr. Gibson, the king of the Nashwaak, marshalled his hosts against him, but the Burpees, who control all the railways in the county, are understood to have held themselves aloof from the struggle.

The result is the election of Mr. Temple by 167 majority—a result which shows that nearly six hundred electors changed sides—that six hundred who voted for Mr. Pickard, the follower of Mr. Blake, voted for Mr. Temple, the follower of Sir John Macdonald. My reference to pecuniary considerations does not refer to bribery, but to favours that are looked for from a friendly Government. One of the Temple papers published its platform, and almost every plank of the structure consisted of subsidy-money for railways, money for bridges and money for public buildings. The Attorney-General, appealing to the same spirit of selfishness, asked for tenders for a bridge across the St. John, at Fredericton, and made lavish promises of great road improvements. The Liberals are lamenting the relapse of York into the bosom of Tory barbarism, and the Liberal Conservatives are singing hosannas over its redemption, but the mourners going about the streets and the makers of music are alike perfectly conscious of the fact that personal considerations decided the contest.

We are disposed to marvel much, here in New Brunswick, at the "Bystander's" assertion that "the Ontario tax-payer bears the chief burden" of the expenditures of the Federal Government. Our politicians have frequently figured on the subject of relative contributions to the revenue, and have always shown to their own satisfaction that the New Brunswick tax-payer bears a heavier burden than he of Ontario. Without going into the arithmetical mazes and conjectural assumptions which are employed by those who discuss so unprofitable a theme, it is safe to say that it has never been demonstrated that the Ontario tax-payer bears a larger share of the public burden than the New Brunswick or Nova Scotia tax-payer. "Bystander's" statement as it stands is simply incorrect, and there can be few readers, even among the chronic grumblers of Ontario, who do not recognize its falsity at a glance. If "Bystander" intended to personify Ontario, the statement is unphilosophical and absurd. Ontario pays no tax to the Dominion Treasury. The individual consumers of native whiskey and imported goods, no matter where they reside, have the whole burden of Federal taxation, and it is mischievous and misleading to talk about the share any Province bears. We look for something sounder than this sort of shoddy from your distinguished contributor.

St. John, N. B., Feb. 1, 1884.

JAY.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### LIMITED FARM HOLDINGS.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—In the last number of *THE WEEK* "A Bystander" again refers to the proposal to limit holdings of land to 320 acres, or any other arbitrary quantity. Permit me to ask "A Bystander" if he would favour selling in unlimited quantities to individual holders? or would he fix a limit? and if so, about where? In either case he would be liable to be objected to. In the first, as favouring an aristocratic monopoly detrimental to the best interests of the people; and in the second as fixing on a limited arbitrary quantity, and therefore a nationalist aiming to slay the monster of iniquity.

I quite agree with "A Bystander" as to the effect a tenancy at the will of the state, would have. But a fixed lease of say ten, fifteen, or twenty years would have a very different effect. The tenant would have the advantage of using all his capital in plant and stock, which would enable him to cultivate the land better and raise more bread. If his object was cultivation and bread raising for his remuneration, and not speculation, the amount of rent and value of improvements could be settled in fairness, so as to admit of the experiment of ever so large a farm without cause of opposition.

Having had some experience in farming, and having read, talked and thought a good deal about it, I have no hesitation in saying that a township settled with families on every 320 acres or less, with a mixed system of farming, whose surplus of produce will not be grain entirely, but largely of butter, cheese, beef, pork, etc., the freight on which would be so much less felt than on grain, will be better cultivated, better settled for the public good, will raise more bread-stuffs, make more trade and commerce,

and in every way better for the country, than if occupied by one or two wealthy holders farming on a large scale. I am pleased "A Bystander" has referred to this matter again, as it may help to get it the consideration it is entitled to. Yours truly,

WM. OSBORNE.

Hamilton, Feb. 6, 1884.

### THE IRISH QUESTION.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—What does Mr. Edgar mean by Home Rule for Ireland? Does he mean a separate Parliament? If he does, he seems to forget that the experiment has been already tried, and that it ended in a war between the two races and the two religions, which plunged the island into sanguinary anarchy in '98. It is difficult to imagine how any man of sense can fancy there is any analogy between the case of a distant dependency like Canada and that of Ireland, which is an integral portion of the United Kingdom, or imagine that it is possible, without dismemberment of the United Kingdom, to give Ireland self-government on the Canadian plan. The Parnellites do not want Home Rule. They want, and avow that they want, separation. On the other hand, there is evidently a large party in Ireland opposed to anything of the kind. Why are we bound to withhold our sympathy from the Irish Protestants and Unionists? They have among them almost all the intelligence of the country. Why is their opinion less deserving of attention than that of the masses of which we have specimens in Conway street? Mr. Edgar says that we did not deprive the Irish in Canada of their rights on account of the Fenian invasion. But suppose the Irish in Canada had joined the Fenians, murdered our citizens, maimed our cattle, and blown up our public buildings with dynamite, what should we have done? However, nobody has proposed to deprive the Irish of any rights. Parliament was legislating for them in the most liberal spirit when the standard of rebellion was raised, and Mr. Gladstone, whose life they are daily threatening, had given them a Land Act, and was proposing to give them an extension of local self-government. It is quite clear that this question of sympathy with rebellion in Ireland has become mixed with party questions here, and that we shall have to be on our guard accordingly. I am yours, etc.,

CANADIAN LIBERAL.

Toronto, February 11, 1884.

### ENGLISH WOMEN IN PUBLIC LIFE.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—As the question of Female Suffrage seems likely to be brought before the Legislature, it may be worth while to call attention to the testimony of "A Good Liberal" given in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, itself a very liberal journal, respecting the ladies who take part in public life in England—

The advocates of women's suffrage and of women in public work are fond of taking it for granted that their opinions are gaining ground in the Liberal party. For myself, with fair opportunities of judging, I doubt it. The experience of the election of guardians is not favourable to them, and with regard to women on school boards and other public bodies, where are the cases in which they have been of service? Unfortunately in public business as in private life it is found that women are apt to form their opinions by their likes and dislikes, and to be moved by personal reasons rather than by the merits of the questions at issue; and this has made them often the cause of ill-feeling and discomfort on the boards on which they have sat. There has been nothing in the work which they have contributed to counterbalance this. They have done nothing which could not have been as well or better done by men.

