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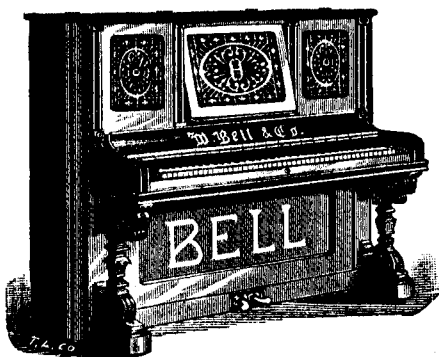
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

"I AM convinced there is something wrong with the Senate," said Senator Poirier, in introducing his motion looking to a gradual reconstruction of that august body by vesting the power of future appointments in the Local Legislatures. That there is something wrong with the Dominion Senate, in so far that it fails to do the work, or wield the influence, that should belong to the Upper House of the Dominion Parliament is, it is pretty safe to say, the opinion of the great majority of the people of Canada. As to the source of the defect, whether it is inherent in the mode of appointment, or is the result of misuse of the power of appointment by the Dominion Premier, or is to be found in the fact that there is really no proper place for a legislative body not representative in character, in so democratic a country, are questions upon which there would be found very wide differences of opinion. There is certainly much to be said against the present mode of appointment. Few thoughtful persons would, we think, deny that the ideal Senate would be a purely non-partisan one. That the Senate as now constituted is as intensely partisan as the Commons itself, might be too much to say, but no one believes that in matters involving party issues, direct or remote, the Senators are able to divest themselves of party feeling, or that the majority of them even attempt to do so. It would be absurd to expect this when, as Senator Scott pointed out, but three out of the twenty-four Senators to whom the Province of Ontario is entitled were selected from the party which has been dominant in this Province for many years. It is incredible that had the selections been made, with a view solely to the merits of the men, such a result could have followed. But Senators appointed on party principles may be expected to record party votes. At the same time it is possible, as Senator Abbott forcibly argued, that the change in the mode of appointment proposed by Mr. Poirier would rather intensify than lessen the evils of partisanship. Mr. Abbott, however, rather "gave away," if we may be pardoned the expression, the present Senate, when he added, as another argument against appointment by the Local Legislatures, that under that system there would be danger of want of harmony between the two Houses, by reason of the Senate having a party majority opposed to the dominant party in the Lower House. The value to the country of a harmony which exists merely as the result

of selecting the majority of the nominees to the Upper House from those wearing the party stripe as the majority in the Commons can easily be computed. Senator Abbott said that the Senate had certain functions, and asked what one of these functions it had failed to perform. To this it might have been retorted, What functions has it ever performed—save in its dealings with divorce cases, which, being judicial questions, could be better dealt with by a court of justice—of sufficient importance to justify the expense of its maintenance? The list would certainly be a short one. The day of reconstruction of the Senate is far off, but it will go down to history as one of the blemishes on Sir John A. Macdonald's escutcheon, that he failed to hold to the good practice of the first few years of Confederation, if he did not actually violate an implicit compact, when he ceased to call Senators in equal numbers from both political parties, and began to fill the vacancies with men chosen almost exclusively from the ranks of his own followers.

SINCE the above paragraph was written the *Empire* has come to hand with a fuller report of Hon. Mr. Abbott's able speech. That speech was, perhaps, successful in showing that the mode proposed by Senator Poirier, viz: election by the Provincial Legislatures, would not have the effect desired, the effect distinctly claimed for it by Senator McInnes, of eliminating partyism from the Senate. Mr. Abbott was able to fortify his argument with the high authority of Mr. Bryce, who shows that under the system of election by the state legislatures in the United States, the election of senators has become practically a popular election, the choice of state senators being really made by the party managers, and perhaps ratified in the party convention, so that the subsequent act of the legislatures is little more than a formal registering of a choice already made. Mr. Abbott did not, probably, take sufficient account of the fact that the important executive functions entrusted to the Senate, under the constitution of the United States, supply a very powerful motive for making the election of senators a party question, which would not exist in Canada. Nor did he give due weight to the fact that in the States there is a much closer parallelism between national and state party lines than in Canada, where the tendency is more and more towards divergence. Nor did he deal with the crucial question that emerges, if his argument be thus far admitted, viz: Whether the new plane of party cleavage which would be made under the system of election by the Provincial Legislatures might not more justly represent the opinion of all sections of the Dominion than that which at present obtains. And, what is no less essential to the conclusiveness of his argument, he did not consider the point, which, it is true, was probably not presented, whether, in the case of election by Provincial Legislatures, some system of minority representation might not be adopted which would obviate the evil of having all the senators elected by a province, during a given regime, of the same party complexion. Coming to the positive side of Senator Abbott's argument, it must be admitted that he made a fair argument in support of his position that the Senate is successfully performing its functions, if it be first admitted that those functions be simply those which he ascribes to it. Those functions he describes as follows: "What are our duties? We have, in the first place, to examine and revise carefully the legislation which comes to us from the other House and the legislation which we introduce ourselves. We have to scrutinize carefully the general policy of the government so far as it comes within our purview under our constitution. These are two of the most important functions that we perform, if not the most important of them. But we have another, and it is no less vital to order and good government. We must stand in the way when hasty or inconsiderate legislation or some popular paroxysm or excitement leads to measures which are injurious or disadvantageous to our country." Most well-informed persons will probably give the Senate credit for having performed the first and third of these duties with a good degree of efficiency. No opponent of the Ottawa administration will admit that the Senate, as now constituted, can possibly perform the second independently and impartially. The one instance on which Mr. Abbott mainly relies to prove that it has done so,

that of the Harvey-Salisbury Railway Bill of last session will fail to convince the sceptical, for reasons which will readily suggest themselves, and which some will think may almost be read between the lines of Mr. Abbott's speech. But can it be that the discharge of these three functions, as they have been hitherto discharged, is a sufficient justification for the maintenance of so expensive a branch of the Dominion Parliament, or can ever give it that legislative influence and dignity which should belong to the Canadian Upper House?

THE important motion touching the procedure of the Dominion Executive in certain cases involving the exercise of the power of disallowance, to which we referred in a previous number, was moved by Mr. Blake on Monday, accepted by Sir John A. Macdonald, and carried by a unanimous vote. The very clear and able speech of the mover, and the equally lucid remarks of the Premier, remove any doubts which may have previously existed as to the scope and limits of the proposed reference to a judicial tribunal. It is made clear, for instance, that it is not intended that all cases involving the use of the veto shall be so referred. The cases in which, in the opinion of Mr. Blake, the power of reference provided for in his motion ought to be used by the Executive, are described in the motion by the somewhat elastic terms, "solemn occasions," and "important questions." These cases, as more fully defined in Mr. Blake's speech are, in his opinion, three. First, those in which it is contemplated by the Dominion Executive to disallow a Provincial Act, because it is regarded as *ultra vires*. Second, those in which the condition of public opinion renders it expedient that there should be "a solution of legal problems dissociated from those elements of passion and expediency which are, rightly or wrongly, too often attributed to the action of political bodies." Third, cases of educational appeal which necessarily evoke such feelings. To the difficulties arising out of the last class of cases, if we correctly interpret Mr. Blake's remark, this motion is mainly due, his reference being clearly to the questions likely to arise out of the recent educational legislation in Manitoba. It is noteworthy that the Premier, also, in cordially accepting Mr. Blake's motion, made ominous reference to the educational question, as likely to assume very large proportions.

ONE point, concerning which, in a previous comment, we expressed some doubt, was made very clear both in Mr. Blake's speech, and in that of Sir John A. Macdonald. Both were at pains to point out that neither reference to the Supreme Court, as about to be provided for, nor acceptance of its judgment when delivered, are to be binding upon the Dominion Executive. It will still rest with the Government alone to decide whether a given case shall be regarded as coming within the categories which make the reasoned decision of the judicial tribunal desirable, and whether the decision so rendered shall be accepted or rejected. This is of course in keeping with the requirements of the system of Responsible Government. To have made the judgment of the Court final and binding would clearly have been to abandon the British and Canadian for the American Constitutional system in this respect, a change which no Canadian would desire. It is not quite so clear, perhaps, to the lay mind, that the same result would follow from making the reference itself imperative, in certain well defined classes of cases. If not it might go far towards reconciling the Provincial authorities and people to the exercise of the veto in a vexed matter, not only to know that that veto was based upon a judicial decision by an impartial tribunal, but also to have before them the reasons which governed the opinion. The fact that the Dominion Government may escape from the awkwardness of acting in opposition to an expected judicial decision unfavourable to its views or wishes, by simply declining to ask for the opinion in the given case, will certainly tend to impair the value of Mr. Blake's expedient for improving the working of the Constitution. On the other hand it is to be considered, however, that the very fact of the Government having failed to ask for the opinion would go far to put it in the wrong. It would at least afford room for a powerful appeal to public opinion against

its action. This remark would apply *a fortiori* to a case in which the Executive should decide unfavourably to the Provincial contention, in opposition to the judgment of the Court of reference. The probability is, therefore, that when once the principles of Mr. Blake's motion have been embodied in the constitutional legislation, the practice, both of reference to the Court in every case coming at all clearly within the categories, and of acting in accordance with the judicial system, will soon develop into a set of precedents having all the force of law. The strange thing, as it will appear to many who are not students of the Constitution, is that an Act, or possibly a constitutional amendment, should be deemed necessary in the case. A novice would have supposed that the Executive must already have the power to obtain advice from any source, judicial or otherwise, it might please. Are we to understand that those who urged the reference of the Jesuit's Estate Act to the Supreme Court, for a decision upon the question of its constitutionality, were advocating an unconstitutional course? As a matter of fact we know that the Government did fortify itself with a legal if not a judicial opinion on that question. It seems to lessen somewhat the importance of Mr. Blake's motion, to suppose that it is intended primarily not to guide the action of the Executive, but simply to designate or create a special judicial tribunal for the Government's use and convenience.

THE result of the Ottawa election was no doubt a surprise to all parties. It must have been a surprise to the Conservatives, who, though confident of victory, as they well might be under the shadow of the Government offices, could scarcely have anticipated so large a defection to the ranks of the "Equal Rights" party. It must have been a surprise to the Liberals, who, while anticipating defeat, would naturally have expected a stronger support from their French and Catholic adherents. It was probably a surprise to the "Equal Rights" advocates themselves, who could scarcely have anticipated so large a vote for their candidate. The issue of the campaign does not, of course, affect the relative strength of parties in the present House. It would be easy to attach too much importance to it as an indication of the state of popular feeling throughout the Dominion, or even throughout Ontario. Its chief significance is, perhaps, in its suggestion that the Equal Rights agitation may develop unexpected strength in other sections, and, possibly, put at fault the calculations of both the old parties. This does not necessarily follow, for it is possible that from local causes and conditions, the movement may have been specially successful in the Ottawa district. This force is clearly one of the unknown factors in Canadian politics at present. But it is after all idle to speculate upon the teaching of a single bye-election, especially one in which so many uncertain local influences are at work. It is evident that in this particular constituency, at least, neither the increasing protectionism of the Ottawa Government nor the unrestricted reciprocity policy of the Opposition has turned many voters from their party allegiance, while the anti-Jesuit and anti-French cries have alienated a good many. And this is perhaps all that can safely be said about the matter.

WE have received, too late for critical notice or analysis in this issue, a timely pamphlet on "The Canadian System of Banking and the National Banking System of the United States," by Mr. B. E. Walker, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Mr. Walker is undoubtedly right in saying that many of the newspaper editors and anonymous writers, by whom the discussion is mainly carried on in the public press, can have little practical knowledge of the business of banking. The subject is confessedly one of the most difficult of all those that engage, from time to time, the attention of our legislators. It is therefore, as he says, eminently fitting that contributions to the discussion should be offered by bankers of experience. Mr. Walker's contribution is evidently written with great care, and as the result of close and protracted study of the question, and this, in addition to his well known ability and long experience, will insure for his views the attention they merit. For the reasons we have indicated we shall best serve the public by merely directing attention to the pamphlet at present, without venturing opinions or criticisms which the hasty glance we have been able to give the article would not warrant, and which a closer reading might fail to justify. We may, however, make the perhaps unnecessary remark, suggested by Mr. Walker's preface, that while practical bankers, like practical manufacturers, are in the best position to understand the principles

and needs of their particular calling, the business public who support and use the banks, and the consumers who purchase the goods, are quite as deeply interested, and have at least an equal right to press their views in the matter of tariffs and banking Acts. The views and interests of the one party may not always harmonize with those of the other, but, in any case, nothing but good can result from a frank comparing of notes in regard to such matters.

THE picture drawn by "E. W." in another column, of the present condition of the Canadian farmer, and his views and feelings in regard to the schools, is not a bright one, though we fear it is true to the life in too many cases. We have no doubt that his practical view of the case is substantially correct. It is only the inability or reluctance of the great majority of parents to expend a sufficient sum on the education of their children which makes the present system possible. "E. W." agrees with us that the present system is indefensible on its merits. He is, we fear, right in regard to its popularity. The facts which he presents touch, however, but one side of the question. Admitting for the moment that they form a strong argument in favour of the one-book method, they constitute no reason whatever why that one-book should be chosen on the one-man principle; *i.e.* by a single Minister, not necessarily possessed of the highest qualifications as an educator, either on his own judgment or caprice, or with the help of such advisers as he may choose to summon to his aid, instead of by a board of well-known and responsible educators. The very fact that a book chosen "comes to stay," and that no alternate or substitute is permitted, is one of the strongest reasons why no pains should be spared to make sure of selecting the very best. Still less is the fact that, for pecuniary reasons, teachers and pupils must be confined to a single book and the same book in a given subject, for a term of years, a reason why those books should not be furnished on sound commercial principles, instead of through the medium of money-making monopolies. On the other hand, the very necessity for supplying the books, as cheaply as possible, is a strong condemnation of a plan which deprives the buyers of the benefit of competition and enables favoured publishers to sell hundreds of thousands of them at double the cost of manufacture. Thus "E. W." will see, if he reflects a little more closely, if parents were but wiser they would insist on enjoying all the benefits of the freest competition in reducing prices. But though we have assumed, for the sake of argument, we are by no means ready to grant that either uniformity or permanence is desirable in regard to the text-books themselves. The teachers choice should count for something. The best book of to-day may be surpassed in excellence to-morrow. He would be a very unprogressive farmer who would be willing to be shut up to the use of the same kind of a plough or reaper that he used ten years ago or that his father used before him. Is it less essential that the tools of the teacher's calling should be held subject to constant improvement? We have no doubt, and "E. W.," as a teacher of experience, will probably agree with us, that from the point of view of economy alone, much time and money could be saved to parents in the education of their children, if they could and would but manage to pay better salaries, thus securing better teachers, and to supply the schools more freely with the best books. Perhaps this latter point will not be reached until an arrangement is made by which the books shall be bought at wholesale by the boards and supplied to the schools either free, or for a trifling rental. No kind of private property deteriorates more rapidly in value than school books.

THE Single Tax Association of Toronto, the new organization into which the late Anti-Poverty Society has been metamorphosed, has decided to agitate for the submission of the following questions by ballot to the voters at the next municipal election:—"Are you in favour of abolishing taxation on any of the following items:—Income? Personalty? Buildings?" The answer "Yes" or "No" is to be asked for in each case. The secretary of the society has sent to each of the labour organizations in the city a circular asking those of them which favour the idea to pass a resolution calling upon the City Council to take action in regard to it. This is a movement looking, of course, directly towards the goal of the association, the raising of all public revenues by a single tax on land values. We freely admit that there is much force in many of the arguments used by Henry George and his disciples in support of their theory. The money for public pur-

poses has to be raised in some way. The first aim of all tax legislation should be to find and use the system which will distribute the burden of taxation as justly as possible among all classes of the population, in proportion to their ability to bear it, and to the benefits they receive from the civil government for the maintenance of which the taxes are levied. Few thoughtful persons will deny that each of the three taxes named fails for various reasons to meet one or the other of these conditions. The two first named are notoriously provocative of deception and fraud, and are never fairly distributed; the third tends to discourage improvements. All three are taxes on industry and thrift. The first two can never be fairly apportioned and collected without such an inquest into every citizen's business concerns as is repugnant to modern ideas of the liberty of the subject. Negatively, then, the single-tax advocates make out a strong case. We are not sure that positively their specific might not be just in its incidence and simple in operation if once it was fairly inaugurated. But there's the rub. How is the new plan to be introduced without either enormous expense or gross injustice? This is a question that we do not remember to have seen fairly met, though we make no claim to have read all that has appeared on the subject. But here is, it seems to us, the crux of the scheme. We may admit, for argument's sake, that there should be no absolute private property in land, that it belongs like air and ocean to the whole people. The methods by which the lands in different countries were distributed and appropriated may have been iniquitous in the extreme. Nevertheless, thousands of honest citizens have invested their hard-earned capital in bits of land. On no just principle can they be suddenly deprived of the property thus acquired. It is but an evasion to reply that they will not be deprived of their property; they will have the right of priority and may keep it as long as they please, on condition of paying the tax. But the tax is expressly to be levied on the value of the land, hence the land becomes valueless as personal property. It is no longer saleable. Hence the man who paid, say \$10,000 for his lot, can by no possibility, so far as we can see, recover his money. He has been despoiled of it by municipal or parliamentary act. This is, we are aware, no new argument. The question is, Is it a sound one? So soon as the single-tax advocates can show us how the change is to be brought about, in the first instance, without gross injustice and robbery we shall be prepared to further consider the proposal.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has at last rendered a decision in reference to the case of Marshal Nagle. The decision affirms the judgment of the Circuit Court of the United States, by which the Marshal, in a *habeas-corpus* proceeding, was discharged from custody under the law of California for the shooting of Judge Terry while the latter was in the act of committing a violent assault upon Mr. Justice Field, who was then travelling in the State of California in the performance of his judicial duties as a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. This decision ends the case, so far as Nagle is concerned, and releases him from all liability under the laws of California for the act of shooting Terry in the circumstances. It exempts Nagle from any responsibility before any court. The grounds on which the decision rests are these: First, that Mr. Justice Field, when travelling in California on his circuit, was as really engaged in his judicial duties as he would have been if sitting in court and actually trying a case; secondly, that the Marshal, when shooting Terry, who was in the act of assaulting Mr. Justice Field, was simply acting "in pursuance of the laws of the United States," and was not therefore amenable to the laws of California for what he did. We give the reasons as we find them stated. The first seems clear and reasonable enough; the second, if fairly summarized, is hard to understand. We suppose it must mean that a Marshal of the United States is authorized to take the life of anyone making an assault upon a person under his protection, no matter in what State of the Union he may happen to be. One would suppose that the authority would be conditioned by circumstances, especially by the impossibility, or otherwise, of preventing a murderous assault in any other way. Possibly it may have been so stated in the full verdict. Chief Justice Fuller and Mr. Justice Lamar, in a dissenting opinion, claim just the reverse of the doctrine laid down by the majority of the court, and insist that the sole jurisdiction to deal with the act of Nagle for the shooting of Terry is in the State of California, a view which would leave Federal officers in the discharge of their duties simply to the protection of State

laws. This would certainly be an inconvenient and dangerous theory to be acted upon under some circumstances and in some States of the Union.

