THE WEEK

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A ceremony that is to be repeated every year took place for the first time on Decoration Day, at Mount Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia. This was the raising of a flag over the grave of Betsy Ross, who made the first Stars and Stripes.

Lady Mildred Jessup, the youngest daughter of Lord Strathmore, has written the music of an opera, of which her husband wrote the libretto. The opera is called "Ethelinda," and has been produced in Florence, Italy, with great success.

"A little farm well tilled,
A little cellar well filled,
A little wife well willed."

What could you wish a man better than that? The last is not the least by any means, but how can a wife be well willed if she be the victim of those distressing maladies that make her life a burden? Let her take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and cure all painful irregularities, uterine disorders, inflammation and ulceration, prolapsus and kindred weaknesses. It is a boon and a blessing to women. Thousands are in the bloom of health through using it, when otherwise they would be under the sod. Are you a sufferer? Use it, or some day we may read—

A little wife self-willed,
Rosewood coffin early filled,
Spite of doctor well skilled.

Ovarian, Fibroid and other Tumors cured without surgery. Book, testimonials and references, mailed securely sealed for 10 cents in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

A typical Southern African household described by Oliver Schreiner had an English father, a half Dutch mother with a French name, a Scotch governess, a Zulu cook, a Hottentot housemaid and a Kaffir stable boy, while the little girl who waited on the table was a Basuto.

Thomas Nast, whose great success as a caricaturist has not killed his original desire to become an historical painter, spent last winter in the work of his heart, and produced two pictures on events of the War of the Rebellion. But, all the same, he is still likely to win more fame in black and white than in oils, says the *Hartford Courant*.

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CURRENT TOPICS.

The Parish Councils Act, soon to go into operation in England, is so often spoken of as the end of the rule of the Squire and the Parson, that one at a distance is likely to get the impression that those two influential classes are necessarily hostile to the change. Very many of them, we dare say, are. But it is pleasing to note that there are at least occasional instances in which the opposite is the fact. In his speech at Rotherham, on June 27th, Mr. John Morley quoted a very pleasing extract from a letter written by a Yorkshire clergyman to a friend, in which a meeting of ratepayers held to consider the subject is described. The meeting, the clergyman says, was the largest ever known of men only. It seemed that every ratepayer must have been present. He was struck with astonishment at the lively interest displayed, and has no doubt that the Act will arouse the people of all classes and bring "out of apathy and indifference forces which would have remained dormant but for the Act.' The closing words of the letter are worth quoting for the excellent spirit manifested, as well as for the hopeful view they present of the probable effects of the Act:

"Hitherto I have taken little interest in ratepayers' meetings, for the simple reason that I have always disliked the *ex officio* which my benefice confers, and which I am delighted to see the new Act sweeps away." "It is because I want to help my neighbors and parishioners to rouse themselves and take the powers and privileges conferred upon them by this Act, and to use them for the common good of all, that I have taken this part in these affairs, and my only wish is to serve my day and generation; and I do sincerely hope that all my brethren will strive to make this new measure of parochial self-government a power for good in their several parishes."

The action of the Government, and of Parliament under its leadership, in the case of Mr. Turcotte, brings before us a fresh sample of a species of partisan dealing which we had vainly hoped would become extinct under the *regime* of Sir John Thompson. That anyone could read the evidence given before the Committee on Privileges and Elections and have any serious doubt that Mr. Turcotte was the real contractor and beneficiary in the transactions in question, is almost beyond conception. It seems scarcely possible that those members of the Commons who voted for a verdict of not proven could have had any real doubts as to the facts of the case. The most charitable conclusion is that they satisfied their consciences with a technicality. In form, the contract was made with Mr. Prevost. He signed it and the cheques were drawn to his order. Hence the Independence Act was not violated in the letter, obvious though it was that it was grossly violated in its spirit and intent. All honour to these high-minded supporters of the Government who refused to vote with it on this occasion! Such men in Parliament are the hope of our politics. In view of the revelations which are being made in the Curran Bridge investigation, there is great need that every man, on either side of the House, who is prepared to put the country before party and honour before success should take some energetic action to elevate the standard of political morality in the Dominion and especially in the Province of Quebec. It is amazing how many there are in all grades of life who deem it no harm to defraud the public treasury. It is even more amazing that these men are so often given the opportunity. There must surely be many contractors and other business men, and many officials who are honest and upright. How is it that those who are of the opposite description so often get the preference?