To experience of this kind is probably due the decided retrogression of Female Suffrage in the British House of Commons, where from a regular Bill, which once passed a second reading, it has shrunk to a mere resolution, the rejection of which is so much a foregone conclusion that members hardly think it worth while to attend. At the Radical Conference at Leeds the other day, a resolution in favour of Female Suffrage was carried as it was announced by a great majority. But it seems that of the 540 delegates only about 200 thought it worth while to be present on that occasion. Among the mass of the wives and mothers of England the movement evidently finds no support. Yours, etc.,

SEX.

Feb. 9.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—I see reported another hideous case of premature burial, the victim being Miss Hockwall, of Dayton, Ohio. It is surely time that some medical man who has a regard for the reputation of his profession should explain these cases and tell us why such horrors are ever permitted to occur when the use of very simple tests might prevent them. PHILO.

THIS story is told in illustration of the elder Dumas' unthinking generosity. A friend came in with a thousand francs for him, in gold and silver, and piled them up on his mantel-piece. "Not there, not there," cried Alexander Dumas, "for whatever money is put there is common property for my friends. A score of needy men would come in—there are so many needy people in Paris just before dinner—who might be hungry, and seeing the money there would help themselves, and I couldn't deny them. By eight o'clock there would not be a sou left. I wouldn't have the heart to say no. Somehow charity has no definite object. It must be universal, but in this case I must be prudence itself," and saying this he took up the money and locked it in a drawer in his writing desk.

## VALENTINE IN FORME OF BALLADE.

THE soft wind from the south land sped,  
He set his strength to blow,  
From forests where Adonis bled,  
And lily flowers a-row :  
He crossed the straits like streams that flow,  
The ocean dark as wine,  
To my true love to whisper low,  
To be your Valentine.

The spring half-raised her drowsy head,  
Besprent with drifted snow,  
"I'll send an April day," she said,  
"To lands of wintry woe."  
He came,—the winter's overthrow,  
With showers that sing and shine,  
Pied daisies round your path to strow,  
To be your Valentine.

Where sands of Egypt, swart and red,  
'Neath suns Egyptian glow,  
In places of the princely dead,  
By the Nile's overflow,  
The swallow plumed her wings to go,  
And for the north did pine,  
And fain would brave the frost, her foe,  
To be your Valentine.

## ENVOI.

Spring, swallow, south-wind, even so,  
Their various voice combine ;  
But that they crave on *me* bestow,  
To be your Valentine.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

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

## VI.

BEFORE Pauline had been an hour longer in the Dares's drawing-room she had become acquainted with many new people. She could not count them all when she afterward tried to do so; the introductions had been very rapid for some little time; one, so to speak had trodden upon the heel of another. Her meditated project had transpired, and not a few of her recent acquaintances eyed her with a critical estimate of her capability to become their future leader.

She soon found herself an object of such general scrutiny that she was in danger of growing embarrassed to the verge of actual bewilderment. She was now the centre of a little group, and every member of it regarded her with more or less marked attentiveness.

"I've a tragic soul in a comic body, Mrs. Varick," said a fat little spinster, with a round moon of a face and a high colour, whose name was Miss Upton. "That is the way I announce myself to all strangers. I should have gone on the stage and played *Juliet* if it hadn't been for my unpoetic person. But imagine a bouncing, obese *Juliet*! No; I realized that it would never do. I shall have to die with all my music in me, as it were."

"A great many poets have done that," said a pale young gentleman with very black hair and eyes, and an expression of ironical fatigue which seldom varied. He was Mr. Leander Prawle, and he was known to have written verses for which he himself had unbounded admiration. "Indeed," the young poet continued, lifting one thin white hand where his moustache was yet to be, "it is hard to sing a pure and noble song with the discords of daily life about one."

"Not if you can make the world stop its discords and listen to you, Mr. Prawle," said Pauline.

"Oh, Prawle can never do that," said a broad-shouldered young blond, with a face full of dreaming reverie and hair rolled back from it in a sort of yellow mane. "He's always writing transcendental verses about Man with a capital M and the grand amelioration of Humanity with a capital H. Prawle has no colour. He hates an adjective as if it were a viper. He should have lived with me in the *Quartier Latin*; he should have read, studied and loved the divine Théophile Gautier—most perfect of all French poets!"

The speaker fixed his drowsy blue eyes upon Leander Prawle while he thus spoke. A slight smile touched his lips, leaving a faint dimple in either smooth, oval cheek. He was certainly very handsome, in an unconventional, audacious way. His collar gave a lower glimpse of his firm yet soft throat than usage ordinarily sanctions; the backward wave of his hair

was certainly against any conceded form. He had been made known to Pauline as Mr. Arthur Trevor, and she had felt surprised at his name being so English; she had expected to find it French; Mr. Trevor had appeared to her extremely French.

"When you speak of Paris and of Gautier," she now said to him, "you really relieve me, Mr. Trevor. I was so prepared, on first meeting you, to find that you were not an American."

"Oh, Trevor is very French," said Leander Prawle, coldly.

Trevor laughed, lifting one hand on the middle finger of which was the tawny tell-tale mark of the confirmed cigarette-smoker.

"And my friend, Prawle," he said, "is enormously English."

"Not English—American," slowly corrected Leander Prawle.

"It is the same thing!" cried Arthur Trevor. "He is cold-blooded, Mrs. Varick," the young gentleman continued, with emphasis and a certain excitement. "We are always fighting, Prawle and I. I tell Prawle that in his own beloved literature, he should have but one model outside of Shakspeare. That is Keats—the sweet, sensuous, adorable Keats."

"I loathe Keats," said Leander Prawle, as if he were repeating some fragment of a litany. "I think him a word-monger."

"Aha?" laughed Arthur Trevor, showing his white, sound teeth. "Keats was an immense genius. He knew the art of expression."

"And he expressed nothing," said Leander Prawle.

"He expressed beauty," declared Trevor. "Poetry is that. There is nothing else. Even the great master, Hugo, would tell you so."

"Hugo is a mere rhapsodist," said Leander Prawle.

Trevor laughed again. He gave a comic, exaggerated shudder while he did so. He now exclusively addressed Pauline. "My dear Mrs. Varick," he said, "are you not horrified?"

Before Pauline could answer, the fat little Miss Upton spoke. "Oh, Mr. Trevor," she said, "you know that though you and Mr. Prawle are always quarrelling about poetry, and belong to two different schools, still, each of you, in his way, is admirable. You are the North and South poles."

"No," said Arthur Trevor, "for the North and South poles never come together, while Prawle and I are continually clashing."

"It looks very much as if chaos were the result," said Pauline.