WHATEVER the historian of the future may have to record as the final conclusion in regard to the character of Emperor William of Germany, and as the net results of his reign, the young Emperor is certainly introducing some valuable reforms in an apparently judicious way. Militarism, even though we admit it to be a necessary evil, is unquestionably the bane of Germany. The stimulation of the military spirit has been the aim of legislation for generations past, and the present Emperor has been supposed to be even more pronounced than any of his predecessors in his enthusiasm for the army and all things military. Be that as it may, some of his recent rescripts are admirably adapted to improve the tone and spirit of the profession and, through it, of the nation. One of the evils which has sprung up in connection with the German military system has been a tendency to aristocratism in the selection of officers. Many of the officers' corps are said to be as exclusive as were certain regiments of the British army before the abolition of purchase, which is saying a good deal. This exclusiveness has in Germany been attained partly by regulations requiring certain money qualifications in candidates for admission, the standard varying in different branches of the army. A recent decree of the Emperor has fixed a certain reasonable maximum as the qualification for a candidate. By this means families in moderate circumstances are placed on an equality in point of eligibility with those of noble birth. Another decree which bids fair to be still more widely beneficial is that forbidding duelling between officers, except with the consent of a military court of honour. This restriction will have an effect far beyond the limits of the army. Connected with the cultivation of the military feeling, which is a marked feature of the German educational system, is the deplorable prevalence of duelling among the students at the universities and high schools. According to the penal code duelling is forbidden, and punishable with imprisonment; but yet every officer on the active list, and those belonging to the reserve, have to choose between accepting a challenge and quitting the service. In spite of existing laws it is also regarded in many civilian circles in Germany as a moral crime to refuse a challenge. If duelling between officers is checked there is little doubt that also those civilians who believe that a man's honour can only be cleared by the sword will adopt an opinion which is more compatible with the spirit of our century. By such practical measures as these Emperor William is just now putting at fault the prognostications of those who have hitherto represented him as hare-brained and incapable.

#### INTEMPERANCE.

WHATEVER may be our opinion as to the best ways of promoting the cause of temperance, there can be no difference of opinion with respect to the supreme importance of the work. Drinking is not only a great evil in itself; but it is an accompaniment, an exaggerator, and a cause of a great many other evils. A drunken people must be a degraded people; and a society which is distinguished by sobriety will generally be industrious, prosperous, and happy.

It is, then, with no small surprise and sorrow that we learn from the recent Budget speech of the English Chancellor of the Exchequer that there has recently been a great increase of drinking in the United Kingdom. "Commenting upon the gross revenue from alcoholic beverages of £29,265,000," we are told, "Mr. Goschen said the figures showed a universal rush to the beer barrel, the spirit bottle, and the wine decanter. Everybody seemed bent on toasting the national prosperity and increasing the revenue. It was a circumstance that must be deplored."

Mr. Goschen attributes the increase of drinking to the increase of national prosperity—and he has grounds for his opinion. But this is not the whole reason. It is not merely that the poorer classes have spent a considerable amount of their increased wages in this manner. It can hardly be doubted that, for some reason or other, both in England and in this country the ardour of the temperance crusade has greatly abated. A few years ago a considerable number of men of all classes were wearing the blue ribbon at their button-hole; at the present moment it has disappeared. Some few years back a large number of men of all classes had become total abstainers; at the present moment many of them have ceased to be so.

There must be some reason for this altered state of things, apart from the increased prosperity of England or Canada; and it may be well, in the interest of the temperance movement, to try to ascertain them. Perhaps we ought to begin by noting the fact, as to some extent, the effect of mere reaction. About ten or twelve years ago a great wave of excitement passed over England, sweeping all sorts and conditions of men into the temperance fold. This work was accomplished principally by the Church of England Temperance Society. The aristocratic Church had at first looked somewhat coldly on the teetotal lecturers and their work. But at last a number of the clergy and laity resolved to wipe away that which they regarded as a reproach. Founding their society upon the double basis of total abstinence and temperance, they were able to enlist the sympathy and help of many who would have nothing to do with teetotalism.

The aims of the society were so admirable, its methods were so reasonable, that Bishops patronized the work, parish clergymen threw themselves into it with enthusiasm, and clergy and laity alike scoured the country, and addressed crowded meetings, which were no longer made up merely, as was the case with most of the earlier movements, of the poorer and labouring classes, but of the middle classes, the upper classes, and the aristocracy.

That there should be temporary reaction from such a movement was, humanly speaking, inevitable. But this is not the whole explanation of the matter. A number of persons, persuaded by the oratory of the temperance orators that it was quite safe for any one to adopt the total abstinence platform, did so with great zeal; and some of them discovered that it was impossible for them to continue total abstainers with due regard to their health and comfort. These were generally treated as backsliders, and their co-operation was lost. So far, however, we have specified occurrences which might have been expected. But there is worse to come.

The dual basis, of which we have spoken, was undoubtedly the means of attracting to the temperance work a number of moderate minded men who had found it impossible to preach the universal duty of total abstinence. But hardly had the alliance been formed when these moderate men found themselves treated as lukewarm and half-hearted, and found themselves deliberately and elaborately sneered at as "moderate drinkers" who, in the view of the extreme men among them, were regarded as being no better than drunkards, and sometimes a good deal worse.

Now, we are far from denying the important service rendered the cause of temperance even by fanaticism; but its disadvantages are conspicuously great. Not only does it fail to attract large classes of men, but it alienates many of those who might be most effectual fellow-workers in the cause. And this has actually taken place to a large extent. There are many men—we happen to know this fact, it is no matter of guess and speculation—there are a good many men who formerly were willing to give their help in temperance work, by speaking on platforms, by preaching, and by keeping the subject before people's minds in other ways, who now refuse to take any part in this work, not only because they do not care to listen to sneers to which they can make no reply, but because they were forced to listen to, and seem to concur in, statements which they regarded as untenable.

It could not be otherwise. When the Church of England Temperance Society frankly accepted the dual basis, and persons who did not regard total abstinence as a duty found themselves able to forward its aims, it was inevitable that they should fall away when the platform of the society was abandoned. And the loss of their sympathy is not merely a reduction of the numerical strength of the society, but it becomes a force working in an opposite direction.

Some years ago a society called the Liberal Temperance Society was founded in the city of Toronto, mainly, we think, through the instrumentality of Professor Goldwin Smith. This society did some really useful work in various ways; but we have not heard of it for some time. If only the Church of England Society could be frankly worked on its avowed principles, perhaps that would be the best possible agency; and we would suggest that the more moderate men who are or have been its members should take the matter in hand and see if they cannot revive its work. A few years ago great meetings were held in Toronto; but, through the causes to which we have referred and perhaps for other reasons, interest in its work has flagged. Is it too late to make the endeavour to impart new life to its work? Let reasonable men be as resolute as the fanatics, and the victory of truth and common sense may yet be won.

Among the causes of the decrease in temperance we ought perhaps to have mentioned the hypocrisy fostered by the denunciation of all use of alcohol in any form. When secret drinking is substituted for the open use of beverages deemed lawful, it is not difficult to see what the result will be. Who does not know of men who would shake their heads with seeming horror if it were suggested that they should drink a glass of ale with their meals, who, as any one can see, have been having their glass in private? What must be the effect of such hypocrisy? The degradation of the moral tone of all who are in any way concerned in it. And, when we begin to apportion the blame, we must not assign it entirely to the poor weakling who cannot abstain from stimulants, yet dare not confess it; nor yet altogether to the fanatic who honestly believes that a man cannot be a good man unless he is a total abstainer; but also, and perhaps largely, to that large class of men who believe the moderate use of alcohol to be lawful, and who themselves use it lawfully, and yet have not the courage openly to avow and defend their position.

#### LONDON LETTER.

ONCE upon a time there lived in Dorsetshire not far from the sea some country folk of the name of Russell, whose forbears the Rozels are on the Battle Roll (says Mr. Froude) as having come with the Conqueror from Normandy. The heir of the house had made the Grand Tour, had seen strange places and learnt strange languages, and now was at home again among the beautiful heatherlands, quiet and undemonstrative, I think, rather self-centred, whose opinion I am sure the neighbours would have been wise in following. He was no doubt content for a while, after his wanderings, to stroll about the meadows near Barwick, or to walk over to see his relations at Kingston-Russell (this grey Tudor manor-house still in possession of the Russell family was used by Mr. Julian Sturgis for the scene in his clever Cornhill story "My Poor Wife"), or to Wolverton where lived his cousin Sir Thomas Trenchard. However, Dorsetshire could not have contented Mr. Russell long. There must have come a day of course when he would again have taken his life in his own hands, as he had done before in the matter of dangerous travelling in foreign parts, and would have ridden up to London away from the fields amongst which as the French proverb says one grows so quickly old, to London where ambition's dreams can be fulfilled, and knowledge and culture laboriously gained would be appreciated by a king who knew the worth of both. But that good luck which sooner or later knocks at least once at all our doors came speedily into the courtyard of the Russell's mansion-house in the guise of a messenger from over the hills at Wolverton, to beg Mr. John Russell of his charity to come to the aid of his cousin Sir Thomas. For a dreadful thing had happened to Sir Thomas. A sea-sick Archduke, his wife and household of foreign servants, beating down the Channel on their way from the Lowlands to Spain, had put in at Weymouth for a breathing space; and, as Sir Thomas Trenchard was the great man of that part of the coast, it was etiquette that he should bid them lodge at the Hall till such time as the gale abated and their highnesses felt fit to proceed. Think of the impossibility of trying to make out what on earth these Spaniards were saying, and of the difficulty of getting them to understand one's hospitable intentions, and then one can imagine the pleasure with which John Russell, of Barwick, was greeted when he arrived and could act as interpreter between the guests and the host.

The contrary wind whistling among the flapping, creaking sails of the Archduke's cumbersome vessel proved a very wind of good fortune to John Russell who had watched the branches snap in the woods, or had listened to the wild sighing among the bare trees through that wintry day with no knowledge that with every gust a Golden Argosy was coming nearer and nearer, nearer and nearer, and soon would be within his sight. The Chesil Beach by Portland Bill is still dreaded by seamen in a storm. For safety the Archduke puts into Weymouth, a mile or two this side of the bar of grinding stones which stretches out to the island; and the wind lulls; and Russell rides out to Wolverton Hall; and the first act in the young country gentleman's life is over.

Well, the rest of the story is like a fairy tale. They tell you Archduke Philip liked his interpreter so well that when the king sent from Windsor to beg for a visit from the foreign prince, Mr. Russell travelled in the train of His Highness. That once at Court—where, according to Bacon, for most of the time the monarch sat in his counting house counting out his money—he proved so excellent a courtier that a place was found for him in the Royal Household in which he remained in various capacities for fifty years in the most eventful period of modern English history. The shrewd, persevering, clearheaded young man from Dorsetshire married a sensible wife, one of the ladies about Catherine of Arragon, and who, no doubt, helped her lord with the best of good council, and ruled her family with a rod of iron. She brought as her dowry beautiful Cheney's, where you may see to-day the manor-house they built in which the husband and wife spent summer holidays twenty miles from town, and tried to forget the growing cares and responsibilities of Baron Russell, of the Earl of Bedford, of the owner of Woburn

Abbey, the famous seven acres of Convent Garden, and the Palace in the Strand over against the Duke of Buckingham's. It is a far cry from young Russell, the country lad wandering through the quiet Dorsetshire Park, to Lord Bedford, Knight of the Garter, Privy Seal, giving away the bride at the marriage of Mary with Philip of Spain whom the Earl had been chosen to escort from Corunna. One may be sure the calm-faced, bearded statesman and soldier made the best of the life at Court and Camp, as he had made the best of his youthful days of training, and probably had little to regret when at last he laid himself to rest, the first in the lonely little chapel at Cheneys where now so many of his descendants have gathered silently to bear him company.

Yesterday I came upon the beautiful village, perfectly tranquil and serene, standing near to the stream that twists about the meadows. You cross by a narrow wooden bridge, underneath which in the clear brown water you can watch the speckled trout slip past at lightning speed, and so to a primrose-bordered lane leading to the heart of Cheneys. At first it seems too good to be true, as the children say, for the church, manor-house, cottages, well, green, and great clumps of trees, are all so exactly where and what they should be, that it is as if you were in front of a stage ready for the performance of some village play. You wait for the music to begin, for the doors to open and the choruses to sound, for the entrance of the heroine in chintz, and the hero in a flowered waist-coat.

Someone, watching me curiously as I followed the road, told me, before I spoke, where to ask for the keys of the church, and then went on officiously before, to show me the way, as if I, being a stranger, might not be able to manage for myself in foreign parts. When it was found I had breeding enough to do the civil thing in the way of raps at the cottage door, I was left alone. Then there came out a tidy woman, who, exclaiming at my special permission (for the Duke of Bedford has of late, since the near advent of the railway, shut his private chapel to the public), sent off a messenger in a lilac pinafore post haste for His Grace's bailiff, and then, standing waiting in the church porch, she entertained me till the arrival of the keeper of the inner sanctuary with what she thought best worth remembering in her life. She had always been in the service of the Duke and his family and everything was connected more or less indirectly with them, the great folk of whom she speaks so affectionately. I was listening to an oddly graphic little sketch of what she knew of the murder of Lord William Russell by his valet Courvoisier, whose name she corrupted to *Kervorseer*—a little sketch in which she introduced a delightful bit of conversation with a head housemaid of the name of Sophy, herself being Betsy—when the bailiff entered, clanking his keys, and my friend slipped back to her little kitchen with her stories half-told and I turned into the quiet aisle, through the glass door under the arch, and so into the mortuary chapel.

Such a beautiful sight is the chapel with its wonderful monuments, some finer than any in Westminster Abbey, and quite perfect. There lies, carved in alabaster, with his face to the west, the figure of John Russell, of Barwick, his work finished, his hands folded, waiting, resting by the side of his wife. He had lost an eye at the storming of Morlaix in 1522, they tell you, and if you look closely you will find the sculptor has not forgotten the fact. For the rest it is the face of a persevering, sensible man, who would let no opportunity slip, and who knows himself capable of doing his work thoroughly. His wife, who is by his side, large featured, broad-browed, straight forward ("very gentleman-like," as Sydney Smith said of Mrs. Grote), must have been of immense help in the building of her husband's fortune. Near by is their son Francis, god-father of Drake, sometime friend of Mary of Scots, who has stretched himself out in ruff and corslet, with his sword by his side. But the effigies which attract as much attention as the alabaster ones are those at the farther end of the chapel, wrought in memory of William Lord Russell, beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here sits the bereaved father plunged in theatrical grief by the side of a mourning lady, who is too young (surely) to be the mother of Lord Russell, and must be meant for the excellent Lady Rachel, who so bravely carried the burden of her grief. Both the patriot and his wife are in the vault beneath where rests now our old friend Lord John Russell, whose face one knows so well from the Leech cartoons. High overhead hang the helmets of the dead soldiers of the family. The brave eyes that once glanced through these rusty visors are dust and ashes now, and in honourable retirement the iron caps are dropping to pieces in the seclusion of a village church.

Mr. Matthew Arnold spent the quiet hours at Cheneys on Jubilee Day, "to get away from it all," as he said. And Mr. Froude has come here often to fish, and has written in *Fraser's* a paper on the many attractions to be found in the place. Still comparatively few find their way, beyond a handful of belated cockneys thrust from town by the horrors of a bank holiday. Long may Cheneys remain midnight unknown. A holiday amongst its trees is a pleasure that to even hardened holiday makers remains unique.

WALTER POWELL.

No intellectual investment, I feel certain, bears such ample and such regular interest as gems of English, Latin or Greek literature deposited in our memory during our childhood and youth.—*Max Muller.*

### TO A FOREST VIOLET.

Ah me! ah me! how slenderly  
And frailly thou art made;  
'Tis fair to see how tenderly  
Thou smilest in the shade.

The piping birds hop heedlessly  
Across thy lonely spot,  
But warning words come needlessly  
To those who worship not.

The lowly state assigned to thee  
Besems thy pensive mood,  
And every fate is kind to thee,  
In thy rich solitude.

Leaves with delight thy covers are,  
From noon-day's scorching glare;  
The dews of night thy lovers are,  
And cherish thee with care.

What son of man can look within  
Thy dark-hued, simple face,  
And fail to scan the book within  
Thy pure and perfect grace?

Our world-bound hearts are dutiful  
To yield their homage now,  
Where, free from arts and beautiful,  
Sweet nature's child art thou.

O not with scorn but lowliness,  
We learn the thought in thee—  
That thou wast born in holiness,  
We in iniquity.

Friend of our strolls! we come with thee,  
Where reverent feet have trod,  
And our sin-swept souls are dumb with thee,  
Before our Father—God.

S. GREENWOOD.

### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

THE recent appeals in the New York Courts to test the legality of the Act providing for death by electricity instead of by hanging have again drawn general attention to the subject of capital punishment. There is a certain rude justice in the old Mosaic law "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but the constant bunglings that seem in most cases to attend executions by hanging have done much to increase the numbers of those who would abolish capital punishment altogether. It is questionable whether any thought of the after punishment to be awarded his crime enters into the mind of the murderer. Were capital punishment done away with, and a life sentence substituted, it is not to be supposed that murders would increase. But as long as capital punishment is the law of the State, it is high time that those whom we condemn to death should expiate their sentence devoid of the degrading surroundings which attended the execution of poor Harvey; and this it is to be hoped electricity will satisfactorily accomplish.

Death by hanging is not necessarily a cruel or painful one, if proper attention be paid to the details. It is generally believed that death takes place very rapidly, and without causing any suffering; the violent convulsions that are so often observed being similar to those which occur in epilepsy. A man named Hornshaw, who was on three occasions resuscitated from hanging—a feat which he performed in London for the amusement of the public—stated that he lost his senses almost at once; and other persons who have been restored state that the only symptoms of which they were conscious were a ringing in the ears, a flash of light before the eyes, then darkness and oblivion. The cause of death in hanging is complex. The compression of the windpipe by the cord, the obstruction of the return of venous blood from the head, and of the flow of arterial blood to the brain, the stretching or tearing of the nervous structures of the neck, and in some instances dislocation or fracture of the vertebrae, may concur in the production of the fatal effect, which, though attended with violent struggles in some cases, is probably nearly instantaneous.

The mode of punishment by hanging was first adopted in England in 1241, when Maurice, a nobleman's son, was hanged for piracy. After this it became a common occurrence; the public hangman was regarded as a Crown official, and was looked upon as a personage of no small note. When we consider that during the long reign of Henry VIII., the average number of persons executed in England was some two thousand annually, the hangman must have had almost daily work, and thus explains the importance he occupied in popular imagination, and the frequent mention of him in contemporary literature.

The first hangman on record was "one Bull," who flourished in 1593. He was succeeded by Derrick, referred to in the "Fortunes of Nigel," and mentioned in a political broadside as living in 1647. In the ballad of the "Penitent Tailor," reference is made to his successor, Gregory Brandon—

I had better to have lived in beggary,  
Than to have fallen into the hands of Gregory.

At this time it became the custom to prefix the title "of Squire" to the names of hangmen. This is said to

have originated in a practical joke played upon the garter-king-of-arms. He was induced to certify the authenticity of a coat-of-arms of a gentleman named Gregory Brandon, who was supposed to reside in Spain, but who turned out to be the hangman. The garter-king was committed to prison for his negligence, and hence the popular error, that "an executioner who has beheaded a state prisoner becomes an Esquire." Gregory was succeeded by his son Richard. "Squire Dun" followed; and after him came Jack Ketch, or Squire Ketch, first mentioned in 1678. He was the executioner who beheaded Lord Russell and the Duke of Monmouth. Lord Macaulay, in speaking of the execution of the latter, says "He then accosted Jack Ketch the executioner, a wretch whose name has, during a century and a half, been vulgarly given to all who have succeeded him in his odious office. 'Here,' said the Duke, 'are six guineas for you. Do not hack me, as you did my Lord Russell. I have heard that you struck him three or four times. My servant will give you some gold, if you do the work well.'"