The total decrease in the revenue of the United States for the fiscal year ending with the month of June, 1894, as compared with that of the previous year, is measured by the enormous sum of $89,000,000. The actual excess of expenditure over revenue was $70,000,000, the difference being accounted for by a reduction of expenditures to the amount of between $17,000,000 and $18,000,000, and a balance on hand at the beginning of the year of about $2,000,000. Of the total falling off in receipts, $71,000,000 was in customs and only about $14,000,000 in internal revenue. While these figures mean, no doubt, a good deal of cutting down of expenditure in articles of luxury, the want of which did not materially affect the comfort or well-being of the wealthy who were affected by it, they also mean a vast deal of economy that was felt, if not of actual privation, in myriads of families previously accustomed to a fair share of the comforts and conveniences of life. But who can measure the amount of actual destitution and suffering which is revealed in those same figures? It must be borne in mind, however, as the *Nation* points out, that a very large portion of the falling off in importations indicated by this loss of revenue was due, not to business depression, but to anticipated tariff changes. And the most vexatious part of the affair, to those whose business interests have been so seriously affected, not only to their own personal detriment but to the loss of all who were in any way dependent upon that business, must have been that the greater part of this injury was caused directly by the procrastination of Congress. This procrastination is still going on, and though somewhat better progress has been made of late, it is even now impossible to predict, with any degree of assurance, how long the uncertainty will continue, or even whether a Tariff Bill will be passed at all during the present session.

The Budget which has now been passed by the British Commons is a radical, some would say almost a revolutionary measure. As explained by Mr. John Morley, in the speech referred to in another paragraph,

its two great principles are that equality of taxation ought to mean equality of sacrifice, and that great wealth is to contribute at a higher rate than moderate property. In the death duties, moreover, for the first time, land is to be on the same footing with other forms of property. The first two principles will be seen, on inspection, to be essentially one. That one had already been recognized, as it is in this country, in the provision for the exemption from taxation of incomes falling below a certain minimum. It is a principle which, once it is clearly accepted, admits of extension to an indefinite extent. In the form in which Mr. Morley expresses it, that equality of taxation ought to mean equality of sacrifice, it is hard to set any limits to the extent to which it is capable of being pressed. To tax the income of a millionaire until he was made to feel the sacrifice as the mechanic or farmer with an income of a few hundreds feels it, would at present, whatever the future may have in store, be regarded as little better than an act of confiscation. Replying to the Duke of Devonshire's argumen that under the new taxation the landed proprietors would not be able to keep up their estates as heretofore, and that, consequently, these taxes would react unfavourably upon the poor by depriving them of employment to which they were accustomed, Mr. Morley said: "It is you and I who have been keeping up the pleasure grounds. If the Duke pays so much less than his proper share, in order to perform these public duties, you and I have to pay so much more. It is we who keep up Chatsworth." This leaves us where we were, the real question being what is the proper share or proportion of an estate like Chatsworth?

There are evidently possibilities of serious trouble in connection with the Korean affair. The ambassadors of both China and Japan, in England, protest that their respective Governments wish to avoid conflict with each other. Nevertheless Japan's attitude is not that of one who is prepared to yield her claims readily, even under the advice of the great European powers, while China is likely to be emboldened by the outspoken determination of Russia to prevent Japanese success, should a struggle arise. There is no doubt that Russia would be glad to have a reasonable pretext for the occupation of Korea, which would supply her great need of a Pacific seaport better than Vladivostock, where her strong fleet is now assembled. But, on the other hand, England is opposed to any such arrangement, and has, it is believed, plainly intimated that she cannot permit her great Northern rival to interfere in the quarrel. It is therefore not impossible that the outbreak of hostilities between China and Japan would precipitate a conflict between Russia and Great Britain. The Chinese claim to the country is said to be based upon aid granted in 1720 to the usurping and successful Khan Amursana. Japan seems to base her claims largely upon the fact that she is the chief purchaser of Korea's products, and that her traders advance money every year to the farmers of Korea on their crop prospects. Russia's claim rests upon her absorption of Bokhara and Khokand, whose Khans formerly received homage from Korean tribes, while England's rights were derived through the conquests made by the Afghan ruler a few years since. As in almost all cases, England has the lion's share of the trade, supplying the Koreans largely with cotton and other goods. Of late years the Koreans have made wonderful strides in civilization and commerce, and, as a natural consequence, are less disposed to submit to the exactions of either native magistrates or wealthy foreigners. Hence the internal struggles which have created the present situation.