Arthur Trevor gazed at her reproachfully. "I hope you don't mean that," he said. He put his arm while he spoke, about the neck of a short and fleshy man, with a bald, pink scalp and a pair of dull, uneasy eyes. "Here is our friend, Rufus Corson," he continued. "Rufus has not spoken a word to you since he was presented, Mrs. Varick. But he's a tremendously important fellow. He doesn't look it, but he is the poet of death, decay, and horror."

"Good Heavens!" murmured Pauline, playfully.

"It is true," pursued Arthur Trevor. "Rufus, here, is a wonderful fellow, and he has written some verses that will one day make him famous as the American Baudelaire."

"I have not read Baudelaire," said Pauline.

Mr. Corson at once answered her. He spoke in a forced, loitering way. He wore the dress of a man who scorns all edicts of mode, and yet he was very commonplace in appearance.

"The literature of the present age is in a state of decadence," he said. Mr. Corson, himself, looked to be in a state of plump prosperity; even his rosy baldness had a vivid suggestion of youth and of the enjoyments which youth bestows. "I write hopelessly," he continued, "because I live in a hopeless time. My 'Sonnet to a Skull' has been praised, because—"

"It has not been praised," said Leander Prawle, firmly and severely.

Mr. Corson regarded Prawle with an amused pity. "It has been praised by people whom you don't know," he said, "and who don't want to know you."

"It is horrible," enunciated Leander Prawle, while he appealingly rolled his dark eyes toward Pauline, which the confirmed pallor of his face made still darker. "Mrs. Varick," he went on, "I am sure that you will agree with me in asserting that skulls and skeletons and disease are not fit subjects for poetical treatment."

"Yes," answered Pauline, "I think that they are not beautiful—and for this reason I should condemn them."

"Then you would make a grave mistake, Mrs. Varick," now quickly interposed Arthur Trevor. He passed one hand backward along the yellow mane of his hair while he thus spoke. But he still kept an arm about the neck of his friend, Corson, "I maintain," he continued, "that Corson has a perfect right to sing of autumnal things. A corpse is as legitimate a subject as a sunset. They are both morbid; they both mean what is moribund."

"Oh, but they are so different!" exclaimed the fat Miss Upton.

"One is the work of God, to delight man, and the other is—oh, dear! the other is... well, it's only a mere dead body! None of the great poets have ever written in that dreadful style, Mr. Trevor. Of course, I know that Mr. Corson has done some *powerful* work. But is it right to give people the shudders and the horrors, as he does? Why not have sunshine in poetry, instead of gloom and misery?"

"Sunshine is commonplace," said Arthur Trevor.

"Very," said Mr. Corson.

"Sunshine means hope," declared Leander Sprawle. "It means evolution, development, progress."

"Art is art!" cried Trevor. "Sing of what you please, so long as your *technique* is good, so long as you have the right *chic*, the right *facon*, the right way of putting things!"

"True," said Corson. "I write of skulls and corpses because you can get new effects out of them. They haven't been done to death, like faith, and philanthropy, and freedom. Optimism is so tiresome, nowadays. All the Greeks are dead. Notre Dame stands intact, but the Parthenon is a ruin."

Leander Sprawle shivered. "You can make clever rhymes about charnel-houses," he said, "but that is not poetry. You can deplore the allurements of women with green eyes and stony hearts, but you degrade womanhood while you do so. You—"

"Are you not bored?" whispered Kindelon, in his mellow Irish brogue to Pauline, as he just then stole to her side. "If so, let us walk away together."

Pauline slipped her hand into his proffered arm. "I was not bored," she said, as they moved off, "but I was just beginning to be. Are there nothing but belligerent poets here to-night?"

"Oh, you'll find other sorts of people."

"But, who are these three wranglers,—Mr. Trevor, Mr. Sprawle, and Mr. Corson?"

Kindelon laughed. "They are fanatics," he said. "Each one believes himself a Milton in ability."

"Are they successful?"

"They send poems (with stamps enclosed) to the magazines, and have them rejected. They make believe to despise the magazines, but secretly they would give worlds to see their names in print. Heaven knows, the magazines print rubbish enough. But they are sensible in rejecting Arthur Trevor's poems, which are something in this style—I quote from memory:—

'The hot, fierce tiger-lily madly yearns  
To kill with passionate poison the wild moth  
That reels in drunken ecstasy above  
Its gorgeous bosom....'

"Or in rejecting that bald-pated, posing Corson's trash, which runs like this:—

'Death is far better than the loathsome lot  
Of kissing lips that soon must pale and rot,  
Of clasping forms that soon must cease their breath  
Within the black embrace of haughty death!'

"Or in declining to publish Mr. Leander Sprawle's buncombe, which sounds somewhat after this fashion:—

'Man shall one day develop to a god,  
Though now he walks unwinged, unauroled...  
To-day we moil and mope—to-morrow's dawn  
Shall bring us pinions to outsoar the stars.'

"That's the sort of the thing this brave trio does. All poets are partly mad, of course. But then *they* are mad without being poets; it's this that makes their lunacy so tiresome."

"And are they always quarrelling when they meet?"

"Oh, they do it for effect. They are privately very good friends. They are all equally obscure; they've no cause, yet, to hate one another. If one of them should get a book published before either of the other two, they would probably both abominate him in good earnest."

(To be Continued.)

THE TRIBUNE says that shortly after Miss Alcott's "Little Women" was published, a quiet-looking lady entered a Boston circulating library and asked a lady clerk to pick her out a good book that would rest and amuse her. Naturally "Little Women" was offered, and declined. "It's very nice; you'd like it," urged the clerk. "I should not care to read it," said the other. "But at least look at it." "No," came the answer, firmly and with an odd smile; it is not a book that I should care to read." Then the clerk, pretty angry, walked away to the chief librarian and cried, "There's a woman down there wants a book, and if you want her waited on some one else must do it. I won't." "Why, why not?" "Why, she says, 'Little Women' isn't good enough for her to read." "Do you know who that lady is?" "No, and I don't care." "Well, I'll tell you. That is Louisa M. Alcott. Now go and get her a book."

## EVENINGS AT HOME.

GERALDINE.

They nearly strike me dumb,—  
I tremble when they come  
Pit-a-pat:  
This palpitation means  
These boots are Geraldine's—  
Think of that!

O, where did hunter win  
So delicate a skin  
For her feet?  
You lucky little kid,  
You perished, so you did,  
For my sweet.

The fairy stitching gleams  
On the sides and in the seams,  
And it shows  
The Pixies were the wags  
Who tipt these funny tags,  
And these toes.

What soles to charm an elf!  
Had Crusoe, sick of self,  
Chanced to view  
One printed near the tide,  
O, how hard he would have tried  
For the two!