Previously to 1783, Tyburn was the chief place of execution in London. It took its name from a small stream which ran from Hampstead to the Thames, through St. James' Park, but which has long since disappeared. The gallows seem to have been a permanent erection, resting on three posts, whence the phrase "Tyburn's triple tree." Hogarth's *Idle Apprentice* was executed here, and the print which represents the scene gives a good idea of an execution there.

Among the most memorable executions at Tyburn were those of Elizabeth Barton, the holy maid of Kent, and her confederates, John Felton, the murderer of the Duke of Buckingham; Jack Sheppard, the highwayman; Jonathan Wild, the thief catcher; the Rev. Henry Hackman, murderer of Miss Reay, and the Rev. Dr. Dodd. The last named enjoyed a high reputation as a popular preacher, and a successful littérateur, and was appointed tutor to Philip Stanhope, fifth Earl of Chesterfield. His extravagant ways proved his ruin, as it tempted him to forge the name of his pupil to a bond of £4,200, for which he was arrested, and, though he refunded the money, he was executed in 1777. His writings are numerous and varied, chief amongst which are his "Beauties of Shakespeare," and his "Reflections on Death," together with a beautiful poem, "Thoughts on Death," which was composed during the time that intervened between his conviction and execution.

Under a statute of William III., prosecutors who secured a capital conviction against a criminal were exempted from all manner of parish and ward, "offices within the parish in which the felony had been committed." Such persons obtained what was called a "Tyburn ticket," and the privileges thus conferred must have been highly valued, as they sold at a high price. "Last week," says the *Stamford Mercury*, of March 27th, 1818, "a Tyburn ticket sold in Manchester for £280."

The associations of Tyburn have naturally led to the suppression of the name in the street nomenclature of London; but it survives in that given to the quarter of the metropolis described by Mr. Thackeray as "the elegant, the prosperous, the polite Tyburnia, the most respectable district in the habitable globe."

Prior to the institution of death by hanging, other more barbarous modes of inflicting death were long in use. With several nations of antiquity the punishment of crucifixion prevailed, but chiefly amongst the Romans and Carthaginians. The commonest kind of cross was simply two beams of wood joined together in the form of the letter T, or sometimes like the letter X; but the regularly constructed cross, on which the Romans executed their criminals, had a piece of wood at the top, to which was affixed the name of the culprit and the crime for which he suffered, as in the case of our Lord. The hands and feet were either nailed to the cross or tied to it with cords. It was the most painful as well as the most degrading of punishments. Even when fastened with nails, the wretched victim usually lingered in torture for three days before death released him from his sufferings; and when cords only were used he hung there till he expired from exhaustion and want of food. No Roman citizen could be crucified with them; it was reserved only for slaves, and the worst of malefactors. But with the Carthaginians it was the death usually inflicted on their unsuccessful generals. It was thus Bomilcar, the nephew of Hamilcar, died at Carthage, 310 B.C.

But the cross, once so infamous that no free-born Roman would pollute his lips by even naming it, now that Christ has died upon it, is a symbol of honour and glory, as well as of religion. It is the decoration of the distinguished soldier, the adornment of beauty, and the precious ornament of kings and queens.

A mode of execution practised in Spain and the Spanish colonies is that known as the "garrotte." Originally, it consisted in simply placing a cord round the neck of a criminal, who was seated on a chair fixed to a post, and then twisting the cord by means of a stick—whence the name—inserted between it and the back of the neck, till strangulation was produced. Afterwards a brass collar was used, containing a screw, which the executioner turned till its point entered the spinal marrow where it unites with the brain, causing instantaneous death. The inquisitors were wont to grant as a favour this mode of strangulation, before being burned, to such condemned persons as recanted. If the executioner was unskilful, however, the pain was very great.

The guillotine, as an instrument of decapitation, was introduced during the French revolution by the convention,

and was named after its supposed inventor, Joseph Ignace Guillotin, a physician, but who, however, was only the person who first proposed its adoption. It is composed of two upright posts, grooved on the inside, and connected at the top by a cross beam. In these grooves, a sharp iron blade, placed obliquely, descends by its own weight on the neck of the victim, who is bound to a board laid below. The speed and certainty with which this machine separates the head from the trunk gives it a great superiority over the axe or sword. The invention of machines of this kind is ascribed to the Persians.

An instrument similar to the guillotine, and known as "the maiden," was used in Scotland for beheading criminals from about the middle of the sixteenth century to the end of the seventeenth century. It is said to have been introduced into Scotland by the regent Morton, who was himself the first to suffer by it, whence the proverb, "He that invented the maiden first handseled it." It would seem at first to have been called indifferently "the maiden" and "the widow"—both names, it may be conjectured, having their origin in some such pleasantry as was glanced at by one of the maiden's last victims, the Earl of Argyle, when he protested that it was "the sweetest maiden he had ever kissed." A frightful instrument of punishment used in Germany in the middle ages was called "the virgin."

Under the name of *peine forte et dure* a form of capital punishment once existed in England by pressing to death, the offender being loaded with weights. It was the regular and lawful mode of punishing persons who stood mute on their arraignment for felony. The motive which induced an accused party in any case, to submit to this penalty rather than to plead, was probably to escape the attainder which would have resulted from a conviction for felony. Juliana Quick, in 1442, charged with high treason in speaking contemptuously of Henry VI., was pressed to death. So too died Walter Calverly, of Calverly, for murdering his wife and children; thus, also, Major Strangways and Anthony Arrowsmith. This form of punishment was abolished by George III.

Trial by Battle was a relic of legal barbarism that lasted till the beginning of this century. It consisted of a personal combat between the parties in the presence of the court itself; and it was grounded on the impious idea of an appeal to Providence, the expectation being that Heaven would give the victory to the innocent or injured party. The weapons used were batons or staves an ell long, and a four-cornered leathern target, and the combatants were obliged to swear that neither of them would resort to sorcery or witchcraft. The battle lasted till the stars appeared in the evening, and the party, who by that time had either killed or got the better of his opponent, was considered the successful suitor of justice. In a charge of murder, if the accused was slain, it was taken as a proof of his guilt, and his blood was attainted; and, if so far vanquished as not to be able or willing to fight any longer, he was adjudged guilty, and sentenced to be hanged immediately. From this barbarous judicial combat, the modern practice of duelling and the so-called laws of honour have been deduced.

At the present time, the modes of execution in various countries are as follows:—Austria, Great Britain and her colonies, the Netherlands, Portugal and the United States (with the exception of the State of New York), death is effected by hanging; Bavaria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Hanover resort to the guillotine; Russia uses the musket, gallows or sword; Prussia, the sword; Spain, the garrote; China, the sword or cord; while in Italy capital punishment has been abolished.

A new way to execute criminals has recently been suggested. This is to establish a "lethal chamber." The condemned culprit is to be placed in a small closed up room, and when all is ready a free current of carbonic oxyde gas will be introduced into the enclosed space, so that the occupant may be instantly rendered unconscious, and gently narcotised to death. That the enlightened science of this age will effect the introduction of a more satisfactory mode of inflicting capital punishment must be desired by all.

F. S. MORRIS.

#### AN INTERVIEW WITH A MURDERER.

AND a Chinese Murderer! I have had for several years peculiar relations with the Celestial colony of Montreal, owing originally to the fact of a member of the family being connected with mission work among them. It has amused me to become the legal adviser, and in that capacity, partial confidant of the larger group of them. Our community is divided into two clans—Fong and Sing—who, originally friendly, to-day do not speak to one another, nor associate. Both come, like all the Chinese who reach America, from the agricultural district around Hong Kong. All are farm labourers, or infinitesimal tenant farmers at home, and all, in the effort to better themselves, have chosen the profession of the laundry. They are, with scarcely an exception, most simple, kindly folk, natural forgivers of enemies, and hard-workers, to an extreme which resulted in one case, as it not unfrequently does among Chinese immigrants, in temporary insanity. When, in some troublesome part of the town, a school-boy scamp opens the door and throws mud upon a batch of newly-washed shirts, the generality of these peaceful men merely lock the door and mildly proceed to do the work all over again. When there is a little chiselling of unfair rental out of them by some unscrupulous landlord, they

usually pay in silence and put up with the injustice. But when a gang of rowdies smash the windows, or knock the poor inmate insensible with a hammer on the skull and steal the contents of the till, I find waiting for me when I come from the court to my office, a deputation of two or three grave "cousins" to find out "if dat man get punish awful bad." At first I found an extreme reluctance on the part of several to go to court as witnesses. One day I asked Fong Chang what court was like in China. "Never been in coult China" said he. "No want go." "What's the matter, Chang?" I asked. "China Coult velly strong. When a man do anysing, catch him, beat him, shake him awful hard for make him 'fess." From Chang's expression, as he said this, it was evidently the part of prudence in China to keep as far away from the Palace of Justice as possible.

The Fongs and Sings were very good friends until an event occurred, the effect of which has proved ineradicable. Some four years ago, a Sing and a Fong lived together here on very agreeable terms in one laundry. The Sing did all the work, the Fong, who had imbibed American ideas and dress in the U. S. Navy, did all the interpreting, frittered his time away in laziness, and fed on the income of his admiring fellow; for if there is anything which a Chinaman admires it is what he takes to be advanced education in a compatriot. Fong Lee wore a billy-cock hat, was a handsome fellow even from our standard, and had a singularly full, rich, pleasant voice and smooth Yankee phraseology. The other Chinaman, however, complained at times of his lazy life. The Sing, by his industry, had amassed a considerable sum of money—I think about a thousand dollars. One day he heard of an opening in Syracuse and soon afterwards went there and established himself. Fong Lee also disappeared and was said to have gone westward to Cincinnati. Soon afterwards, Sing was found mysteriously murdered in his laundry at Syracuse, and his money gone; and when a few days later Fong Lee turned up in Montreal accusations were heard of among the Sing "cousins" that he was the perpetrator. For some time he was not arrested. His story of a Cincinnati visit seemed to hold together very plausibly until a certain knife was found among the clues at the laundry of the murdered man.

One evening—it was summer and dusk had fallen—I returned to the house alone—the family being away. I had heard of the rumors about Lee and was a little startled to find him waiting for me at the steps. I entered and he followed me in. I made him sit on a hall chair, and, without lighting the gas, sat down at the lower steps of the hall stairway and heard what he had to say. He spoke in a peculiarly agreeable tone, smiled and seemed almost entirely at his ease. He deprecated greatly the injurious rumors which were being circulated against him. He was perfectly innocent, he said, and he told me a circumstantial story of his doings at Cincinnati and asked me what I thought of the situation. Now I have had some experience in noting the discrepancy between manners and facts, and felt a distrust of bland, rich voices and pleasant smiles. The man besides was a heathen and an Oriental-De-Quincey's story of the Malay returned to me. "Here we are," I speculated to myself, "in this dark house alone together. What if this fellow should take it into his head to treat me like Sing?" It was only an unlikely speculation, but the cause of it was disagreeably near and suggestive-looking. I, with professional caution, while not at all worried, prepared myself for the emergency, should it occur, and alertly thought out a plan of action. Fong Lee, however, received with the relief of injured innocence my opinion that *if his statements of fact were correct*, he was legally safe. At length he went away. All evening I was haunted by the singular circumstances of the interview. A few days later, he was arrested and was extradited to the States. A Chinese editor came over from New York and obtained a large amount of money from the Fongs for his defence. Little of it reached the use intended. Lee was found guilty and condemned to penitentiary for ten years—a light sentence on account of doubts in the proof, and his engaging manners. He still protested innocence and sent sweet letters to his lady teacher telling her his soul was saved. I knew better, for I knew, in the meantime, that he had privately confessed his crime. Were his hypocrisy an isolated fact, I would probably judge the sincerity of the whole of his race by it; but I have had many clear proofs of the truthfulness of others and am glad to say that the Children of Heaven are by nature no simpler, no wiser, no better, no worse, and no more uniformly alike than other men.

Montreal.

ALCHEMIST.

THE works in connection with the women's jubilee memorial of the late Prince Consort in Windsor Great Park are progressing satisfactorily. The bronze equestrian group by Sir E. Boehm is finished, and Messrs. Macdonald, of Aberdeen, are constructing the base and pedestal around the foundation stone laid by the Queen in the jubilee year. The foundation stone will be entirely concealed. The bronze casting, owing to its height (16 ft.), will not pass under the railway bridges, and will consequently have to be conveyed from the foundry by road. The statue will face Windsor, and dedicatory inscriptions in English, Latin, Gaelic and Sanscrit are being cut in relief upon the panels. The memorial, which is to be completed before the end of the present month, will be over 33ft. high. The unveiling will probably take place about May 6th or 7th.

#### PARIS LETTER.

IT is only forty-seven years since the death of the founder of homeopathy, and to-day, were he to revisit the glimpses of the moon, he could see Paris not only studded with chemists' shops, where only his simples are compounded, but two hospitals, where two hundred patients obtain daily gratuitous medical advice, apart from a free dispensary sustained personally by a homeopathic doctor at an annual cost of fifty thousand francs. There are two hundred and fifty physicians in France practising homeopathy, and there are eleven thousand in the United States. No wonder the faculty were jubilant a few days ago when they met to banquet the one hundredth and thirty-fourth anniversary of their patron saint, Hahnemann. *Similia similibus curantur.*

There is another specialist just now more in view—Mesmer. He died in 1815. His animal magnetism was combated by Paulet in 1784, who asked forgiveness in advance from his readers for condescending to refute the German doctor. Yet mesmerism has become hypnotism, and the latter is now "Mental Suggestion." All sorts of Walpurgis sorceries seem to come forth from the Mesmer alembic, especially when a Charcot "round about the cauldron goes." Two schools in France fight over the doctrine—that of Paris, which is sceptical or hostile; and that of Nancy, which is all faith. Only a few days ago arrangements were made for Greek to meet Greek, and the results have bewildered, partly convinced, and rather pained public opinion.

At the Hôtel Dieu a ward full of ordinary patients was placed at the disposal of Dr. Bernheim for experimentation, and the most eminent scientists were present. The doctor explained first his theories to his audience, after which he approached the bed-side of a patient who was in a natural sleep, and said to the sleeper: "I know why you did not sleep last night. Your neighbour on your right coughed, sang and groaned; then he went and opened a window; next he made a fire, when all the patients in the ward protested. Your neighbour on the left rose and shut the window, scolded the opener; then they quarrelled and commenced to fight. The nurse not being able to restore peace called the director, who arrived in his blue dressing gown, and said he would expel both the patients in the morning."

Dr. Bernheim then awoke the patient and said to him: "Why! you sleep all day?" "No, monsieur, but the row last night kept me awake." "What row?" The patient then related, word for word, all the doctor "suggested" to him. "It's all an invention, or you must be dreaming," replied the doctor. "Not at all; it is perfectly true, and the whole ward will confirm what I say." Then the doctor hypnotised seven patients taken promiscuously. He repeated what he had "suggested" to his first subject; awakened them, and they all reiterated, word for word, the same tale, and were even indignant that their affirmation should be doubted. Dr. Bernheim wound up his clinic by observing, "suggestion" is everything, and leads to everything; that in all actions, good or bad, suggestion plays a role. Next he came to the "burning marle," when he affirmed that great criminals are not always the most culpable, and that the atrocious Troppmann, for example, was only the irresponsible victim of an instinctive or auto-suggestion. How do you like that, gentle reader?

The audience murmured. "Oh! I expect that," retorted Dr. Bernheim, "for judges become red with rage when I repeat it." But Troppmann was a young man, whose antecedents were not bad; he saved the lives of several children at the risk of his own; yet he murdered a whole family, and neither his physique, nor his moral temperament predestined him for that terrible crime. Could a sane mind have generated such a deed? Only a moral monster could have conceived and executed it; and these monsters are not criminals, but patients. Between two individuals similar in physical conditions, and brought up in the same milieu, one obeys a good, the other an evil impulse. Where does the responsibility commence? How much of that responsibility is due to the "suggestions" of education, of milieu, of reading, of dreams, of company, of the events of life? Dr. Bernheim pauses for his reply.

And so do Parisians, who wrangle a good deal over the new departure in moral responsibility. It engages their attention more than the voyage of President Carnot to Marseilles, which, unlike his tours of last year, is not a political outing to combat any Boulanger. He fought the Republic's duel with the "brav' général"; won, and compelled his adversary to scuttle. Whether Emperor, King, or President, the French like to see, know and touch the symbol of concrete power. This is what the Greeks would call anthropomorphic religion; where the crowd delights to behold the idol it loves or hates, esteems or despises. It pleases the country to witness the pomp and circumstance of authority, as it cannot seize it in the ideal and abstract form. Shakespeare makes Henry V. say, the only difference between kings and private men is ceremony—that idol which has more of mortal griefs than its worshippers.

This material exhibition of the Presidency will not remain sterile of results. M. Carnot receives all the honours of a crowned head, and people hug the idea of majesty in some form or other. In 1790, the famished population of Paris believed, that when they brought back Louis XVI., his Queen, and the Dauphin, that is, the "Baker, Bakeress and Baker's Boy," the step would fill their empty stomachs. Responsibility whether for good or for evil, suits the French best when incarnated in a man. Tyrannical though the phrase be, "*L'Etat, c'est moi*"

can serve also constitutional chiefs. M. Grévy lost caste with the crowd by never dazzling it. Bellacoscia, the Corsican brigand, and his brother, who from their Rob Roy eyrie defy the law and police since thirty years, have promised to come and lay their vendetta carabines at the feet of President Carnot, if he promises to annul their outlawry.

Up to the present when Portugal was in need of money she demanded it from England. Now that she is in sore need of cash to whip Britannia, why not apply, it is asked, to English capitalists? A correspondent informs me that in Portugal no one likes to be a soldier; that if the army be increased agriculture and commerce will be ruined; or the Portuguese will emigrate—not to Makololand—but to Brazil. Judge of the Lusitanian army. At a recent inspection of the cavalry, the colonel pointed to his "full regiment of ten horses." This beats the Four Sons of Aymon. The military service in Portugal is three years, but the conscripts only give four out of thirty-six months' real service. There is no limit to age, so that there are "boys" who are eighty years of age. Some even have been engaged since 1817!

The popular play at present all over Portugal is "Turpitude." The cast comprises *John Bull* represented as a drunken sailor, an English missionary and an English old maid selling calicoes. Scene, Makololand, time 1890. A temperance lecturer is thrown in, drinking port wine. The three last characters stagger off the stage, and *John Bull* left alone falls into a profound bacchic sleep. A large figure symbolising "History" rises up and reproaches him with the infamous conduct of his nation in appropriating the Shiré, etc. The muse next calls the nations—America excepted, doubtless on account of the Delagoa Bay affair—before her tribunal, Livingstone and other African explorers—even Napoleon I. himself—who attest that Makololand, etc., belongs to Portugal as truly as do Lisbon and Oporto. *Jack* gives a "shiver my timbers" lurch, takes in a horn-pipe wreath about the waist band of his inexpressibles; scraps a salute with his right foot, twists his pan-cake cap, and removing his quid—for he is always polite—disappears in a "Hurrah for Serpa Pinto!"

Stanley was never in the odour of sanctity with the French, so the resolution of the French Geographical Society, not to gold medal him a second time, cannot provoke surprise. M. de Bizemont, the president, explains, unwittingly, the cause of this hostility, when he says: "Stanley never in his addresses alludes to France, though he does to other nations." Further he has "spoken disrespectfully of Queen Elizabeth," that is, of M. de Brazza, who expended half his fortune in discovering and securing a region of the Congo for France. It will be new to many to learn, that de Brazza had a fortune to expend. M. de Bizemont hopes that he may not be in Paris when the Americans and English give their contemplated hero-worship banquet to Stanley; for he sees in the latter not an explorer or scientist, but a simple adventurer of the very "smart order."

