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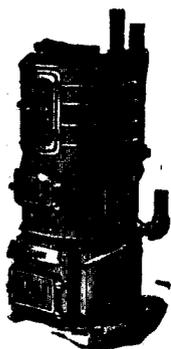
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THE WEEK.

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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 person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

CURRENT TOPICS.

"The Sound of them that Weep: A short statement from Shoreditch" is the title of a pamphlet of sixteen pages giving some account of the heroic work which is being done by the Rev. Osborne Jay for the lapsed masses in one of the worst places in London, or indeed, in the world, and making a forcible appeal for help to keep up the fight. The Parish of Holy Trinity, Shoreditch, contains 8,000 people, "packed together in a space which can be walked over one way in four minutes and another in two." It has been called the "Sink of London." "Of this neighbourhood," says The Daily Telegraph, "there can be but one description,—it is horrible." "There can be no hell hereafter," is a common saying of the people there, "we live in it already." Four or five years ago Mr. Osborne Jay was appointed by his bishop to this locality. He had no building or room in which to preach, no church house as a residence, and a very small stipend on which to

live. "A church of some kind he must have, and he somehow found the means to utilize for the purpose a sort of forage-loft over a range of stabling, and reached by a ladder-like stairway, and here he placed chairs and forms and erected some kind of make-shift pulpit and altar with a roped-in space at one end. The women folk seem to have taken somewhat kindly to this improvised church, but it was too select for the male members of the community. These Mr. Jay found himself obliged to catch with guile by hiring a dilapidated cheese-and-bacon warehouse, forming a club room with fire, gaslight and hot coffee at lowest prices, and permitting his parishioners to come on week-day evenings and smoke, sing, play cards, dominoes and bagatelle, and even to have an occasional boxing bout, he only stipulating that they should be orderly, neither curse nor swear, nor gamble for money, nor sing any song of which he disapproved.

Mr. Jay's apparently hopeless enterprise has succeeded marvellously. "At the present time he has a new church, worthy to be so called, and beneath the same roof-tree a common lodging house, which is in every respect exactly what such a place should be; and a gymnasium, and a club room of sufficient capacity to accommodate the average attendance of members, who now number five hundred. The work is still carried on upon the plan that has not been deviated from since its commencement, and although Mr. Jay may not as yet be able to boast that he has entirely altered the character of the locality, there is no denying that he has vastly improved it. As the police authorities willingly attest, many of the organized gangs of thieves have been broken up, and the female portion of the population is now better behaved and gives less trouble." Funds are greatly needed, it appears, to carry on this unique work. As an American paper says, "The bitter cry of this forgotten parish appeals vividly to the consciences of two continents." Any information will be given or funds received by the Rev. Osborne Jay, Holy Trinity Vicarage, Old Nichol St., Shoreditch, E.

No one will be surprised to learn that the United States have a greater railway mileage in proportion to population than any European country, but most persons will be astonished when told that the Eastern and Central States have more railways in proportion to area than Great Britain or France. Such is, however, the fact, according to a statistical bulletin recently issued by the Inter-State Commerce Commission. The capitalization (not the cost) of American railroads is put down at the enormous sum of \$9,800,000,000, equivalent to an average of \$500 for every family in the Union. One fact, most significant of the progress of railway consolidation, is that the number of

independent railway companies was less in 1891 than in 1890, and that forty-two corporations own nearly half the whole mileage of railways in the country. In 1891 the people of the United States paid to the railroads a net revenue of \$346,000,000, or, as The Christian Union points out, "nearly as much as was paid for the support of the State, county, city, and town governments of the whole United States." As the same paper adds, the question how just or how unjust these railroad charges have been depends on how much money is actually invested in them, a thing very difficult, if not impossible, to discover. Of course the capitalization above given includes an enormous quantity of "water."

In point of dignity, ability, and oratorical readiness the speakers at the Board of Trade Banquet would, we dare say, bear comparison with the same number of public and commercial men assembled on such an occasion in any other country. The Government was represented by its best men, while in Mr. Laurier and Sir Oliver Mowat the other political party was also seen to excellent advantage. We have hinted elsewhere that if the Ottawa speakers from His Excellency downwards failed to some extent to keep their speeches free from the party complexion, it was less their fault than their misfortune. Seeing that the burning question just now before the people of Canada is that of the condition of the country, it would have been very difficult to discuss any public question without trenching upon the domain of party. It must always be legitimate for those who are at the head of the State to try to show that the country is reasonably prosperous under their management. If to do this just now, is to talk party politics, it is so only in virtue of the circumstance that the denial of the fact of such prosperity is one of the chief planks of the Opposition platform. At the same time, it must be confessed that the Government orators had a decided advantage over those of the Liberal party in this matter. It could not be out of taste for the Chief Executive and members of his Government to go into argument and statistics to prove that Canada is making rapid strides in manufactures and commerce, but it would have been in decidedly bad taste for Mr. Laurier to have brought forward other arguments and statistics to prove that the country is in a very bad state, and on the way to financial, commercial and political bankruptcy. Under the circumstances probably the keenest thing said at the banquet was Mr. Laurier's prophecy that when the Liberal party comes into power the people will be so prosperous that no figures will be required to prove it to them, but their prosperity will be visible to the naked eye. It would have been difficult to make a more effective retort consistent with the amenities of the occasion.

It would be an ungrateful task and one for which we have no inclination, to attempt to lessen the force of the statistics quoted by Lord Stanley and Mr. Foster, to prove that Canada is making some progress. It would be a lamentable state of things indeed, if this young, undeveloped country, with all its immense stores of natural wealth in farm and forest, and mine and sea, were in an absolutely stationary condition. But one could not read or hear these rose-coloured addresses without being at once reminded of other figures such as those given us by our census enumerators, and by those of the United States, to which neither of the orators, we believe, made any reference. The obvious truth is, that the question of questions now before the country is not whether some advance is being made along certain lines, and a degree of prosperity enjoyed by certain classes, but whether the progress of the whole country, in the growth of its population and the development of its varied resources, is all that could reasonably be expected under the best attainable conditions. It cannot escape notice, too, that the growth in commerce, on which the Minister of Finance especially dwelt, has taken place mainly in connection with the British market—a market which has always been open, and which has not been made more accessible by any act or policy of the Canadian Government. Would, or would not, the development of our trade with Great Britain, which no one proposes to lose or disparage, be more rapid but for the obstacles we put in its way by our tariff? Would, or would not, the obtaining of better trade relations with the United States foster a profitable commerce with that country in a class of commodities which cannot be sent to or procured from Great Britain? These and a dozen similar questions arise and confront us at once, when we attempt to draw satisfaction from Mr. Foster's statistics. And then, what about our inability to keep our young men from crossing the border by tens of thousands, as soon as they reach manhood? Has the Government's trade policy hindered or stimulated this one-sided and most undesirable exportation?

Out of the balanced generalities to which Sir John Thompson was almost of necessity shut up, it would be folly to attempt to extract any clear indications of intention in regard to the matters about which the whole country is just now not only curious but anxious. His admission that our trade policy must necessarily be affected by that of the United States may lead logically to the conclusion that we must wait a year or two in order to discover what our neighbours are going to do in the way of tariff reduction, but that conclusion will hardly satisfy the country or meet the necessities of the present Canadian situation. At the same time, Sir John dexterously relieved the minds of those whose apprehensions might be aroused by the prospect of so long a delay by his clear admission that there are defects both in the framing and in the administration of the present tariff which require a remedy, and his declared intention "to lop the mouldering branch away." The absence of jingoism and the sweet reasonableness and general friendliness of tone in Sir John's references to the United

States were pleasing as they are becoming in the de facto ruler of Canada, and there is good reason to hope that these sentiments may be reciprocated by the incoming Washington administration. Sir John's statement in reference to the canal dispute, to the effect that the cause of grievance has been removed, may, we assume, be understood to mean that the objectionable discrimination against American ports will not be renewed another season.

No one who has compared the two systems can doubt that His Excellency, the Governor-General, was justified in claiming for Canada, under her present Constitution, that the power of the people to impose their will upon Government and to embody it in executive action is more direct and complete than that of the people of the United States; that for all practical purposes the Provinces have at least a large measure of freedom and a wide and satisfactory latitude in managing their own affairs, and that our judicial system will compare very favourably even with that of the Mother Country. So far as we are aware, no one desires constitutional change for Canada in order to remove alleged grievances touching any of these matters. Whatever growth of Canadian opinion there is in the direction of Canadian Independence—like His Excellency, we may let the question of political union with the United States severely alone—and unless we entirely misread the signs of the times, there is a steady growth of such opinion, has its origin largely in the sense of inferiority which necessarily attaches to the colonial position, both in the eyes of the Mother Country and in those of foreign nations, and in the disabilities which are inseparable from such a position. To this is mainly attributable, in the opinion of many, the weakness so often deplored of the feeling of Canadian patriotism, as such. Connected with this is the consciousness of inability to negotiate directly with other nations, and in general the absence of the chief prerogatives of nationality. It might even be said that the very fact to which Lord Stanley points as having peculiar advantages, viz., that our chief ruler is sent to us periodically across the sea, is one of the most conspicuous badges of this political inferiority, notwithstanding the very high respect we may have for the distinguished noblemen so sent from time to time. As to the familiar argument derived from our immunity from the turmoil incident upon the periodical choice of a ruler, it is obviously one of those which prove too much, as it might be urged with equal force in favour of a nominated legislature, to save us from the turmoil of the general election. Its force tells, in fact, against the elective system and responsible government.

It would be an invidious and unworthy thing for a Canadian to carp at or seek to minimize the statistics quoted by our sanguine Minister of Finance in proof of Canada's prosperity. Some of the facts adduced by him are full of encouragement as showing the extent of the country's resources. Some of them, those relative to the growth of the cheese-making industry, for example, are also very instructive in regard to

the true way of creating a market for our productions, viz., by making them so superior in quality that the demand for them will grow with the knowledge of their merits. But can any or all of those figures console the country for the loss of so many thousands of her most valuable citizens? Do any or all of them prove that to fetter trade is the way to bring about healthy expansion of trade? May not they rather suggest the question, if the resources of our country are so varied and ample that such progress in certain directions can be made in spite of her own and her neighbours' hostile tariffs, of what growth might she not be capable had her commerce been unshackled during all these years? We have already pointed out the fact that this progress has, to a very large extent, been made possible, not by Canadian protectionism, but by British free-trade. Let us add that it should not be forgotten that the simple fact of so much increase in productions, and in the volume of exports and imports, is not in itself a safe gauge of prosperity. Other questions are in order. Has the trade been fairly profitable? Have the profits been equitably distributed between those whose industry has created them? Has the resulting prosperity been widely distributed among, and felt by all classes of citizens, or have the few been enabled to appropriate the lion's share of the benefits?

But passing by these and similar enquiries which suggest themselves, or rather, which are suggested by the necessity of reconciling the fact of such increase with other facts apparently inconsistent with it, to which we have referred, our attention is arrested by that portion of Mr. Foster's argument in which he dilates eloquently upon the blessedness of a country which rejoices in the possession of the trinity of industries, agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. Here he suggests a glowing picture of what Great Britain might be if she had the agricultural basis which the Dominion of Canada has to-day. Now we are not going to question the truism that from the point of view of independence of other peoples, it is a boon to a nation to possess all these varied resources within its borders. It is unquestionably the fact that the United States possesses all three in so large measure which has made it possible for the Republic to attain to such wonderful prosperity in spite of the short-sighted and exclusive trade policy from which it seems to be now about to shake itself free. But does it not occur to Mr. Foster to ask whether Great Britain could have by any possibility attained to her present commercial supremacy, a supremacy which seems to carry with it to a large extent all other forms of supremacy, had she possessed those immense agricultural resources? What but the very necessity under which her people lie, of procuring the greater part of their food from foreign countries, has stimulated that spirit of daring commercial enterprise which has carried the British flag to the ends of the earth? We need not enlarge. It is evident that the ideal which our Finance Minister seems to have set before him of a nation self-contained, and in-

dependent of all other nations, is not the highest ideal. It is not the plan on which nature works to accomplish her beneficent ends. Mr. Foster had previously quoted with well-merited approval, Lord Roseberry's saying that the Anglo-Saxon Empire is the greatest agency for good which now exists in the world. Would Lord Roseberry have been able to make this proud boast but for the necessity which has been laid upon the Anglo-Saxon, in his original home in his tight little islands, to cultivate the trade and commercial good-will of all other peoples, to the advantage of all? To reduce the principle which seems to underlie Mr. Foster's argument, to the absurd, we have but to apply it on a smaller and still smaller scale, until we come down through the state or province, the county or shire, the district, the city, the village, to the individual. Thus doing, we find that we are simply retracing our steps towards the primitive barbarism from which internal trade, international commerce and division of labour have been the chief agents in delivering us. Not even national independence but universal interdependence is the true commercial goal. Not let each do everything for himself, but each the one thing for which nature has best fitted him, is the universal law of life and progress.

THE BOARD OF TRADE BANQUET.

The Toronto Board of Trade deserves the thanks, not only of the citizens of this city, but to a certain extent of those of the Province, and even of the Dominion, for the good example it set in bringing together leading men in various departments of the political and commercial life of the country, to enjoy its hospitality and discuss the affairs of the nation. If the speakers were constrained by the courtesies of the social occasion to speak with bated breath when they touched upon matters in dispute between the political parties, they were all the better for being put under bonds to do their best to discuss public affairs for once with a non-partisan motive. If some of them did not succeed so well as they might have done in preserving strict neutrality, much allowance must be made for the lack of practice and the force of habit. Such a feat is, too, it may be observed, exceptionally difficult in Canada at the present time, because of the fact that there is scarcely a question of public policy which has not been brought into the party arena in some form or other.

A few free comments in connection with some of the individual speeches will be found elsewhere. Here we wish to refer in a more general way to the excellent effect which a series of such social functions might have in softening the asperities and cultivating the amenities of political and parliamentary life. Better still for the country, the necessity of making more frequently the attempt to discuss public affairs from the non-partisan point of view, before mixed assemblies and in the presence of political opponents, could hardly fail to help our public men to think, as well as speak more dispassionately and so more justly. It would counteract that tendency to extremes which is fostered by the condition under which speeches are usually made on the floors of Parliament, and before party audiences in the constituencies. Every one knows the effect of taking opposite sides, even in a village or school debating society, in driv-

ing the debaters to extremes in thinking as well as in speaking. Perhaps most of us can recall instances, for they cannot be uncommon, in which the juvenile debater who, much against his will, found himself called upon to maintain what he deemed at the time the wrong and weak side of the question, finished his investigations and discussions a week or two later by declaring his firm conviction that the cause he had at first so reluctantly championed was, after all, the cause of truth. It is by no means the rarest of human weaknesses that brings it to pass that the arguments of our own discovery and using are usually vastly more potent with us than those of either friends or opponents.

But argument is unnecessary to prove that the effect of such commingling of prominent men of both parties on a social and festive occasion is good, and the multiplication of such occasions in every way desirable. The fact no doubt impressed itself upon all who were present and listened to, or who have since read, the speeches on the occasion referred to. It may, indeed, have occurred to some that in order to the very best results and to the extension of the broadening and moderating influence to the largest number, it would be desirable that the gatherings in question should at least alternate with those of a more public character, at which there would be no necessary limit in regard to numbers. The people, scarcely less than the politicians, need to learn the art and form the habit of looking at both sides of public questions, and striking, where desirable, the golden mean. At present, Canadians have, probably, more party politics to the square mile than many much more densely peopled countries. This undesirable habit of looking at every public question and proposition through party spectacles is fostered by the practice of reading, as most partisans do, only their own party papers, and listening only to the orators of their own party. It is high time for us, as a people, to be rising above so short-sighted and mischievous a method of forming opinions. Many are sanguine enough to think that they can discern just now many signs that we are beginning to rise above it.

Taking it all in all and from every point of view the banquet with which the Toronto Board of Trade began the year 1898 seems to have eclipsed all previous occasions of the kind in Toronto, and perhaps in Canada. So good and successful an example is pretty sure to be followed by others.

THE AGED POOR.

There are few more pathetic sights in a world which is full of pitiable spectacles than that of the aged man who has been defeated in the battle of life and finds himself, as the days of helplessness draw near, cast upon the tender mercies of a world in which he has found more of cruelty—the cruelty of thoughtless selfishness and indifference—than of sympathy or generosity. Even in this western land, where industry for the most part goes hand in hand with opportunity, we meet with such cases almost daily. No keen observer can fail to recognize the symptoms of conscious defeat in the bowed shoulders, the downcast, weary look, the purposeless step, whether the figure be clad in the

rough garments of the labourer whose whole life has been one long struggle to keep the wolf from the door, or in the shabbily genteel garb of him who has had higher ambitions and seen, it may be, "better days," and who now realizes perhaps even more keenly than the other that the game is up, and that his remaining days, be they few or many, are to be spent in humiliating, possibly distressful want. And if such instances be all too numerous in this land of room and plenty how must they abound amidst the crowded populations of the old world? Surely it is time our Christian civilization did more than it has hitherto accomplished to make such things rare, if not impossible.