For Gerry's debonair,  
And innocent and fair  
As a rose;  
She's an angel in a frock,  
With a fascinating cock  
To her nose.

The simpletons who squeeze  
Their extremities to please  
Mandarins,  
Would positively flinch  
From venturing to pinch  
Geraldine's.

Cinderella's *lefts and rights*  
To Geraldine's were frights;  
And I trow,  
The damsel, deftly shod,  
Has dutifully trod  
Until now.

Come, Gerry, since it suits  
Such a pretty puss (in boots)  
These to don,  
Set this dainty hand awhile  
On my shoulder, dear, and I'll  
Put them on.

—Frederick Locker.

## CONCERNING MARK TWAIN.

In 1869 Twain tried journalism for a time in Buffalo, where he held an editorial position on a daily paper. While there he fell in love with a young lady, a sister of "Dan"—made famous in *Innocents Abroad*—but her father, a gentleman of wealth and position, looked unfavourably upon his daughter's alliance with a Bohemian literary character.

"I like you," he said to Mark, "but what do I know of your antecedents? Who is there to answer for you, anyhow?"

After reflecting a few moments, Mark thought some of his old California friends would speak a good word for him. The prospective father-in-law wrote letters of inquiry to several residents of San Francisco, to whom Clemens referred him, and, with one exception, the letters denounced him bitterly, especially deriding his capacity for becoming a good husband. Mark sat beside his fiancée when the letters were read aloud by the old gentleman. There was a dreadful silence for a moment, and then Mark stammered: "Well, that's pretty rough on a fellow, anyhow?"

His betrothed came to the rescue however, and overturned the mass of testimony against him by saying, "I'll risk you, anyhow."

The terrible father-in-law lived in Elmira, New York, and there Mark was married. He had told his friends in the newspaper office at Buffalo, to select him a suite of rooms in a first-class boarding house in the city, and to have a carriage at the depôt to meet the bride and groom. Mark knew they would do it, and gave himself no more anxiety about it. When he reached Buffalo, he found a handsome carriage, a beautiful span of horses and a driver in livery. They drove him up to a handsome house on an aristocratic street, and as the door was opened, there were the parents of the bride to welcome them home. The old folks had arrived on the quiet by a special train. After Mark had gone through the house and examined its elegant finishings, he was notified officially that he had been driven by his own coachman, in his own carriage, to his own house. They say tears

came to his wonderfully dark and piercing eyes, and that all he could say was "Well, this is a first-class swindle."

Not long after his marriage, Mark settled down in Hartford, and invested capital in insurance companies there.

The Clemens mansion in Hartford is a model of architectural beauty, and is elegantly finished in the interior. In the library, over the large fireplace, is a brass plate with the inscription in old English text: "The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it." Mark does not use the library for his study, but does nearly all his writing in the billiard room at the top of the house. It is a long room, with sloping sides, is light and airy, and very quiet. In this room Mark writes at a plain table, with his reference books lying scattered about him. He makes it an invariable rule to do a certain amount of literary work every day, and his working hours are made continuous by his not taking a mid-day meal. He destroys much manuscript, and it is said he rewrote five hundred pages of one of his popular books. Mark is an industrious worker, and continues his labours the year round. In summer he retreats to his villa on the Hudson, or to a little cottage in the mountains near Elmira, New York. There he finds the most quiet solitude, and there he works undisturbed. Mark is fond of his home life, and of his three beautiful children. He has achieved a notable success as a lecturer, both in this country and in England.—*Famous Funny Fellows.*

#### SCENES IN PARLIAMENT.

THE decorum and even dignity with which the proceedings in the House of Lords are usually conducted prevents, to a large extent, the occurrence of what are ordinarily termed scenes in that assembly, but which are by no means uncommon in the Lower House, where hooting, howling, cock-crowing, braying, and all sorts of discordant noises are now and then tolerated during a debate when an unpopular speaker is on his legs. Such doings would not be allowed in the House of Lords, although that assembly is not altogether exempt from the occurrence of "scenes," it may be of a milder and much more decorous description. We may refer to the account which we gave in our last article on the House of Lords of the *fracas* between Lord Durham and the Bishop of Exeter, as also to the irregularity of which the Lord Chancellor was thought to be guilty in leaving the House of Lords, although only for a few minutes, during the progress of a debate. Lord Brougham indeed, on another occasion, in the same place, contributed his full share to get up a scene during the debate on the Reform Bill when His Majesty was momentarily expected to enter the House for the purpose of dissolving Parliament, when the Chancellor and indeed the House in general, was in a very excited condition. In fact, the House of Lords seemed for a few minutes quite in a state of uproar; on this occasion the Lord Chancellor left the House in order to receive the King, on which some noble lord moved that another peer do take the chair, amidst cries of "Order!" and "Shame!" after which we are told that "a scene of confusion ensued of which it was impossible for words to convey any idea." At one period, indeed, the uproar was so great that it was impossible for any speaker to be heard. The Chancellor attempted for some time in vain to make himself audible.

We doubt, indeed, whether any scene in the House of Commons has ever exceeded this, though, on the other hand, what are termed "scenes" are of much more frequent occurrence in the Lower than the Upper House. One of these occurrences took place in the House of Commons on the 17th of April, 1823, between Mr. Canning and Mr. (afterwards Lord) Brougham during the course of the debate on the Catholic claims, when an assertion was made by Mr. Brougham that Mr. Canning "had exhibited the most incredible species of monstrous truckling, for the sake of office, which the whole history of political tergiversation could furnish." On this, Mr. Canning, who for some time had laboured hard to control his indignation, with eyes fixed on Mr. Brougham, suddenly started up and exclaimed in loud and indignant tones, "I rise to say it is false!"

The excitement caused by this exclamation probably exceeded, both in the House and throughout the country, what had been caused by any preceding scene of the kind in the House of Lords or the Commons. The ferment in the House of Commons, as we have heard it described by one nearly connected with Mr. Canning, who witnessed the proceeding, was of the most intense description. A short pause followed Mr. Canning's exclamation, when the Speaker called on him to retract his assertion. He at first refused to do so; then the Speaker called on the House to support him in his authority. It was then ordered that both Mr. Canning and Mr. Brougham be taken into custody by the Serjeant-at-Arms, which order, however, was revoked on both gentlemen declaring that they would discard the subject from their minds.

The two eloquent rivals became eventually quite reconciled, acted cordially together, and a strong bond even of friendship was established between them.—*Modern Thought.*

#### A DIALOGUE.

THE Alpine summits—a complete chain of steep precipices right in the heart of the Alps. Over the mountains is a pale green, clear, silent sky. Hard, biting frost; firm, sparkling snow; dark, weather-beaten, ice-bound crags rise from beneath the snow. Two colossi, two giants, rise from the horizon on either side—the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn.