Very few explorers but "trek" in the name of the Prophet Figs! They will have cotton pocket handkerchiefs in one pocket, and territory absorption or trade treaties ready for signing, in the other. In the wake of the missionary follows the fire-water and gun powder dealer, and next the soldier to protect the bargains. Captain Binger has returned from exploring the Upper Niger and West Soudan, with as many treaties in his haversack as Guzman Blanco has of Venezuelan concessions in his valise. To extinguish Tippoo-Tibism, or to open a trade-route for elephants' tusks, medicinal gum, gold dust, and rubber, are as good reasons for "protecting" a territory, as chastising invisible Kroumirs. The world has not two Stanleys, and the only one is an Anglo-Saxon.

Z.

### A FAËRY TALE.

A WELL-APPOINTED travelling carriage was proceeding at a very leisurely rate along one of the smoothest highways of the prettiest of Midland counties. As fairies have never emigrated it was, of course, in England. The coachman had orders to drive carefully and avoid all bumps. Inside the vehicle were a celebrated physician and his patient, the former a florid, pursey little man with straggling brown hair carefully combed over his shining bald crown, the latter a tall young fellow with a good face, long tawny moustache, languid grey eyes and a general appearance of being used up and sickly. And so indeed he was. The physician was bringing the patient home to Du Bourg castle to place him under the care of a resident medical attendant with strict orders to enjoy absolute rest and fresh air. "Ozone and indolence, my dear Lord," said this high authority, "are the only exhibitions that will bring us round."

The history of this young fellow is instructive as a warning not to go and do likewise. His full name was Algernon John Lancelot de Beauregard du Bourg, in the peerage of the United Kingdom viscount, Baron du Bourg in the peerage of Ireland and Clachmacuddy, Scotland, a baronet, but for some reason, or no reason, at Eton he was always called "Keb!" The pet name of school did not stick to him at College. There he fell into a bad gambling set and on coming of age devoted himself single-mindedly to ruining his estate. Horse-racing had no attraction for him. Beyond losing a pony or two with great regularity on the favourite, he regarded a horse as a quadruped and not as a facile instrument of squandering. Cards were his speciality. They were more easily carried about and

would run through a fortune as fast. He plunged heavily and played badly. Therefore he cursed his luck. His name became unduly prominent as a reckless gamster. He had even played with the Prince of Shriek. His misdoings reached the ear of his sovereign who directed the Lord Chamberlain to strike his name off the reception list. The children of Israel, to whom he had been as a golden calf, became less obsequious and added sixty per cent. Thereafter he went rapidly to the bad. His health broke down as well as his estate and his affairs were given up for settlement. A terrible muddle they were when put into the family lawyers' hands for adjustment.

By paying off usurious claims here and clapping on an extra mortgage or so there, and patching and paring all round, matters were so far reformed as to leave him in nominal possession of the estate. For some years he would necessarily be poor for his station, but would eventually work through provided he refrained from extravagance. Old Mr. Deeds, the hereditary solicitor of the du Bourgs, talked very seriously to the young man, who, to do him justice, felt ashamed of himself and made a half-hearted resolution (although he did not tell Deeds so) that he would not again be tempted into the execrable vice of gaming, to which indeed he had been attracted by the fierce excitement of the thing and not from any real pleasure it afforded. And now he had been brought home broken down in body and estate.

A bullet-headed servant named James, who had been born on the place and retained because he was so densely stolid and had been born there, was selected to wheel his lord in an invalid chair about the grounds. James pushed him along here and there for a week or two, until, with returning strength, the last representative of hard-hitting Rollo du Bourg, the Conqueror's companion, was able to walk feebly about by himself with the aid of a stick.

On one of the occasions when James was wheeling they came upon the land-steward and a party of labourers with levers and hoes on their shoulders, about to commence some sort of levelling operation at the entrance of a glade in a little wood. It was a grassy cove in a coppice, a kind of small amphitheatre of green. In the centre of an isolated patch of old beeches, of no great extent, was a circle devoid of undergrowth, but with a fringe of young trees or saplings that shot up and mingled their feathery tops with the older foliage, forming, in fact, a treillage of leafy sprays that threw cool shadows over the clearing. Birds were singing among the boughs, and squirrels ran out on the limbs and chattered. The short, springy turf with which the alcove was paved was of that light creamy-olive tint that is so pleasant in shadow, and on its surface was perceptible a well-defined wheel or ring of dark-green grass of some twenty yards in diameter. James paused that his master might look at it, which he did, and spoke:

"Jackson."

"Yes, m'lud."

"A pretty place this, Jackson."

"Yes, m'lud."

My lord contemplated the scene through his eyeglass, and resumed:

"What is that green circle on the grass for?"

"Fairy ring, m'lud—fairies dance there—not lucky to have 'em about—bewitch cattle and so on."

"And they dance there?"

"Yes, m'lud."

"And what are you going to do?"

"Break it up, m'lud."

"Ah!" (A long pause.) "Well—no—better leave the poor deyvells their rink."

"Very well, m'lud."

So the steward withdrew his iconoclasts, and the lord was wheeled away.

As Lord du Bourg grew stronger, he took longer walks. On the first day of the month (the date is important) he set out for a constitutional, and his steps strayed to the fairies' ring. Seeing a cool spot where the exposed roots of a great birch tree formed, as it were, two armchairs lined with the driest and softest moss, and with another broad limb of root representing a serviceable table between them, he sat down in one of the armchairs, and pulling a pack of cards from his pocket proceeded to go over the particular cards by which a sharper had mulcted him in four figures. He was absorbed in this occupation when a voice from the other armchair put the question, "What's trumps?"

"Clubs," replied his lordship courteously, and looking up saw Tumblebug seated opposite to him, in the grey cloak he usually wears and with a modern felt hat on his head.

"Excuse me," said his lordship, "know I've met you, —Eryctheum perhaps,—Mr.—? Mr.—?"

"Tumblebug," said that personage.

"Ah, of course,—memory treacherous. Will you take a hand?"

"With pleasure," said Tumblebug. As he shuffled the cards said his lordship: "You live near?" "Close at hand," responded the other, producing from under his cloak a leathern bag from which clanked the pleasant chink of money.

They played for the greater part of the day, and du Bourg won largely. Tumblebug paid cash down. His lordship noticed that the gold was of very remote coinage but gave the matter no attention, or, if he did, thought his opponent had possibly dug up a pot of money on his estate in the neighbourhood.

"You will give me my revenge? Shall we play here every day for a month, and settle up on the 30th?" questioned Tumblebug, to which his lordship replied, "O,

certainly!" "Honour?" asked Tumblebug. "Upon my honour," said Lord du Bourg.

Thus, it happened that these two for a month of days, day by day, sat at the fairies' ring playing *ecarté*.

It was the morning of the thirtieth day. Fortune had gone against Lord du Bourg. How much he could not say, but it was a fearfully large amount. True, he had several bags of Tumblebug's gold in his escritoire, but, then, Tumblebug held a sheaf of his lordship's I.O.U.s. He took a pen and began to cypher. Arithmetic had always been his weak point, so he soon gave up the calculation, satisfied that his liability reached a sum that he never by any possibility could pay. Then he took a duelling pistol from its case, scratched the letter B on a bullet, loaded carefully, put the weapon in his pocket and walked to the place of appointment.

They played all day, his lordship getting deeper and deeper and deeper. Fortune was very adverse. Towards sunset Tumblebug remarked: "The time has nearly come to finish our pleasant game. Let us make a coup du Bourg castle against your I.O.U.s."

"Couldn't do that, you know," said the descendant of Rollo du Bourg, "old family and all that—blank in the peerage. I really could not entertain the proposition."

"Then, my lord, I hope you are prepared to redeem your engagements. The thirtieth of the month was to be settling day you remember."

"Yes, I remember."

Algernon John Lancelot de Beauregard du Bourg fell into a profound reverie, muttering "last of my race—nobody miss me—Ann might a little—" then raised his eyes and with steady hand set his ancestral inheritance on the turn of a card.

Luck was against him. The estate had changed hands and the I.O.U.s. were still outstanding.

"Sir," said he, "the place is yours. Keep on all the old servants."

His lordship rose, yawned and stretched himself.

"Bye bye, Tumblebug," said he, "I've put the pot on too heavily." Then he put the pistol to his forehead and pulled the trigger. No flash followed the fall of the hammer.

There was good pluck in the du Bourgs. He proceeded calmly to reload, but in doing so ran the ramrod down the barrel and found the weapon was empty. He turned hastily to Tumblebug but that worthy had disappeared.

At that moment arose peal upon prolonged peal of invisible silvery laughter and the clapping of unseen hands. The marked bullet that he had destined as the instrument of his own destruction dropped from a tree and rebounded with a sounding plump from the crown of his hat, while a perfect snowstorm of paper torn into small shreds came showering around. He picked up some fragments and found they were his I.O.U.s.—which a passing gust caught and whirled away forever.

Lord du Bourg walked home very gravely. He did not sleep well that night.

Next day he sent for his land steward, who entered, and the following colloquy took place:

"Jackson."

"M'lud."

"Direct Deeds and Doquet to prepare a rent charge or mortgage forever or something, of the Fern Spinney."

"Yes, m'lud."

"In favour of a gentleman of the name of Tumblebug. Leave a blank for his Christian name."

"Yes, m'lud."

"And—Jackson."

"M'lud."

"Tell them to insert a clause that the ground shall never be broken up."

"Yes, m'lud—never broken up."

"And, by the way, Jackson, you had better have the place enclosed with a light wire fence and keep it so in perpetuity."

"Yes, m'lud—perpetuity."

"And Jackson. If the deer or poachers or people go inside the ring, the keepers shoot them."

"Certainly, m'lud."

"O by the by, Jackson, as you go tell Binns to send me up a glass of claret and some chicken. I feel actually robust. Hungry in fact."

From that hour Lord du Bourg improved in health, happiness and estate. He never played again except for love.

H. D.

Alberton, P.E.I.

GENERAL GORDON said:—

I have often executed men, but never without the direct sanction of the Almighty. I placed the Bible on my knees, and I prayed that if He saw fit to reverse my decision he would signify it to me . . . . On no single occasion was my decision reversed.

And Mr. Stanley recounts:—

We were without food, starvation stared us in the face, and I said, "The Israelites were starving, and Moses struck the rock and it poured forth water, and the heavens rained manna; Elijah was starving, and he was fed by ravens; Christ was ministered to by angels, but what angel will minister unto us?" At that moment a guinea fowl rushed across the path at my feet; my dog caught it, and we all ate flesh.

Mr. Stanley's Providence satisfies his material wants; General Gordon's Providence satisfies his conscience.



SUDDEN DEATH.

If in a moment Death should come to me  
 And for a moment seem as Death's self may,  
 Should say as it to some has seemed to say,  
 From hungry lips, "Give o'er, I thirst for thee!"  
 This spectre thus appearing should I see—  
 (Such Terror!)—I would quake beneath its sway,  
 Be filled with fear, and half forget to pray;  
 Should know not if to stand or if to flee.

But if I had another moment still,  
 I should regret my momentary fear,  
 And I should pray and ask "Lord, have thy will!"—  
 And all the sting of Death should disappear:  
 And Death's grim form should change and change until  
 It seemed an angel, only sent to cheer.

Montreal. HUGH COCHRANE.

HINDU ARITHMETIC.

EUROPEANS who have resided in India have frequently expressed astonishment at the rapidity with which arithmetical calculations are mentally made by very small Indian boys. Some account, therefore, of the Indian method of teaching arithmetic, which is believed to be superior to the English methods, is given by Frederic Pincott, M.R.A.S., in the April number of *Knowledge*, and will probably be interesting to our readers.

The arithmetical system of Europe was revolutionized by India when the so-called Arabic figures which we daily use were borrowed by Arab traders to the Malabar coast, and by them introduced into Europe. It was Indian intelligence which devised the method of changing the values of the numeral symbols according to their positions. This ingenious conception rapidly superseded the older methods, and gave enormously increased facility to arithmetical computations as compared with the Greek and Roman and the older Arabic methods.

In order to explain the present Indian system of arithmetic, it is necessary to premise that the *Pandhes*, or schoolmasters, employ a number of terms unknown to English teachers. These terms have been invented for the purpose of facilitating calculation, and the astonishing results achieved cannot be understood without comprehending the terms employed. The strangeness of the names of the figures and fractions arrests the attention of every student of Hindi. Few attempt to master the fractions; and there are some who, after many years' residence in India, cannot repeat even the numbers from one to a hundred.

Indians use monosyllables similar to ours, from 1 to 10; but from that point the words are built on the model of "1 and 10," "2 and 10," "3 and 10," etc.,\* up to "8 and 10;" but the word for 19 means "minus 20." After 20 the same method is continued; "21" being impossible, the form is invariably "1 and 20," "2 and 20," up to "minus 30," "30," "1 and 30," and so on. This method of nomenclature goes back to remote antiquity, for the old Sanscrit language presents the same peculiarity.† The object of this nomenclature is to facilitate computation for, in reckoning, the mind has to deal with the even tens, the simplest of all figures to multiply. Thus, the question, "9 times 19," is not a simple one to an English child; but the Indian boy would be asked, "9 minus-twenties." In an instant he knows that he has only to deduct 9 minus quantities from 9 twenties, and the answer, 171, comes before the English boy has fully realized the question. The formidable difficulty of the 9 is thus completely got rid of by a mere improvement in nomenclature.

Another advantage that the Indian boy has is the use of short, mostly monosyllabic, terms for every ascent in the decimal scale; thus, such lumbering expressions as "one hundred thousand" are unknown to him, the simple word *lakh* conveying the idea fully to his mind. So, also, "one thousand millions" is *arb*; "one hundred thousand millions" is *kharb*; and so on. The advantages of this terseness must be at once apparent.

It is, however, with respect to fractional numbers that the advantage of the Indian system of nomenclature becomes most conspicuous, when once understood. They employ a large number of terms, which are given below. ‡

These terms are *prefixed* when used in combination with whole numbers, the object being to present the special modification to the mind before the number itself is named. Complicated as this nomenclature appears at first sight, its difficulties disappear when brought to the test of practice. It is the outcome of centuries of practical experience, and the thoughtful application of means to an end. It will be sufficient to illustrate the use of these words, and the extraordinary arithmetical facilities they afford, if the use of *paune* is explained—that is,  $\frac{3}{4}$ , that being the fraction which the English child has most trouble with. The Indian boy knows no such expression as "two and three-quarters;" in fact, the term "three-quarters" in combination with whole numbers has no existence in his language.

\* This is also the original meaning of the English words "eleven," "twelve," etc., up to "nineteen."

† In the ancient language there was also an optional form in conformity with the English method.

‡ Pa, 0 =  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; adh =  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; paun =  $\frac{3}{4}$ ; paun =  $-\frac{1}{4}$  ( $\frac{1}{4}$  less than any number to which it is prefixed); sawa =  $1\frac{1}{4}$  ( $\frac{1}{4}$  more than any number to which it is prefixed); sarhe =  $+\frac{1}{2}$  ( $\frac{1}{2}$  more than any number to which it is prefixed); derh =  $1\frac{1}{2}$  (a number + half itself); pawanna =  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ; arha, i =  $2\frac{1}{2}$  (twice and a half times any number); huntha =  $3\frac{1}{2}$ ; dhauncha =  $4\frac{1}{2}$ ; pahuncha =  $5\frac{1}{2}$ .

His teacher resorts to the same device as has been explained when speaking of the figure 9: he employs a term which implies "minus." By this process  $2\frac{3}{4}$  becomes *paune tin*—that is, "minus 3," or "a quarter less 3;" and in the same way  $3\frac{3}{4}$  is *paune char*—that is, "minus 4;" and so on.

Precisely the same plan is adopted with reference to the term *sawa*, which implies "one-quarter more"—thus,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  is *sawa tin*—"plus 3";  $4\frac{1}{4}$  is *sawa char*—"plus 4"; etc. It will now be seen that the *whole* numbers form centres of triplets, having a minus modification on one side, and a plus modification on the other. This peculiar nomenclature will be clearly apprehended by the following arrangement:—

$2\frac{3}{4}$ paune-tin - 3	$3\frac{3}{4}$ paune-char - 4	$4\frac{3}{4}$ paune-panch - 5
3 tin 3	4 char 4	5 panch 5
$3\frac{1}{4}$ sawa-tin + 3	$4\frac{1}{4}$ sawa-char + 4	$5\frac{1}{4}$ sawa-panch + 5

In multiplying these fractions, therefore, the Indian boy has to deal with only the minus and plus quantities. A simple instance will illustrate this. "7 times  $99\frac{3}{4}$ " would be a puzzle to an English child, both on account of its lumbering phraseology, and the defective arithmetical process he is taught to employ. The Indian boy would be asked, "*Sat paune-sau?*"—three words meaning "seven minus-hundreds?" The very form of the question tells him that he has only to deduct 7 quarters from 700, and he instantly answers 698 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Equal facility is found with any similar question, such as "5 times  $14\frac{3}{4}$ ?" The Indian boy is asked, "*Panch paune-pandrah?*" i.e., "5 minus-fifteens?" As the words are uttered, he knows that he has only to deduct 5 quarters from 5 fifteens; and he answers at once, "*Paune chau-hatrah*"—i.e., "a quarter less four-and-seventy" (73 $\frac{3}{4}$ ).

So much for the machinery with which the Indian boy works. The more it is understood, the more it will be appreciated. It is, undoubtedly, strange to our preconceptions; but it would be a real blessing to our country if corresponding suitable terms were invented, and this admirable system were introduced into all our schools.

Some Europeans have sought to account for the surprising results attained by Indian children, by attributing them to special mental development due to ages of oral construction. It is perfectly true that Indians rely more on their memories than on artificial reminders, and no one can come into contact with the people without being struck by their capacity for remembering. It is well known that many of the ablest men the country has produced could neither read nor write; but they hardly missed those accomplishments for their minds were frequently stored with more information, which was more ready to their command, than that possessed by the majority of book-students. It is well known that Ranjit Singh could neither read nor write, but he knew all that was going on in every part of a kingdom as large as France. He was an able financier, and knew at all times accurately the contents of all his treasuries, the capacities of his large and varied provinces, the natures of all tenures, the relative power of his neighbours, the strength and weakness of the English, and was in all respects a first-class administrator. We commit the mistake of thinking that the means to knowledge is knowledge itself. This induces us to give all the honour and prizes to reading and writing, and leads us to despise people, whatever their real attainments may be, who have not acquired the knack of putting their information on paper. It ought to modify our opinion on this point to reflect that the architectural triumphs of India were nearly all built by men who could neither read nor write. Another illustration of dependence upon memory instead of paper can be found in the Indian druggist, who will have hundreds of jars, one above another from floor to ceiling, not one of them marked by label or ticket, yet he never hesitates in placing his hand on the right vessel whenever a drug is required. The same, to us, phenomenal power of memory is shown by the ordinary washermen, who go around to houses with their donkeys, and collect the clothes, some from one house, some from another. These they convey to the river and wash, and, in returning with the huge pile, never fail to deliver each particular article to its rightful owner.

The Indian boy's first task is necessarily to commit to memory the names of the figures from 1 to 100. He is next taught that there are nineteen places for figures and their names. These correspond to our units, tens, hundreds, etc.; but the monosyllabic curtness in the names of the higher numbers is his distinct advantage.

What we call the multiplication table then begins. In England the multiplier remains constant, and the multiplicand changes: thus children repeat, "twice one, two; twice two, four; twice three, six;" etc. In India the boy is taught to say, "one two, two; two twos, four; three twos, six;" etc.; his multiplier changing, while the multiplicand remains fixed. Another peculiarity is this: he begins at 1, not at 2; and this furnishes him with a series of most useful collective numbers. Here, again, the English language lacks terms to translate the first table, but an idea may be gained from the following attempt: one unity, one; one couplet, two; one triplet, three; one quadrat, four; one pentad, five; etc.