We are glad to see that the question of the tunnel under the Bay for the purpose of securing a safe and abundant water supply, in accordance with the recommendation of the City Engineer, has again been brought to the front by the Mayor's message, and is occupying to some extent the attention of the Council. Was it not a tactical mistake, however, on the part of the Mayor, to bring forward the other great need—that of the trunk sewer—at the same time? We have on previous occasions expressed ourselves strongly on the sewer question, and we still consider it a disgrace to the city and a reproach to the intelligence and the "niceness" of its people, that they have so long continued to let the waters of their beautiful Bay be defiled with the rivers of pollution which are being constantly poured into it. But "one thing at a time" is an excellent practical motto, whose value Mayor Kennedy must have learned in the course of his business experience. To bring two such gigantic enterprises before the city fathers in the same breath could hardly fail to cause hesitation and delay in respect to both. It seems to us that his recommendation would have been more affective had he decided in his own mind which of the two was of the most immediate and pressing importance, and concentrated the attention of the Council, if possible, as well as his own energies, on that, until active measures had been taken for hastening its accomplishment.

Urgently necessary as both improvements are, it seems to us clear that the tunnel is the more immediately pressing. There are two reasons in particular why this should have the precedence and be pushed forward with the utmost energy. Upon the chief of these we have dwelt in a recent article. It is, in a word, the ever-present danger of a failure of the present system and a recurrence of a period of foul water, with its attendant disease. The other reason, if any other can be needed, for giving this project first place, is that, with the Engineer's report and other information already gained before us, there is left very little room for doubt as to what is the best and only reliable plan to adopt. On the other hand, it is by no means so clear that the plan of a trunk sewer, intercepting the streams of sewage only to change their course and turn them into another part of the lake, is the wisest and best way of meeting the difficulty. It is even possible that while purifying the bay we might be but placing the sewage in a position where it would be even more likely to taint the source of our water supply. In our opinion every inquiry should be made with regard to the feasibility of purifying the sewage itself, by eliminating and destroying its noxious elements, before letting it enter the waters of the lake at any point. By all means let the sewer scheme drop into the background for a little, or let ample time be taken to insure the adoption of the best possible method for the disposal of the sewage, and let the main problem be at once and forever solved by the construction of the tunnel with all practicable speed.

Thanks largely to President Cleveland's resolute attitude and action, the great strike is virtually at an end. The forces of law and order have proved too strong for those of anarchy. One of the results can hardly fail to be that the men of the labour organizations must see, whether their leaders do so or not, that their cause has been seriously injured by the ill-advised or at least ill-managed revolt, and the outrages which have accompanied it. It is hard to say to what extent the strikers were the real culprits in the assaults upon persons and the wholesale and wanton destruction of property, which aroused the indignation of the whole nation against them. But their strike furnished the opportunity and they will be held responsible. It can hardly be denied, moreover, that their denunciations of unlawful and violent deeds was not so vehement as it should have been had the majority really had no sympathy with the perpetrators of the outrages. An investigation, if one is held, will probably show that many of the strikers quickly go beyond the control of the leaders and do dastardly deeds in spite of any efforts that may be made to restrain them, though there can be no doubt, we suppose, that the most savage outrages are the work of anarchists and others of the lawless classes with whom the labour unions have really nothing to do. The sincerest friends of the labourers and those who have most sympathy with their more reasonable demands, will deeply regret the injury—an injury that may prove in some respects almost irreparable—which has been done to their cause by this terrible outbreak.

President Cleveland has won golden opinions from almost all classes, by the de-

cision and promptness he displayed in a very difficult position. His action will, in all probability, constitute a precedent for guidance in the future, should similar outbreaks occur. But their recurrence is doubtful. It will not be surprising should public opinion, now so thoroughly aroused, compel the adoption of some stringent legislation for the prevention of "sympathetic strikes" in the future. This it will be very difficult to do, without subjecting labour organizations to great hardship, if not positive injustice. But it seems to be characteristic of a Republic that, once thoroughly provoked by the inconvenience and loss which are the outcome of too great laxity of administration, they will sometimes go to the other extreme, and pay less regard to abstract principles of justice and liberty than would be done under such a government as that of England. The President, it is true, with a readiness which did him honour, consented to the request of the unions to appoint a commission of arbitration, but it seems doubtful whether, in view of the absolute refusal of the Pullman Company to submit the question between themselves and their employees to arbitration, and in the absence of any law compelling such arbitration, anything can be done.