For some time past special attention has been directed to the question of the condition of the aged poor in England, and to the necessity of making some better provision for them than the present poorhouse system affords. Recently Mr. Arthur Acland and Mr. Charles Booth have been engaged in collecting facts and statistics bearing upon the problem. They have published a Preliminary Report which is said to be full of facts which are of the most interesting and instructive kind, bearing on the problem, and which at the same time show the need of a more careful and scientific study both of the condition of this unfortunate class, and of its causes than has yet been had. Among these causes the general impression that there is a constant flow of the young and strong from the country districts to the towns and cities is confirmed by this Report. And here the question suggests itself whether, in consequence of the extraordinary strength in Canada of this tendency towards the towns and cities, and especially towards those across the border, there is not much danger that many of the aged in our own country may be left to suffer similar hardships, in days to come.

Among the proposals for the solution of the difficulty which are under consideration in the Mother Country, that of some form of State provision for old-age pensions is at present attracting most attention. But the objections to any such arrangement, whether on the voluntary principle which Mr. Chamberlain proposes, or on the compulsory plan of Canon Blackley, are so many and cogent that there seems to be small probability of its adoption in England. Some of these objections are, it is true, far from convincing. One writer, for instance, says, "History shows that nations have become strong and continued strong, by leaving the amplest scope to individual energy." But history has no example of a state of things under which there was not destitution and suffering among the aged poor, such as this scientific and Christian era ought to find means of preventing, and such as it will not, we hope, rest until it has found means of preventing in a large measure. As to the historical question, it is quite possible that in no age or nation in the past has the lot of the aged poor, or the poor of any class, been freer from hardship and suffering than in the present, in Great Britain and her dependencies. Less attention was paid in former times to such matters. The comfort of the masses was of small account. That is probably the real difference. It should be the glory of the present age that it will not tolerate such misery among the masses as has pass-

ed almost without observation or comment in less favoured days.

Nevertheless it seems impossible to resist the arguments which go to prove that State pensions in any form would be pauperism under a different name; that they would tend to the deterioration of national character by lessening the spirit of independence and self-help; by taking away the strongest inducements to thrift in the years of vigour; by putting a premium instead of a penalty upon laziness; by taxing the industrious and thrifty for the benefit of the drones and loafers. Nor would it be the least of its attendant evils that it would greatly enlarge the sphere of officialdom, and so add to the number of those non-producers who derive their support directly from the taxes of their fellow-citizens.

But to our thinking the strongest, the crucial objection to any system of old-age pensions is that it would not cure the evil. At the best it would but alleviate its consequences. In fact this is all it would profess or aim to do. Under its operation the numerical proportion of the aged poor would probably increase rather than diminish. Those who had to depend upon the weekly dole would be none the less paupers, though the stigma of public assistance might not burn quite so deeply as that of private, or even of poor-rate charity. This, however, though by no means unimportant, is not just the point we set out to make. That point is that any system of pensions is unscientific because it fails to strike at the root of the evil. It attempts no radical cure. It fails to search out the primary causes of the diseased condition, much less to eradicate them. Those causes are to be found largely, no doubt, in the conditions of modern life which result in an unfair division of the products of labour. There is something wrong at bottom in the system under which it is possible for a few individuals to appropriate millions out of the products of the labour of many workers, whose starvation wages render saving for the needs of old age almost and in many cases utterly impossible. Any system, whether it be co-operation, or profit-sharing, or even State-control of industries, which tends to remove this inequality and to make it easier for the thrifty workman to lay by something weekly for old age or a rainy day, tends in the right direction, that of prevention and cure, rather than of simple counteraction. The cry of "socialism" raised against the pension, or any other system, will in itself have no weight with thoughtful men. It is not the name but the thing which is of importance. Governments are supported and necessary in these days, not so much to keep up armies and navies to fight foreign enemies, as to protect the rights and foster the true interests of good citizens of all classes, especially of those who most need such care and safe-guarding. This refers, of course, only to the industrious and thrifty. The feeble and the unfortunate, the idle and vicious classes would still be with us, the one demanding gratuitous aid, the other the apostolic regime, work or starve.

In our relations with the people around us, we forgive them more readily for what they do, which they can help, than for what they are, which they cannot help.—Mrs. Jameson.

THE COMPLEXITY OF GERMAN CHARACTER.

It is strange that the English regard the Germans as phlegmatic, while the Germans hold exactly the same opinion of the English. "An Englishman," they say, "is all head and no heart; he has made up his mind that he has seen everything and 'nil admirari' is his motto; he is too cold and reasoning to enjoy life." "The German (generally 'Dutchman') is heavy, slow and stolid," says the Englishman. Are both right? or are both wrong? What has secured this character for the German which is attributed to him pretty generally all over the world? Glancing first at the intellectual world of Germany we soon see how it is regarded as a heavy style. It has been said that German scholars are "the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the intellectual world." In other words they undertake the most laborious, and what the great majority would term the most disagreeable work in all branches of science. It is the German scholar who spends year after year of patient industry in his study, unheard of by the world, while bent on some great aim, making countless experiments, till at last the crowning discovery is made and the whole world rings with the name of the before unknown student.

Many people disrespectfully call the Germans "diggers." If "digging" means turning up the field of knowledge, they are surely the best gardeners of the sciences in the world. And whether we admire the line of work that the Germans as a body have adopted or not we must yield our homage to the persevering thoroughness with which they carry out their task. They have laid the basis for the editions of the ancient classics for the whole world. In philosophy they have collected and compiled scattered and seemingly hopeless fragments, and built up therefrom the teaching of the great minds of the past. Of course this is the style of work that a German delights in, and is just as happy when buried in a codex as the æsthetic Englishman writing his polished Latin verse. For from the "Gymnasium" in its earliest stages the "digging" style is ever impressed upon the youthful minds; and it is not a case of choice, they must like it. So it is not hard to imagine how boys taught thus will grow up following the same path of their own choice. I would not maintain this of boys in general, for that class of individuals are not as a rule intellectually inclined. But the Germans have nothing that can be called "boys" in the English sense, but rather "little men." The German boy (for we shall use the name) at twelve years old looks far too wise. It is a pitiable sight to see in a German gymnasium scores of boys at that age wearing strong glasses, their sight already greatly weakened by the long hours of study. Unfortunately they have few, if any out-door games, and the consequence is their physical development is sadly neglected. An Englishman, who had been a public school master, once remarked to me: "You have only to look at the German men to know that they never played Rugby football or hare and hounds when they were boys." I once asked a youngster in Germany what he did in his summer holidays, and he replied proudly, "I study"; his principal exercise as far as I could learn was collecting postage stamps. The Emperor saw only too clearly in his young days what

was the effect of this over-development intellectually, and therefore sounded a warning note in the convention of teachers some time ago. If we follow these boys to the university we find that it is not much better. True there is the exercise of fencing, which, setting aside the question of its being a barbaric custom or not, is undoubtedly good for nerve, eye and muscle. But this is only done by the various "corps," which form, except in certain universities, only a part of the mass of students. There is also a gymnastic club among the students, but this does not embrace a very large number. Here we find not only the "heaviness" of the precocious gymnasium boy, represented in a more advanced stage by the student wearing more powerful glasses, and never seen on the street except with a vast pile of books, who takes his exercise by standing up to read when he is tired sitting, but also the "heaviness" of the student who works but little. Of course such a student is almost certain to be a member of a "corps" and therefore fences a little. After that his chief amusement is to sit hour after hour drinking beer. Monday night only differs from Tuesday night in that the "Kneipe" (for so these beer-gatherings are called) may be held in a different "Lokal." The inevitable effect of such a life is an antagonism to vigorous and healthy sport, hence the reputation of "heaviness."

And indeed the Germans look with a mild kind of pity on the Englishman who is willing to undergo weeks of careful training for a boat-race.

In Breslau a boating club was organized not long ago by a few enthusiasts. The so-called aristocracy frowned upon this, and declared it the sport of "tradesmen." Having shown the course of "heaviness" in the intellectual life of Germany, beginning with the "hot house" development in the young sage of the gymnasium, continued in the student life, and culminating in the laborious research of the professor—not casting any reflection on the latter, but, in contrast to the æsthetic culture of Oxford, certainly a "heavy" style—let us cast a glance on the rest of the German people and see if we find the same characteristic. Generally speaking we find the same extreme moderation in out-door exercise. Fortunately, now, by the present military system, the men are forced to go through a regular routine of exercise, the object of which is to develop power of endurance. I once asked a German who had served part of his time to come for a walk. He replied: "No, thank you; I had enough of that kind of thing in the army."

One can always tell a German, when touring through a mountain district, by the extremely leisurely way he walks, and by his frequent deviations into the picturesque beer-garden. But watch how he delights in the scenery about him! And this brings us to the other side of the German character, which we may call the "emotional." Here indeed we have a peculiar and seemingly contradictory dualism, for, verily, the most phlegmatic and deliberate German is capable of an emotion that his appearance may belie. And in all ranks and classes it is alike in this respect.

The professor who has been buried all day deciphering manuscripts joins the students at their "Commerce" (a grand reunion of a club), drinks his beer, joins in the toasts, sings the songs, and then rises and in glowing terms upholds the glory of the classics. In this up-

roarious gathering who would recognize the hard-working "diggers?" But no member would be absent on such an occasion. Let us follow this club to one of its ordinary meetings. It may be a "Corps," but as likely as not a literary club. Suppose it to be a classical club. The president calls on the member who has been intrusted with the work of the evening, namely, the interpretation of a Latin author. After the translation, pure and simple, into German, the speaker launches into an elaborate explanation in Latin. This is criticised by the members in Latin. The second part then begins, namely, the translation of a Greek author into Latin—rather heavy in the case of Thucydides. Then a precise business meeting follows. What next? Why, of course, these sages go quietly home. But watch. The place where they are all repairing looks like a "Lokal"—a beer resort. Greek and Latin are heard no longer, and each student lovingly reaches for his own beer-mug. Very inconsistent, is it not? These songs have nothing in common with Thucydides, but remind one strongly of some of Horace's Odes. All are here "brothers," and each has a special club name. With songs and speeches, intermingled with peculiar drinking customs, they take no thought of time. But this does not often interfere with putting in an appearance at the eight o'clock lecture next morning.

Such a club celebrates Christmas enthusiastically. All members, past and present, from the student of twenty to the man of fifty, attend the meeting. The feature of the evening is the Christmas tree, from which all receive a present—in every case a suitable one—accompanied by original verses composed by different members. Here is a man rising in the world, who has brought his last book to be formally dedicated to his club. Beside him is a younger man who has just passed his Doctor examination and is receiving congratulations on all sides. Another group are talking of the "good old days." Christmas songs are sung, capital speeches made, and finally, with vows of eternal friendship, they part somewhat late the next morning.

And how the whole people rejoice at this time of the year! The remark that "Christmas is a nuisance" is in Germany nothing less than sacrilege. Every town has its Fair—the delight of every child who dreams all year of gingerbread and "marzipan." Every family, high and low, has its Christmas tree. Every public square is crowded with trees for sale, and we see the "prince and the pauper," side by side, making a bargain with the owners. With the Holy Evening a general holiday begins, but this is the great night, and one sees the old grand-father suddenly grown young again as he stands with his toddling descendants waiting for the magic door to open and reveal the gifts of the Christ child. Are these the "heavy" Germans? And in the humblest ranks of life the same rejoicing prevails, though the tree be smaller and hot punch not so abundant. The washer-woman joins the general holiday and declines to ply her trade in the week between Christmas and New Year's, but takes as an excuse the superstition that clothes washed in the old year and not dry by the new are sure to forbode a death in her family.

And this brings us to a most peculiar feature of the uneducated in many parts of Germany, that is, their intense superstition. To a great mass of German peasants of to-day the Giant

on the Fiery Horse, evil witches, hobgoblins and spirits are a living reality. Their faith in medical skill is nothing compared to their absolute trust in the efficacy of magical incantations repeated the proper number of times at the waning of the moon. And even the educated German finds pleasure in spending a few moments with "Red Riding Hood" or "The Sleeping Beauty." Very undignified reading for a philosopher! But, so it is, contradictory as it may seem. Blend poetry and prose, romance and matter-of-fact, laborious industry and scientific revelling, and you have the German character.

Cannes.

A. A. MACDONALD.

“THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST.”

We stood by a rugged pathway, my unclothed soul and I,
And watched the throng to the Judgment sweep triumphant or trembling by;
For I thought that the call had sounded to the everlasting birth,
And there came at the awful summons the fruit of the travail of earth.

Not, as my thought had pictured, a silent and shadowy band,
Came they from the land of shadows, wearing the crown or the brand.
But each as the life had left him—from desert, from mine, or from wave,
From the field of battle-carnage, and from quiet churchyard grave—
From the forest's black recesses, from the bone-bleached mountain pass,
From the slime of the reedy river, from the depths of the still crevasse—
From the hidden dark of the jungle, from the Arctic's frozen thrall,
Came the dead of all the ages to answer the trumpet call.

There were eyes with rapture lighted, there were cheeks with horror paled,
There was guilt with a red hand dripping, and purity virgin-veiled.
There were lips yet curled with the laughter that was choked when the death-stroke fell;
There was joy for the winning of heaven and anguish for terror of hell.
And each bore the mark of the slayer—of fever and famine and fire,
There were glorified wounds of the martyr, who smiled at the funeral pyre.
There were scars of the patriot soldier, who through death won his crown of fame;
And the ball-riddled breast of the traitor whose breath paid his forfeit of shame.
There was bruise of the midnight collision, there was victim of levin and storm,
And the stern signet stamp of the frost-king on the rigid, inanimate form.
There was bane of the bowl and the reptile, brand of axe and of rope and of knife—
Of each thief that had entered and ravaged the frail habitation of life;
And a woful and grisly regiment, with a swift and silent tread,
Marched under the grim commander who marshals the hosts of the dead.

But not for the terror nor pity did I and my awe-struck soul
Give heed while the ghostly column sped on to the final goal.
For each phantom carried (and breath came hard and blood ran slow at the sight),
The sum of his deeds in the raised left hand and a burning torch in the right.
And the blaze of death's torch illumined, with a just and an awful glare,
As never the light of life had done, the black and the seeming fair.
And oh, what reversal of verdicts! for not with the sight of the past
But to cleared and pure-eyed vision are all things made known at the last.

And the veils were drawn that had hidden the secrets of faces and hearts;
And revealed at once and forever stood the "Truth of the inward parts."
From the greed-stricken soul who gave grudging each coin of his hoarded store,
From the fair, soft speech of lip-service that failed in fulfilment's hour,
From the hypocrite, prudent-pious, who would prate but who would not pray,—
From tyranny masked as justice—the cloaks were stripped away;
No more lurked in darkness the poison of the liar's tainted breath;
And the kiss of the sweet betrayer was known for the seed of death.

But the torch of the spurned and the guilty shed hope on the sin and gloom,
The coward who blenched in the battle bore his brother's felon-doom.
There were forsworn lips that had solaced the widow's need and grief,
And the heaven-blest cup of cold water was held in the hand of the thief;
The deserter, false to his colours, could point to his captain's life
Saved once at his deadliest peril in the hottest storm of the strife;
And the trampled daughter of sorrow lifted eyes whence the dews of shame
Were wiped by Divine compassion, her love and her tears her claim.

Then I turned to the shade beside me—"Oh soul of my soul!" I cried,
"Knowest thou thy place or fortune, with the lost or the glorified?
When the great account shall be given, and thou bringest thy deeds in thy hand,
On which side of the solemn balance will thy record of judgment stand?
When the roll is called wilt thou answer when the pardoned are summoned by name?
Or, when thy torch is kindled will it flare on the path to shame?"
I turned—but the shade had left me—I stood in the dark alone;
The light, and the throng, and the turmoil of joy and of fear, were gone.
Was the vision a dream or a forecast? Who knoweth?—And who dare say
What deeds shall bear the shining of the torch of the latter day?

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

Kingston.

SIR THOMAS FARRER ON CANADIAN TRADE POLICY.

Sir Thomas Henry Farrer is well known as an English authority on matters commercial. Some suggestive remarks of his in an article in a recent number of The Forum should be carefully considered by Canadians generally, and especially by advocates of the kind of Imperial Federation which would seek support in a preferential, i.e. an exclusive, trade policy. As their object is to draw Great Britain and her colonies closer together, instead of loosening the links that bind Canada to the Mother Country, Sir Thomas Farrer's warning as to the probable result of a policy, which would soon "strain" our reciprocal relations to an alarming degree, may well offer food for reflection and hesitation in promoting any such policy.