These names for aggregates, as distinguished from mere numerals, are of much value to the boy in the subsequent processes, and give him another distinct advantage.

In learning these tables the boy is not carried beyond 10; that is, he goes no further than "two tens, twenty," "three tens, thirty," etc.; but to make up for that forbearance he is carried on in this process of multiplying

figure by figure not only to 12, or up to 20, but he goes on through the thirties, and does not make his first halt until he gets to "ten forties, four hundred." In achieving this result something more than mere memory is brought into play, for he is taught to assist his memory by reference from one table to another; thus the first half of the six table is contained in the three table, etc.

A short supplementary table is next taught, beginning at 11 x 11 to 20 x 11, and then proceeding to 11 x 12 to 20 x 12, and so on up to 20 x 20. This method reduces considerably the tax on the memory; for one half of the table is obviously the same as the other half, and therefore only half calls for special effort.

The boy has now committed to memory the multiplication of every figure from 1 x 1 to 20 x 20, and in addition he knows the multiplication of every figure up to 40 by the ten "digits." It will be observed that both tables end at 400 (10 x 40 and 20 x 20); in fact, 4 is the most important factor in Hindu arithmetic, all figures and fractions being built upon multiples and fractions of it.

At this point, instead of practising on imaginary sums in the hope of learning arithmetic empirically, the Indian lad immediately proceeds to tables of fractions, the first being the multiplication of every figure from 1 to 100 by  $\frac{1}{4}$ . Here, again,  $\frac{1}{4}$  would be the last fraction we should attempt; but in India it is the first, and, by the superior system of nomenclature there in use, it is a very easy affair. The boy, knowing the multiplication of the whole numbers, is taught to deduct the half of the half ( $\frac{1}{4}$ ), and the thing is done. Memory is assisted by observing that every multiple of 4 is a whole number, and that the number below it will always be a *sawa* of the next lower figure, and the number above it always a *paune* of the next higher figure. Thus in answer to the question  $\frac{3}{4} \times 36$ , the Indian boy says mentally, 18, 9, 27; he also knows that 36 is the ninth multiple of 4, and by immediately deducting 9 can get his 27 that way also. Knowing, also, that 36 is a multiple of a 4 yielding 27, he knows that 35 will yield *sawa chhabbis* (26 $\frac{1}{4}$ ), and that 37 will yield *paune atha is* (—28 = 27 $\frac{3}{4}$ ). In this way three-fourths of the table is a matter of logical necessity, resting on the elementary table previously acquired.

In the next table the boy is taught to multiply every figure from 1 to 100 by  $\frac{1}{2}$ . This, of course, is precisely the reverse of the last: the  $\frac{1}{4}$  is ascertained and added, instead of being deducted. Here, again, the multiples of 4 are whole numbers; but the figures preceding result this time in a *paune*, and those next following in a *sawa*. This table also costs but little effort when thus taught.

The next table teaches the boy to multiply from 1 to 100 by  $\frac{3}{4}$ , and of course means simply adding half the multiplier to the figure itself.

The next step, multiplying from 1 to 100 by  $1\frac{1}{4}$ , is achieved by simply adding three-quarters of the multiplier to the multiplier itself. The "three-quarters" table has been already acquired by the boy, and he has therefore only to add any given multiplier to it. Thus, if asked, "What is 27 times  $1\frac{1}{4}$ ?" he knows that 27 *paunes* are 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; he has therefore only to add this to the 27 itself to get 47 $\frac{1}{4}$  as the instant answer.

The boy is next exercised in multiplying 1 to 100 by  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , and he is taught to do this by adding half the multiplier to the "twice-times" table.

Then follow similar tables multiplying by  $3\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $4\frac{1}{2}$ , and  $5\frac{1}{2}$ ; and the results are arrived at instantaneously by adding to the "three-times," "four-times," and "five-times" tables half the multiplier in every case.

In all these tables the rapidity and simplicity is in great part due to the terms employed. The boy is not asked to "multiply seventeen by three and a half," or "What is three and a half times seventeen?" or puzzled by any other form of clumsy verbosity. The terms he uses allow him to be asked "*sattrah binthe*" ("seventeen three-and-a-halves"). His elementary table has taught him that  $17 \times 3 = 51$ , and he knows that he has only to add half 17 to that, and the sum is done.

The final task of the Indian boy is a money table, which deals with a coinage which may be thus summarized: 16 *damri* = 1 *taka*; 16 *taka* = 1 *ana*; 16 *ana* = 1 *rupi*.

There is a small coin called *dam*, three of which make 1 *damri*; and therefore 48 make 1 *taka*, and 96 = *ana*, 4<sup>2</sup> being still the unit. The table imparts a familiarity in combining these coins together.

This completes an Indian boy's most elementary course of arithmetic; and a little reflection on the great facility for computation which Indian children show, and the simplicity of the means by which it is effected, ought to make us rather ashamed than boastful of our own defective methods.

THE museum presented by Mr. Ruskin for twenty years to the town of Sheffield, Eng., was opened April 15th, by the Earl of Carlisle.

WITH the object of spreading as much as possible information as to the condition of the weather on British coasts, the Meteorological Office began on Monday, April 14th, to exhibit outside their offices, at 63 Victoria Street, Westminster, a series of boards, showing the state of the wind, weather, and sea at Yarmouth, Dover, the Needles, Scilly, Valentia (Ireland), and Holyhead. The information given is for eight o'clock in the morning and two o'clock in the afternoon, and the notices are posted up at about half-past nine a.m. and three p.m. respectively. The words are printed in clear type, and can be read by those having ordinarily good sight from the pavement or roadway.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE SCHOOL-BOOK QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR.—It is seldom that I have a thought of criticising what you say in your notes on passing events and conditions; but as an old teacher I should like to say a few words about your note on the Public School books. During all my experience as a teacher I have not before found so great satisfaction with the school books among the people in country schools as at present, and I am certain that any candidate who opposes the present system will lose in public estimation.

One of the many difficulties with which teachers have to contend is that concerning text-books. No one but a teacher knows how hard it is to keep the children fully supplied with them. If a change is made there is an outcry at once, "When is this everlasting changing to stop? Why can't the same books do? They were good enough for us, why not for our children?"

Old school books are treasured up, often from one generation to another, with the expectation that they will still be of use. This, especially among the farmers, who at the present time have to save in all kinds of ways, and dare hardly spend enough to supply themselves with the necessities, to say nothing of the comforts and luxuries of life.

I do not say that you are wrong. Indeed, I believe you are theoretically right in your contention, and that most teachers and probably the Minister himself would agree with you in most points, but the people would not. Canadians are too poor to be liberal in matters of education, especially beyond the line of the three R's. I find that the present system, with the one set of books retained everywhere, seems to meet with satisfaction, because the books are as a rule satisfactory both in matter and binding, and sold, in comparison with other goods, at a reasonable price, and above all because they have come to stay.

There is no doubt that the Public School books are not all satisfactory to the teachers, especially those who depend altogether on the text-book for their pupils work. In all of them a great deal of outside work must be done by the teacher, and I believe that that most maligned Public School History will do a great deal towards introducing a better system of teaching history, chiefly for that reason. There are faults, glaring ones, besides in the history, arithmetic and grammar, but these may be improved in time, if they need improvement. However all may not see alike. For my part I should like to see text-books perfectly free and subject to constant change at the will of the teacher; but until the country becomes richer and teachers get better salaries, it is impossible.

E. W.

## MISTAKES OF GREAT CRITICS.

HORACE WALPOLE called Dante "extravagant, absurd, disgusting; in short a Methodist parson in Bedlam!" Samuel Pepys, Esq., thought "Othello" a "mean thing;" and "Midsummer's Nights Dream," "the most insipid, ridiculous play I ever saw in my life," Bacon's "Instauratio Magna" was described by an eminent contemporary as "the silliest of printed books." Hacket, in his "Life of Lord Keeper Williams," calls Milton "a petty schoolboy scribbler;" and another contemporary spoke of him as "the author of a profane and lascivious poem called "Paradise Lost."

The critics have shown themselves very poor judges of style, either in literature or art. As a general rule an author of any merit or seriousness could not possibly do a more foolish thing than take their advice. Turner was incomparably the greatest painter of his age, yet his style during the greater part of his life furnished a common joke to every scribbler, and fledged the callow plumage of every would-be wit. Carlyle's effect upon his age was produced in great measure by his style: yet his style was for some time denounced as a travesty of English which was perfectly intolerable. Mr. Ruskin is now almost universally regarded as the greatest living master of English prose, yet many critics at first received his style with unmeasured ridicule. When Mr. Browning published his first poem—"Pauline"—some critic or other called him "verbose." Unfortunately—as he has told us—he paid too much attention to the remark, and in his desire to use no superfluous word, studied an elliptic concentration of style which told fatally against the ready intelligibility of "Sordello" and other later poems.

Surely the record of the past aberrations even of illustrious critics should teach every earnest man that he need not be afraid to hold his own. Dr. Johnson was looked up to as the literary dictator of his day, yet he said of the author of "An Elegy in a Country Churchyard:" "Sir, he was dull in a new way, and that made many people call him great." And, shrewd as he was, Horace Walpole had nothing better to say of Dr. Johnson than that "he was a babbling old woman. Prejudice and bigotry, and pride and presumption and arrogance are the hags that brew his ink." Of Horace Walpole in his turn, and of his play, "The Mysterious Mother," which Byron so extravagantly admired, Coleridge remarked that "no one with a spark of true manliness, of which Horace Walpole had none, could have written that most disgusting and detestable composition that ever came from the hand of man." Of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" even his friend Southey said: "It is the clumsiest attempt at German simplicity I ever saw."

De Quincy was eloquent and learned, but he thought that "even Caliban in his drunkenness never shaped an idol more weak and hollow than modern Germany had set up for its worship in the person of Goethe." We all know how Coleridge was abused like a pickpocket; how Shelley was almost goaded to madness; how the *Quarterly Review* (March, 1828) said that the poems of Keats had been received "with an all but universal roar of laughter," and how the young poet was brutally told "to go back to his gallipots;" how Jeffrey began his article on Woodsworth with "This will never do," called his poems "a tissue of moral and devotional ravings." Some of us are old enough to remember how the most powerful journal of the period mixed up its criticism of one of the noblest and tenderest poems of the present day—"In Memoriam"—with sneers at "the Amaryllis of the Chancery Bar;" and to recall the violent diatribes which were expended on the poem of "Maud." Mrs. Barrett Browning's "Aurora Leigh" lives by its intrinsic worth, though "foul words were used to blacken, and stupid wickedness to strangle it." Mr. Browning was over and over again insulted and browbeaten by hosts of critics for fifty years. He himself told me how any recognition of him was probably retarded for twenty years by the sheer accident of his receiving for one of his early poems two words, "pure balderdash" in place of an elaborate and appreciative essay on the poem by John Stuart Mill, which would have been inserted by the editor with equal readiness if the previous review had not appeared. I would rather have written "Proverbial Philosophy"—though I never admired more than two lines in it—than have shared in the common baseness of incessantly heaping insult on a defenceless and amiable man, who, like the rest of us, may have had his foibles, but who had done his little best in life.

Truth compels me to say that I have seen but few reviews from which I could learn the least information or adopt the most insignificant hint; and, like every one else, I have sometimes been criticised in a manner which reflects dishonour on the critic only. But, though I think with Mr. Ruskin that "a bad critic is probably the most mischievous person in the world," not even against the least honourable of them all do I cherish a particle of rancor.—*Archdeacon Farrar, in the May Forum.*

## FORT MISSISSAGUA.

DESERTED, drear, and mouldering to decay,  
A square low tower stands grim and gray and lone,  
From Newark's ruins built its walls, storm-blown  
When sword and flame alternate seized their prey.  
Ontario's waves in rage or idle play  
Sap palisade and fort with ceaseless moan,  
Shall we historic relics see o'er thrown  
And not a voice be raised to answer nay?  
Four races here for empire sternly fought,  
And brightly gleamed the red man's council fire  
The beacon lights the dancing wave and lea,  
Where brave La Salle both fame and fortune sought;  
In fratricidal strife fell son and sire,  
Where friends stretch hands across a narrow sea.

Niagara, 1890.

JANET CARNOCHAN.

## NEW ZEALAND'S JUBILEE.

VERY interesting to the people of the Dominion at large should be a handsome pamphlet of over one hundred pages recently sent to us by a courteous contributor, and embodying the Jubilee Celebration of the Empire's youngest Colony. We give a few extracts from the work which is reprinted from the *New Zealand Herald*, and can be had of Wilsons and Horton, Auckland.

## NEW ZEALAND A BRITISH COLONY.

In the years 1825 and 1837 attempts were made by public companies in England to colonise New Zealand, but these were firmly resisted by the English Government. In 1839 the New Zealand Company was formed, and while still unrecognized by Government, despatched on 13th May, 1839, its first ship, the *Tory*, with its agents, surveyors, and naturalist. On the 7th November, 1839, Mr. Somes, deputy-governor of the still unrecognized company, wrote to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Palmerston, urging the immediate assumption of sovereignty over New Zealand by the British Government, on the grounds that France might and probably would obtain sovereign jurisdiction over New Zealand, this letter having been written some time after the despatch of the *Aurora* with the first batch of company's emigrants to Port Nicholson.

There are two claimants for the honour of being the place in which the act of establishment of New Zealand as a colony, *i. e.*, an integral part of the British Empire, took place—to wit, Auckland and Wellington. In an earlier section we have shown how futile the claims of Wellington are. But were further proof needed it is afforded in the following unanswerable sketch of events:—

By a commission bearing date 30th July, 1839, Captain William Hobson, R.N., was appointed to be Lieutenant-Governor "over any territory which may be acquired in sovereignty by Her Majesty in the islands of New Zealand." Captain Hobson sailed for Sydney in H. M.S. *Druid*, and on his arrival there he took the oaths of office and set sail with a small party of subordinate officers for New Zealand in Her M.S. *Herald*, on the 19th January, 1840, arriving at the Bay of Islands on the 29th of the same month. He at once issued two proclamations, one announc-

ing his commission and the other the refusal of the Queen to recognise any titles to land not derived from or confirmed by herself. Although the ship *Aurora*, with certain emigrants sent out by the New Zealand Company, arrived in Port Nicholson on the 22nd January, yet, as we have already shown, another and earlier settlement already existed at Kororareka. Moreover, as against the New Zealand Company being a colonizing body, it is sufficient to state that its charter was only granted on the 12th February, 1841, *i. e.* more than twelve months after the landing of Governor Hobson, and, in fact, some five months after the selection of Auckland as the capital of the colony.

Clearly the date of the jubilee of the colony is January 29, the date of the anniversary as a colony, as distinct from the several provincial anniversaries, interesting as these latter are in the history of the settlement of the colony. These latter run as follows, *viz.*—Wellington, January 22, 1840; Auckland, January 29, 1840 (leaving Kororareka outside the question); Taranaki, March 31, 1840; Nelson, February 1, 1841; Otago, March 23, 1847; Canterbury, December 15, 1848.

## THE SETTLEMENT OF AUCKLAND.

The town of Auckland has a history distinct from that of the settlement of the district, and the proclamation of the colony within its bounds. Governor Hobson was landed at the Bay of Islands, and originally intended to fix his capital at the spot now occupied by the town of Russell. The site was, however, found unsuitable, and he finally chose a site for his chief town on the right bank of the Waitemata River, a spot which in 1769 Captain Cook had pointed out as a good place for a European settlement. Under the Governor's instructions, Captain W. Symonds, the Surveyor-General, purchased the land from the natives, no difficulty being experienced in the transaction. On Tuesday, 15th September, 1840, the barque *Anna Watson* having on board several officers of the Government, mechanics, labourers, etc., anchored in Waitemata harbour. The Surveyor-General proceeded to select the site for the intended settlement on its shores, and on Friday, the 18th September, the ceremony of taking possession in the name of Her Majesty was duly performed. The whole party having landed, the British flag was hoisted on a staff erected on a bold promontory commanding a view of the whole harbour (afterwards crowned with Fort Britomart), and the flag was immediately saluted with twenty-one guns from the *Anna Watson*, followed by a further salute of fifteen guns from the barque *Platina*, which, together with the *Planter* were likewise lying at anchor in the harbour. Her Majesty's health was drunk at the foot of the flagstaff and greeted with three times three hearty cheers. The *Anna Watson* then fired a salute of seven guns in honour of the Governor, and luncheon was done justice to on board. In the afternoon was held the first regatta which ever took place on the waters of the Waitemata.

The first sale of Crown lands in the new town took place in April, 1841, when town sections sold at an average of £525 per acre. Meanwhile the most frantic indignation had been aroused in Wellington by the foundation of Auckland, the Wakefields and other agents of the New Zealand Association asserting the Governor should have established his capital there. The early volumes of the reports of the New Zealand Association are mainly taken up with these squabbles and charges against Governor Hobson. The latter was worn out with the weight of care and the persistent calumny of his enemies, and died on the 10th September, 1842, aged forty-nine years. His body lies in Auckland cemetery, and in St. Paul's Church, lately demolished, stood a marble tablet to his memory. The town of Auckland will, as Thompson remarks in his "Story of New Zealand," better perpetuate his fame than a pillar of stone or a statue of brass.

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The colony was established, but there were yet many vicissitudes, many difficulties to be surmounted, many hardships to be undergone by the dwellers in the infant settlements. It should be noted that from the first moment of its being proposed as a British colony, New Zealand was expressly guaranteed an exemption from convicts, and so escaped the infliction of this curse of Australian colonization. Emigrants chose it from its first establishment in preference to Australia or Van Dieman's Land for this very reason. Lord Normanby, in a despatch to Captain Hobson, dated 14th August, 1839, says:—"The character of a penal settlement shall not be extended to New Zealand. Every motive concurs in forbidding this, and it is to be understood as a fundamental principle of the new colony that no convict is ever to be sent there to undergo his punishment."

Taken as a whole, the early reports of the infant settlement were cheerful and hopeful. Pork and potatoes, we are told, was the staple dietary for all classes of the community. Complaints are to be heard of the price of clothing, but—happy days!—we read that "there are no taxes in New Zealand, nor any rates or dues;" and, moreover, money can be safely invested in real security at the rate of ten per cent. per annum. The main complaints are about communications. The town of Auckland was a morass overgrown with small tea-tree; beyond that again, for about a mile and a half, was a dense thicket, so dense in fact, that in order to find one's way through it, it was necessary to take the bearings of some of the loftier trees. Some four years after the foundation of this settlement, the main road leading out of Auckland was hardly passable in the winter season for the distance a mile. Epsom

consisted of three tents; the land beyond, stretching across the isthmus, was a treeless open country, clothed with a sombre covering of brown fern. Onehunga was unoccupied save by the small remnant of a neighbouring native tribe, and the Bay of Manukau was a lone expanse of unfrequented water. In those days of "the streets before they were made"—as Swainson calls them after the old distich—when the infant capital was built of reeds and rushes, when drays were abandoned for weeks together in the principal street, buried axle-deep in mire and clay, and when a native whare did duty for a police court six days in the week, and for a place of worship on the seventh, locomotion by night was difficult, and in the winter season decidedly uncomfortable along these streets which existed only on paper. But then, as now, dancing was enjoyed with great zest, and though to attend a ball on a dark, wet night was, indeed, the pursuit of dancing under difficulties, yet, in the worst weather, its votaries were never daunted—the ladies gallantly wading through mire and water—their "twinkling feet" and "light fantastic toes," as the old chronicler we have before us gallantly terms them, encased in men's jack boots; their would-be partners—for life or for the dance—being carried high and dry on the back of some friendly Maori. From the very earliest period of the settlement lovers of dancing had an opportunity of gratifying their taste at a ball given by the Queen's representative on the occasion of Her Majesty's Birthday. In these, the dark ages of the colony, a piano played by the gracious hostess, the wife of the Governor, with a violoncello accompaniment, vamped with all due gravity by the Queen's Attorney-General, formed the modest orchestra at Government House, reminding us of its days of simplicity recorded in Gray's "Long Story," when

My grave Lord-keeper led the brawls,  
The seal and maces danced before him.