It is pretty evident, however, that the question between such firms and their employees cannot be allowed to rest on the principles which seem to the managers of that company so obvious, and which, in the excitement and resentment of the moment, a very large proportion of the press and people of the United States seem ready to accept as self-evident. The Pullman Company says, in substance: "The question whether we should raise the wages of our employees when to do so would mean an absolute loss to ourselves on every car we build, is one which cannot be submitted to arbitration." And a multitude of newspapers all over the land cry out in chorus: "That is right. The assumption that a firm of business men shall not be permitted to conduct their business in their own way is one which cannot be admitted for a moment." Now it is not necessary to accept without reserve all the stories which are current with regard to the wonderful profits which have been derived from the operations of the Pullman Company in past years, in order to see that there is another side to such questions, and that peace cannot be established on a permanent basis between capital and labour until this is fairly recognized. Assuming, for argument's sake, the truth of the current report that this Company has put aside within the last few years twenty-five millions of dollars, and that it had last year a clear profit of over six millions, it can require no great penetration to see that the workmen whose labours are the chief factor in the production of this wealth, are, in simple justice, entitled to some better treatment than the cutting down of their wage in order to compel them to bear the whole loss, so soon as the business takes an unfavourable turn for a season. Any legislation which could be enacted to prevent such injustice might be too socialistic, but it would be a great additional hardship should the State decide to tie the hands of the workmen, in the struggle, by forbidding them to consolidate their forces with those of other labourers, liable to similar treatment, in order that they may help each other in case of need by sympathetic strikes, the only possible way, so far as they can at present see, of putting themselves to some extent on an eqality with their opponents. Of course, we are not advocating or defending such strikes, but simply trying to put ourselves, for the moment, in the place of the employees, to see how the thing looks from their standpoint. There must be some way of serving the public interests without doing grievous injustice to the weaker party in this great industrial war.

CANADA MAKING HISTORY.

The sitting of the International Conference, the ratification of the French Treaty, and the voting of an annual subsidy of three-fourths of a million of dollars for a fast Canadian Atlantic steamship service, in a single week, make up a tolerably ambitious record for a colonial capital. It is not improbable that each of these events may mark an epoch of some importance in Canadian history.

The general bearing and significance of the Conference have already been treated of pretty fully by our contributors and ourselves. No official record of its proceedings is yet before us, from which to frame a forecast of the immediate practical effect of the Conference. The attendance was, we think, remarkably good under the circumstances. No room is left for doubt as to the thoroughly representative character of the delegates. The banquet served a good purpose in promoting mutual acquaintance between some of the foremost men of our sister colonies and an influential section of the Canadian public. From this time forth the colonists who live on opposite sides of the globe will feel to be better acquainted with each other than before. The statesmen of each will understand better the chief characteristics and commercial capacities of the other colonies, and will be helped by the knowledge to work advisedly for the promotion of such interchanges as can be made with mutual profit. If the electrical communication to which the Conference has unequivocally committed itself shall become a fact accomplished in the near future, this interchange will be greatly facilitated. But, historically, the chief significance of the Conference will, in all probability, be found in the fact of its being the first of a series of such conferences, originating with the colonies and meeting in a colony. Thus it will constitute a new departure in colonial history. It is not necessary to be sanguine as to the possibility, or even the desirability, of an imperial federation in order to see that nothing but good can result from the closest practical drawing together of the colonies in commerce and in cousinly good feeling.

While Canada is to be congratulated on the fact, which stands out so clearly on the face of the French Treaty, that her right to make her own commercial bargains is now practically conceded, it is unfortunate that her first essay in this direction should be so little adapted to arouse enthusiasm. The hostility to the provisions of this treaty on the part of those interested in the manufacture of Canadian wines, on the one hand, and the advocates of prohibition, on the other, is scarcely more disparaging in effect than the faint praise which was accorded it by the Minister to whom it fell to introduce the treaty in the House, and others who supported it, some of them on the doubtful ground that Parliament was in honor bound to ratify it. Nor can one shut his eyes to the fact that the large majority given for it by the French members was due to sentimental rather than to commercial considerations. The general, or at least a widely prevalent opinion seemed to be that our first attempt at treaty-making had resulted in our giving a good deal in return for a very little. While we cannot concur in that view, seeing that we are unable to regard the cheapening of any really useful commodity for our own citizens as an act of generosity to those from whom that commodity is procured, it cannot be considered otherwise than unfortunate that a commercial bargain should have the appearance of being glaringly one-sided. But now that the thing is done, we can but hope that the event will prove it so useful in promoting trade with France that its beneficial effect upon our commerce will countervail any apparent inequality in the terms of the arrangement which opens the way for such increase.