His view of the effect of reciprocity with the U. S. on the British public is also worth considering by advocates of reciprocity. But as the United States has begun to show signs of relaying her protective policy, Canada has a great opportunity. Here are Sir T. Farrer's words: "Canada has led the way in an agitation in which, under the guise of a desire to promote a closer union between different parts of the empire, protection has for some time been making insidious steps towards an impe-

rialsystem of differential duties, under which the Mother Country and the colonies should agree to exclude from their markets, wholly or partially, the goods of foreign nations, so as to confine those markets to goods produced within the empire, or at any rate to make them, by artificial means, more favourable to British than to foreign goods. This policy has, of course, found favour with those in this country openly pledged to protection, as well as with those who support it under the absurd misnomer of 'fair trade': and symptoms have from time to time appeared, which looked as if it were making way with the public. For the present that policy has failed. It has found no favour, even with Lord Salisbury's Government, and at a recent meeting of the British Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, held in London, a motion by Sir Charles Tupper in favour of such a policy was decisively rejected, and a motion in favour of a non-protective policy was carried. But then there can be no doubt that such a policy is in the air; that it is an outgrowth, though not a necessary one, of what is spoken of as Imperial Federation, and that it connects itself with the wave of national as opposed to cosmopolitan feeling, which has played so large a part in the history of the last half-century. There is equally little doubt that in the case of Canada such a policy derives much support from the protective policy of the U. S. When Canada repels and is repelled by her next neighbour, she looks for an outlet for her produce in the Mother Country, and seeks to tempt England by offering reciprocity or exclusive dealing. To accept such a policy would, in the opinion of British Free Traders, be suicidal and fatal to her non-protective policy. What is even more important—it would be fatal to the future relations between Canada and England, and between both of them and the U. S., for Canada is destined by nature and by geography to trade with the U. S., and any legal obligation to the Mother Country which may have the effect of preventing her from so doing would be sure in time to be felt as an intolerable grievance, and would embitter the relations of all three countries.

"Free commercial dealings between Canada and the U. S. to the exclusion of the Mother Country would be grudgingly assented to at home, and would, no doubt, create a bitter feeling in the United Kingdom. But if the United States and Canada were both to relax their protective policy, and to invite trade with the United Kingdom as well as with each other all people in the British Islands would no doubt hail with delight the prospect of bringing the United States, the United Kingdom and Canada into closer and more harmonious relations by means of unrestricted commercial relations."

Here is a chance then, for the two great offshoots of Britain in America to benefit themselves, each other, and the Mother Country by shaping their trade policy on broad and generous lines. Perhaps Free Trade in Canada never had as good a chance as at present. The young men of the country are beginning to take it up enthusiastically, and the wave that is setting in in that direction should not be ignored, but "taken at the flood which leads to fortune."

FIDELIS.

The silver-leaved birch retains in its old age a soft bark; there are some such men.—Auerbach.

A SONG.

Oh, use thy charms for other hearts,
This heart to grief is wed;
Oh, breathe thy love for other souls,
This soul has long been dead;
Oh, let thy lute forever rest,
Or wake for other ears;
On other lips thy kisses press,
For others shed thy tears.

I could not ask thee, love, to share
My bitter cup of woe,
I could not bear to see thine eyes
With tears of sorrow flow;
No, no, my love, 'tis best that I
Should live and die alone,
Than take a happy heart to share
A misery like my own.

A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS. •

Idealists have been fighting an impossible battle since the world began. Reality has been ever a silent but unanswerable protest against visionary aspirations. Time fashioning the crudities and vagaries of mankind, has produced from the dead level of mediocrity a certain standard of opinion. Civilization with her handmaid conventionality has ruthlessly crushed the spontaneous excrescences of imagination. The chill whisper of doubt has stayed the ardour of the warmest enthusiast: on the whole it has gone hard with the philosophers of things to be. Granting that the Children of Light (we do not use the phrase in the somewhat limited sense of Matthew Arnold) have had, from the very nature of their existing surroundings, almost insurmountable difficulties in this life, it seems strange that their efforts for purer light have almost invariably aroused antipathy in those around them.

Strange perhaps, but not inexplicable. He who points upward also glances downward. The man who searches for light protests against the existing darkness. He who is dissatisfied with himself is of necessity dissatisfied with others. The idealist then, is an unconscious aggressor and society protects herself against him with what weapons she may. The most deadly of these is calumny.

"Be thou as pure as ice, as chaste as snow," writes Shakespeare, "thou shalt not escape calumny." It might also be said, "because thou art as pure," for calumny is the dark shadow which follows virtue, and many of us are blind to all but the shadow. Perhaps it is but natural, for the darkness comes from our own souls.

Calumny is no respecter of persons; swiftly and silently it works its way, with a subtle suggestiveness that carries all before it. Is it not possible to conceive a small motive for a great action? Assuredly, answer the unknown throng, incapable of greatness in action or in motive. What is nearest to ourselves is most probable, they murmur, an argument deduced from unconscious self-analysis. And heroic actions are reduced to fitting proportions, and stainless lives are shattered because their very stainlessness is a lasting reproach.

The mission of calumny is to suggest rather than to convince. Look into your own soul, it whispers, what do you find? Well, so it is with the rest—ex uno disce omnes. A horrible creed forsooth, that which would grasp a world's infamy from the consciousness of its own corruption.

There are some very old lines which carry with them a certain solace to those to whom they are addressed:

When calumny most fiercely stings
Let this be your consolation,
That only on the sweetest things
Do wasps commit their depredation.
But after all, it is not so much the actual harm done to the calumniated as the general tendency towards calumny, which is worthy of discussion.

The "blameless" Bellerophon was not the first of the calumniated, nor was Antea, wooing in vain, the first who sought refuge in calumny. Is it innate in man, and if it is so, why? These are questions which no verbiage about race development and advancement can answer. The bombast of rhetoric may whitewash the lives of imperial murderers, but it can never explain why the infinitesimal unit should wish to lower and degrade his fellow. It is simply engrained in the worst side of human nature, that side which idealism tends towards blotting out, and it follows as a natural consequence, that it is directed against those whom self-development has placed beyond it.

"Throw lots of mud and some of it is sure to stick" is, in homely phrase, the motto of many of us who are by no means denied the rights of citizenship. It is true that calumniators on a large scale are usually abhorred. It has been said that Italian audiences have listened to Othello, sympathizing the while with Iago, but to the majority this philosophic traducer will appear "the inhuman dog" that he has been painted. No! It is the petty, trivial forger of calumnies who thrives and prospers, seemingly for all time.

Calumny has never been enrolled amongst the abstract virtues, nor even amongst those qualities concerning which opinion has become modified. There was a god of war, when to be warlike was man-ennobling as well as man-slaying. There was a goddess of love in an age when "Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know," was in reality the lesson of life. But there was (unless indeed it were the unknown god's) no shrine or temple dedicated to calumny. And yet silent and subtle, it has grown with our growth, lived with our lives. Gathering to itself a world's sterile bitterness, it has infused into the heart of man the thought that the wholly good is impossible, that there is a dark spot in the noblest dream of idealism.

Yes, it is indeed the most deadly of all weapons, for life is not so radiant with happiness that men should care to darken the lives of each other. When everything else has failed, and the narrow heart is conscious of the truth and beauty it hates—calumny is left. When the strenuous efforts of a lifetime seem at last to have gained the success that is their due, calumny whispers—this shall not be. To calumny nothing is sacred; it is the mildew of life. We cannot close better than with the cynical encouragement of Basile: "Calomniez, calomniez, il en reste toujours quelque chose."

There is something solid and doughty in the man that can rise from defeat, the stuff of which victories are made in due time, when we are able to choose our position better, and the sun is at our back.—Lowell.

LEIGH HUNT AND HIS FRIENDS.

In thinking of this man who loved his fellow men there always comes a mixture of emotions. One can never tell where ends the admiration for his poetical genius, and where begins the love for his independence of spirit and unbounded goodness of heart.

Leigh Hunt was born on the 19th of October, 1784, at Southgate, in the county of Middlesex—an out-of-the-way place, he calls it, "with the pure, sweet air of antiquity about it." In speaking of his family, he tells us: "On the mother's side we seem all sailors and rough subjects, with a mitigation, on the female part, of Quakerism, and on the father's side we are Creoles and claret-drinkers, very polite and clerical." There is no period of Hunt's life that is not interesting.

One loves the gentle, delicate little boy, the youngest and least robust of his parents' sons, over whom the sympathetic lodging-house keeper wept because he was sick and a heretic. She was sure he would die, and Hunt's words are, "she thought I would go to the devil." Instead of feeling anger at her intolerance, he pities the torments the good woman must have endured, and congratulates himself that his hostess was a gentle instead of a violent bigot, susceptible of those better notions of God which are intuitive in the best natures. This was at Calais when he was being sent to France on account of ill-health. Referring to this period he says: "I have sometimes been led to consider this as the first layer of that accumulated patience with which in after life I had occasion to fortify myself, and the supposition has given rise to many consolatory reflections on the subject of endurance in general."

He describes himself as having been crabbed, or at least irritable enough until sickness; imagination and an ultra-tender rearing rendered him fearful and patient. He was the son of mirth and melancholy. He never saw his mother smile excepting in a sorrowful, tender fashion, while his father's exuberant spirits burst forth in shouts of laughter on the slightest provocation. Hunt's prevailing temperament he inherited from his father, and this strength and elasticity of spirit, joined with the patience, charity and tenderness that came from his mother, made him the delightful character that he was. So great was his affection and reverence for his mother, he felt a sort of pride in the infirmity she bequeathed him.

Being the youngest son he received his share of the playful persecutions visited by elder brothers on the babies of the family. Because of his delicacy he escaped bodily inflictions, but as boys intuitively discover troublesome facts, an older brother found out that the little one had imagination, and Hunt says: "I might confront him by daylight and endeavour to kick his shins; yet on the 'Night side of Nature' he had me."

He feared not only ghosts and all pertaining to the supernatural, but anything strange or uncouth. On his return from France with his brother they stopped at Deal. One evening the two stood on the beach looking at a shoal of porpoises. Of these creatures the brother had given him some tremendous and mysterious notion. In recalling this occurrence when he was an old man he said: "I remember as if it was yesterday feeling the shadows of evening and the solemnity of the spectacle with an awful intensity. There they were,

tumbling along in the foam, what, exactly, I knew not, but fearful creatures of some sort. My brother spoke to me of them in an undertone of voice, and I held my breath as I looked. The very word porpoise had an awful, mouth-filling sound." Grotesque or horrid pictures were enough to fill the night with terror, though doubtless possessing an irresistible fascination by day.

On being sent to Christ Hospital to school, and, associating with other boys, he grew out of his timidity in a measure. He slept in a room with sixty others, and for a time he forgot the fears that the night brought him, but when about thirteen years of age he went to spend a vacation at the country home of his aunt in Surrey, and was greatly surprised and chagrined to find his old terrors of the night came back as soon as he shut himself in his sleeping room. It was during this visit that he fell in love with his cousin, Fanny Dayrell, older than himself by two years. He calls her his first love, and he always cherished for her the warmest affection.

Very early in life the mind of the poet was drawn to enquire into points of faith in different religions. He felt intuitively that forms were necessary to preserve essence, and he had great respect for forms when he thought them sincere. He disliked Catholic chapels in spite of their music and pictures, because of what he knew of the Inquisition and the impiety he found in the doctrine of eternal punishment. He found no such dogmas with the Jews, and he revered them for their ancient connection with the Bible. He used to go to their synagogue in Duke's Place for sake of the fine singing and the dignity and grandeur of the service. Of these visits to the synagogue he says: "I conceive they did me a great deal of good. They served to universalize my notions of religion and keep them unbogoted. It never became necessary to remind me that Jesus was Himself a Jew. I have also retained through life a respectful notion of the Jews as a body."

He says further: "I never forgot the Jews' synagogue, their music, their tabernacle, and the courtesy with which strangers were allowed to see it. I had the pleasure, before I left school, of becoming acquainted with some members of their community, who were extremely liberal towards other opinions, and who entertained, nevertheless, a sense of the Supreme Being far more reverential than I had observed in any Christian, my mother excepted. My feelings towards them received additional encouragement from the respect shown them by Mr. West, who often had Jews sit to him. I contemplated Moses and Aaron and the young Levites by the sweet light of his picture rooms, where everybody trod about in the stillness as though it was a kind of holy ground; and if I met a Rabbi in the street he seemed to me a man coming, not from Bishopsgate or Saffron Hill, but out of the remoteness of time."

At this same school of Christ Hospital had been educated Coleridge and Lamb. Hunt never knew Coleridge until he was old, but he speaks of Lamb coming to see the boys "with his brown, handsome, kingly face, and a gait advancing from side to side between involuntary consciousness and attempted ease."

After leaving school he haunted book-stalls, wrote verses and visited. About this time, when he was a mere youth, his father collected his verses and had them published. Hunt

confesses his imitations in this wise: "I wrote 'odes' because Collins and Gray had written them; 'pastorals,' because Pope had written them; 'blank verse,' because Akenside and Thomson had written blank verse, and a 'Palace of Pleasure' because Spenser had written a 'Bower of Bliss.'" Hunt calls this book a collection of imitations, all but absolutely worthless, but of which his pride, at the time of publication, only equalled his shame in after years. He considered it very unfortunate for himself that the book was successful. It was particularly well received in London.

In the full flush of his success his father took him to see Dr. Raine, master of the Charterhouse. The young poet had been flattered so much he was puzzled as to the manner in which he should receive this gentleman's warnings against the perils of authorship; and when he finally and figuratively said, "The shelves are all full," it was a long time a source of regret to Hunt that his wits had not been quick enough to have answered: "Then we will make another."

Soon after this, his grandfather, hearing of the growing fame of the family, sent word to Leigh that if he would come to Philadelphia he would make a man of him. The answer returned was: "Men grow in England as well as in America," and this answer comforted him for the loss of his repartee at Dr. Raine's.

At this time Hunt was gay, fond of society and play-going, and his recollections of theatrical people with summaries of their characters and abilities fill some of the most entertaining chapters of his autobiography. His first prose efforts were a series of papers called "The Traveller," which appeared in a paper of the same name under the signature of "Mr. Town Junior, critic and censor-general."

At this age his favourite authors were Goldsmith, Fielding, Smollett, Voltaire, Charlotte Smith, Bage, Mrs. Radcliffe and La Fontaine. He called himself a glutton of novels, and he thought authors wonderfully clever people. In justification of his novel-reading he is honest enough to say: "Should any chance observer of these pages (for I look upon my customary perusers as people of deeper insight), pronounce such a course of reading frivolous, he will be exasperated to hear that, had it not been for reverence of opinion, I should have been inclined, at that age (as indeed I am still), to pronounce the reading of much graver works frivolous; history for one. I read every history that came in my way, and could not help liking good old Herodotus, ditto Vallani, picturesque, festive Froissart, and accurate and most interesting, though artificial Gibbon. But the contradictions of historians in general, their assumption of dignity, for which I saw no particular reason, their unphilosophic and ridiculous avoidance (on that score) of personal anecdote, and, above all, their narrow-minded and time-serving confinement of their subject to wars and party government (for these are time-servings as there are fashions that last for centuries), instinctively repelled me. I felt, though I did not know till Fielding told me, that there was more truth in the verisimilitude of fiction than in the assumptions of history; and I rejoiced over the story told by Sir Walter Raleigh, who, on hearing I forget how many different accounts of an incident that occurred under his own windows, laughed at the idea of his writing a history of the world."

The writer who made the greatest impression on Hunt was Voltaire. He admired his "gay courage and unquestionable humanity; his flashes of wit that discovered lights the most overwhelming." He considered the homely little Frenchman the destroyer of the "strongholds of superstition that were never built up again." He says he was never frightened at Voltaire, but always felt, though Christianly brought up, that true religion would never suffer at his hands.

Hunt's first connection with a newspaper for actual work was when he and his brother John, in 1805, set up a paper called *The News*. Leigh wrote the theatricals for it. In those days dramatists and editors were expected to fraternize for mutual benefit. Puffing and plenty of tickets was the approved system of the day; but the young critic conceived the idea that independence in theatrical criticism would be a great novelty. His idea was correct, and, like the majority of novelties, it proved popular. Everybody read *The News*, and believed every word of it. The proprietors of the paper left the critic to himself, and while he praised what pleased him and lashed severely the shortcomings of the stage, he refused to know an actor personally, and declares he would as lief have taken poison as accepted a ticket from one of the theatres. That he afterward thought he had gone to extremes may be inferred from his half-serious, half-comic exclamation: "Good God! to think of the grand opinion I had of myself in those days, and what little reason I had for it!"

It was in the beginning of the year 1808 that Leigh and John Hunt set up the weekly paper called *The Examiner*. It was named after *The Examiner* of Swift and his brother Tories. The Hunts had no thought of politics—at least Leigh had not. His thought was of the wit and fine writing in the old *Examiner*; and he in his youthful confidence proposed to emulate it.