And the Jungfrau asks her neighbour: "What is the news? You can see better; what is going on down there?"

Thousands of years pass by—as one moment. And Finsteraarhorn thunders back the answer: "Impenetrable clouds veil the earth... Wait!"

Again, thousands of years pass—as one moment.

"Well, what now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Now! see; everything there is unchanged, confused, and pretty. Blue water, dark woods, heaped up masses of gray stone, with those little insects running all about, you know—the two-legged ones which have never yet ventured to intrude upon your summit or mine."

"Men?"

"Yes, men."

Again, thousands of years pass by—as a moment.

"Well, what now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"It seems to me as if fewer of those insects are to be seen," thunders Finsteraarhorn;—it's getting clearer down there,—the waters narrower, the woods thinner!"

Again, thousands of years pass by—like one moment.

"What do you see now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Round about us, near by, it seems to have got clearer," answered Finsteraarhorn; "but down there, in the distance, in the valleys there are still some spots, and something moving."

"And now?" asks the Jungfrau, after thousands of years more—a mere moment.

"Now all is well," answered Finsteraarhorn;—"clear and shining everywhere; pure white wherever you look... Our snow everywhere, nothing but snow and ice. All is frozen. All is calm and peaceful."

"Yes, now it is well!" answers the Jungfrau; "but we have talked enough, old friend. Let us sleep awhile."

"Yes, it is time we did."

They sleep, the giant mountains. The clear green sky, too, sleeps above the ever-silent earth.—*From Tourguéneff's "Poems in Prose."*

#### "ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT."

HITHERTO San Francisco has been comparatively free from Anglo-man-iacs, for, excepting an occasional Eastern traveller who electrifies the clerks and habitués of the Palace Hotel office by asking "what he shall do with the brawsses," when he is desirous of redeeming his baggage from the transfer company, the Queen's English has not been inflicted upon the public ear. But those good days are over, for far away in the wilds of the Western Addition the principal of a primary school has undertaken to Anglicize the mode of speech of the rising Americans under her charge. A reporter of *The Chronicle* saw two little girls returning from Sunday School yesterday morning and was astonished to hear them take leave of each other in the following manner: "Hit's awlf pawst ten, Attie, awnd I must go 'ome. Me mother will be hangry. Good-bye." "Don't forget to come hover to me 'ouse this awfternoon, Hawnie," replied the other, as they parted.

"Who told you to say 'hawfternoon'?" the reporter asked of one of the little misses.

"The teacher," she answered. "Hall the boys and girls 'ave to do that."

"Since when?"

"Oh, a long time now. Our teacher says that hit is not proper to say afternoon."

"You don't say so," said the astonished reporter. "Does she make you use any other words?"

"Oh, yes; she makes us say awnd," and the little girl opened her jaws like a rock-cod's, to give the proper pronunciation. "Awnd she says dawg, too," she continued, "awnd brawss, awnd cawnt, awnd pawk, awnd mawn. Oh, hit's beginning to rwain," and she scampered off without giving the reporter an opportunity to ask the name of the school and its principal.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

#### A CONTENTED MAN.

A YOUNG man is mincing along the streets of the capital. His manner is contented, cheerful, and self-conscious; his eyes are sparkling, his lips smiling, and his pretty littleface is slightly flushed. He looks the picture of contented self-satisfaction. What has happened to him? Has he received a legacy? Has he come into a title? Is his lady-love waiting for him? or is it merely a feeling of physical comfort and satisfaction, the result of a good breakfast, that pervades his whole body? or has he, perhaps, had hung about his neck the beautiful eight-cornered cross of the Order of the Polish king, Stanislaus.\*

No, he has only invented and carefully circulated a nice bit of scandal about one of his acquaintances. This scandal then came back to him through some one else and he has believed it himself.

Oh, how pleased and satisfied is this amiable, promising young man now!—*Tourguéneff's Poems in Prose.*

"We need not dwell on this point," wrote the editor as he sat down upon an upturned tack.

A BROTHER journalist across the border has just discovered that the census embraces seventeen millions of women. Fortunate Census!

THOREAU says:—"The youth gets together the materials to build a temple on the earth, and the middle-aged man concludes to build a woodshed with them."

MAKER of musical instruments (cheerfully rubbing his hands): "There, thank goodness, the bass-fiddle is finished at last." After a pause: "Ach, Himmel, if I haven't gone and left the glue-pot inside?"

\*A Russian order of moderate importance.



## THE PERIODICALS.

THE MANHATTAN for February is an excellent number. Pleasant is it to read in this month of frosts, Mr. Taylor's summery reminiscences of camping on Cayuga Lake. This paper is liberally and fitly illustrated. The feature of the number perhaps is the first part of a new story by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, entitled "Transformation." Mr. Frank Beard contributes a racily written, and still more racily-illustrated article on "Caricature;" and Mr. J. H. Browne adds a well-considered, though by no means final word to the controversy over Shakspeare's sonnets. We think Mr. Dowden has spoken best on this much-vexed question. "Tinkling Cymbals" is more than maintaining itself in interest; it appears more compact, and direct in evolution, than Mr. Fawcett's previous story, "An Ambitious Woman." A long poem, yet by no means over-long, is Mr. T. S. Collier's "The Queen's Revenge." "The Old Elm," by Judge Davis, on the other hand, has quite too many verses; we think we could be satisfied with just one stanza of it, or perhaps a single line. One of the most interesting sketches of travel we have seen in a long time is "Across the Caucasus," by Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, American consul at Teheran. It covers comparatively fresh ground. We quote from Mr. Taylor's Cayuga paper a paragraph which assigns to the mosquito its true origin:—

"The Indians have a very satisfactory account of the origin of the Montezuma musquitos. The legend runs thus: There were in times of old, many moons ago, two huge feathered monsters permitted by the Manitou to descend from the sky and alight on the banks of the Seneca River. Their form was exactly that of the mosquito. They were so large that they darkened the sun like a cloud as they flew toward the earth. Standing one on either bank they guarded the river, and stretching their long necks into the canoes of the Indians, as they attempted to paddle along the stream, gobbled them up, as the stork king in the fable gobbled up the frogs. The destruction of life was so great that not an Indian could pass without being devoured in the attempt. It was long before the monsters could be exterminated, and then only by the combined efforts of all the warriors of the Cayuga and Onondaga nations. The battle was terrible, but the warriors finally triumphed, and the mammoth mosquitoes were slain and left unburied. For this neglect the Indians had to pay dearly. The carcases decomposed, and the particles, vivified by the sun, flew off in clouds of musquitos, which have filled the country ever since."