Yet the balls in those olden days of the colony were said to have been probably as enjoyable, and certainly as much enjoyed, as the Gubernatorial Birthday Ball of to-day with all its state and ceremony.

All the heartburnings and jealousies which came into play in the early days of the colonization of New Zealand have passed away, even to their very memory, except in the minds of some of our earliest settlers. Europeans and natives, laymen and missionaries, Government immigrants and Company's settlers, now work together as one harmonious whole, all equally having the interests of the colony at heart, and equally priding themselves on the glorious progress it has made.

Looking back through the vista of years to the year 1840 (fifty years ago), but little will be found with which the Government of the colony, whether under Imperial regime or as a self-governing colony, has to reproach itself, and never was a colony established in which the interests of the aboriginal race have been considered and cared for as they have been in New Zealand.

It is far too general an opinion that the advent of the colonists has proved fatal to the native race, and that they are slowly dwindling away owing to their contact with Europeans. We venture to express in the most emphatic manner a contrary opinion, viz., that the colonization of the colony has arrested the destruction of the Maori race. Their losses in wars waged with the colonists were as nothing compared to the wholesale destruction that had been raging among themselves for generations, and which was finally put an end to on their subjugation by a stronger race. The true state of the case is, we think, put forth in the following words of an old chief, as related by Mr. Barstow in a lecture which he delivered some years ago in the Auckland Institute. Mr. Barstow put the question: "Suppose the white people had never come here?" The aged warrior paused, and then apostrophised: "I see an old man standing on the look-out post of lofty Te Ranga's pa. He strains his eyes, peering in every direction; no sign of human being, no uprising smoke meets his gaze, and then he cries to himself: 'Nobody, nobody; alas, not one! Days have passed since last I tasted the sweetness of human flesh. Is it all finished? One thing at least—no one survives to consign my body to the *hangi* (cooking oven).'"

Standing on the summit of Maungawhao, the old frowning fortress of the man-eaters—now Mount Eden, the centre of smiling gardens and handsome villas—looking down upon the great city which lies spread at our feet, with its crowded thoroughfares, its bustle of commerce, and its wealth of shipping; while to the horizon extend fair home-steads, trim fields, and lowing herds; when we turn to the country we are reminded of Shelley's lines—

Where the startled wilderness beheld,  
A savage conqueror stained in kindred blood.

While shouts and howlings through the desert rang,  
Sloping and smooth the daisy-spangled lawn,  
Offering sweet incense to the sunrise smiles.

While the evidence before us of the greatness of England's colonising power, and of its enormous expansion in trade, in commerce, in all that constitutes national greatness during the last fifty years, shows that the dictum of Cowley still holds true, and that still more so than when he wrote it—

All the liquid world is one extended Thames.

The best poetical description of a Maori war-canoe race is that given in the following verses by Mr. Alfred Domett in his "Ranolf and Amohia":—

Then rose the single voice in prouder strain,  
Just as the lightning flashed again:

Had you died the death of glory  
On the field of battle gory—  
Died the death a chief would choose,  
Not this death so sad and gloomy—  
Then with tuft and tassel plummy,  
Down of gannet—Sea-king's feather—  
Gaily-waving, snowy-flecking,  
Every deep-red gunwale decking—  
Then a hundred brave canoes,  
With elated  
Warriors freighted,  
Like one man their war-chant chiming,  
Fierce deep cries the paddles timing,  
While the paddles' serried rows,  
Like broad birds' wings, spread and close—  
Though the whit'ning  
Waves like lightning

Had been starting altogether,  
Forward through the foam together,  
All in quest of vengeful slaughter,  
Tearing through the tortured water.  
And from dusky figures seated round,  
With savage satisfaction in the sound—  
A stern deep pride with sadness shadowed o'er  
Like volleys fired above a soldier's grave,  
Rang out the chorused thundering groans once more:—  
Ha! A hundred brave canoes—  
Crowding, crashing,  
Darting, dashing,  
Darting, dashing through the wave!  
Forward—forward all together,  
All in quest of foemen's slaughter!  
They had cleft the foaming water,  
Seeking vengeance for the brave—  
For the brave—the brave—the brave!

We give four native chants of different kinds:—

#### No. I.

One voice: My children, here's strength.  
Chorus: Ha! ha!  
One voice: My children, here's firmness.  
Chorus: Ha! ha!  
One voice: Behold a proof of unflinching strength,  
The head of Te Kawai-ta-taki,  
Which I grasp in my hand,  
Chorus: Ha! ha!

#### No. II.

Ah, see ye not there are signs in the heavens?  
And know ye not there are thoughts in the heart?  
Hew them in pieces! hew them in pieces!  
Pounce, pounce upon them,  
Pounce upon them now!

#### No. III.

Son of the potent? Son of the brave!  
Mighty in battle on land and the wave.  
Great is the soul where true valour reigns,  
Noble the blood that swells in your veins;  
Crest of the Kawanu yield to your foe.  
Chiefs of the warriors! ye are laid low!

#### No. IV.

Kumara, one, two, three;  
Kumara, two, three, four;  
Now carry out your plan.  
Pounce, pounce upon them.  
Rehearse your incantations,  
So ye may be strengthened in the strife;  
Oh, let your plots  
Ripen into action.  
Say, are we not the descendants  
Of Puhikuku and Puhikaka?  
Pounce upon them; pounce upon them.  
When will your valour begin to rage?  
When will your valour be strong?  
Ah! when the tide murmurs.  
Ah! when the tide roars.  
Bid farewell to your children,  
For what else can you do?  
You see how the brave,  
Like the lofty exulting peaks of the mountains,  
Are coming on.  
They yield! they yield! O fame!

### THE RAMBLER.

I SUPPOSE for every wrong there is a right—somewhere. The literary lions of the past ten years have been visionary Russians, prurient Frenchmen, shallow English women. At length we appear to have turned the corner. Recently we witnessed a Wordsworth Wave in Boston. Now Coleridge and Southey, Charlotte Brontë and Jane Austen, even Mrs. Gaskell and Thomas Love Peacock, all are receiving that meed of attention which has been perhaps somewhat tardily displayed by the growing generation. De Quincey is another eminent name undergoing revival. A leading English paper styles him "the greatest essayist the century has seen." Coventry Patmore, too, comes once more before the public in a powerful though uncharacteristic volume, "The Unknown Eros."

Coventry Patmore, linked—it seems—to a defunct generation, and yet, Mr. Patmore, alive, and with something—a great deal—to say. I think no praise of mine could be strong enough for the following virile if occasionally harsh poem which is Mr. Patmore's conception of the Romish Church:

#### ARBOR VITÆ.

With honeysuckle, over-sweet, festoon'd;  
With bitter ivy bound;  
Terraced with funguses unsound;  
Deform'd with many a boss  
And closed scar, o'er-cushioned deep with moss;  
Bunch'd all about with pagan mistletoe;  
And thick with nests of the hoarse bird  
That talks, but understands not his own word;  
Stands, and so stood a thousand years ago,  
A single tree.  
Thunder has done its worst among its twigs,  
Where the great crest yet blackened, never pruned,  
But in its heart away  
Ready to push new verdurous boughs, when'er  
The rotting saplings near it fall and leave it air,  
Is all antiquity and no decay.  
Rich, though rejected by the forest-pigs,  
Its fruit, beneath whose rough, concealing rind  
They that will break it find  
Heart-succouring savour of each several meat,  
And kernell'd drink of brain-renewing power,  
With bitter condiment and sour,  
And sweet economy of sweet,  
And odours that remind

Of haunts of childhood and a different day.  
Beside this tree,  
Praising no Gods nor blaming, sans a wish,  
Sits, Tartar-like, the Time's civility,  
And eats its dead-dog off a golden dish.

There is here a relic of the strong, half-mad music of Maud, and more than a trace of the scientific spirit which animates so many of the Laureate's great descriptive passages. That Tennyson is his master—Coventry Patmore's—is even more evident from the following extract, embodying the political mistakes of 1867:

In the year of the great crime,  
When the false English Nobles and their Jew,  
By God demented, slew  
The Trust they stood twice pledged to keep from wrong  
One said, Take up thy Song,  
That breathes the mild and almost mythic time  
Of England's prime!  
But I, Ah, me,  
The freedom of the few  
That, in our free Land, were indeed the free,  
Can song renew?  
Ill singing 'tis with blotting prison-bars,  
How high so'er, betwixt us and the stars;  
Ill singing 'tis when there are none to hear;  
And days are near  
When England shall forget  
The fading glow which, for a little while,  
Illumes her yet,  
The lovely smile  
That grows so faint and wan,  
Her people shouting in her dying ear,  
Are not two daws worth two of any swan!

Coventry Patmore is, of course, chiefly known to us through "The Angel in the House," a remarkable and highly original poem. You remember that the Country Parson called him "pre-eminently the Bard of Love," and I think he was right. "Vaughan" is indeed a creation.

I recommend "The Unknown Eros," despite its misleading and incongruous title, to all students of English literature.

A very interesting volume recently issued by John C. Nimmo is "The Heimskringla, or the Sagas of the Norse Kings." It is a translation by an Englishman, unknown except to a few in this country, Mr. Samuel Laing, who, after having served a while in the army, occupied himself almost altogether with the study of Scandinavian literature. This course resulted in the publication of a work now further remodelled and furnished with notes by Dr. Rasmus Anderson, U.S. Minister to Denmark. In the present volume the fatalism and love of butchery, belonging to the old Norsemen who helped to colonize Britain, are well illustrated.

No one in these early days prizes his own life or that of others. It is given or taken with unconcern. When Thorer, seized by King Magnus, is led to the gallows, he sings, "We were four companions gay, let one by the helm stay." Treachery is rife. Nowhere is life safe; even at a man's own hearth he may be stabbed, or he may be murdered as he feasts with a friend. Earl Thorfin, is entertained by Thorkel, the forester. Thorkel discovers by his spies that an ambush is laid for him when he leaves home. He puts off going with his guests. At last the Earl, growing impatient, asks, "Art thou ready at last, Thorkel?" Thorkel answers, "Now I am ready," and straightway struck the Earl upon the head, so that he fell, sore wounded, on the floor near the fire. Then said grimly an attendant, "I never saw people so foolish as not to drag the Earl out of the fire," and with a stick propped the dying man upright. The Earl's men rushed in to find their master stark dead. The Norsemen prized above all things prowess in battle. But they esteemed scarcely less manly beauty. Vague and indefinite in their descriptions of the maidens whom they wooed, they expatiate upon the excellence of their heroes. Snorra does not fail to tell us of the hair of Ragnvald, son of Earl Bruse, "long and yellow as silk." The heathen Arneioet Gelline, who has never heard of "the white Christ," meets King Olaf, and the poet waxes enthusiastic; "very handsome he was in countenance, and had beautiful fair hair. He was well armoured, had a fine helmet and ring armour; a red shield, a superb sword in his belt, and in his hand a gold-mounted spear." King Olaf is depicted as well grown in limbs; "his hair was yellow as silk, and became him well; his skin was white and fine all over his body; his eye beautiful and his limbs well proportioned." King Magnus wears a brilliant red cloak, and the chronicler does not omit to note that his bright yellow hair, like silk, fell over his shoulders.

With all their savagery they love poetry and venerate poets. Even their heroes are not completely accomplished without the gift of verse. Sigvat, the Skald, caps their every saying with verse. Poetry oozes out of him; he cannot stir a step without breaking out into song. And the poet is, as of old, somewhat akin to a prophet, and is honoured as one who sees deep into the future. He is a privileged personage who may speak freely even to kings. Skald Sigvat upbraids King Magnus in plain words for all his shortcomings, asking him such searching questions as these:

"Who is egging thee, King, to go back from the oath thou hast sworn? A worthy king should be true to his word. It can never beseem thee, my lord, to break thine oath. Who is egging thee, Prince, to slaughter the cattle of thy thanes? It is tyranny for a king to do such deeds in his own land. No one has ever before advised a young king so. This open robbery is most hateful to thy henchmen, I know. The people are angered, O King!"

There has been considerable disturbance in the Church of Scotland over the matter of "circumtabular oligarchy";

that is to say, the appointment of examiners or superintendents whose duty it shall be to inspect the clergy and their method of parochial work. One report suggests a parochial visitation at least once every three or four years, to be followed in each case by a conference at which the people would be asked what they thought of their minister. These proposals have recalled the fact that in the early days of the Church such visitations took place, and that at a still earlier period, even in the days of Knox, there were "superintendents" appointed to look after the clergy, with powers and duties similar to those of the suggested "Assessors." The *Times* correspondent says: This view of the case was discussed in the Presbytery of Kirkcudbright last week, and specimens were given of the kind of questions that used to be asked a century and a-half ago. The following are examples: "Does your minister rule his house well?" "Does he keep familiar company with profane or scandalous persons?" "Is your minister a dancer, a carder, or a dicer?" It is felt that such questions might be awkward for some of the brethren of the present day. That the parochial clergy, who enjoy a great amount of freedom and independence, should be jealous of anything like inquisitorial rule is natural enough. There is, however, something to be said on the other side. At present there is no direct check on the inefficiency of the clergy. They hold their appointments practically for life. They cannot be displaced unless they are convicted of uttering unsound doctrine, or of immoral practices. There are no means of punishing a man for laziness, or inefficiency, or neglect of duty. The need of some kind of superintendence is generally admitted, but there is great difference of opinion as to the form it ought to take. The Dissenting Churches are as much alive as the Established Church to the necessity of adopting some kind of control. The Free Church has introduced a system of Presbyterial visitation, and the subject has been discussed by the United Presbyterian Church at its Synodical meetings during the last two or three years."

### INCIDENTS AND COINCIDENTS.

RELATED BY . . . M'DONALD TO THE WRITER.

DEAR MAC: Meet me at McKenna's store at one o'clock to-morrow. I will make a purchase, and then pretend to wait there for a car—but don't keep me waiting, and then we can take a nice sail on the lake. Mother and brother are going to the Falls—There! she is calling me. JULIA.

P.S.—I almost forgot you are a stranger in Toronto. . . .

HERE followed street and number of the store. This note, without date, I picked up in Empire Lane about ten o'clock one Wednesday morning last July. Lying beside it, partly upon it, was a good cigar; another had probably been lit at that spot, judging by a burnt match or two. "This and nothing more" to guide me as to the "Mac" or "Julia." But what if the "to-morrow" was not to-day? I would not be likely to find her if I sought her. However, on the spur of the moment, I determined to try to see this "Julia" at the store designated, and watch the meeting of the two friends.

Four or five young ladies came in separately, five minutes to one. I had been there ten minutes, had bought a book, receiving my change from a five dollar U.S. greenback; thus, in a measure, making myself a customer, though a total stranger there. My mind's eye, as well as my visible optic, was wide open. Ah! here entered "Julia," her style creditable, it was modest, her voice musical as she asked the clerk for "fine quality of note paper." It was her voice that attracted one of the two remaining ladies, who, turning, addressed her:

"Why, Jennie! how are you, dear?"

A gentlemanly young man now entered; and again, in my mind, this was "Mac." His inquiry of the clerk was not audible to me, but the clerk's response was:

"Just out of them, Mr. Stephens; we'll order some for to-morrow."

Again my mind's eye was misleading, Mac was a stranger in Toronto. But surely this was Julia—just on time! She spoke to the clerk in courteous, familiar superiority, saying:

"Mr. Mac" (this clerk's name was not Mac, I had learned so much) "I want 'Looking Backward'."

She was looking forward—to the door. The clerk responded, pointing sideways at me:

"I have just sold the last copy, Miss, but I will get you one." And he called for the little boy, when some one answered that he had gone to the post-office. Julia said:

"O never mind, sir."

And I said—without shaking or trembling in the least, outwardly:

"Take this copy, Miss Julia."

She was gazing intently out the door; it was now almost five minutes past one. She was startled at mention of her name and as our eyes met—we were both standing near the open door—I bluffed boldly, I was no longer looking for Mac though momentarily dreading his arrival. Holding out to her the note I had picked up in the morning, I said composedly:

"My friend Mac just handed me this as he jumped on the train." Hastily she asked: "Why has he gone home? He was not going till morning, or by the afternoon boat."

This did not enlighten me much, but she had stopped looking out the door, her eyes were focussed on me and mine on hers, for hers were speaking kind of orbs and they would tell me if "Mac" arrived, from which, reverently, I quoted mentally the words of the litany, "Good Lord, deliver us."

"Yes," was my response, adding: "The train was moving out as he threw your note towards me requesting me to tell you he was wired home, some one was ill. I did not catch who, indeed it was accidental my meeting Mac; he was just boarding the moving train and not quite sure hailed him.—I guessed at you."

"I am so sorry," then smiling, "about Mac, I mean," now serious, "I hope his mother is not ill, he loves her devotedly, and he could not do without her. She is such a lovable mother to everybody. Do you know her?"

"I never met his mother, but have heard of her lovable character. However, now I am Mac's representative, or substitute, and as Mac would say, lunch first, and then the nice sail."

This, as indeed all I spoke, was thrown out tentatively to this trustful maiden, she responded quickly:

"That sounds like Mac, and as I expected to lunch and sail with him, I suppose to take both with his substitute for further information, (emphasized) will be quite the proper thing to do. The first information, Mr. Substitute, which you did not volunteer, is your name?"

Here is the coincidence, in my name. For I gave my true name which was better than my first thought, but somehow, by an indefinable process, Ruskin like, this young woman was causing me to search for truth in the beauty she was unfolding. Our talk was as brief as recorded, yet I had grown in that brief time to believe in the tissues of falsehoods by which I had led this lovely girl to believe in me. Of course Mac had taken a train. No fellow, worthy of the companionship of so charming and handsome a young lady, would otherwise fail to meet such an engagement.

In our short walk to the restaurant, marching Indian file by reason of the crowded streets and sidewalks, gave me opportunity, mentally, to measure Mac; with same prefix to name, about the same age, from the U. S., as bright a young man as I conceived myself to be; but here the parallel ended, for with him, there existed some drawback, or why not meet Julia at her home?

Seated for lunch she asked and partly answered: "Where did you know Mac? You are Torontonian."

"Yes same as you are. I first met Mac in a restaurant, not like this one, but where liquor was sold, we drank together and got into a friendly discussion over the spelling of our names. I contending, as did my mother, as a descendant of the Scotch lassie, Flora McDonald, that we were right in our orthography, or in the abbreviation, or at any rate phonetically. By the way yours is not a Scotch name?"

How did I know? She had not given me a clue, though evidently she thought I knew it for she responded at once.

"No, father says that the Montaignes and Montagues are of the same stock; our branch is Huguenot."

This was a pointer, upon which I said interrogatively: "Many on this side pronounce the name differently."

"O yes, I have heard some, ignorantly or affectedly, say Montage, but of course that is incorrect. The rule as to accent upon penultimate or ante-penultimate does not apply to proper names as Archimedes, Aristides, Penelope and others, though in the classics the one rule governs, I presume; but in our French tongue even the pronunciation of proper names is made flexible."

This, apparently pedantic though really modestly spoken response, gave her away, name and school, too, for we naturally drifted to her school days, and she grew bewitchingly eloquent in recounting incidents of those days; of her graduation and subsequent visit to cousins in New York city.