For a short time before and after the establishment of *The Examiner* the poet was employed in the War Office. His stock of arithmetic, learned for the purpose, was sufficient, but in other respects he made a bad clerk; coming in late to work, and wasting his own time and that of others in continual jesting. These faults in connection with the tone of *The Examiner* respecting the court and the ministry, made him conscious of the necessity of resigning his position rather than have such a course suggested to him. Accordingly, he sent in his resignation, and then, giving his entire time to *The Examiner*, he was soon in the midst of politics. This paper, it will be remembered, was established in the latter part of the reign of George the Third, and two or three years before the appointment of the Regency, and it had several broils with the Ministry.

The Hunts were also proprietors of a quarterly magazine of literature, *The Reflector*. In this periodical were published some of Lamb's liveliest essays, and some of Leigh Hunt's most enduring work; though from his own account of it one is led to suppose that the magazine, in the main, was badly managed. This is his summary: "Having angered the stage, dissatisfied the church, offended the State, not very well pleased the Whigs and exasperated the Tories, I must needs commence the maturer part of my verse-making with 'The Feast of the Poets.'"

The offences of the brothers brought them no very serious consequences until they turned the fulsome praises of the friends of the Prince Regent into ridicule.

From the beginning of this century till the death of Lord Liverpool in 1828, was a terribly hard time for any who dared to advance liberal opinions either religiously or politically. "Leveller," "Atheist," "Incendiary" and "Regicide" were the names freely applied. Not a word could be uttered against any abuse that a rich man inflicted and a poor man suffered. "In one year," says Sydney Smith, "12,000 persons were committed for offences against the game laws."

In France, "Napoleon had cut his way to a throne, and the steel was the surest right"; and in England, a panic about the possible revolution had given the Prince Regent, who has been called the weakest and meanest man that ever sat on the English throne, the most despotic authority. It was in this troubled time that Leigh Hunt lived and battled for humanity. Armed with his types, his moral fearlessness and his hatred of tyranny, he stormed the stronghold of ignorance, vanity and egotism.

When the Prince Regent was shown his character as the editor of *The Examiner* saw it, he had nothing with which to defend himself but fines and imprisonment. On the 3rd day of February, 1818, the Hunt brothers were committed to Surrey jail for a term of two years. Their fine was one thousand pounds. The Government offered to cancel both fine and imprisonment on condition that *The Examiner* should be pledged to refrain from criticisms of the Prince. To this proposition the answer was short and simple.

Leigh Hunt was first placed in a room in the prison where he continually heard the clanking chains, the imprecations, and the ribald laughter of hardened felons. By climbing upon a chair he could look from his window, but it was only to see the men who wore the chains. For a month or more he endured this torture; then he was removed to rooms in the house of the jailor, where he was allowed to walk in the garden and to have his family with him. His eldest daughter was born in the prison. Hunt's story of his prison life is simply exquisite. He made friends with the jailor and his wife, and the latter was always deeply grieved when she failed to turn the key so softly in locking up for the night, that her gentle prisoner should not hear it.

From his prison Hunt dates the beginning of many new friendships. Here he first met Hazlitt, Sir John Swinburne, and his friend of friends, Shelley. Charles Lamb and his sister Mary, he says, came oftener than any others. The weather was never so disagreeable as to keep them away. His school-fellows, Barnes, Mitchell, and many others were frequent visitors. Yet, as was but natural, he suffered from the confinement. He required out-door exercise of more varied character than the prison garden afforded. His forced seclusion developed a morbid liking for inaction; so that when released he felt the whole active business of life to be a great impertinence. He never fully recovered from the effects of his two years in prison.

The next decisive movement he made was to go to Italy to join Byron and Shelley in the publication of the periodical of which so much was expected. It was only a repetition of the old story of failure. Hunt was about thirty-

seven years old when he went to Italy. Five years later he returned to England seemingly worn out with care and disappointment, and already an old man. Shelley and Keats were dead, and Byron had skulked out of his engagement concerning his part in the periodical in the most shameless manner. Yet, though so broken in health that the composition of a single page created great nervous excitement, Hunt produced his best work after this time.

It always seems strange that Leigh Hunt and the saturnine Thomas Carlyle were the warmest of friends. It was a direct meeting of optimist and pessimist; an example of Emerson's quaint saying, "We like the other-est."

"Barry Cornwall" was another of Hunt's dear friends. Perhaps there has never lived another man of genius so universally loved. One friend speaks of him as "catching the sunny side of everything and finding everything beautiful." Hawthorne calls his prose "unmeasured poetry."

His dust lies in Kensal Green Cemetery. There, in the autumn of 1869, on the eighty-fifth anniversary of his birth, was unveiled the monument erected to his memory. The address on this occasion was delivered by Lord Houghton, whom Hunt had known and loved as Richard Monckton Milnes. Moncure D. Curry thus describes the conclusion of the simple ceremony: "When the address was concluded, we all repaired to the grave. Here the bust of the poet, veiled, stood beside a dais or platform. The sculptor, Durham, stood before his work. Lord Houghton, accompanied by Leigh Hunt's son, Thornton Hunt (editor of *The Daily Telegraph*), mounted the platform, and then the former withdrew the covering, saying as he did so: "In the name of the subscribers to this monument, and the friends of Mr. Leigh Hunt who remember him and are careful of his fame, I present this monument to his family, to the country and to posterity." The people started as the beautiful face beamed upon them; for the moment it seemed to smile like a spirit newly descended. Eyes grew moist; there was a pause of silent homage. We read the simple inscription taken from his most imperishable poem:

"Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
MARGRET HOLMES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE UNION OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND AND ITS HISTORY.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

Sir,—Your correspondent "Fairplay Radical" seems to recommend Dr. Ingram's "History of the Union of Great Britain and Ireland."

Among historians and critics the reputation of this extraordinary book is something like Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" on one side or Cobbett's "History of the Protestant Reformation" on the other.

When Dr. Ingram's book appeared, *The London Guardian*, a just and serious Liberal-Unionist paper, gave it a long review, one of the sadness of its Unionist heart, just because, being on its own side, it did that side such harm and injustice by its condonation of the crime of English Government in Ireland a century ago. The *Guardian* held the book to be the worst blow struck at the union. But *The Guardian* was writing seriously and justly.

The *Athenæum*, more critically neutral, gave up in the middle of its review, saying that perhaps this book was meant as a mere joke.

The author is not Dr. J. K. Ingram, the fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and political economist. FAIRPLAY.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ONTARIO.

It is necessary to bear in mind that Dr. Kingsford, in writing archaeology and bibliography, was only clearing the ground and opening a passage to the field of his greater work, whence the "History of Canada" was to issue. Others, who come after, will find this labour already done for them. To the pioneer falls the heavy and thankless task; his successors, whether mere copyists or genuine historians, will be saved the preliminary labour, and can set about their real work from the start. If these two little preliminary books are in one sense fragmentary, the fact only proves the difficulty of the task. Incompleteness arose from a want of material, the impossibility of making bricks without straw, and not from any want of diligent research within a given range.

Dr. Kingsford is making an heroic effort to complete his great work, the "History of Canada," and he is doing so under difficulties which may be described as immense. On the verge of seventy, if he has not passed the dial mark, the work he imposes to himself is to produce no less than three more volumes. Under the most favourable circumstances, this would be a herculean task, even if there were no extraordinary difficulties in the way; and when unusual obstacles have to be surmounted, they become almost unconquerable. If strength and life should suffice for the task, as we all hope, the completion of the work, at his age, will be a rare achievement. The author's great strength of constitution and untiring perseverance make me believe that the goal will be reached; but should the work be destined to become a fragment, it will remain for all time the monument of a noble effort. The difficulty of getting materials will increase, it is to be feared, as he gets farther on; and if he should outstrip the archivist in the race, the one collecting material and the other writing, the struggle will become hard indeed. The truth is, the historical materials of Upper Canada have been neglected, and much has, beyond doubt, perished. I know a case which occurred about two years ago, in this city, where valuable papers, specimens of which have been seen by me, were burned by a person hired for the purpose. I know that the same fate overtook the papers of a statesman who was in full activity forty or fifty years ago. I know of a third instance of a large mass of valuable papers, left by another statesman, the contents of six trunks, which, after being invaded by mice, were given to the flames. There is a good deal more of similar material in peril of destruction. Nothing is more common than for papers which have more or less historical value to get stowed away in garrets, there to remain till the death of the owner, when perhaps a removal takes place, and many of them find their way into the kitchen stove, not of malice prepense, but as good things for starting a fire.

If all the garrets in the country could be invaded by a zealous bibliographer, I should expect a considerable addition to the list of early books printed in Upper Canada. The discovery made to me to-day of a book printer at Ancaster, noticed further on, strengthens the belief I entertain that a good many may be found outside of Toronto. Kingston, Cobourg, Hollowell, (Picton,) Hamilton, Ancaster, St. Thomas, London, St. Catharines, may be looked upon as fields of some promise.

My reason for not being able to agree with Dr. Kingsford that there is little more to be discovered will be found in the list which I am enabled to add:—

[1807.] * "The Christian religion, recommended in a Letter to his Pupils. By the Rev. John Strachan, A.M., Minister of Cornwall, Upper Canada. 'The good alone can happiness enjoy.' Montreal: Printed by Nahum Mower. 1807." pp. 32.

Dr. Kingsford can classify as he likes books which, like this, belong in authorship to Upper Canada, though printed elsewhere. I give them as I find them.

[1811.] * "A Sermon on the Death of the Rev. John Stuart, D.D. Preached at Kingston, 25th August, 1811, by the Rev. John Strachan, D.D." Advertised in the York Gazette, November 20, 1811.

I think I know where there is a copy.

[1814.] * "A Sermon, Preached at York, Upper Canada, on the third of June, being the day appointed for a general thanksgiving. By the Rev. John Strachan, D.D. Montreal: Printed by William Gray. 1814." pp. 38.

[1815.] * "The letters of Veritas, republished from the Montreal Herald, containing a succinct narrative of the Military Administration of Sir George Prevost, during his command in the Canadas, whereby it will appear manifest that the merit of preserving them from contest belongs not to him. Montreal: Printed by W. Gray, July, 1815." pp. 157.

"[1816.] * The first report of the Bible Society of Upper Canada, with a list of subscribers and benefactors. York: Printed for the society, 1818." pp. 44.

If this Report was published yearly, there would be no less than 23 numbers to be counted before 1840. There were several other reports, making a large aggregate before that date; over one hundred would probably fall short of the total.

[1823.] I find a review of a sermon preached by Dr. Strachan, on the death of the late Bishop of Quebec, in a Toronto paper, July 8.

[1824.] "Cases argued and determined in the Court of King's Bench, at York, Upper Canada, in Easter term, in the fifth year of Geo. IV. No. IV. Judges. The Hon. W. D. Powell, Chief Justice, the Hon. Wm. Campbell, the Hon. D'Arcy Boulton, John B. Robinson, Esq., Attorney General, Henry J. Boulton, Esq., Solicitor General. By Thomas Taylor, Esq. Printed by John Carey, York." From pages 154 to 175.

[1825.] "The Alien Question. By Paget. W. L. Mackenzie, printer. York, U.C." Folio, double column, each column paged. A fragment. I have all included between pages 34 and 64, the end, where "Paget" signs, dating from "Good—d, May, 1825."

[1826.] "The Naturalization Bill, with Observations." pp. 28. This pamphlet, I should think, ought to be affiliated to Chief Justice Robinson, who had charge of the Bill in the House of Assembly. My copy contains neither printer's name nor date, the cover, if there ever was one, which I doubt, being wanting, but the date must be the same as that of the Bill, 1826. pp. 28.

This pamphlet, following that of Collins on the same subject, in one of my bound volumes of pamphlets, I overlooked before.

[1826.] It was a pamphlet written by the Hon. J. B. Macaulay, that caused Mackenzie

to retort upon the Family Compact in a wa which led to reprisal in the wrecking of his printing office. I have never seen it, and do not even know the title, but I would not even yet despair of finding a copy.

[1827.] "Illustrations of Masonry, by the late William Morgan. Republished, at the Colonial Advocate office, with introductory remarks. April, 1827."

[1827.] "Stewart's Essays. Printed at the Colonial Advocate office." Neither in connection with extracts from the work, nor in the advertisement of it, is the exact title stated, and the given name of the author is omitted. Stewart was a Baptist minister. Was it Alexander Stewart, Secretary of the Bible Society, York?

[1827.] The Western Almanac was published somewhere.

[1827.] I find extracts from a treatise on tobacco by Charles Melvin, who dates "Sandwich, December 12, 1827." Mr. Melvin came from Maryland to Canada.

[1828.] "To the public." This is a pamphlet by Mr. Henry Sherwood, detailing a quarrel between himself and Judge Willis. The judge wrote to Mayor Hillier complaining that Mr. Sherwood was alleged to have spoken of him as "a ruffian, blackguard and damned rascal;" and he added, "I do not think, in such a state of things, my life is free from danger." But the persons before whom this language was alleged to have been used did not bear out the allegation; on the contrary, three of them out of four made affidavit that no such thing was said in their presence. This pamphlet is without date, but there is internal evidence that it was written before the end of July, 1828. It throws a strong light upon the intensity of the bitterness that existed between Judge Willis and this sprig of the Family Compact. A "statement of facts, relating to the trespass on the printing press, in the possession of William Lyon Mackenzie, in June, 1826, addressed to the public generally, and particularly to the subscribers of the Colonial Advocate, Ancaster: Printed by George Gurnett. 1828."

Dr. Kingsford has mentioned an edition of this pamphlet: Printed by R. Stanton, 1828. A copy of the edition printed by Mr. Gurnett was brought to me while I was transcribing this list. Each edition contains 32 pages. At page 17 of Mr. Gurnett's edition, the author speaks of his "first notice of Mr. Mackenzie's press," "as well as this, the last, I trust." It is uncertain whether the words "first notice" refer to a previous writing or to the part the author took in the destruction of Mackenzie's press. If they be found in that of Mr. Stanton also, the two editions probably do not differ from one another. But where there are two editions in one year, we might expect more surviving copies than there would have been if there had been only one.

[1829.] "Pastoral address to members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada: to which is added the Report of the Committee appointed to examine into the allegations against the Conference, Economy and Government of the said Church." I find this in the form of "copious extracts from a pamphlet just published (October 8, 1829) under authority of Conference, extending to over a page of a newspaper. It is signed "Thomas Whitehead, Chairman."

[1829.] * "The Order of Confirmation, with forms of self-examination and devotion, and

directions for their use. 'Ye are to take care that this child be brought to the Bishop to be Confirmed by him so soon as he can say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments in the vulgar tongue, and be further instructed in the Church Catechism set forth for that purpose.' York, U.C. Printed by Robert Stanton. 1829." pp. 22.

[1829.] ** "A Letter from the Hon. and Venerable Dr. Strachan, Archdeacon of York, U.C., to Dr. Lee, D.D., of the Bench of Scotland. Printed at the Herald office, Kingston, U.C. 1829." pp. 19.

[1829.] * "A Letter to the Rev. A. N. Bethune, rector of Cobourg, on the management of Grammar Schools, by John Strachan, D.D., LL.D., Archdeacon of York. Printed by R. Stanton. 1829." pp. 45.

[1830.] "Rules and Regulations, proposed for the government of the General Hospital. York: Printed by Robert Stanton. 1830."

[1830.] Mackenzie refers to some "poor little pamphlet," published by him, but does not specify it. I may some day find it.

[1830.] "The Catechism of Education," published at York, March 18, 1830. Price one shilling. Apparently published by Mackenzie.

[1831.] "Iniquity Laid Open! A Peep into the Den, a true History of the Dark Political Career of that notorious enemy of the People of Upper Canada, Judge Jonas Jones. Addressed to the electors of the County of Grenville." This pamphlet was printed at the Constitution office in the latter part of the year 1831. Signed, "A Friend to the Country."

[1831.] A pamphlet, published at the office of the Christian Guardian, in 1831, gave an account of the trial of a suit against certain members of the Conference of Episcopal Methodists, for removing a chapel at Ancaster. The Plaintiff was Henry Hagle, Esq., a "Ryanite Methodist." Mr. Draper appeared for the plaintiff, and Dr. Rolph for the defendant.

[1832.] "Information, for the use of persons emigrating to Upper Canada; containing an explanation of the various modes of application for land: together with the different forms of petitions, and their progress to grant: with a statement of the Fees, authorized by ordinance, and accompanied by a lithographical plan, exhibiting the various townships in the Provinces. Surveyor-General's office, York, 30th November, 1832. L. P. Hurd. York, U.C. Printed by Robert Stanton." pp. 10.

[1832.] * "Church Fellowships. A sermon, preached on Wednesday, September 5, 1832, at the visitation of the Honorable and Right Rev. Charles James, Lord Bishop of Quebec. By the Venerable John Strachan, D.D., LL.D., Archdeacon of York. Published at the request of the Clergy. York. Printed by Robert Stanton, 1832." pp. 26.

[1833.] * "The Canadian Magazine. York, January, February, March, April, 1833." pp. 384.