One principle involved in one of the arguments in support of the treaty, which is above referred to, and which was pressed upon the floor of Parliament, seems worthy of fuller consideration. The question suggested is whether the negotiation of a treaty by the Canadian High Commissioner, or any other agent accredited by our Government, does or does not bind Parliament in honor to ratify the agreement. In other words, is the reservation of such a treaty for the ratification of Parliament a real condition, or a mere empty form? The difference of opinion which obtained in regard to this point must have been embarrassing to any among the supporters of the Government who did not at heart approve the treaty, but who would not wish to put the Administration in an awkward predicament. There is certainly much to be said in favour of the British and European practice, which makes the signature of the plenipotentiary representing the Government binding. It

must greatly facilitate treaty-making when the foreign nation can feel that whatever agreement may be reached through mutual concessions can be regarded as not subject to rejection by any authority behind or above that of the agent or the Government which he represents. Practically the question may not have much meaning under our responsible system, inasmuch as the Government's followers may usually be relied on to support it in carrying out its engagements, while it would not be easy, under any circumstances, to persuade the members of an Opposition that they were under any obligations in the matter. Yet it is conceivable that an Administration, having become convinced after negotiating a treaty that it had made a mistake, might take advantage of the provision for the ratification of Parliament as a means of escape from the consequences of their lack of judgment. One thing, however, is likely to be learned from the present case. Future Administrations will be very likely to keep in close communication with their agent or commissioner and see to it that he does not bind them to conditions which they have not carefully considered and approved. The course taken by the Minister of Finance, at the previous session, makes it pretty clear that that precaution was not sufficiently observed throughout in the negotiation of the treaty now in question.

The promise of the Atlantic steamship subsidy is undoubtedly a bold step. Three-quarters of a million of dollars is a large sum for five millions of people, not over-wealthy, to pay every year to a single steamship company. The intercolonial negotiations may be carried on cautiously and at leisure. The French Treaty may be "denounced," if Canada is found to be getting the worst of the bargain. But the subsidy once voted must be paid year by year, so long as the Company fulfils its part of the contract, whatever may be the state of the exchequer or the results of the experiment. The Canadian Pacific Railway was a still bolder experiment, yet few would now be willing to pronounce it a mistake or a failure, however many may regret that the interests of the people were not more carefully guarded and conserved. There is a striking similarity between the arguments by which that great enterprise was supported and opposed and those used in regard to the subsidy. Nor can it be said that, however proud we may be of the railway, it has thus far been a marked success so far as the main reason for its construction, the promotion of immigration and the settlement of the great prairies, is concerned. It is impossible that a great stream of travel, much less of traffic, can be directed across the continent without the country through which it passes being benefitted, at least at certain points, to a considerable extent. Yet there is room for very serious question whether the extent of such benefits can reasonably be expected to be such as to justify an enormous expenditure to procure them. We can conceive of a strong argument being made to prove that the use of $750,000 a year in some carefully studied, direct way for the encouragement of agriculture and other industries throughout the Dominion might do more for the promotion of immigration and settlement than the fast ocean service can possibly do. It might not be found easy to answer satisfactorily the practical question of the farmer or mechanic, or even of the manufacturer or merchant, who should ask for demonstration in regard to the particular return he might expect for his share in the increased taxation required for the payment of the subsidy.

On the whole, however, we confess to a preference for the bold policy. The Mother Country, whose experience in such matters is of the highest possible value, seems to be strongly in favour of the subsidizing of ocean steamships as the most effective means of promoting commerce. If the new arrangement should be even moderately successful in attracting travel to the Canadian transcontinental route, the effect can hardly fail to be to bring our country, with all its undeveloped resources and possibilities, more prominently before the European world. Our great wants are capital and population. We, as patriotic Canadians, are persuaded that all that is needed in order to obtain these in ever-increasing proportions, is a better knowledge of what our country has to offer in the way of inducement. The new route, if fairly patronized, will do more than anything else of which we can conceive, to diffuse such knowledge.