"There I met Mr. MacIlvaine, a friend of my cousins. He was our escort to many pleasant entertainments during my two months' visit. And there, alas, the episode occurred that forever disgraced him in the eyes of my parents. Father had arrived that day from Toronto, I was to return home with him. In the evening Mac called, and, in the warm parlours, it soon became apparent that he had been drinking, for he acted and talked stupidly—so abnormal in him you know, as he is very bright. We were all so sorry, the more so for father meeting him the first time and in such condition. My parents pity and condemn any young man who drinks; so do I; but I thought, through my cousins' and my own friendship, that Mac (he insisted upon my calling him as my cousins do simply Mac) with so much good in him and with such a good mother, would see the error and harm in liquor, and I have no doubt he will, or I would not care a straw for him. But when my cousin wrote that Mac was coming to Toronto on an excursion trip and would like to call upon me, my parents were unrelenting, and mother wrote saying they must decline to receive him. However, the note he gave you from me, I enclosed in a letter to one of my cousins for him, of which I told my mother. I tell her everything."

So much was made known ingenuously by this girl of nineteen; for, without hesitation, as I drew her out, she had spoken of her last birthday. Thus with a good breeze, with this charming companion at my side, I easily controlling the main sheet, smoking the while, we had sailed many miles away from the city's din and bustle. Conscience pricked me sorely, but, against it was arrayed my admiration for this genial companion. I might loose her—for fairly she was not won even for the sail—by telling her of my deception; my perplexity was great. If this MacIlvaine awaited her arrival home my doom was decided.

This young woman touched me tenderly by every characteristic of her nature, as at first her beauty and manners attracted my admiration. All unconscious to

herself she had taught me to respect her as "no weakling girl, but true woman, who had measured well her womanhood," and now well-rounded, with grace of carriage and grace of character, which she, divinely guided, had brought into perfect harmony with that Master's teachings.

How could I tell such an one of the deception practised, aye, now being perpetrated upon her? Conscience conquered, or that inalienable and inestimable inheritance from my mother told me to tell the truth to this daughter of Eve. It was on our return homewards, sailing before the wind, a brisk one, with the sun's slanting rays throwing lengthy shadows across the lake far out from the shore. My boldness subdued, Satan-like referring to Scripture, I stated my position hypothetically, like as the prophet to King David. The latter's anger blinded him, not so with Julia, nor did she answer as David, neither did she speak as did Nathan, though she saw, that very properly she might have done so. Her answer sounded scriptural, yea, sepulchral to my hearing, as with such a plaintive, pained voiced, her brilliant eyes saddened and fastened on me, she said, so sorrowfully:

"And you have done this to me?"

In that moment it seemed to me, that, insignificant, I represented my sex, and, in my self-assumed representation, MacIlvaine, also, stood before this pure girl, and he drunk! What could she think of boasted manhood from these two representatives? These were lightning thoughts, though lasting and scathing. Involuntarily my hands let go helm and main sheet, and looking straight into her eyes, now dimmed as with pearl drops, I told her of the contest of conscience since I had met and learned to know her; of intending merely a joke; of my subsequent admiration and love of her company; of her vivacity, wherein was no lagging of interest on my part; and much else my own manhood demanded I should speak. She was not responsive to aught I felt or could express, though with gentle, now distant politeness she answered my questions. Her glance was turned towards the docks of the city, and thither we were rapidly sailing.

Arriving, she parted from me as if she had hired my services to sail that boat.

In the fall I learned that Miss Julia with her parents and brother had left the Dominion with no *animus reverendi*, they were natives of one of the southern States. How far this incident was a moving cause I know not, though their move was soon afterwards and was sudden.

Mac, after losing the note, not remembering the unfamiliar names contained in the postscript, wandered about the streets with a forlorn hope of meeting his lady friend; and, save her father, the only acquaintance he had in Toronto. However he remembered her home address, and late in the day he despatched a messenger with a note to Miss Julia, telling of his mishap in losing her note and feelingly expressing his "great grief" thereat, as he would "return homeward in the morning, sorry he came." Shortly after supper he received in response a note from the young lady, with a cordial invitation from her father and herself to spend the evening with them. Adding, at the request of her father his apology for not presenting the invitation in person, this pleasure being denied him by reason of a lame ankle occasioned that day by slipping on a banana pairing.

I learned further that Mac did not return to New York the next morning nor for several mornings, but was a guest over Sunday at Julia's hospitable home.

By the time these friends met that Wednesday evening I was well on my return trip to Detroit, where I belong.

And now I have no hesitation in giving this incident for publication. Macs and Montagues are numerous, both sides of the lakes, and residences are not localized. The recital carries its own moral in the repentance of Mac, the relator, and in the nobility of character of the young lady, whose Christian name is not Julia.

W. PIERCE.

DURING the early part of the summer of 1835 a pair of water hens built their nest by the margin of the ornamental pond at Bell's Hill—a piece of water of considerable extent, and ordinarily fed by a spring from the height above, but into which the contents of a large pond can occasionally be admitted. This was done while the female was sitting, and as the nest had been built when the water-level stood low, the sudden influx of this large body of water from the second pond caused a rise of several inches, so as to threaten the speedy immersion, and consequent destruction, of the eggs. This the birds seem to have been aware of, and immediately took precautions against so imminent a danger, for when the gardener, seeing the sudden rise of the water, went to look after the nest, expecting to find it covered, he observed, whilst at a distance, both birds busily engaged about the brink where the nest was placed, and when near enough he clearly perceived that they were adding, with all possible despatch, fresh materials to raise the fabric beyond the level of the increased contents of the pond, and that the eggs had been removed from the nest by the birds, and were then deposited on the grass about a foot or more from the margin of the water. He watched them for some time, and saw the nest increase rapidly in height, but I regret to add that he did not remain long enough to witness the interesting act of replacing the eggs, but upon his return in less than an hour he found the hen quietly sitting upon them in their newly-raised nest. The nest was shown to me *in situ* shortly after, and I could plainly perceive the formation of the new with the older part of the fabric.—*Selected.*

## ART NOTES.

In entering the gallery of the Art Association in Phillip's Square, Montreal, where the exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy is being held, the picture that first attracts notice is Mr. Reid's, "Mortgaging the Farm," which is a laudable effort to show that there is in the ordinary life of a Canadian farmer material of which a striking and effective picture can be made. This is an effort which deserves success, and it is a good sign to see that this work has the post of honour, more especially as it is the diploma work of the newly elected academician which will represent Mr. Reid in the National gallery at Ottawa. A picture, No. 72, entitled "Dreating" by the same artist has been purchased by the Academy Council for the government collection; it is, though simple in subject, a highly finished and meritorious work. Another (71) "The other side of the question" is a strong piece of work though somewhat crowded with figures, the force and character of the opposing debaters are well expressed. Mr. Harris has besides some portraits a large picture of "Nuns in a convent of the 16th century" (39), though well drawn and composed it is on too large a scale for this artist who excels most in smaller examples as in No. 43, "An Ancient Briton," a finely finished head strongly suggestive of G. F. Watts, R.A. His portrait of Sir Joseph Hickson is an excellent likeness of a representative man.

Mr. Forbes and Mr. Patterson have each a portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald. As they hang on the same wall the public can judge of their respective merits to advantage. The former has also some clever studies of still life, the "Melons" (100) being perhaps the best.

Of oil landscapes worthy of note there are a fine sunset effect, "Fin du jour" (109), by P. Woodcock, "Woodland Gleams" (95), "The Silent Mill" (96), and "The Meadow Stream" by Homer Watson, (this last purchased by the Academy Council); "Twilight in Rosedale" (59), a study on the spot by T. Mower Martin; "Lake Harrison" (5), by Bell-Smith; "Lily Pond" (27), rather hard, by Forbes; "Coaticooke" (48), by Jacobi; "Angling at the mouth of a run" (16), by F. Day, a conventional landscape of the English school; "The Isle of Arran" (15), a badly hanged picture worthy of a better fate, by A. Cox, and "Returning from the mill" (94), by F. A. Verner.

By Raphael a small landscape, "The hay field" (69) is a nice bit of true colour, and "A Wintry Day," "Bord a Plouffe" (10), by Brymner, is a very clever little sketch. Also by Brymner are three careful little studies (7) (8) and (9), but he has nothing here worthy of representing him. Paul Peel also is not represented this year although he has been elected an academician, nor has Lawson, whose works have been of so great service to former exhibitions. Bruce, too, another Canadian of great merit seems to be altogether lost to his country, perhaps we may say his unappreciative country.

Of animal and still life oil pictures we note Verner's "Alarmed" (92), a Wapiti deer looking back at the spectator, and "The Leader of the Herd" (93), another deer picture, by Mower Martin; No. 58, "Ah There," represents a fox gazing earnestly at some blue bill ducks, and No. 68, "With the Wind," "A Flight of Pigeons"; these two pictures are hung too high to be seen to advantage. W. A. Sherwood has (82) "His Lordship Sitting in State" and (84) Jacko, clever studies of dogs, besides which he has a portrait of Doctor Scadding that should have been mentioned before; a good likeness of the venerable gentleman.

Miss Tully's "Study of a head of a Flemish girl" (91), is a good and attractive piece of work, as are her two portraits 88 and 89; and Mrs. Dignam's old man's garden (21) is worthy of note as a great advance on the part of this artist. The "Pumpkin" (22) by the same lady may be said to be to a self-conscious and evidently not "born to blush unseen."

Among the water-colours the great attraction is the round dozen of masterly works sent by John A. Fraser which are marked by all his old-time force and skilful handling tempered by a refinement of finish which is new to him and a use of treatment to which he was formerly a stranger; the subjects, chiefly English and Scotch, do not perhaps interest so much as those of our own land, but the "Fresh June Morning" (151), "Inscented Summer" (149), and "Highland River" (154), or "Through the Hay" (158) have a charm for people of all countries who appreciate good art.

L. R. O'Brien's pictures are this year also mostly English, and are therefore perhaps not so easily "understood of the people" as his Canadian effects, but his "Trawlers Becalmed" (197) is a beautiful little picture, as are his other smaller sea coast pieces. Of the larger works, "On the beach, St. Ives" (190) is by far the best, being delightful and true in all respects.

M. Matthews, who we are glad has received something like justice at the hands of the hanging committee, has some strong bits of mountain work; "Looking Down the Goat Pass" (183) and the "Shadowed Valley" (184) are two of the best, his "Rocks and Ice Contending" (181) is a careful study of the edge of the Glacier, and No. 180, "Musing in the Wood," has good feeling for nature. Bell-Smith's "Cascade near the Glacier" (122) has been purchased by the Academy Council and is a clever work. F. M. Knowles' "Old Piers" (173) marks a great advance on the part of this artist, while C. M. Manly's "In old Quebec" (177) speaks well for his careful method of study. O. R. Jacobi, the new President of the Academy, is repre-

sented by No. 170, "Evening on the Chaudiere River," a characteristic sunset, and another veteran artist, D. Fowler, has some unmistakable landscapes, among which we select (142) "Cool day in September," (144) "Dull Weather," and (145) "An Amherst Island Road," the last a choice example of his work. T. Mower Martin has but two water-colours, "Cascade Mountain" (178), a large upright badly hanged, and "Good For One Meal" (179), representing an owl holding a mouse in its claws. Verner's "Old Beech Tree" (207) is a good bit of study, and J. T. Rolph's "Brandy Creek, Muskoka" is a fair example of his best work.

On the whole, while regretting the absence of some of the best Canadian artists, we think the exhibition is creditable to the academy, and worth of more patronage than it has thus far received at the hands of the Montreal public.

At the annual assembly of the Royal Canadian Academy, O. R. Jacobi was elected President; A. C. Hutchison, Vice-President, and James Smith, Secretary-Treasurer; Paul Peel and G. A. Reid were elected Artist-Academicians, and A. T. Taylor and A. F. Dunlop, Architect-Academicians.

TEMPLAR.

TASTE and feeling are innate. They may be cultivated undoubtedly, but all the cultivation will be of little avail without the natural sentiment—while the natural sentiment will go a good way, even without the cultivation. Besides, the very laying of pictures begets cultivation. The man who begins with buying a coloured print will soon tire of it and replace it with something better; and better will beget better. There is always a chance that the admirer of a chromo-lithograph will finally long for a Titian. Let us be glad to see an interest in anything belonging to art. Nothing is so hopeless as utter indifference. Any picture on the wall is better than none. If there be real feeling and susceptibility in the man, the bad will soon bore him, and he will insensibly begin to be cultivated in his taste. He will compare what he has with what others have, and so gradually reform his taste.—*Conversations in a Studio.*

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A WELL KNOWN London manager, who has a reputation for always wanting his pound of flesh, and for seeing that he gets it, was present recently at the rehearsal of a piece which he was sending on tour. In the last act of this piece figured a dog which had simply to walk across the stage with one of the principal characters. "Where's the dog?" asked the manager with some show of impatience, before the first act was half through. "Dog isn't wanted until last act," said the stage-manager. "What has that to do with it?" was the sharp reply. "I pay for him, and he ought to be here throughout the rehearsal!"

MR. OSMOND TEARLE will have the direction of the Shakespearean festival performances at Stratford-on-Avon, commencing on the 21st inst. The special feature of the programme arranged will be the production of "King John," on the anniversary of the poet's birthday. Mr. Osmond Tearle is to be *King John*; Miss Marianne Conway, *Constance*; Miss Bessie Hatton (by permission of Mr. John Hare), *Arthur*; Mr. G. W. Rouse, *Hubert*; Mr. Edwin Lever, *Faulconbridge*; Mr. Frederic B. Conway, *Philip of France*, etc. Mr. Osmond Tearle will also produce "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," playing *Valentine*.

M. D'HARAUCOURT, the author of the "Passion Play" of which we have heard so much, is a Marquis of undoubted nobility, and one of the *Quatre Chevaux de Lorraine*. In point of aristocratic height in that province, it was impossible before it was annexed to France to get higher than the four nobles who were styled *Les Quatre Chevaux*. The "Four Horses" ranked next to the Ducal Sovereign, and above all the other cavaliers of his train.

To take musical events in this city in proper order we must commence with the four-performance festival (why festival?) of Miss Juch and her company, at the Grand. The talented and *simpatica* prima donna was very charming and adequate in "Faust." While deficient in the final apotheosis, she was so real a *Marguerite* in the garden scene that one forgave her for slowness in the other. As *Carmen* she may have sung well, and endeavoured to give a "conscientious" rendering of her part, but *Carmen* and conscience are usually too far apart to agree when they find themselves together. Scovell is a fine-looking fellow, and sings his tenor music remarkably well, though there was something wanting in him after all—one could hardly tell what. His costume and general appearance in "Faust" were beyond praise, however, and he sang with great ease and usually correct intonation. Tagliapietra was uneven, but scored a great success in *Valentine*. There is a calm about him that is very grand at times, and his Italian method tells—he knows how to produce his voice, and how to take care of it. The orchestra was decidedly inferior to others we have had here, being almost innocent of strings. The chorus was not as good as many that come here with comic opera companies, nor the scenic effects either. The soldiers in "Faust" bore a striking resemblance to the "pirates," "yeomen," "sailors," and other gentry associated with "Gilbert and Sullivan." In fact, the performances were characterized by extremes of care and finish, and haste and inefficiency. The vision at the close of "Faust," of *Marguerite* borne aloft by a company of sweet little cherubs in swansdown wings and chalked cheeks, was worthy of "Fantasma." The regulation

property-angels of "Richard III.," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or "Henry VIII." would have been more in keeping. As a whole, however, the engagement was successful, and Miss Juch is certainly a very delightful singer, and a most industrious and persevering artist, deserving of all support.

The Vocal Society's concert was, it must be confessed, somewhat dull. This was to be accounted for by the fact that part-songs are always apt to be a trifle monotonous, especially when Mr. Haslam—otherwise a good conductor—will insist upon repeating old favourites, and giving us little that is new. THE WEEK has before this suggested the Mendelssohn part-songs, a field in themselves; and other compositions have, doubtless, often recurred to the minds of musical people while listening to the Vocal. The *otium cum dignitate* is very pleasant, no doubt, but Mr. Haslam's excellent material could, we know, do very much more interesting work than that we are at present discussing. Mrs. Caldwell's singing was distinctly the bright spot in the evening. Although her selections are mostly florid, she possesses a mellowness in her middle register which is very pleasing, and her performance is natural and unaffected in the extreme. Her Scotch ballad, for instance, was a model of enunciation and sweetness. She is, without doubt, the best resident singer in Toronto—we had almost said in Canada. Mrs. Macfarlane is, we presume, new to concert platforms. Her voice has something rich in it, but is never fully or properly displayed. She, also, chose a Scotch song, and one of the part-songs was "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon." It was not St. Andrew's Day, but it was very near St. George's commemorative festival, so the number of Scottish selections puzzled the audience. Mr. Arlidge was as ready as ever with his flute, and the singing of the chorus was up to its usual mark.

## LIBRARY TABLE.

THE *Fortnightly* for April contains, "James Shirley" by Algernon Charles Swinburne; "Leaves from a Diary on the Karun River," by Hon. George N. Curzon, M.P.; "The London Stage," by Oswald Crawford C.M.G.; "Literature: Then and Now," by E. Syme Linton; "The Sweating System," by David F. Schloss; "Idealism in Recent French Literature," by B. de Bury; "The Physique of European Armies," by Walter Montagu Gattie; "On Marriage: A Criticism," by Clementina Black; "A National Want: A Practical Proposal"; and "The Reform of the College of Surgeons," by Sir. Morell Mackenzie.

THE *May Lippincott* opens with a short story, "A Sappho of Green Sprays," by Bret Harte, more in his old style than anything of his we have seen for some time. Jack Hamlin who was buried in a former chronicle reappears in this with all his old time beauty, coolness and audacity. Bret Harte is unequalled in short sketches, and we gladly welcome his return to the field in which he first won his fame. "Karma," by Lafcadio Hearn, "Robert Browning," by Clara Bloomfield-Moore, "A Thing Enskied," by Francis M. Livingston, "The Inch," by Edgar Fawcett, "Characters of Scott," by Elizabeth Stoddard, "A Celtic Myth," and "Shakespeare's Birthday," by C. S. Bonnell, are some of the other good things in an unusually good number.

THE *Magazine of American History* for May presents an appetizing table of contents. Its frontispiece is a superb picture after the celebrated painting of Sir David Wilkie, R.A., of Columbus explaining his theory of a New World to the Prior of the old Convent where he stopped to ask for bread for his little son. One of the longest and best articles in the number is on "The Constitutional Aspect of Kentucky's Struggle for Autonomy, 1784-1792," and represents a vast amount of scholarly and critical research. "The Massachusetts Bay Psalm Book, 1640," by Clement Ferguson, is a choice bit of history such as everyone likes to preserve; This popular periodical enjoys the well-earned distinction of being the foremost publication of its character in the world. \$5.00 a year. Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

THE *May Scribner* opens with the first part of a paper, to be concluded in the June number, on "Barbizon and Jean-Francois Millet," by T. H. Bartlett. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of the painter and the article has numerous illustrations. "Co-operative Home Winning," by W. A. Linn; "The Theatres of Japan," by T. J. Nakagawa and Harold Frederic's serial "In the Valley" are also illustrated. In addition to the latter we have by way of fiction a rather weird story "As Haggards of the Rock," by Mary Tappan Wright and "Pernilla, a Story of Swede Creek," by Karl Erickson. The poetry of the number is contributed by Frank Dempster Sherman, John Hay and A. Lampman whose "Dead Cities" we reproduce elsewhere. Other prose articles are "Glimpses of Napoleon in 1804," by Clarence Dering; "The Rights of Citizens—II—As Users of the Public Streets" and "Corinne," by Eugene Schuyler.