This is known as Sibbald's Magazine. Sibbald had been in the army, and thought he had a commission to improve the world.

[1833.] * The Cornwall Tribute: "A piece of Plate," presented to the Honourable and Venerable John Strachan, D.D., Archdeacon of York. By forty-two of his former pupils, educated by him at Cornwall. Presented second July, MDCCCXXXIII. York; Printed by Robert Stanton. 1833. pp. 32.

[1833.] * "Third Annual Report of the Society for converting and civilizing the Indians, and propagating the Gospel, among destitute settlers in Upper Canada; for the year ending October, 1833. York: Printed by Robert Stanton." pp. 65.

[1835.] * "Tribute of Respect and Gratitude, to the Honorable and Venerable Archdeacon Strachan, by a number of the inhabitants of the City of Toronto. Toronto: Printed by Robert Stanton, 164 King Street. 1835." pp. 8. MS. notes added.

[1835.] * "Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the Welland Canal Company. 1834. Published by order of the Board. H. Leavenworth, Printer, St. Catharines, U.C. 1835." pp. 15.

[1835.] "Rules and Regulations of the United Amicable Society of Bricklayers, Plasterers and Masons. York: Printed for the Society, at the Colonial Advocate office, by James Baxter. 1835." pp. 13.

[1835.] "The Upper Canada Christian Almanac for 1835. Published by the Tract Society.

[1835.] "The Mother's Primer, or First Book." I don't know whether this was an Upper Canada publication or not.

[1835.] "Constitution of the Congregational Church of Christ, Guelph, Canada West. Organized, June, 1835. 'The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there.'—Psalm lxxxvii: 6.

His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

Printed by G. M. Keeling, Guelph." Date not given; probably the year of the organization.

[1836.] * "Declaration of the Views and Objects of the British Constitutional Society on its Reorganization. Addressed to their fellow subjects in Upper Canada. Toronto 1836."

[1837.] * "Address to the Female Members of the Church of Christ in Toronto. Toronto: Printed by W. J. Coates, King St., 1837."

[1837.] * "Sixth Annual Report of the Society for Converting and Civilizing the Indians, and Propagating the Gospel among Destitute Settlers in Upper Canada, for the year ending October, 1836. Toronto: Printed by Robert Stanton. 1837."

[1837.] * "A Sermon Preached in St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, on the Thirtieth day of November, 1837 (St. Andrew's Day), by the Rev. W. T. Leach, M.A., Edinburgh, Minister to that Church, and Chaplain to St. Andrew's Society, Toronto. Published by request of the Society. Toronto: Printed at the Scotsman office, 54 Newgate St. 1838."

[1836.] "The City of Toronto and Home District Commercial Directory, with Almanac and Calendar for 1837." pp. 228.

[1837.] "Trial of Sir Francis Bond Head, Governor of Upper Canada, before a Tory Committee of the House of Assembly, on a charge of Treason and other High crimes against the People of this Province."

This pamphlet, published in March, 1837, contained a very able speech delivered by Dr. Rolph. I obtained a copy of it in 1846. Printed at the Constitution office.

[1837.] Besides the above there were many others printed in Upper Canada before 1840. Among them was the well known

pamphlet by Mr. William Morris on the Clergy Reserves, a copy of which I procured nearly forty years ago.

[1837.] "The Canadian Farmer's Travels" in the United States of America, in which remarks are made on the arbitrary colonial policy practised in Canada. I learned of this book from copious extracts made from it at the time, and by an advertisement of Leslie and Sons offering it for sale.

[1837.] The Annual entitled the Niagara Forget-me-not, edited by the editor of the Niagara Reporter. Bound in silk with gilt edges. It claims to be the first Canadian Annual published.

[1837.] A pamphlet printed at the Constitution office contained the speech of Mr. Hagerman on the Clergy Reserves and Dr. Rolph's reply.

[1837.] A pamphlet was published at the Guardian office containing the speech of Mr. Hagerman on the Clergy Reserves.

[1837.] ** "Report of the Home District Committee, of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, for 1837. York, U.C. Printed by R. Stanton." pp. 10.

[1839.] "Hear the Church." A sermon preached in the Chapel Royal, St. James' Palace, on the first Sunday after Trinity, June 17, 1838; by Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., chaplain-in-ordinary to her majesty. Cobourg, U.C. Printed by R. D. Chatterton, at the office of the church. MDCCCXXXIX."

This was presumably only a reprint, and not otherwise an Upper Canada book.

[1839.] * "Ten Letters on the Church and Church Establishment in answer to Certain Letters of the Rev. Egerton Ryerson. By an Anglo-Canadian." Whatever the Reader may do, the writer thanks God for the Religious Establishments of his country. Dr. A. Clark. Toronto: Printed at the Commercial Herald Office. 1839." pp. 79.

[1839.] A forthcoming edition of "Parker's Journal" was advertised in The Rochester Democrat. Parker was one of the Canadian prisoners sent to Van Dieman's Land in 1838. Was the journal ever printed? My copy is in MS., and I have never seen a printed copy.

[1839.] I used to have, but lent and lost. a thick pamphlet by Dr. Ryerson on the Clergy Reserves. I have not seen it for forty years, but I think the date was 1839.

[1840.] "Copies of Letters, etc., read in the Legislative Council, in the debate upon the Clergy Reserve Bill, January 17, 1840: By the Honourable P. B. De Blaquiére. Toronto: Printed by R. Stanton, 164 King Street. MDCCCXL."

[1827.] "Interesting Trial. Hopkins vs. Gowan. Wexford Spring Assizes, March 14, 15, 1827. Dublin: Printed by George Perkins Bull."

This pamphlet relates to Canadian bibliography only so far as additions were made to it in the third, if not the second edition, both of them published in Canada. These additions had reference to Mr. Ogle R. Gowan's introduction of Orangeism into Canada. Mr. Bull, the printer of the Dublin edition, came to Upper Canada and established the Hamilton Gazette; he also published the second edition, which was the first Canadian. Mackenzie published the third. While in Dublin Mr. Bull had published the Antidote, and at one time Mr.

† The books marked * are in the possession of Mr. Larry Hayden; of those marked ** he and I have each a copy.

Ogle R. Gowen was connected with him in the publication. They became deadly enemies. The trial reported at length was one of the most extraordinary on record.

[1840.] In the early part of the year 1840 Mr. Wm. Stephens published a book of poetry entitled "Hamilton and Other Poems." It was printed at the Christian Guardian office. My copy was given to me by the author in 1846. As Dr. Kingsford does not count verse I merely mention the book, without disturbing its slumbers on a top shelf.

[1834.] "The Rules of the Printers' Union" were published in Toronto in 1834. What form did they take? The Union was formed in 1832, apparently for the first time; but I have not yet ascertained whether the rules were then printed. Those of 1834 call extra work any beyond ten hours a day, to be paid at 25 cents an hour. Apprentices were to be bound for five years, and no master was to keep more than two. Wages were to be \$7 a week, ten hours to the day.

[1804.] The book once mentioned as the first printed in Upper Canada, a form of prayer, was not even the first of its kind. To verify this fact the reader has only to turn to the Upper Canada Gazette, or American Oracle, Feb. 18, 1804, and he will there find, on the third column of the third page: "A few copies of the Form of Prayer for the general fast (the 16th of March next) may be had by applying at the Printing Office. Price 1s. 6d." The imprint of the Gazette reads: "York:—Printed by John Bennett, by the authority of His Excellency Peter Hunter, Esq., Lieutenant-Governor." The difficulty is one that may be overcome for the general reader, or almost any reader, to find the Upper Canada Gazette, or American Oracle, of this date.

[1792.] Now that I am among the rarities, perhaps the reader will bear with me till I mention what appears to me to be among the rarest of all. It is a proclamation issued by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, in French, Feb. 7, 1792: "Proclamation, pour telles personnes qui desirent s'etablir sur les Terres de la Couronne dans la Province du Haut Canada, par son Excellence John Graves Simcoe, Gouverneur, Lieutenant-Gouverneur et Commandant-en-Chef de la dite Province, et Colonel Commandant les forces de sa Majeste, &c., &c." This proclamation was written in English and translated, by order of the Governor, by P. A. de Bonne, A. S. and T. F. It was signed at Quebec, on the date mentioned. Who has another copy?

[1806.] A proclamation of Francis Gore, Lieutenant-Governor, dated October 31, 1806, affects "divers persons who were resident in the British Colonies in America before the breaking out of the American War, who joined the Royal Standard previous to the Treaty of Separation in the year 1783, and who resided in this province on or before the 28th day of July, 1798, and who have continued to reside there since that period, but have neglected to obtain due insertion of their names in the U. E. List, or who have been suspended from the same, and are thereby deprived of the advantages intended to be bestowed by His Majesty on that meritorious class of subjects." All persons of this description might, on offering proof of their claim, to the satisfaction of the "executive government," have their names restored to the list. Copies of this document are not likely to be plentiful.

Bringing this digression to an end, I present the above list of books as my reply to the gentlemen who are of opinion that there are but few if any more to be found. And if I now stop it is not because I have got to the end of my tether. Judging by every rule of probability I could make not inconsiderable further additions without going out of my own library.

Dr. Kingsford remarks that "As the fortunate possessor of the books and papers owned by him, he [myself] could follow the royal road to the information he has furnished." This is true; but I have gained no "prize," and assuredly I have claimed no credit. All the credit I willingly award to Dr. Kingsford, by whom the enquiry was started. The acquisition of my treasures—among which I count little on those given in these two lists—extending in point of time over a period of forty-five years,* has not been made without sacrifice, the recollection of which in connection with the embarras des riches, taken in its natural and non-natural sense, has sometimes made me doubt whether there was not in the happiness of possession some tincture of alloy.

There are, I am inclined to believe, two libraries in the United States—the University library of Harvard and the Legislative Library of the State of New York—where more books on Canada are to be found than have been collected in the whole of our public libraries. The Harvard library aims to get everything printed in Canada. When O'Callaghan was State librarian at Albany, he paid unusual attention to Canada, where he had formerly lived. He got Mr. Gurnett's own copy of the Courier newspaper. How many public libraries in Canada have a full copy? Like everything else, rare books ultimately go to the best market; and the best market for such books has long been the United States.

CHARLES LINDSEY.

* The dates of books extend back to 1618. [Les-carbot].

ART NOTES.

Art and archæology frequently meet on common ground, but each has its distinctive province. It has long been my opinion that Rome is the richest treasure-house of artistic precedents in the world. Other places may be more opulent in certain departments. The so-called "Gothic" is notably lacking. Paris, Dresden, London, Florence, Venice or Madrid may be better endowed with easel-pictures—though there are not a few masterpieces in the Roman Galleries. But, as a whole, the Italian capital knows no rival. She has, moreover, her specialties. Her frescoes are incomparable, the Cosmati work unique, the opus alexandrinum abundant; nor can any city illustrate with more splendid examples the evolution of mosaic from the time of the ancients to the age in which we now live. In these days of what may be termed the Greek "fad," it is the fashion to sneer at everything Roman. It would be superfluous to say that no intelligent person, with a jot of artistic feeling or training, can fail to revere the sweet and pure simplicity of the matchless Greek forms, be they embodied in the graceful Lelythos, a coquettish Tanager, a beardless Ephebos of the Phidian school, or the perfectly-proportioned edifices of the Acropolis. Yet this worshipful attitude need not preclude a sincere admiration for the colossal buildings of Rome. If anyone wants to experience the joys of pure construction, let him stand in the Pantheon. Degraded as it now is with false decoration, the mere form, the splendid aerial concavity sends a shiver down the spine. Nor must it be taken for granted that Roman decoration of the best epoch is a thing to be scoffed at. Such coloured stucco-work as we find in the lately excavated

Teverine villa, or on the Palatine, and particularly in the tombs on the Via Latina, are marvels of refinement, invention and execution. When we speak of Roman art we must do so with reserve. There never has been, strictly speaking, an original indigenous art.—From "Impressions of a Decorator in Rome," by Frederic Crowninshield, in the January Scribner.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Miss McCutcheon gave an interesting piano-recital on the evening of the 5th inst., being assisted by Miss Kingsmill, Prof. Clarke and Mr. Schuch. The pianist played some half dozen numbers, chosen from the works of Chopin, Liszt and Vogrich, all of which were played with excellent judgment and ski l.

There seems to be considerable controversy awakened regarding the Vienna piano teacher, Lszchetizky, some going so far as to say he is a downright humbug, and others asserting the reverse, saying he is one of the greatest piano teacher who ever lived. Many letters are appearing pro and con in the Musical Courier, which are exciting much interest in musical circles.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

This week "A Country Circus" is holding the boards. Large audiences are attesting their appreciation of its merits at every performance.

"Mavourneen," a high class Irish comedy of some power, was presented last week. Chauncey Olcott's singing, which was the most meritorious part of the performance, was much admired.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

This popular theatre was reopened for the remainder of the season by a capable presentation of "The Private Secretary." Owing to the unqualified success which attended its first week, the new Manager, Mr. Fred Whitney, secured a lengthening of the engagement. The second week, which is just concluding, was as eminently successful as its predecessor. The management of the Academy is to be congratulated upon the hopeful augury which is doubtless marked by the auspicious termination of the first engagement.

ALEXANDER-ROBERTS RECITAL.

The recital of these distinguished elocutionists last week was a decided success. In the commeditta "A Happy Pair" both artists combined admirably the efforts of finished elocutionists with the abilities of competent actors. In the earlier portion of the programme neither participants realized the expectations which had been raised by the standard of excellence established in a similar entertainment last spring.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music, under the able and artistic directorship of Mr. Edward Fisher, is an institution of unquestionable superiority, and is doing excellent work for music in our country. Mr. Fisher has (with one or two exceptions) the same musicians associated with him now as were selected at the beginning of its existence, notably d'Auria, Dinelli, Arthur Fisher, Harrison, Hunt, Tripp, and many others, only strengthening the faculty when excess of pupils demanded it, consequently the musicians take pride in working for its welfare and the success of its pupils. The concerts given by pupils of the institution are in most cases admirable, and show the conscientious and exacting care bestowed on them by their instructors, and what is also praiseworthy, pupils do not play for the sake of inflicting their performances on those who listen, but are allowed to play only when they become sufficiently advanced to give actual pleasure to the hearer, and profit to themselves.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.—Lowell.

LIBRARY TABLE.

WHO IS THE MAN? A Tale of the Scottish Border. By James Selwin Tait. New York: Tait, Sons and Company.

The scene, as indeed the title implies, is laid in Scotland, but "Who is the Man?" is undoubtedly an American production. It is a sensational novel, in which "character painting, for excellent reasons, has been neglected. A series of ghastly murders are committed in a small town in the Lowlands. The interest of the story is centred upon the discovery of the murderer, who is none other than a poor imbecile possessed of an unreasoning hatred of a prosperous banker, upon whom suspicion is fastened. The author can describe contests between men and beasts with a vividness not often surpassed, and it is the clearness and empressment of his dramatic situations which serve to make this a readable book.

ROWEN: Second Crop Songs. By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

A very pleasant little volume, graceful and unaffected. "The Ball—1789" and "The Ball—1861" are both in their different ways powerful. "May Bloom" with its

Oh, for you that I never knew,
Only in dreams that bind you!
By Spring's own grace I shall know your face
When under the May I find you!

is really pretty, as also is "Heave Ho!" Mr. Bunner has given us a charming sketch of the sixteenth century, "A Look Back," in which is contained a line—

Had I seen further I had wandered less,
which deserves a place amongst saws ancient and modern. The sonnet entitled "Leopold Damosch" is good, but it is perhaps in his lighter vein that this author is at his best; for example, in such poems as "On Seeing Maurice Leloir's Illustrations to Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey'" and "Wilkie Collins." There is a certain vigour in "Wilhelm I., Emperor of Germany," and a catching swing about "The Battle of Apia Bay." On the whole "Rowen" is a most readable volume of poems.

UNCLE REMUS AND HIS FRIENDS. By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson & Co. 1892.

The stories contained in this volume are to be regarded simply as stories and not as more or less successful gropings in the region of comparative mythology. The dramatic personae are an old negro and a little boy. It is difficult to discriminate as to these tales, simple and homely—in the true sense of the word—they form as it were a literary world of their own. Uncouth and irregular, without the charm of polished diction, or of dramatic situations, there is about them, "close to the earth," as Mr. Harris himself observes, "a stroke of simplicity ringing true to life." The rabbit is as usual the hero and comes off successful in his encounters with the fox, the bear and even the lion; for, as Uncle Remus tells us, "Dem what got strength ain't got so mighty much sense." This edition of these irresistible tales is ably illustrated, and by the time we have read the book through Brer Rabbit and Brer Wolf, Brer Mud Turkle, and the rest, are very near to us.

CASTOROLOGIA; OR, THE HISTORY AND TRADITIONS OF THE CANADIAN BEAVER. By Horace T. Martin, F.Z.S., etc. Montreal: William Drysdale and Company. London: Edward Stanford.