In the *Atlantic* for February, Dr. Mitchell's story, "In War Time," keeps up its interest and freshness. "A Roman Singer" becomes even more fascinating than before; surely this is the best of current serials, as it is the very best of Mr. Crawford's work. Mr. Lathrop's "Newport" is concluded, rather disappointingly, in this number. The one short story is a good one, entitled "In Madeira Place," by Mr. C. H. White. Mr. Henry James continues his charmingly-written but almost too voluminous "En Province." Mr. James is doing an infinite deal of magazine work, perhaps too much; he is learning, almost, to be tedious. Very interesting are the papers on "The Confederate Cruisers," "Mr. Trollope's Latest Character," and "The Vagabonds and Criminals of India." An important essay is "Voices of Power," by Mr. O. B. Frothingham. Mr. H. Bernard Carpenter contributes a long poem, "A Trio for Twelfth Night," but perhaps the best verse of the number is "To-Day," by Miss Helen Gray Cone. "The Contributor's Club," as usual, is excellent reading—particularly the section which discourses of a visit to Worth's.

In *The Continent* for Feb. 13th, Mr. R. H. Newell's story "Once there was a Man" comes to a conclusion. The story is somewhat disappointing in several respects. There is not as much humour in it as "Orpheus C. Kerr" should have given, and the plot and movement are a little disorderly. It is on the whole, however, a fresh and interesting story, and the ending is good and characteristic. The initial article of this number is by Mr. Edwards Roberts, on the "Mountain Parks of Colorado." The short story, a well-drawn character sketch, is "Miss Martha's Turkeys," by Mr. D. Fowler. The most important paper is that on "National Education," from the always effective pen of the editor, Judge Tourgée. In the book-notices appears what is perhaps one of the very best short reviews ever devoted to an American novel. It is called forth by Mr. Fawcett's story "An Ambitious Woman;" and, it is hardly necessary to say, is warmly appreciative.

## BOOK NOTICES.

THE HAPPY ISLES, AND OTHER POEMS. By S. H. M. Byers. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.

The verse in this volume is not strikingly original, but much of it is sweet, sensuous and liquid. The best shows plainly the influence of Keats, an influence which never makes itself visible, save in those who have a real poetic endowment. Even to truly enjoy Keats, one must be at least half a poet. Mr. Byers is not an imitator, however; he simply lets it be seen that he is sitting at the feet of the Master Singer of modern days. We also catch traces of Shelley, and something of the music of "Spencer's line luxurious and unique." In proof that Mr. Byers has command of rich phrase we quote two stanzas from the poem which gives its name to the volume:—

"I saw the gardens of the happy Blest,—  
The lotus-blooms and golden asphodel,  
And flowering shrubs angelic hands had dressed,  
Red-berried ash and the sweet mountain bell,  
And thornless rose that doth forever smell,  
And lilies fair, and waters all in tune  
With odorous winds that come like fairy spell  
Out of the night to cool the parchéd noon,  
And make the year a never-ending June.

"I saw the fields that are forever green,  
And purple hills that melt into the sea,  
The thousand brooks that sing their way between,  
One and a part of His great minstrelsy.  
Not far away that happy sea may be,  
Not far those sails by rapturous breezes bent.  
With mortal eyes, at times, we almost see,  
So near they are to our own firmament—  
The Blessed Isles, where all men are content."

"The Ballad of Quintin Massy" is a spirited piece of verse, and "The Marriage of the Flowers" is very pleasant in its free quick lilt and its *naïveté*. Many of the other lyrics are merely pretty; in no way distinctive. But we cannot forbear quoting the manly, laughing, vigorous song called "If you want a kiss, why, take it."

"There's a jolly Saxon proverb  
That is pretty much like this—  
A man is half in heaven  
When he has a woman's kiss.  
But there's danger in delaying,  
And the sweetness may forsake it;  
So I tell you, bashful lover,  
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Never let another fellow  
Steal a march on you in this.  
Never let a laughing maiden  
See you spoiling for a kiss:  
There's a royal way to kissing,  
And the jolly ones who make it  
Have a motto that is winning—  
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

"Any fool may face a cannon,  
Any booby wear a crown,  
But a man must win a woman  
If he'd have her for his own.  
Would you have the golden apple,  
You must find the tree and shake it;  
If the thing is worth the having,  
And you want a kiss, why, take it."

"THE GRANDISSIMES," "OLD CREOLE DAYS," 2 vols. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

In the *Century Magazine*, then *Scribner's*, the world was made acquainted with Mr. Cable's genius. "The Grandissimes" appeared in that magazine, and several of the sketches which are collectively entitled "Old Creole Days." All these display, in greater or less degree, Mr. Cable's special characteristics of delicacy, tender humour, and keen observation, his complete mastery of the Creole dialects of French and English, and his sympathetic insight into woman's character. On this latter point we would say that, in our opinion, no other living novelist can write quite so well of women as does Mr. Cable. His women, be they irreproachable or otherwise, are always women, throbbing with life, capricious, with the charm of their sex appearing in every word and movement. And Mr. Cable's women are almost always loveable. Where, in modern fiction, shall we find women sweeter than Aurore and Clotilde, Madame Délicieuse, Tite Poulette, Olive, or Mary Richling? And none of these women are so perfect as to be unfitted "for human nature's daily food, praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles." Nor is Mr. Cable's sympathetic observation reserved for women young and beautiful. It is a loving hand, reverent always, that has drawn Madame Delphine and Madame John. In laying such stress upon Mr. Cable's intuitive perception of female character, we would not be understood to find fault with his studies of men. But excellence in this field is less rare. Many a novelist whose men are vitalized creations, offer us women about as living and appealing as so many gingerbread dolls. It has been Mr. Cable's good fortune to discover and work a new field—one of remarkable richness. The Creole life is one of picturesque extremes, full of colour, romance and distinctiveness. It presents all the possibilities which arise from the contact of different races and different civilizations. The point of contact for conflicting currents, it seethes, and shifts, and throws up a thousand strange surface manifestations. Only in such a life as this becomes possible such an episode as that of Bras Coupé in "The Grandissimes," one of the strongest things in modern fiction. Only in such a life as this are the circumstances possible which make the story of the "Café des Exilés," and permit the career of Monsieur Vignevelle in "Madame Delphine." Mr. Cable's genius is ripening, as we see by his later work; he is gaining in insight and in evenness of execution. But we doubt if he can hope to do anything more new and striking than "Posson Jone," more wierdly impressive than "Jean-ah Poquelin."