CASSELL'S *Family Magazine* for May contains two chapters of each of the serial stories "The Stronger Will," and "To be Given Up," and two complete stories, "Never Cleared Up," by Thomas Keyworth and "The Clarke's Cousin," by F. Payne Smith; "A Yorkshire Dale," is a descriptive sketch of Nidderdale very prettily illustrated in "Influenza, Colds and Whooping Coughs." "A Family Doctor" gives many practical suggestions and some necessary warnings about the use of certain medicines. He pronounces antipyrine "As dangerous a drug as was

ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity." Edwin Goady in "The Public Life of Public Men" shows what a busy hard working man the Prince of Wales is and Godfrey Turner contributes something worth reading in "What is Bad Language?" Much that is entertaining and instructive will be found in "Annuals in the Flower Garden," "Savoury Dishes for Spring," "What to Wear" and "The Gatherer."

THE general evenness of excellence of *The North American Review* is so marked and so widely recognized that it is not easy to find new words of commendation to utter in regard to this sterling periodical, which is absolutely indispensable to every one who wishes to keep abreast of the freshest thoughts on the subjects of greatest interests to the world as furnished by writers of world-wide reputation and specialists in the various fields to which they have devoted their life-work. To say that the high standard of *The Review* is fully maintained in the issue for May is simply to state the plainest of truths. There is a long array of timely topics treated by notable writers; but the two most interesting to Canadian readers will be "The Hatred of England," by Prof. Goldwin Smith who very clearly shows that there is no ground for the existing Anglophobia in the United States; the other, by Sir. Richard J. Cartwright in the tariff question, in which he discusses the effects of our protective policy on the country. More than the customary space is given to Notes and Comments.

WITH the May number *Harper's Magazine* very worthily completes its eightieth volume. For frontispiece it has a fine engraving of Aime Morot's painting "Charge of Cuirassiers at the Battle of Resonville." The opening paper by Theodore Child is "Some Modern French Painters," with portraits of several of them, and engravings from some of their best works. "Old New York Taverns," by John Austin Stevens, is illustrated by Howard Pyle, whose drawings of quaint interiors and old time costumes and pastimes embellish almost every page. "Through Bush and Fern," by William Sharp, is an illustrated description of Australian scenery and life in "the bush." Many readers will turn with relish to "English Lyrics under the First Charles," in which Louis Imogen Guiney give a critical account of the chief singers of the period, with portraits from old prints and paintings. Besides the concluding part of Mr. Howell's "The Shadow of a Dream," there are three short stories, "An Ex-Brigadier," by S. B. Elliott, "Susan's Escort," by Edward Everett Hale, illustrated, and "Steam from a Samovar," by E. H. Lockwood. The index of the volume just completed comes with this number.

THE May number of *The Forum* contains "Republican Promise and Performance," by Ex-Speaker Carlisle, who writes a reply to Senator Dawes' review of the present administration; "Canada through English Eyes," by Prof. Goldwin Smith, which is a criticism of a portion of Sir Charles Dilke's book on "Problems of Greater Britain;" "Literary Criticism," by Archdeacon F. W. Farrar, a review of notable mistakes that have been made by critics about great pieces of literature; "Bible Instruction in Colleges," by the Rev. Benjamin W. Bacon, a statement of the scientific method of studying religious literature as it has recently been begun at Yale; "Jury Verdicts by Majority vote," by Sigmund Zeisler, of the Chicago bar, an argument to show the desirability of a majority instead of a unanimous vote by juries; "Woman's Intuition," by Grant Allen, a study of the peculiar qualities of the mind of Woman as distinguished from the mind of man; "Government by Rum-sellers," by the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, who shows the controlling power in politics, especially in New York City, and points out the remedy; *The May Forum* is now at all news-stands. [*The Forum* Publishing Company, 253 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 50 cents a copy; \$5.00 a year.]

THE frontispiece of the May *Cosmopolitan* is "The Viking," drawn by Arthur Jule Goodman, to illustrate a short poem with the same title, by Minnie Buchanan Goodman. "Artists and Art Life in Munich," is the subject of the opening paper by Prof. E. P. Evans. Kasimis Dzickonska, a Polish fellow-student, gives some very interesting personal reminiscences of Marie Bashkirtseff and Richard Wheatley writes about "The Thieves of New York." "Mouching" will not to some at least suggest the subject matter of a well written paper by Dewey-Bates, but a little lesson in etymology, with which it opens satisfactorily, explains the word and its origin. Dr. D. A. Sargent describes the Hemenway Gymnasium in connection with Harvard University, and Elizabeth Bisland the second stage of "A Flying Trip Around the World." In "A Modern City's Factors of Growth," J. B. Walker gives an account of Denver, which has become from a few tents pitched near a few wigwams in 1860, "the best built and most beautiful city on the continent, with a population of 140,000." All these and "At the Home of a Corean Gentleman," by Col. Charles Chaille-Long, "The Rise of the Tall Hat," by Edw. Hamilton Bell, and "The Duc de Morny," by Molly Elliot Seawell, are richly illustrated. The story of the number is "A Schnakerndorf Episode," a posthumous sketch by Porte Crayon, also illustrated.

SOME of Bismarck's epigrams: "The Bavarian is something midway between an Austrian and a man." "If Austria has astonished the world by her ingratitude, England will astonish it by her cowardice." "God made man in his own image, and the Italian in the image of Judas." "You will recognize the ambassador of France by this,—that he never speaks the language of the country to which he is accredited."

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

KOSSUTH has nearly ready for publication three additional volumes of his memoirs.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON is writing a series of literary studies to appear, from time to time, in *The Christian Union*.

THE Queen of Roumania, though she is a woman of advanced ideas, and a writer of some repute, does not believe in women speaking in public.

MR. H. D. TRAILL is about to publish under the title of "Saturday Songs," a selection from the political verse contributed by him in the course of the last few years to *The Saturday Review*.

*Blackwood's Magazine* for May will contain the opening chapters of "A Secret Mission," a novel founded on events arising from the present state of armed tension between the great European Powers.

"PASTELS in Prose," recently published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, contains a complete translation of Maurice de Guérin's "Centaur," fragments of which the late Matthew Arnold rendered into English for his essay on de Guérin.

THE Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company, limited, announces for next month an *édition de luxe* of "Livingstone in Africa," with an introductory poem on Stanley, by the Hon. Roden Noel, and twenty one original illustrations by Hume Nisbet.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY announce the appearance of Mr. W. O'Brien's book, "When We were Boys." They have sole authority to publish this novel in America; and editions issued by them are the only ones from which the author derives any profits.

MR. J. M. OXLEY, of Ottawa, has been more than usually successful of late in placing his stories and articles. He has recently won a prize of \$100.00 for an article to appear in an United States periodical, and is, besides, regularly engaged in work for first-class magazines.

THE April number [No. 46] of the Riverside Literature Series, (published quarterly during each school year, at fifteen cents a single number, by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston) contains Old Testament Stories in Scripture language, from the Dispersion at Babel to the Conquest of Canaan.

THE bass fisher in Rideau Lake, who tells in the May number of *Outing* how he went to scoff and stayed to fish, is the Hon. J. W. Longley. He takes the public into his confidence and tells the story of his conversion in a way to shake the scepticism of others. To read "Bass Fishing in Rideau Lake" is to desire to participate in it.

Too many of our secondary verse-writers seem to have been heedless of the fact that—in Mr. Stedman's words—in literature, as in architecture, construction must be decorated, not decoration constructed; that invention must precede both; and that if the imagination be clouded, and the flow of passion be unfelt, it is mere jugglery to compose at all.

MARY E. WILKINS' volume of New England short stories "A Humble Romance," etc., is exciting considerable attention on the other side. The *London Literary World* remarked recently:—"It is to be hoped that these charming idyls will inspire some writer in Old England to crystallize for us some such quaint or curious types of character and idiosyncrasy."

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY published last Saturday "Robert Browning: Personalities," by Edmund Gosse; "Liberal Living upon Narrow Means," by Christine Terhune Herrick; "The Church's Certain Faith," by George Zabriskie Gray, D.D.; and a new edition of "Matthew Calbraith Perry: A Typical American Naval Officer," by William Elliot Griffis, D.D.

THE game of lawn bowls, beloved of the early settlers, and to which the bowling green of New York was devoted in "ye ancient days," has a very interesting and enthusiastic chronicler in Mr. James Hedley, of Toronto. His article in *Outing* for May will introduce this pleasant outdoor pastime, so popular in Canada and Scotland, to many in the States to whom it will be another outdoor sport worth cultivating.

EARLY in the autumn Messrs. W. H. Allen and Company will publish a life of Mrs. Carlyle by Mrs. Alexander Ireland, containing several original letters, some of them fac-simile which have never before been published. Since the memorials were brought out by Mr. Froude other very valuable matter has appeared, throwing additional light on the character of Mrs. Carlyle, and rendering it desirable that her life should be written.

THE *London Times* has lately given a leader to the career and attainments of Rudyard Kipling. The *New York Critic*, April 26th, contains a long reprint from the *World* (London) of a paper upon the same subject. Readers of THE WEEK will, we hope, recollect that Mr. Kipling was first introduced to American readers in our pages, by allusion and by extracts from his wonderful stories. Mr. Kipling is fond of styling himself "the man who came from nowhere." He is, however, the lion of the present London hour.

RENAN was asked the other day what he thought of Zola's chances at the Academy, writes a correspondent of *The World*, London. With a merry twinkle in his eye, he replied:—"The Academy ought to be eclectic, and not a sort of close aristocracy; but I do not think that M. Zola will have many votes. I know eight academicians,

who are all men of taste, and not opposed to his candidature. Still, I believe that he will have to wait awhile. Later on, perhaps; for the Academy must *faire des bêtises de temps en temps; c'est nécessaire.*"

IT would seem that *The Transatlantic* must win the support of the musical public all over the country, judging by the succession of attractions which it has offered to that class of readers. In its issue of April 15th it adds another to its brilliant strokes in this line by giving a selection from Camille Saint-Saëns' new opera, "Ascanio," as well as a fine half-tone portrait of the composer, accompanied by a personal sketch, delightful extracts from his letters, a synopsis of his libretto, and analytical estimates of his works by the best French critics.

SAYS the *London Literary World*:—The lady whose real name is Olive Schreiner, but who published "A South African Farm"—the popular novel which, with "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward, Preacher," may be classed as semi-religious, though not on the lines of orthodox Christianity—under the *nom de plume* of Ralph Iron, has contributed the first of two remarkable papers to *The New Review*. It is a description of Hell, to be followed, presumably, by one of Heaven. It is an exceedingly bold allegory, and the way in which God is introduced as a speaker may strike some readers as irreverential.

DR. E. N. SNEATH, lecturer on the History of Philosophy, at Yale, has been inspiring the preparation of a series of small volumes of selections from the leading philosophers from Descartes down, so arranged as to present an outline of their systems. Each volume will contain a biographical sketch of the author, a statement of the historical position of the system, and a bibliography. Those so far arranged for are Descartes, by Prof. Ladd, of Yale; Spinoza, by Prof. Fullerton, of the University of Pennsylvania; Locke, by Prof. Russell, of Williams; Berkeley, by ex-President Porter, of Yale; Hume, by Dr. Sneath, of Yale, and Hegel, by Prof. Royce, of Harvard. Kant, Comte and Spencer will certainly be added to the series, and others if encouragement is received. The publishers will be Henry Holt and Company.

A LONDON correspondent remarks in the *Manchester Examiner* that the 35th exhibition of the Society of Lady Artists confirms the lesson taught by all those that have preceded it. It shows once more that women, although they may sometimes paint strongly, although they may often paint with grace and sympathy, seldom or never have any touch of true pictorial imagination. The present show is made up of no less than 577 works of art, all but some six or eight being pictures in one medium or another. In this appalling list there is not, so far as I can discover, a single thing with a true pictorial reason for existing. Good colour is to be found here and there; sound drawing, though rare, is not entirely absent; the dexterity of hand which results from keen competition is common enough. But all these good qualities are wasted upon ideas which are essentially non-picturesque. There is not a picture in the place in which design, colour-handling, and light and shade unite to bring out a pictorial conception. The best things are those which are frankly imitative.

IN the article on Millet in *Scribner's* for May, T. H. Bartlett tells of the meetings in Millet's house in Barbizon of "the most illustrious company of artists that ever sat around a table together"—Corot, Daumier, Barye, Rousseau, and Diaz. The following anecdote is related: At all these gatherings, when Diaz was present, there was an accustomed break in the ceremony. He had a wooden leg, and hated above all things talk on art; and whenever the moment of exhausted patience came he would pound the table with his hands, imitate a trumpet with his mouth, bring the end of his stump up against the under side of the table with a fearful thump, and cry out like a wild man, "Thunder of all the Gods, give us peace! Can't you content yourself by making art all day without gabbling about it all night? Close up!" For each and everyone he had some special designation: of Rousseau, whenever he began to speak, "O there, Rousseau is going to unscrew his chair." When his own opinion was sought he would always reply, "Oh, yes, oh, yes," no matter what the question was or subject discussed. As they did not "close up," Diaz would get up and leave in high indignation, hearing as he passed out of the room this comforting assurance, "Blessed is the door that hides you."

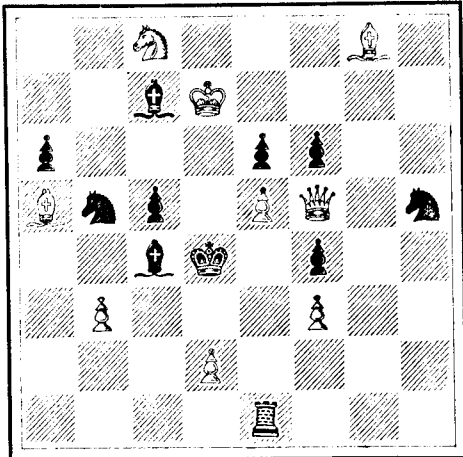
NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—The assets of the North American Life have now reached the handsome figure of \$823,250, as shown in the balance sheet. To this sum must be added the uncalled guarantee fund, which makes the security to policy-holders no less than \$1,063,000; while the surplus on policy-holders account, after deducting reserve, is \$380,000. To have reached this point of success at the end of nine years is remarkable. It is further gratifying to find the assets in excellent shape, of safe character, and well looked after—\$557,000 of them is in first mortgage on real estate. The semi-tontine investment policies issued by this company have become widely popular. An insurant is offered a variety of choices under them, and the power of compound interest is forcibly exemplified in them. It is to be remarked, by the way, that in respect of per centage of surplus to assets the North American shows better than some bigger and older foreign companies, which reflects additional credit upon its wide awake and prudent managers.—*Monetary Times*, February 7, 1890.

See advt. on page 338.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 457.

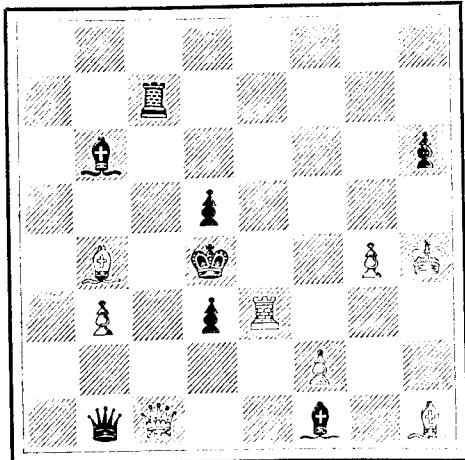
By J. W. BEATY, Toronto C. C. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 458.

By C. L. DESANGES. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 457. White. 1. Q-Kt 1 Black. B x B 2. Q-Kt 8 K-Q 4 3. Q-Q 6 mate If 1. P x Q 2. R-R 5 mate With other variations.

- No. 458. Q-K Kt 3

NOTE.—In Problem No. 456 there should be a Black Knight on Black K 3 instead of a White Knight

WE are indebted to our friend, Dr. Leopold Jacoby for this very bright little game, played at the Cafe Arigoni, in Milan, Italy:—

FRENCH DEFENCE.

- DR. JACOBY. White. 1. P-K 4 M. TONDINI. Black. P-K 3 2. P-Q 4 P-Q 4 3. Q-Kt-B 3 P x P? (a) 4. Kt x P B-Q 3 5. Kt-K B 3 Kt-K 2 6. B-Q 3 Castles 7. Kt x B Q x Kt (b) 8. B x P + (c) K x B? (d) 9. Kt-Kt 5 + K-Kt 3 10. Q-Kt 4 P-K B 4 11. Q-R 4 P-K 4

- DR. JACOBY. White. 12. Castles M. TONDINI. Black. Q x P 13. Q-R 7 + K-B 3 14. B-K 3 Q-Q 1 15. Q R-Q 1 B-Q 2 16. P-K B 4 Q-Kt-B 3 17. P x P ch Kt x P 18. B-Q 4 K x Kt 19. B x Kt Kt-K 3 20. P-K R 4 + Kt x P 21. Q x P + Kt-K 3 White announces mate in four moves (e).

NOTES.

- (a) Weak. Kt-K B 3, or B-Kt 5 is better. Then if, after the latter move, 4. P-K 5, Kt-K 2. (b) P x Kt seems better, as it gives a chance to form a centre; the Pawn would, however, always be weak. (c) This is like Dr. Jacoby's old-time style at the Boston Chess Club—always quick to detect a weak spot in the fortifications of his opponent. (d) It would perhaps have been more prudent for Black to have refused the proffered piece, but, even in that case, White gains a splendid attack. (e) 22. B B 4 +, K Kt 5; 23. Q x Kt +, K R 5; 24. Q R 6 +, and mates next move. — Boston Post.

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On two occasions, during the past twenty years, a humor in the scalp caused my hair to fall out. Each time, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor and with gratifying results. This preparation checked the hair from falling, stimulated its growth, and healed the humors, rendering my scalp clean and healthy. — T. P. Drummond, Charlestown, Va.

About five years ago my hair began to fall out. It became thin and lifeless, and I was certain I should be bald in a short time. I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. One bottle of this preparation caused my hair to grow again, and it is now as abundant and vigorous as ever. — C. E. Sweet, Gloucester, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for years, and, though I am now fifty-eight years old, my hair is as thick and black as when I was twenty. This preparation creates a healthy growth of the hair, keeps it soft and pliant, prevents the formation of dandruff, and is a perfect hair dressing. — Mrs. Malcom B. Sturtevant, Attleborough, Mass.

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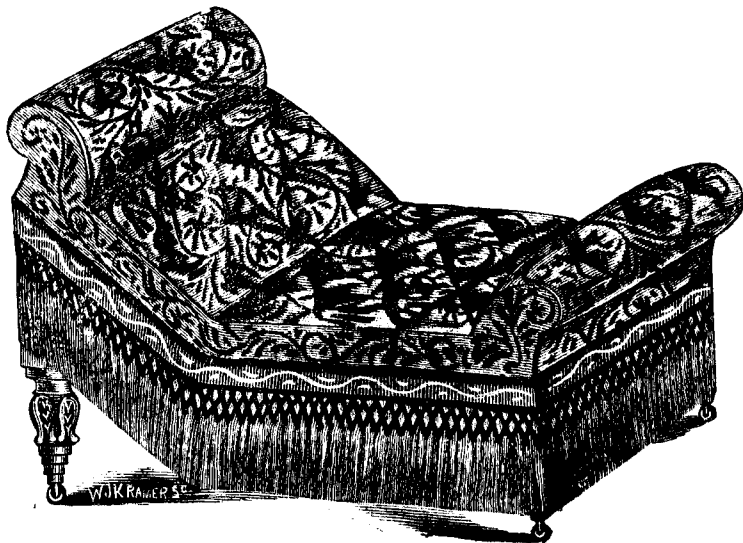
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