There are 238 large 8vo. pages, well printed on thick paper, in this work of Canadian science, literature and art. It contains nearly sixty illustrations, which are creditable to Canadian art, and the book is handsomely bound. Altogether it is a goodly volume, in spite of the scrappy appearance given to many pages by short, hysterical paragraphs and not always interesting extracts, letters and quotations. Mr. Martin writes as an enthusiast in his subject, which, however, he has thoroughly mastered. He exhibits the beaver in mythol-

ogy and folklore, in palaeontology in Europe, the United States and in Canada. He hunts him, domesticates him, dissects him and stuffs him. The book tells of the Beaver's geographical distribution, of his engineering skill, and of his importance in trade and commerce. It treats the reader to Beaver meat and Beaver meadows, Beaver furs and Beaver hats, to the chemico-medical properties of the animal, and to his place in heraldry. Poem and anecdote lighten up the pages of science and statistics, and give a literary flavour to this most praiseworthy effort to do justice to the animal emblem and benefactor of Canada. No truly Canadian library should be without Castorologia.

A QUARTETTE OF LOVERS. By John Allister Currie. Toronto: The Williamson Company. 1892.

Mr. Currie disarms criticism. In his envoi he says:—

I do not ask to rule in other hearts;
I do not wish to govern other minds;
I do not seek the goal Ambition finds,
Nor yet the pride and cares that Power imparts.
But all I ask is Love that ne'er departs:
A heart that round my own for life entwines;
A moment's joy to those who read these lines,
My tribute to the Muses and their arts.

And yet neither "Love that ne'er departs" nor "a moment's joy" is hardly sufficient excuse for the publication of a book. Does Mr. Currie recollect Milton's appreciation of a "good book"? But perhaps Milton is a severe standard to apply to modern times—though why so, it would be no easy matter to say. Still, Mr. Currie disarms criticism. Youth will write poetry, and sometimes youth will publish it, and who is to say youth "no"? We shall not be so callous as to undertake that task.

Mr. Currie's inspiration is evidently genuine:—

Then let us love while youth's mad pulses burn,
Then love I'll follow like the vagrant bees,
That seek the rose, and in its petals swoon.
Ah, those are days I have not drained the lees,
And love is young, and life is at its noon.
A kiss to me is more than riches rare;
A smile is heaven for a moment seen
In some sweet, loving face;
The halo of the sun is in love's hair;
The blue of heaven is in her eyes, I ween,
And in her arms I'll find a resting place.

Yes, the inspiration is genuine, and it would be, if not unjust, at least unkind, to find fault by saying that we did not know that bees faint, or that the fourth line lacks the words "of which." Such things belong to criticism, and genuine inspiration is now-a-days not so frequent that criticism should nip it in the bud. Indeed, the inspiration often finds expression in words that are charming. Who will not read the following with more than "a moment's joy"?—

Words cannot tell how dearly I love thee,
Nor yet the sweetest strains of music ever known;
Bird-notes in spring time or the ocean's moan
Are discords to those songs that come to me
Nightly in dreams, while in these dreams I see
Thee by my side, my arms around thee thrown—
You smile, and then I deem you all my own.
The vision fades in all its ecstasy.

There is true imaginative poetry in such lines, even if ecstasy is spelt with a "c."

Should Mr. Currie continue to publish—and we sincerely hope that he will: maturing judgment will eliminate such faults as we have hinted at—he must be a little more careful of his language, "the spotless purity" of which, he will permit us to remind him, De Quincey said young poets should hold dear next to the honour of their country's flag. For example, there is surely a lapsus in

Like some cool draught
So do thy soothing accents softly fill
The veins with long-forgotten fires.

Such commonplace phrases, too, as "sweet slumber," "restful night," "weary workers," "worldly things"—all in one stanza—might, with advantage, have been a little more varied. However, it is not every day that we get a book of poems so real and so heart-felt, and we thank Mr. Currie for them, and the public also should buy them and thank Mr. Currie for them.

THE LOST ATLANTIS, AND OTHER ETHNOGRAPHIC STUDIES. By Sir Daniel Wilson, LL.D., F.R.S.E., etc. New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: The Williamson Book Company. Price, \$4.00.

A melancholy interest attaches to this well-printed, large 8vo. volume of 413 pages, as a posthumous publication of its late lamented author. His end came before he was able to read all its proofs, so that the completion of the work devolved upon his daughter, Miss Sibyl Wilson, who, in brief and touching language, tells its story in the preface. In addition to "The Lost Atlantis," the volume contains articles or chapters of varying length on "The Vinland of the Northmen," "Trade and Commerce in the Stone Age," "Pre-Aryan American Man," "The Aesthetic Faculty in Aboriginal Races," "The Huron-Iroquois: a Typical Race," "Hybridity and Heredity," and "Relative Racial Brain-weight and Size." The late Sir Daniel was always felicitous in composition, whether oral or written, and in this respect the volume in question sustains his reputation. He was an extensive reader in many departments of literature and science, with a special bent in the direction of anthropology; hence all the eight studies in the book betray research, and are full of those pleasant scraps of information and fancy which the general reader, as well as those interested in ethnology, might delight in. Were one asked what addition the volume has made to scientific knowledge, it would be hard to answer the question. Sir Daniel was more a pleasant stater of problems than a solver of them. He gave hints and descriptions, stimulated curiosity, and practically left his reader to draw his own conclusion. The last chapter, on his favourite study, Craniology, is probably the most scientific, although less generally interesting than the others to the majority of readers. Otherwise one does not care to criticize the work of one who has left us so recently, and the motto, *nil de mortuis nisi bonum* should be operative in the case of his last work, who has left behind him a fragrant memory. Taking it altogether, "The Lost Atlantis" is a worthy memorial of the man.

THE MEMORIES OF DEAN HOLE. London: E. Arnold; New York: Macmillan; Toronto: The Williamson Company. 1892. Price \$4.00.

Dean Hole places on the title page of this volume the well-known line, "From grave to gay, from lively to severe"—from Pope's *Essay on Man*—and no motto could better describe the character of its contents. The Dean cannot be accused of ever forgetting the gravity of his calling, and yet his book shines with the sparkles of his wit from beginning to end. It is a volume which will rank with Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences," and Greville's "Memoirs," and which will occupy no low position in the society of such. These memoirs, the author tells us, are the holiday task of an old boy, who desires, and hopes that he deserves, to rest, but is too fond of work to be quite idle; and so he gives us these delightful remembrances of men whom he has known.

The arrangement of the volume is novel, but we think it good. Instead of giving his reminiscences in chronological order, he adopts an alphabetical arrangement. Thus chap. I is given to Archers. "I begin my recollections," he says, "as I began my education—in alphabetical order. . . . A was an Archer." Chapters II. to V. are given to Artists; VI. to IX. to Authors; X. to Cricketers; XI. to XVII. to Ecclesiastics; XVIII. to Gamblers; XIX. to XXI. to Gardeners; XXII. and XXIII. to Hunters; XXIV. and XXV. to Shooters; XXVI. to XXVIII. to Oxonians; XXIX. to Preachers; and the last chapter of all, XXX., to Workingmen.

Now, if we were to follow our inclination, we should simply set to work and transcribe some of the Dean's good stories; but such a course would be liable to a double objection. In the first place, we have hardly a right to pick out the plums from the Dean's volume and so deprive the reader of a chief part of his enjoyment in its perusal, and in the second place, before we could stop we should have

filled up some columns of The Week. Perhaps this is the best recommendation we could give; for it declares that there are many quotable pages in this volume, and we may add, without fear of contradiction, that there is not one dull page in it.

Passing over the Archers and coming to the Artists, if we had only the delightful pages on John Leech, we should get the worth of our money. Everyone has made the acquaintance of that wonderful artist through his sketches and caricatures in Punch, but only his own friends could know him as he is here revealed to us by Dean Hole. The description of this great artist is simply perfect, but it is impossible to reproduce it here. Incidentally we learn that a good many of the themes of the caricatures in Punch are derived from actual, historical incidents. For example, the Farmer who, after tasting some choice liqueur, said to the waiter, "Yoong maan, I'll trooble yer fer soom o' thaat in a moog," was an actual personage who made that particular demand.

Among Authors we find Lyte, author of the immortal hymn, "Abide with Me, fast falls the Eventide," which, by the way, refers to death, but is nevertheless quite properly sung as an evening hymn. We also find Thackeray, the Great; Charles Dickens, and Dr. John Brown, for whom Dean Hole, like all other good and human men, has an unbounded affection and admiration.

Cricketers have only one chapter, as is proper from a Dean, but ecclesiastics, as is also proper, have seven. We have recollections of Archbishop Harcourt Vernon of York; of Bishop Kaye, the learned, of Lincoln; of Bishop Jackson, the beloved, first of Lincoln and then of London; of Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, whose brother Charles, Bishop of St. Andrews, has just departed this life; of Bishop King, of Lincoln, lately acquitted of malpractice by the Archbishop (!), who so handled a deputation of complainants with geniality and luncheon, that they forgot what they had come for, and went away without complaining. Dean Hole thinks there is some loss in the suppression of the old-fashioned parish choir, and we rather agree with him. But "the old order changeth," and we cannot keep it still.

The chapter on Gamblers is awful and instructive. God guide to its perusal the young who may be in danger! It is a terrible subject, not to be lightly dealt with here. Hunters and shooters are excellent; and the chapters on Oxford super-excellent. It is a splendid passage when he tells of one of the Oxford Eight breaking down, and the Cambridge captain refusing another to be put in his place, and then the seven beating the eight by half-a-boat length! How few such moments of bias are there in the life of man! "I shall never forget," says the Dean, "the roar of Bravo, Oxford! which reached us as the boats came in view, nor the amazement, which could not believe what it saw—the boats close together, and our own gradually drawing ahead, until the race was over, and by half a boat's length Oxford beat Cambridge with seven oars! Had they been the seven before Thebes, or the seven champions of Christendom, or the seven Bishops who stepped out of their boats at the Tower, they could not have been cheered more heartily." But enough! All sensible persons will soon have the book in hand.

PERIODICALS.

Nellie Blessing Eyster opens The Californian Illustrated Magazine with a short story entitled "Barbara Frietche," which is followed by "Mission Santa Cruz," a really beautiful sonnet from the pen of S. E. Anderson.

How swiftly here oblivion set her seal! What has the vanished century left of each? The Spanish roof-tree and the Spanish speech, The music and the roses of Castile. "Woman's Christian Temperance Union" is discussed by Dorcas J. Spencer. G. L. Brown contributes a "Song," not without some beauty of expression. "A Sacrifice to Science" is the title of a contribution from Gustav Adolf Danziger. "The Nationalization of Railroads" is the name of a paper from the pen of

Rabbi Solomon Schindler. "The New Religion" by Edwin Dwight Walker, and "Astrology in London," by Edgar Lee, are continued in this number.

Mildred Aldrich discusses "Alexander Salvini" in the January issue of The Arena. "Does Bi-Chloride of Gold Cure Inebriety?" is the title of a contribution from the pen of Henry Wood. Helen Campbell writes upon "Women Wage-Earners of America and Europe." The so-called "Tribunal of Literary Criticism" is continued in this number by Professor W. J. Rolfe, who writes in the defence of Shakespeare! The Rev. J. T. Sunderland contributes a paper entitled "From Human Sacrifice to the Golden Rule." Arthur K. Woodbury contributes an interesting paper upon Tennyson. "A Home in the South Seas" is the name of a most readable contribution by Emily S. Loud. Charles Frederick Holder writes upon "The California Academy of Sciences," and his valuable paper is followed by "Regulation of Railway Charges" by Richard H. McDonald, jr.

"Diana Tempest" is the name of a serial from the pen of Mary Cholmondeley, the opening chapters of which appear in the January number of Temple Bar. "The Mistletoe," by H. C., is a bright little poem. "Letters of a Man of Leisure" is the title of a most interesting paper upon the correspondence of "Edward Fitzgerald, the friend of Tennyson, and who stood first of all his friends in Thackeray's affections." "Gower Street and its Reminiscences" is a pleasant rambling paper, which is followed by "Squire Jack," a story in three parts. G. S. H. writes some clever lines entitled "The Coming Laureate." Alfred T. Story contributes an article on "Samuel Palmer," the landscape painter. "Bigham's Idea" is the name of a humorous tale by E. L. Phillimore. "Sport in the Snow, or Bear Hunting in Russia," is the subject of a capital contribution to this number.

The Rev. William W. McLane opens the December issue of the Andover Review with a paper entitled "The Ethical Basis of Taxation." "The moral principle of taxation," says the writer, "which would base taxes upon benefits conferred, or services rendered, cannot be so applied as to secure exact justice; but it can be so applied as to secure approximate justice." The Rev. John W. Buckham writes upon "The New Natural Theology." Kenyon West is the author of a really excellent paper entitled "Percy Bysshe Shelley,—A Study of his General Characteristics." Mr. West shows very clearly that Shelley was something more than "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." He points out how "His enthusiastic belief in human progress, in the possibility, nay, the certainty, of the race ultimately attaining the highest virtue, makes Shelley's poetry of great value." Professor Taylor is the author of a carefully written article on "The Place of the English Bible in Modern Theological Education."

C. F. Adams commences the January number of the Harvard Graduates' Magazine with a carefully written paper on "Education in the Preparatory Schools." Under this heading the writer discusses "The Classics and Written English" and facsimiles of the latter are contained in the paper. W. W. Goodwin follows with an able article entitled "The Root of the Evil." He acquiesces to the proposal "that a knowledge of English be made an absolute (and no longer a nominal) requisite for a degree," and gives it as his opinion that this regulation "would bring into the field the most powerful and effective engine which the college possesses—an engine which is rarely used without avail." H. Munsterberg is the author of an interesting paper on "The New Psychology." He calls Experimental Psychology "the unifying central science." "Harvard Men in the Public Service" is the title of a paper by C. P. Ware.

Ella Higginson commences the January number of The Overland Monthly with a pretty little poem entitled "Christmas Eve." Nora A. Smith tells the story of "A Kindergarten Christmas." "An Unromantic Affair,"

by Quien, if a little dull, is at any rate natural. William A. Beatty writes upon "San Francisco Election Machinery." Phil Weaver, Jr., contributes an interesting paper entitled "Christmases and Christmases." William H. McDougall writes "A Peninsular Centenary, II." "Four for a Cent" is the name of a very disagreeable but humorous, and possibly a truthful description of the "liners, whose name is Legion." The "Spinning Song" of M. C. Gillington makes one think of Swinburne, in spite of the dictates of common sense. Croon to the strand, with laughter and lisp of spray, and

Like a line of life without an end or beginning, to quote two lines from this poem, have in them, both as to alliteration and cadence, something of the true Swinburnian rhythm, and yet the "Spinning Song" is undoubtedly original. "Brander's Wife," by Flora Haines Loughead, is a good story,

"Amelia B. Edwards: Her Childhood and Early Life" is discussed in a sympathetic paper contributed by her cousin, Miss M. Betham-Edwards, to the January number of the New England Magazine. This is followed by "The Story of a Clock," which was written and published by Amelia B. Edwards at the age of twelve. Hellen Campbell commences a serial entitled "John Ballantyne, American." "The Oldest Episcopal Church in New England," by Alice Morse Earle, is interesting from the antiquarian's point of view. Lucia True Ames contributes a sensible and ably written article on "The Home in the Tenement House." "Lost at Sea" is the name of some pretty lines by James A. Tucker. Barr Ferree writes upon "Modern Architecture," in which critical paper he makes the following statement: "Modern architecture is a mixture of good science and bad art, a most unfortunate combination, for which there is not the smallest occasion." "The Orchard Path," by Alice Williams Brotherton, has at least the merit of being vigorous and sincere. "James Parton," the biographer, is the subject of an article from the pen of Julius H. Ward. "Dame Periwinkle Speaks," by Elizabeth B. Walling, is a quaint story of the sixteenth century.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

The careful revision of the "Apocrypha," undertaken some years ago by the revisers of the Old and New Testaments, is still in progress. The result of their work will be published by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

A paper of unusual importance will appear in an early number of the Century. It is "A Defence of Russia," written by the Secretary of the Russian Legation at Washington, and presenting the Russian point of view as to certain matters of internal administration which have excited the criticism of the outside world—notably the expulsion of the Jews.

"Matelot" is the title of the new novel on which Pierre Loti is now at work. He is also thinking of another novel to be called "Une Exilee" and to be the story of a certain unhappy and sentimental Queen. M. Loti won't read a daily paper, scarcely ever writes a letter, refuses to see interviewers, and does his work in a room at the top of a tower which is to be reached only by a single ladder. He is said to read all the best fiction he can lay hands upon.

The Philadelphia Ledger says that the "Bower MS."—the oldest Indian MS. yet discovered—is described in the last proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. It is written on birch bark, and was dug out of the foot of what is generally regarded as a Buddhist stupa, just outside a subterranean city near Kuchar. The characters are Sanscrit of a very archaic type. Dr. Hoernle, of Calcutta, has succeeded in deciphering them, and finds the MS. consists of two medical works, some proverbial sayings and the story of a charm against snake bite.