One thing is, we think, and we have no doubt that very many of our readers will be of the same opinion, to be deeply regretted. The refusal of the Government to adopt the suggestion, that it should, as a condition of granting so magnificent a subsidy, insist on retaining some effectual control of the freight rates, was surely a grave, almost a fatal mistake. What more reasonable condition could be exacted? The Finance Minister's statement, that the Government never attempted to control freight rates, was a confession of weakness that does the Government no credit. That it has no control of the rates of the great railway which was almost built with the public money is a reproach which it should not have been willing to incur a second time. Surely a reasonable control of prices should be a first condition of the creation of any monopoly, even though it were not aided with immense contributions from the public funds. It is to be most earnestly hoped that such representations may yet be made, before the contract is irrevocably signed, that the Government will recede from its untenable position in this respect and retain at least some power of arbitration, if nothing more, as a means of guarding the great interests of the country which are now committed to its keeping.

ALCOTT, THE CONCORD MYSTIC.*

On Monday, February 18, 1878, after a pleasant mid-day dinner at Mr. Emerson's Concord home, we withdrew to the philosopher's library. The talk had been about Turner and his wonderful colouring, and from him to Miss May Alcott was an easy transition, for it was to this lady and her art that John Ruskin paid a very handsome and deserved compliment. I consider, he said, in so many words, that Miss Alcott was the only person living who had a right, by virtue of her genius, to copy the enduring masterpieces of Turner. In the height of her fame this lady died at Paris, the wife of Ernest Nieriker. Her sister Louisa, who survived her a few years, wrote some touching lines to her memory, entitled Our Madonna. We had spoken but little about May Alcott, when Mr. Emerson, whose fancy that delightful afternoon was especially nimble, turned to me and said, "Of course you have met Bronson Alcott." At that time I had not, but I had been interested in the story of his life and had looked into one or two of his books. Tablets had impressed me less than the others, I had to confess. Mr. Alcott's literary manner was not always graceful, but his thought appeared to me to be very rich and striking. The ideal held possession of him very strongly. He was often mystical, and he had certainly an odd way of grouping his favorites, such as Plato, whose writings he read, said Mr. Emerson "without surprise," Pythagoras, the high priest of his philosophy, and the moderns, Hawthorne, Carlyle, Emerson and Thoreau. All through his writings there was an air of sincerity which provoked sympathy for the author and his theme. "Alcott's books," said Mr. Emerson, suddenly turning round in his chair, "are mistakes. He shouldn't write; his forte is to talk." And those who have followed the career and examined the life-work of this kindly old man will agree with Emerson's dictum.

Amos Bronson Alcott was born at Wolcott, Connecticut, on the 27th of November, 1799. There is no need here to describe his way of life during his early years. All that is worth recording in that respect will be found in his poem, "New Connecticut," a privately printed volume, enriched by copious notes. He was a close student of philosophy from the very first, and Transcendentalism,—that intellectual episode, as some one has not inaptly termed it—soon claimed him. Indeed, he was one of the great prophets and heralds of the faith in New England, and though he never belonged to the Brook-farm Association, he linked his fortunes with a similar undertaking on a farm at Harvard, to which he gave the name of Fruitlands. This project embraced, among other things, the planting of a family order, whose chief aim was to afford a means of enjoying a quiet, pastoral life. It was a dream, a romance, a transcendental figure. Its tenets were good and noble, for they comprised love of true

* 1. A. Bronson Alcott, his life and philosophy by F. B. Sanborn and Wm. T. Harris. 2 vols.