LORD LORNE will shortly publish a volume containing his recent speeches in England and Scotland, with other matter. It will be illustrated and sold at a shilling, in order to invite a large circulation. *London Truth* says it is rumoured that Lord Lorne will be called up to the House of Lords at an early date, and that the Court is intriguing for his appointment to the Vice-Royalty of India or the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland.

NEW ENGLAND will have none of Matthew Arnold. His lecture on Emerson has utterly destroyed him in the sight of the good people of that quarter of the globe. They absolutely refuse to buy his works, notwithstanding the new and cheap form in which they have appeared. Fortunately, the rest of the country does not take the Emerson lecture so to heart, and the new edition of Mr. Arnold's prose and poetry has been nearly all disposed of—in the Middle and Western States.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MR. McDONNELL'S operatic romance of "Marina," which was on the boards at "the Grand" during the latter portion of last week, was hardly, we think, seen to advantage or received with the respect due to the musical talent displayed by its composer. Assuredly the defects in representation were many. The voices were to a large extent inadequate, the pitch would be considered exhaustingly high even for skilled professional singers, and much of the acting was either wooden or hap-hazard. In this latter respect, however, there were several exceptions. Mr. Frank Nelson, as "Harry," was generally good, though at times he had an air of telling the audience that he could do better if he were to try. Miss Essie Barton's "Anna" was satisfactory, in spite of an occasional lack of earnestness. Agreeable, both from a musical and a dramatic point of view, were the "Sir Richard Ford" of Mr. Harry Russell, and the "Lady Ford" of Miss Amy Collins, except in the scene of the sudden home-coming of Captain Dick, in which we cannot but think the performers might have done as well had they been sleep-walking. Miss Collins has a strong rich voice, and the beautiful duett "See the Dawn of the Fair Bright Morning" was sung by herself and Mr. Russell with excellent effect. This duett was cordially encored. Miss Bertie Bowen, as "Marina," was lifeless, and her obvious inclination to smile at unseasonable times created an air of unreality. "Marina" seemed desirous, in a manner, of letting the audience a little bit into the joke. Two or three of the situations, especially that attendant upon the reprieve of Stephen, when all fall upon their knees in devout thankfulness at the close of a jovial song by the Queen's Messenger, could only be saved from a suggestion of the ridiculous by sincere and skilful acting, which was not at the time displayed. There is snap and liveliness in Act 1, the termination of which, with march of the Grenadiers around the stage, gave the audience something over which it was easy to wax applaudive. The quickstep to which they marched is a spirited and effective piece of composition. In the construction of the opera there are many points which might be altered to advantage, omitting superfluous dialogue and introducing more action; but the strength of the work lies in the beauty of the airs. A proof of this may be drawn from the ease with which they lend themselves to effective orchestration. The song of Anna "How sad, how sad," is very fine in its direct and keen pathos; and the part song "Beauteous summer weather," is undeniably good. But the bright song of the "Queen's Messenger," which was well delivered by Mr. Murphy, is marred by a very perceptible reminiscence of "Buttercup." The libretto is altogether inferior to the score, as is usually, if not invariably, the case. It is hardly worth while looking for either beauties or defects in a libretto, but we will point out one of not a few defects and one of the not numerous beauties. Anna, in a moment of anguish, is made to sing vociferously "I scarce can speak, I scarce can speak," which sounds uncomfortably funny. On the other hand, in the quite unremarkable words of one of Marina's songs we find such a beautiful and imaginative touch as this:—

"The lark on high, in the blue sky,  
Seemed like a singing star."

We should like to see this work, which is entirely a home production, revised and better finished by its author, and then presented by a stronger cast of performers.

JOHANN STRAUSS, the composer, has been suffering from poisoning by nicotine, the result of smoking strong cigars to excess.

IN 1883, 251 dramatic compositions and twenty-two operas were addressed to the General Intendant of Theatres at Berlin for acceptance.

THE hymn beginning "The consecrated cross I'd bear" had just been sung, and in the momentary quiet that followed, the perplexed youth turned to his father: "Say, pa, where do they keep the consecrated cross-eyed bear?"

WE have received from Messrs. J. Suckling & Sons, of this city, a composition for the piano-forte by a young Toronto musician, Mr. T. C. Jeffers. It is simple in movement and not greatly varied. But the melody is pleasant, the harmonizing effective and characteristic.

MISS ELLEN TERRY'S daughter, a tall, graceful girl of fourteen, has already developed considerable histrionic ability, and will make her *debut* at the Lyceum Theatre on the return of Miss Terry and Mr. Irving from their American Tour. Her stage name will be "Ailsa Craig," in memory of her mother's pleasant recollections of that rocky islet.

MINNIE HAUCK was born in New York thirty odd years ago. At the age of three she went to New Orleans, and returned with her parents when she was about fifteen. Miss Hauck first appeared in public in Christ Church, as soprano in the choir, at the age of eighteen, and two years afterward sang at the Academy of Music in the opera of "Crispino." In 1868 she made her *debut* at the Italian Opera House, London, England, as Amina, in "La Sonnambula."

A STRANGE sort of festivity took place on Jan. 11 at the Hospital St. Louis in Paris. A comic opera, written and composed by the young surgeons attached to the establishment, was performed for the amusement of the patients. Fifty years ago Charles Fourier, the celebrated philosopher, who used to say man would only be perfect had he a tail with an eye at the end, wrote: "One day medical science will endeavour to overcome the sufferings of patients by amusing their minds. Hospitals will be filled with flowers, and music and plays will be performed there."

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

ON DIT that Charles Reade is engaged upon a work of fiction "with an object," for Harper Brothers.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING has finally consented to have a cheap edition of his poetical works published.

IN *The Current* for Feb. 2, Mr. J. E. Bourinot, of Ottawa, begins a series of papers on "Some Old Forts by the Sea."

"THE Massacre of Protestants in Ireland in 1641" is promised at an early date. Mr. Froude is engaged writing the preface.

IN the "Eminent Women" series a place will be given to Susanna Wesley, whose life is being written by Mrs. Sarah Clarke, one of her descendants.

LONDON *Truth* says that in the autumn we may look for a volume in which will be recorded Mr. Arnold's "impressions" of the United States and their inhabitants.

AT a meeting of the Canadian Institute on Saturday evening, a paper was read by Professor Campbell, of Montreal, on "The Khitan and Aztec Languages," and one by Dr. McNish, of Cornwall, on "Celtic Topography."