The Weekly Bulletin of Newspaper and Periodical Literature, published at 5 Somerset Street, Boston, is to have some important new

features. Besides affording a weekly classified and descriptive catalogue of the contents of over twelve hundred different papers and magazines, the Bulletin will hereafter supply a review of the periodical press by devoting several pages every week to summaries of interesting articles appearing in the monthly magazines and the daily and weekly papers. These summaries will appear almost as soon as the original articles. The department of "Literary Notes" will also be enlarged, and other attractive features, such as an illustrated cover, portraits of authors, etc., will be introduced.

The New York World, speaking of Renan, says:—There is consolation for many a rebuffed and discouraged genius in the fact that when Renan first offered his studies on Buddhism to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the editor returned the article with a note reading: "It is impossible that people could be so stupid." The room in which Renan died was very simply furnished. A wooden bedstead stood near the single window, near which was the desk at which he usually wrote. There was a chest of drawers near the fireplace and a small table to the right, and these, with a few chairs, were the sole articles of furniture in the room. Shortly before his death the great savant was asked if he understood Hebrew, and he replied: "Mon Dieu! I have been teaching it at the College de France for twenty-five years, but I cannot flatter myself that I know it."

According to the New York Tribune, the manuscripts which were bequeathed to the Paris National Library nearly seven years ago, have at last been received by that institution. Some of the manuscripts are made of sheets bound together, others are of loose sheets of all sizes and dimensions, or simply scraps of paper which happened to be in reach when Hugo was seized with an inspiration and utilized the nearest material at hand. Victor Hugo used for the most part a heavy octavo paper of a deep blue tint. The page is divided into two columns, and the margin is fully as wide as the text. He always left plenty of room for revision and additions, and sometimes the interpolations were more abundant than the main writing. Corrections are rare, and there are entire pages without a single change. The occasional eliminations are done with a heavy, vigorous stroke, as if the author had used the end of a match, which might also have served for the title of the book, which is in heavy, black letters. Annotations outside of the text or references to other works are exceedingly rare. In the manuscript of the "Legends of the Ages," the last paragraph of "Lion d'Androcles" is written on the margin in brilliant red ink. In this note he speaks of the inspiration he receives through the medium of unknown forces, which influences not only his work, but his life.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

RESCUING A FLEET.

On returning from dinner we embarked on board the Antelope, Sir Stratford wishing to sail at daybreak. At midnight Sir Stratford received news from Her Majesty's Consul at Venice, stating that a revolution had broken out there, and that a provisional government had been formed, of which Manin was elected President. He further informed Sir Stratford that the Neapolitan fleet had joined the Sardinian fleet, and were in full sail for Trieste with hostile intentions. Sir Stratford immediately instructed me to land and to give the intelligence to the Governor. I went therefore straight to the Governor's palace, and wandered through the corridors without finding anyone to conduct me to the Governor. I eventually found his room, when I communicated to him the intelligence which Sir Stratford had received. Having been suddenly awakened from his sleep, he appeared somewhat dazed by the gravity of the situation. The Austrian fleet had left the harbour a few days previously only half-manned, all the Venetian sailors having struck. The fleet was becalmed a few miles from Trieste, and

the combined Italian fleet, under Admiral Albini, were using every endeavour to reach and to take it. I mentioned this to Count Salm, and I advised him to send immediate orders to the Austrian Lloyd steamers then lying in the harbour (they had ceased running, fearing capture) to get up their steam at once and to tow the Austrian ships into harbour. This he did, and in a short time the Austrian Lloyd's left the harbour for that purpose. I was awakened about nine o'clock in the morning by loud cheering, caused by the whole of the Austrian fleet being safely conducted into the harbour. If the Italian fleet had not been becalmed, the Austrian fleet would undoubtedly have been captured. It was a very near thing, and the Lloyd's steamers only reached the Austrian vessels in the nick of time, and carried them off in sight of the Italian fleet.—From Reminiscences of Lord Loftus (Cassell and Company.)

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

It makes a great difference in one's feelings about happiness whether he accustoms himself to regard it as a luxury, like a million dollars or a yacht, which some men have and more don't; or as a comparatively indispensable endowment, such as a nose, which it is a sort of a reproach to a man to be without. The instinctive appetite for it, like hunger and thirst, a wise provision of nature, and designed to incite a salutary degree of effort; but it is quite as capable of abuse as the other appetites, and needs the same sort of control: so that whoever feels that he must have so much happiness every day, whatever happens, has reached a point where a period of total abstinence is likely to do him good. There are some stars that we cannot see at all when we look straight at them, but which become visible when we look a little to one side. So there are things that we cannot get when we try directly for them, but which presently fall into our laps if only we try hard enough after something else. Everybody knows it is that way with happiness. Make it a primary object and it leads you a doubtful chase; but ignore it in the rational pursuit of something else, and presently you may find it has peched unnoticed on your shoulder, like a bird whose tail has felt the traditional influence of salt. So, of course, the very first essential to the achievement of happiness of any durable sort is to rise above the necessity of being happy at all. It may be conducive to this sort of achievement to remember that great spirits in all times have found in their own involuntary discontent a spur to exalted endeavour. Neither Lincoln, nor Palzac, nor Carlyle were happy men, but they put saddle and bridle on their own depression, and rode it under whip and spur into immortality. Columt us himself had low spirits, and Socrates and the judicious Hooker both had Xantippes. But let nothing herein set forth induce any person to trifle with or undervalue any present happiness of which he may already hold the fee. It is very pleasant to have, and often very wholesome, and as long as it can be kept pure and sweet it is a lamentable blunder not to cherish it. Nor should anything herein dissuade anyone from making a special effort after a particular lot of Christmas happiness. Only, worthy people who do make that effort are counselled to aim a little to one side of the mark, that their chance of a bull's-eye may be the greater. And the practical application of that advice, as everybody knows, is just to aim to make the other people happy, and trust to getting a share incidentally for one's self.—Scribner's Magazine for December.

AMONG THE GAUCHOS.

Twice during my sojourn in Entré Rios I had knives drawn on me. The first time by a young Gaucho about nineteen years old, to whom I had administered some rather rough demonstrations on account of his scaring the sheep with a lasso at shearing time. Fortunately, there was a convenient strip of pine board lying near me, with which I knocked him down, captured his knife and broke it short off at the handle. The second time was quite an exciting episode in my life on the

pampas. I had sent an Indian with a cart and two horses to a neighboring estancia to get some stores. As he did not return that night or the next morning, I sent another man to look for him. This man returned in a short time with the cart and one horse, and reported that Crespo, the Indian, was lying on the pampas drunk and that he had killed one of the horses by sticking him with his knife. That afternoon I saw Crespo making his way on foot towards the estancia. My room was quite a large one, with a pine table in the middle. I always sat at the side of the table furthest, and opposite the door, when giving orders or paying the men. Crespo came up to the door, and when I asked him why he killed the horse he answered very insolently that he killed him because he would not follow behind the cart. I told him his services were no longer needed and that I should deduct \$5 from balance due him to pay for the horse he had killed. I had no sooner said this than he pulled out his knife and made a vicious lunge at me. As I jumped back from the table he came around towards my side, but seeing me grab my gun from the deer horns over my head he ran out and around the kitchen, a detached building near the door. In my excitement at the attempt on my life I let go both barrels of the gun at him. I saw a large piece fly out of the kitchen, which was a thatched edastructure, and thought, of course, I had shot the man. A reaction then set in and I sat down on my bed, feeling horrible at the thought of having shot a human being. Finally, I nerved myself to go and look at him, but not seeing his gory corpse lying on the ground I looked up, and saw him at least a quarter of a mile away and his horse running for dear life. About three months after this he reappeared, and at a warning from me not to get off his horse he pulled up his shirt and showed me his back, which was seamed and scarred up terribly, which he told me was from extracting the shot I had put into him.

The Gauchos are on the whole a pretty good-natured set of fellows when sober, but are quarrelsome when drunk. They get \$5 to \$8 a month and work very well until they have accumulated \$10 to \$20, when they consider themselves rich, and invariably knock off work, going to the nearest pulperia or store, where they stay and drink and gamble as long as their money lasts, which of course depends on their luck. I have known some to stay away three and four months and then come back looking for a job. They are inveterate gamblers, and when their money is gone they will stake their boots, hats, whip, lasso, bolas, saddle, and in fact everything they possess except their horses and bridles, which they never part with. I have seen them frequently leave the estancia to go on a spree, decked out in grand style with fine saddle, beautifully made whip, which they decorate themselves, many colored poncho and chiripa, in fact, with all the finery they had been able to accumulate since their last spree. In about two or three weeks they would return with nothing on except pantaloons and shirt, riding bareback.—Forest and Stream.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

The startling announcement is made that the whole range of the Andes is slowly sinking into the earth's crust. As proof of this *La Gazette Geographique* says that Quito was 9,596 feet above the level of the sea in the year 1745; in 1800 it was only 9,570; in 1831, 9,567, having sunk 26 feet in the fifty-five years following 1745, and but three feet during the thirty-one years which intervened between 1800 and 1831. In 1868 the city's level had been reduced to 9,520 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean. To sum up the total we find that Ecuador's capital has sunk 76 feet in 122 years. Antisana's Farm, the highest inhabited spot on the Andes (4,000 feet higher than Quito itself, which is the highest real city on the globe), is said by the same authority to be 218 feet lower than it was 1745.

One of the most gifted astronomers the world has ever known, and one to whom is due many of the notable discoveries of recent years, is Mina Fleming, of Harvard College

observatory. She has charge of about a dozen women computers who are studying the spectra of stars, which forms the memorial to the late Dr. Draper. Mrs. Fleming has herself examined and measured the 27,000 spectra of stars involved in the preparation of the Draper catalogue; she has discovered twenty-one new variable stars, the only variable stars discovered by a woman, and a larger number than have been found by a man. Twenty-five of the newly-discovered forty-five stars, whose spectra consists of bright lines, have been discovered by her, and a large part of the annals of the observatory have been prepared under her direction.—New York Sun.

The painting and decorating of the vast interiors of the great exhibition halls at Chicago, is an enormous undertaking. Frank Millet is the artist in charge. A recent estimate of the area to be covered with paint developed the fact that it would be impossible to set enough men at work with brushes to complete the task in time for the opening of the fair. Mr. Millet thereupon contrived a machine for doing the work. It consists of a piece of gas-pipe flattened at one end to make a "spray." From this a rubber hose connects with an air pump driven by an electric motor, and beyond this is a barrel of paint. The pump sucks paint from the barrel and the air jet sprays the paint with force upon the surface to be coated. Four workmen with this mechanism can accomplish more in a day than a small army of painters could in a week.—Scientific American.

The Swiss telephone system is claimed to be the best and cheapest in Europe. It is now under government control. The first telephone was used at Zurich, in 1880, when a private company started with 144 telephones. In 1886 the government undertook the working of the system, and the number of subscribers increased to 1,000. In this year the net profits were over 130,000 francs. In 1890 the subscribers numbered 8,000. On an average there were 546 calls a year to each telephone. The government allows 800 calls to each subscriber without extra charge, and all calls beyond that number are charged for at one cent each. The usual charge to subscribers is \$24 the first year, \$20 for the second year and less than \$16 per year from then on. Telegrams are received at the telephone office and delivered to the telegraph department at two cents each.—Electrical Review.

We learn from the annual report by the Director of the Veterinary Department for 1891, recently issued by the Board of Agriculture, that "both forms of this disease (glanders and farcy) have been much more prevalent in Great Britain during 1891 than for some years past." The number of horses attacked with glanders increased from 947 in 1890 to 1,260 in 1891; the animals attacked with farcy, from 861 in 1890 to 1,175 in 1891. In fact, the cases of glanders have only been once more numerous, and the cases of farcy are more numerous now than they have been at any time within fourteen years. Glanders is a contagious disease due to specific poison in the system. The smallest quantity of this poison is sufficient to infect another horse. The poison may enter the stomach, with food or with water, through a mucous membrane, or even through the skin. It is a bacillus. A horse may remain stabled with glandered horses for months, and breathe the same air: but he will not take the disease if he does not touch the poison. The disease never arises spontaneously. Glanders and farcy are practically the same disease. The same virus, or poison, is present in both cases. When the bacilli infest the blood vessels and glands are the seat of bacilli in active development, we have farcy. The living organisms peculiar to farcy are transmissible, not only from horse to horse, but to human beings, guinea-pigs, tigers, mules, donkeys, dogs, goats and cattle or to pigs. Both glanders and farcy are said to be incurable. If we take the average value of the 2,435 animals attacked with glanders and farcy in 1891 to be £20 each, we have a total loss in the year of £48,700. If Mr. Hunting

is correct in stating that five times as many horses die of those diseases as are reported to die of them, we have a loss of £243,500. That human beings die in consequence of the poison having entered the system is a fact beyond dispute. Mr. C. S. Sherrington, superintendent of the Brown's Animal Institute, Wandsworth Road, in a letter to the editor of The Times, dated August 28, 1892, says that "this bacillus, since its discovery in 1882, has proved fatal to six of its investigators." Professor Axe, in a paper read before the meeting of the Southern Counties V. M. A., states that, in the course of seven years, twenty-eight patients died of glanders in a single Russian hospital.—Colonel Colville, in The National Review for December.

The first paper of which mention is made was manufactured from papyrus in Alexandria, and was used by the nations living upon the shores of the Mediterranean. The art of making paper from fibrous matter reduced to a pulp in water is supposed to have been discovered by the Chinese about eighteen hundred years ago. The Saracens, it is thought, acquired the art of making cotton paper about the year 704. The oldest manuscript written upon paper of this kind is in the Bodleian collection of the British Museum, and bears date 1049. In 1085 paper was made of rags instead of raw cotton. A specimen of linen paper is found bearing date 1100. In 1390 a paper mill was established at Nuremberg by Ulman Stromer, operated by two rollers which set eighteen stampers in motion. The first paper mill in America was established by William Rittinghuysen and William Bradford on a small stream called Paper Mill Run near Philadelphia. The second in 1710 at Germantown, Pa. In 1729 a paper mill was built upon Chester Creek, Pa. The first paper mill in Massachusetts was built at Milton in 1730. At the beginning of the Revolution there were three small mills in Massachusetts and one in Rhode Island. Now large quantities of paper are made in this country and exported to England, Ireland, Australia, Mexico and the West Indies.—New York Public Opinion.

For a long time Nature's hints were neglected or disregarded, but in 1888 patents were taken out in England and France by different individuals for the preparation of nickel steel. Tests of this alloy have been made by competent authorities, and the effect of the addition of small percentages of nickel to steel is seen in greatly reduced tendency to oxidation and increased strength. As an example of the superiority of this nickel steel, the following results of one of the tests may be given: A steel containing 4.7 per cent. of nickel "showed an ultimate strength of thirty per cent. and elastic limit of sixty to seventy per cent. higher than those of mild steel, with a nearly equal ductility, and the valuable quality added of less liability to corrosion." The authority who obtained these remarkable results adds: "Think for a moment of this in connection with the erection of the Forth Bridge or of the Eiffel Tower. If the engineers of those stupendous structures had had at their disposal a metal of forty tons strength and twenty-eight tons elastic limit, instead of thirty tons strength and seventeen tons elastic limit, in the one case, and, say, twenty-two tons strength and fourteen to sixteen tons elastic limit in the other, how many difficulties would have been reduced in magnitude as the weight of materials was reduced! The Forth Bridge would have become even more light and airy, and the Tower more netlike and graceful, than they are at present." And Sir Frederick Abel, in his presidential address at the Leeds meeting of the British Association, remarked, "It has been shown by Riley that a particular variety of nickel steel presents to the engineer the means of nearly doubling boiler pressures without increasing weight or dimensions."—From Nickel and Its Uses, by J. T. Donald, in The Popular Science Monthly for December.

At the instance of Lord Onslow the New Zealand Government have taken measures to preserve the native fauna from the destruction which has been going on, especially amongst birds, ever since white men settled there. Many of the wild birds of New Zealand are amongst the most remarkable in the world, and certain kinds are to be specially protected in future. Two islands have been set apart as menageries where trapping and shooting will be strictly prohibited.—English Mechanic.

A great feat in telephoning and one which marks very important progress in this field was accomplished a few days ago when the new line between New York and Chicago was formally opened. This is not only the longest distance yet attempted, but it is twice as great as that of any other telephone line in use. Some idea of the magnitude of the undertaking is had from the fact that nearly a million pounds of copper wire are used in the line, and that the tariff is \$9 for five minutes' conversation, which for, say, twenty hours a day represents an income of over \$2,000 a day. It proved to work very successfully, even a whisper being distinctly audible.—The Electrical World.

Dr. Sanermann publishes, in the Gazette de Francfort, some interesting remarks about artificial colouration of birds. Canaries, he says, when fed with cayenne pepper, gradually change their color, passing from yellow to red. Cayenne pepper contains a tinctorial substance, an irritative principle, and an oil. When the last two substances are extracted by steeping in alcohol, pepper loses its colouring properties, but an addition of olive oil restores them. From this fact the conclusion is drawn that the oily principle of pepper is the necessary vehicle of colour. Experiments made with white hens gave similar results. These hens have also the quality of being able to indicate changes of temperature by a marked change of plumage. The yolk of their eggs is bright red.



**THE
GUIDING
STAR
TO
HEALTH.**

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, unlocking the clogged secretions and carrying off all foul humors and impurities from the system, thus curing dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, headache, scrofula, salt rheum, sour stomach, dizziness, heartburn, rheumatism, and all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood. It antagonizes all blood poison, removing all impurities from a common pimple to the most scrofulous sore.

ITS EFFECTS IN HEADACHE are truly surprising, having made complete cures in obstinate cases of more than 20 years' standing, which had resisted all other treatment. As a

SPRING BLOOD PURIFIER

it has long held first place, and continues to be esteemed by press and people, the best and purest remedy ever devised to remove tired feeling, restore elasticity and buoyancy to the constitution, and tone up the entire system to bounding health and strength.

Price \$1 per bottle,
6 for \$5, or less
than 1c. a dose.



Sold by all Druggists.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

Filters—even the best—are, according to M. Dugardin-Beaumez, of no use whatever, and thus another cherished illusion is likely to disappear. The only safe way to preserve drinking water from microbes is to boil it, as this is the only practical way to effectually sterilize it. All filters become soiled in time, and allow microbes which are very small and very dangerous to pass through them.—The Sanitarian.

Two French gentlemen, with the courage of their opinions to an extraordinary extent, says the Paper Record, have patented a hypodermic syringe all over the world. This fact arrested the attention of a writer in Le Figaro, who at once became curious to know the cost of the operation. It seems there are sixty-four countries where an invention can claim protection, or rather where patent fees may be paid. Sixteen of these are in Europe, eight in Africa, four in Asia, twenty-seven in America, and nine in Oceania. The total price of these sixty-four official scraps of paper amounts to the nice little sum of £3,600.

Dr. W. A. Tilden discovered some months ago that isoprene, which can be prepared from turpentine, under certain circumstances changes into what appears to be genuine india-rubber. Bouchardat had also found that the same change could be brought about by heat. The material so produced resembles pure Para rubber in every way, and whether it is genuine rubber or not, it may be equally good for all practical purposes. It vulcanises, for instance. It therefore seems possible that we may soon be able to make india-rubber commercially. If this is possible, a fortune awaits the inventor who can make good rubber from turpentine at a reasonable price. It is a subject well worthy of the devotion of prolonged labour.—Industries.

The year 1891 was certainly one of those in which new industrial applications of paper were most numerous. The idea of using paper in place of stone in the construction of houses is already old; but paper to take the place of glass in windows, of clay in flower-pots, of iron in railway rails, wagon-wheels, and horse-shoes, of porcelain in laboratory ware, of wood in barrels, it having already taken the place of that material in small boats, paper in pulleys, are applications as

"German Syrup"

A Cough and Croup Medicine.

For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as children's troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Boschee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine.

novel as bold. The manufacture of window-panes of paper was first tried in the United States. The panes have the appearance of milky glass, and the property of intercepting the light-rays while letting the heat-rays through, which makes them suitable for greenhouses. It is estimated that a paper window-pane ninety-four by sixty-three centimetres in dimensions in a wooden sash with iron appliances, will cost about eighty-five cents, and last on the average four years.—E. Ration, in The Popular Science Monthly for December.

Dyspepsia's victims find prompt and permanent relief in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which tones the stomach and creates an appetite.

At the recent sale in Paris of the furniture of the late M. Guiraud, the two autograph scores of Offenbach were knocked down at £10, and that of "Le Prophete" of Meyerbeer at £6. There was a quantity of Oriental curios, jewels, plate, and gold medals that brought £1,600. The Cross of the Legion of Honor of the deceased was bought by a relative for £6, and his palms of the Academy for £2. The auction room was crowded with professors of the Conservatoire and other musical personages of note.

We've heard of a woman who said she'd walk five miles to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription if she couldn't get it without. That woman had tried it. And it's a medicine which makes itself felt in toning up the system and correcting irregularities as soon as its use is begun. Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a bottle and try it—try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one's been taken you'll keep on and a cure'll come. But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results—you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper that'll get your money back for you.

How many women are there who'd rather have the money than health? And "Favorite Prescription" produces health. Wonder is that there's a woman willing to suffer when there's a guaranteed remedy in the nearest drug store.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Mild and effective.

Cease to brag to me of America, and its model institutions and constitutions. America, too, will have to strain its energies, crack its sinews, and all but break its heart, as the rest of us have had to do, in thousand-fold wrestle with the Pythons and mud-demons, before it can become a habitation for the gods.—Carlyle.

"Frost Bites" are ugly things; a nose or ear swollen to twice its usual size is no more beautiful than it is comfortable. After trying many "cures" we come back and award the palm to Perry Davis' Pain Killer, "the old reliable," which affords relief quicker than any other thing we know of. Big. Bottle, popular price 25c.

"There is probably no better test of the political genius of a nation," said Mr. W. E. H. Lecky to a Birmingham audience, "than the power which it possesses of adapting old institutions to new wants; and it is in this skill and in this disposition that the political pre-eminence of the English people has been most conspicuously shown."

You may be happy yet in securing one of the 48 Cash Prizes from \$10.00 to \$100.00 for Poems on Esterbrook's Pens. Send postal to Esterbrook & Co., 26 John St., for Circulars.

The benevolent work begun among the Zulus by the late Bishop Colenso, renowned alike for his heterodoxy and his arithmetic, is continued by his daughter. She has translated much of the Bible into the Zulu tongue, and has taught a number of the chiefs to speak English. It is to her intercession for Cetewayo and his people with the Queen and Mr. Gladstone that the former owe many concessions.—Harper's Bazar.

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me to buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

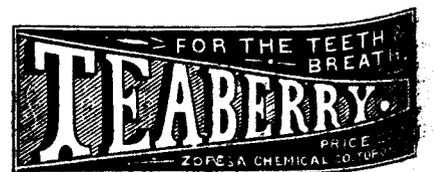
Hood's

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar



In the city of New York and vicinity, owing to the extreme variations of the temperature and climate from day to day, it is indeed a rarity to find among the people who have lived here any time a perfectly healthy nose and throat. Such repeated sudden extremes of hot and cold damp weather, which are so common in this location, are ruinous to the throats of even temporary visitors with perfectly healthy respiratory organs; and the effect is so marked, the condition so universal among the inhabitants of this city, that children of catarrhal parents are born with a swollen, catarrhal condition of the inside of the nose and throat, which within very few years closes the nostrils, so that proper respiration is impossible, and the child becomes what physicians call a "mouth-breather." We meet these children constantly in the streets. The climate of Brooklyn is even worse in this respect. From the condition of a "mouth-breather" it is but a short step to one of two results—more often both: deafness, and that peculiarly stupid, sleepy, inane, foolish expression of countenance so characteristic of the "mouth-breather." To parents who have the welfare of their children at heart, such a warning as this should be of sacred importance. As soon as the child gives evidence of a tendency to breathe constantly through its mouth, just so soon should intelligent medical investigation be made of its nostrils, preferably by a proper specialist.—From Deafness, and the Care of the Ears, by Dr. A. M. Fanning, in The Popular Science Monthly for December.

In an article on the cruel method of foot-binding, to reduce the size of the Chinese babies' feet, a writer in the Japan Weekly Mail, who witnessed the process, says:—When the ligaments were loosened and the shocking succession of breathless screams ended in long-drawn wails of exhaustion and misery, the listener turned almost sick with horror and sympathy. Yet a mother was the deliberate torturer of the poor baby.

A CALGARY MIRACLE.

The Most Wonderful Case Ever Recorded in the Northwest.

Miss Lela Cullen is Rescued From What Her Physicians and Friends Thought to be Her Deathbed.

Winnipeg Tribune:

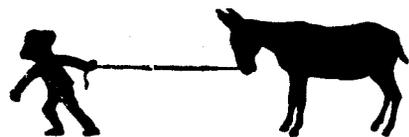
Calgary, N.W.T. Oct. 20, 1892.—For some time past the residents of this town have been deeply interested in the case of Miss Lela Cullen a young lady, who had so nearly approached the portals of the great unknown, that her friends despaired of her recovery, and who has now fully, indeed almost miraculously, regained her health and strength. Having read on various occasions in The Tribune the particulars of what appeared to be miraculous cures, your correspondent determined to investigate the case of Miss Cullen, and now sends you the particulars, fully believing that you will be justified in giving them the widest publication.

When your correspondent visited the residence of Mrs. Cullen, the mother of the young lady, he was courteously received, and in reply to his enquiries as to whether she would be willing to give the facts of her daughter's wonderful recovery for publication for the benefit of other sufferers, Mrs. Cullen readily assented. "My daughter's first illness," said Mrs. Cullen, "was in June, 1890, when she was taken with the measles. At that time she was seventeen years of age, tall, fine-looking and exceedingly healthy, weighing about 140 pounds. All the family took the measles, and all got over them without trouble, except Lela. Her case from the first baffled all ordinary remedies used for that disease, and as the measles did not come out, a physician was called in. He administered remedies, but with no better results, and her case seemed to baffle the physician's skill. After a few weeks my daughter began to improve somewhat, but did not regain her former strength, and six weeks after she was first taken ill, her face, neck, and limbs broke out in blotches. The doctor was again called in, and said it was the measles getting out of her system, and that she would soon be all right again. The doctor's statement was not verified, however, for not only did my daughter not improve, but she gradually grew worse. Soon after she began to swell, first the feet, then the limbs, breast and face became puffed up. Another doctor was called in and he pronounced her trouble dropsy, resulting from the measles. The doctor attended her all winter, and although he seemed to do all in his power for her she gradually became weaker and weaker. She did not eat, and tonics failed to improve her appetite, and as she gradually grew weaker and lost her courage, felt that hope of life was fast slipping away. In the spring the doctor's medicine, having done her no good, was discontinued, and instead he gave her preparations of beef, iron and wine, hypophosphites, eggs, cream, etc. In fact, stimulants of this kind had to be constantly forced upon her to keep her alive, and I gave up all hope of her recovery, and in my misery waited for her death. She was now so weak that she could not walk across the floor, and in order to rest her

we would lift her into a chair, where she would sit for a short while, when we would again place her in bed. She was slowly but surely dying before our eyes, and nothing we could do for her was of avail. She was still puffed up, and nothing the doctors could do would reduce the swelling. Her limbs would no longer support her, and she could only sit up a very short time each day. In this condition she lingered on until August, 1891, some fifteen months after she was first taken ill, and while we were sorrowfully awaiting what seemed the inevitable end, a ray of hope came. I read in a newspaper of a remarkable cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and while I feared that I had heard of this wonderful medicine too late, I hoped almost against hope and sent to the headquarters of the company, at Brockville, Ont., for a supply. At this time, Lela was not able to be removed from bed; her weight was reduced to 90 pounds, and her lips were blue. You will thus see how little hope there appeared for her when she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After she had taken the first box, although there was no visible improvement, she thought they were doing her good, and her spirits began to rise. At the end of the second box I could notice the improvement, and Lela was very hopeful, and felt life was returning to her again. After she had been taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a month, she was able to get up, and by October she was so well that she could superintend work about the house. She still continued taking the Pills, and rapidly recovered all her old-time health, strength and spirits. I cannot tell you," continued Mrs. Cullen, "how deeply grateful I am for the wonderful medicine that saved my daughter's life. You may be sure that both me and mine will always warmly recommend it, as we have every reason to do."

WHAT A PROMINENT DRUGGIST SAYS.

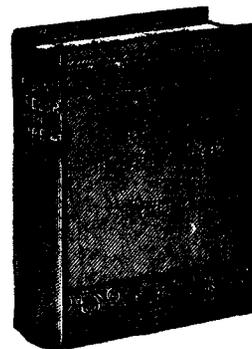
Your correspondent then called upon Mr. J. G. Templeton, the well-known druggist on Stephen avenue. In reply to an enquiry as to what he could tell me about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Mr. Templeton replied: "What can I tell you about Pink Pills? Well I can tell you, they are the most wonderful medicine I ever handled, I had experience with them in Ontario before coming out here, and in all my experience as a druggist, I never knew any medicine have such a wonderful demand, or give such great satisfaction. My experience here has been like my experience in Ontario, all who have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills speak in their praise, and if I were to tell you how many boxes I am selling here daily, you would be readily excused for being somewhat incredulous. If I am asked to recommend a medicine, I unhesitatingly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and my confidence in them has never been misplaced. I have already said the demand for Pink Pills is astonishing, and they invariably give the best satisfaction. I know this to be so from the statements of customers. I have sold here and in Ontario thousands of boxes, and have no hesitation in recommending them as a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus'



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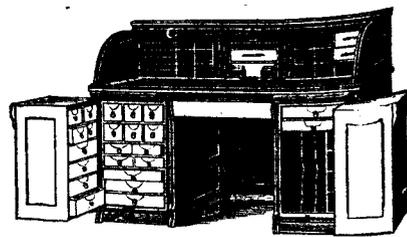
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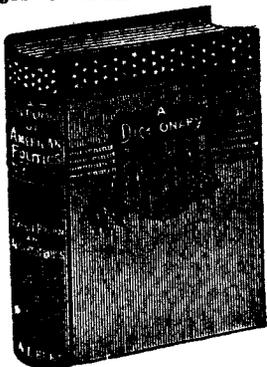
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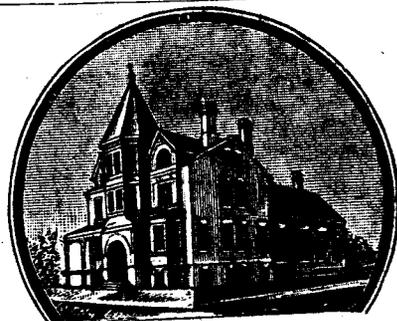
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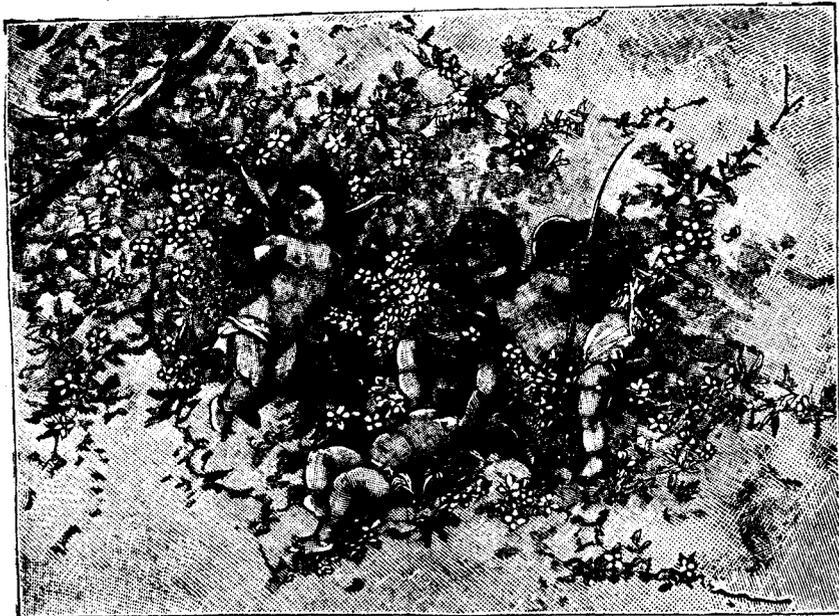
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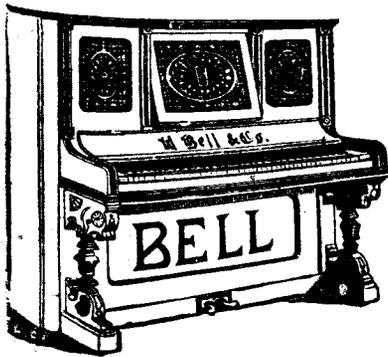
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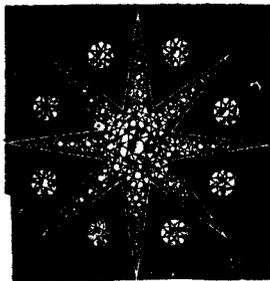
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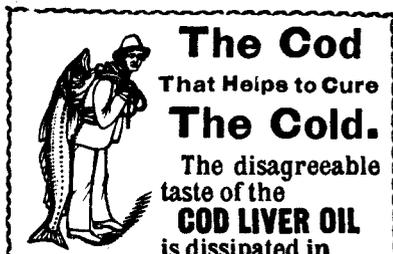
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