LADY BRASSEY is getting ready an account of her recent voyage in the *Sunbeam*, its purport being a chronicle of a fourteen-thousand-miles' tour "In the Trades, the Tropics, and the 'Roaring Forties.'" Messrs. Longman will publish the book.

A number of enterprising young *litterateurs* are starting, for Glasgow, a new university-magazine, on somewhat the same lines as the *Oxford Magazine* and the *Undergraduates' Journal*. It will be called the *Glasgow University Review*, and will be published monthly.

AN article on "Dartmoor and the Walkham" in the January number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* is illustrated with sketches by the President of the Canadian Academy, Mr. L. R. O'Brien. The drawings are of unusual excellence, full of poetic feeling, and in two cases, of fine atmospheric effects.

THE forthcoming number of *Manhattan* will contain a paper on the Egyptian question, by Gen. W. W. Loring-Pasha, who conducted the campaign against the Abyssinians under Khedive Ismail for ten years. An illustrated article on "Dartmouth College," by the editor, will also appear in the same number.

How strongly characteristic of the possibilities of life in America, and in what sharp contrast to the average artisan career in England, is the fact that Mr. Campbell, a member of Congress from Pennsylvania, commenced life as a type-setter, was afterwards a Mississippi River boatman, a California "forty-niner," and Brigadier-General, and the Surveyor-General of Pennsylvania!

COLONEL HIGGINSON, in the *Woman's Journal*, thus illustrates the folly of literary gossip: "It was stated in the newspapers that when Mr. Emerson's daughter told Mr. Arnold that her father was sorry not to see him when in England, he answered, 'Yes, I was told that he wished to see me.' Insolent—"Yes, but the fact was, as a lady who heard the remark told Mr. Higginson, that Mr. Arnold said, 'Yes, I was told that he did me the honour to wish to see me.'"

THE Saxon slinger of ink has provoked his Gallic rival and got himself into a serious row. One of the London weeklies having lashed severely Paul de Cassagnac in an article, the fiery editor of the *Pays* sent a friend, whom the Londoner, with little valour but much wisdom, handed to the police. At least half-a-dozen victims of Cassagnac's sword are limping about Paris. As Sir Toby says, "his incensement is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by death and sepulchre."

ALMOST simultaneously with this issue of *The Week* the Queen's new book was published. From the advance sheets it would appear that Her Majesty honours the late John Brown by writing of him as her "devoted personal attendant and faithful friend," and gives full particulars of the duties he performed. The royal writer also makes frequent reference to the various members of the family, but not giving prominence to the Prince of Wales's name. A strong preference is implied for the late Lord Beaconsfield as compared with Mr. Gladstone. Napoleon III. and his widow also receive high eulogium. The impression made by the book in England is varied, the Radicals being inclined to deride it. The first edition of 100,000 is already sold. A French edition will be out next week.

THE following story is told of Mr. Gilbert the writer of "Princess Ida" and a score other popular comic operas. Miss Finney, who has played in several of Mr. Gilbert's pieces, some time ago engaged herself to be married to a Mr. Quilter, and wrote Gilbert announcing that fact. Mr. Gilbert wrote a polite and cordial reply. A few weeks after he received another letter from the lady saying that her engagement with Mr. Quilter was broken off. The reply was a little more difficult this time, but Mr. Gilbert was equal to the occasion, and expressed the greatest interest in the lady's happiness and confidence in her judgment. A few days elapsed and then came another letter from Miss Finney, announcing her engagement to Lord Garmoyle. Then Mr. Gilbert's spirit of fun overcame him, and he wrote a letter in his oddest vein of topsy-turvydom. It congratulated the lady on her approaching marriage with — and then came a blank space with an asterisk referring to a marginal note, thus conceived: "Here insert the name of the happy man." All London has laughed over this at once innocent and piquant bit of pleasantry, at the expense of the lady who hoped to become the Countess Cairns.

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Montreal, January, 1884. *Secretary.*

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- FRONTISPIECE. Portrait of George W. Lane, late President of the New York Chamber of Commerce. From a photograph.
- OUR TWENTY-ONE PRESIDENTS. George Cary Eggleston. I. The First Ten—Washington to Tyler. Illustrations: Portrait (rare) of Washington—Portrait of John Adams (executed in London in 1783)—Portrait of Jefferson—Portrait of Madison—Portrait of Monroe—Portrait of John Quincy Adams—Portrait of Jackson—Portrait of Van Buren—Portrait of Harrison—Portrait of John Tyler.
- THE HOUSES OF THE MOUND BUILDERS. Cyrus Thomas, Ph. D. With an illustration.
- TRIBUTE TO GEORGE W. LANE, late President of the New York Chamber of Commerce. Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.
- THE GRISWOLD FAMILY OF CONNECTICUT. I. Professor Edward E. Salisbury. An exhaustive sketch—historical, biographical and genealogical—showing the part taken in public affairs by various members of this notable family during successive generations from the beginnings of settlement in Connecticut. Fresh information from English and other sources adds greatly to the interest and value of the contribution. It will be completed in March.
- ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS. Sir Henry Clinton's Original Secret Record of *Private Daily Intelligence*. Contributed by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. Introduction and Notes by Edward F. De Lancey. Chapter V. (Begun in October.)
- MINOR TOPICS. Letter from Lyon Gardiner Tyler—Cavalry Fights with the Comanches.
- NOTES. A Wall Street Incident—Historic Silver—Funeral Expenses in the Olden Times—Mrs. Volckert P. Douw.
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- BOOK NOTICES. Library of Aboriginal American Literature. No. III. The Güegüenco, a Comedy, Ballet, edited by Dr. Erinton—The Lord is My Shepherd, the Twenty-third Psalm, in Song and Sonnet, by Rev. Dr. Wm. C. Richards—Memorial of John Farmer, A.M., by Le Bosquet—Archives of Maryland, edited by William Hand Browne—Maryland in the Beginning, by Neill—Appleton's Guide to Mexico, by Conkling—Autobiography and Letters of Orville Dewey, by Mary E. Dewey—The Andover Review.

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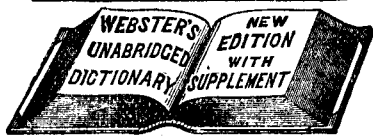
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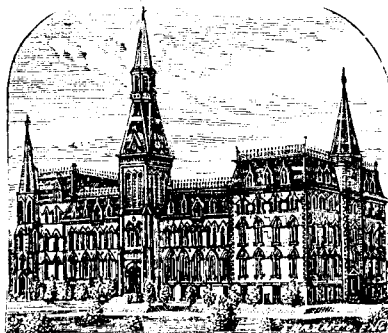
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