2. Transcendentalism in New England, by O. B. Frothingham.

3. The Record of a School, exemplifying the principles and methods of moral culture, by Elizabeth Peabody

4. Concord Days, by A. Bronson Alcott.

5. Louisa May Alcott, her life, letters and journals, edited by Ednah D. Cheney.

holiness, love of all humanity, love of nature, love of all heroic things and aspirations. To carry out the principles of this hopeful organization was no easy task. It required self-denial and faith and an endurance beyond that which falls to the common lot of man. An estate of about a hundred acres was secured. The spot was chosen for its picturesque beauty and pastoral simplicity. The long lines of purple-tinted hills, the pretty streamlets that flowed through the farm lands, the groves of nut, maple and pine trees, and the mossy dells near by, contributed to this Eden their choicest favors. Here the experiment was tried. Ten individuals, of whom five were children, formed the little circle. Work was begun immediately and a conscientious effort appears to have been made to bring the idea to a successful issue. A library containing the records of piety and wisdom, was a marked feature of the scheme and to it the members repaired in their hours of relaxation. The plan provided also for the culture and mental improvement of the inmates. The prosecution of manual labour was, of course, one of the primary objects, for Mr. Alcott had implicit faith in the co-operation of the head and hands. Every member worked with the utmost diligence and spirit. There was no shirking of duties. The inhabitants belonged to one family. All worked for all. Love for one another was the fundamental law which was respected and recognized and believed in. The project failed, however, and Fruitlands is remembered now as a chimerical experiment. It was never as important as the Brook-farm episode, or as lusty as Adin Ballou's solution of the culture and labour problem at Milford, but the founder never lost faith in the ultimate success of his bantling. He only thought when the fancy picture which his imagination conjured up had disappeared, that the members were not prepared to actualize practically the life he had been so careful to plan. He only postponed the fulfilment of his spectacular dream to a more propitious season.

As early as 1835, Mr. Alcott adopted the tenets of Pythagoras and the Italic School of Philosophy, and accepting the dietetic peculiarities, he became a strict vegetarian. He observed the rules of diet as he practised the teachings of his religion. He was as uncompromising in the one case as he was in the other. An authenticated story is told of an argument which once took place between him and a sagacious man of the world on the question of vegetables as articles of diet. The mystagogue put forward as his reason for abstinence from animal food that one thereby distanced the animal; for the eating of beef encouraged the bovine quality, and the pork diet repeats the trick of Circe, the fabulous sorceress, and changes, at will, men into swine. But, said the sapient man of the world, if abstinence from animal food leaves the animal out, does not the partaking of vegetable food put the vegetable in? I presume the potato diet will change man into a potato. And what if the potatoes be small? The philosopher's reply to this is not recorded.

The first years of Mr. Alcott's manhood were devoted to educational purposes. His best days, then, were spent in teaching small children. As a teacher he was an experiment—an exceedingly bold experiment. Pestalozzi, the Zurich philosopher, in his humble home—for he sprang from the people—laid the foundation of a system which obtains largely in our day in the Normal Schools of Europe and in many of the scholastic establishments in the United States. He treated everything in a concrete way. He originated object teaching. He taught the child to reason, and he introduced moral and religious training as a part of his plan. But the Swiss professor was too far advanced for his day. His school languished, and after it had involved him in financial ruin, he was forced to give it up for want of means to carry it on. In America, Mr. Alcott founded a school which boasted of similar principles. Strange as it may appear Alcott had never heard of Pestalozzi, nor did he know anything of his methods. The idea was original with him, so far as he knew. He thought it all out, and it was some years afterward when he had put the system into active and practical operation, that he heard of the Zurich School. Pestalozzi, at that time, was in his grave. Alcott opened his school in Boston. Margaret Fuller, Elizabeth Peabody, the famous apostle of the kindergarten system, Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne and other distinguished people took a warm interest in the proceedings. The school was held in the Masonic Temple. The room was very tastily furnished and appointed. There were busts of Socrates, of Shakespeare, of Milton and of Scott, pieces of statuary representing Plato, and the image of silence, with outstretched finger, and a cast in bas-relief of the Messiah Several pictures and maps hung on the walls and the interior furnishing was of a class likely to interest and encourage the æsthetic tastes of the smallest children. The pupils ranged in age from three to twelve years, and the progress they made in their studies was simply amazing. The strictest discipline was enforced, and on certain aggravated occasions the teacher himself endured the punishment at the hands of those who had transgressed the rules. Mr. Alcott insisted on the individual attention of his pupils and permitted no idle or careless moments. The replies to his questions were never given parrot-like. They were the result always of a liberal and conscientious exercise of the reasoning faculty. The children were taught to think for themselves, to reason and to give their own impressions of a subject. Some of them, scarcely four years of age, returned answers to questions which would put to the blush many boys of sixteen or eighteen years old. The replies showed extraordinary familiarity with philosophical, literary and religious topics. Nor were the ordinary branches, as taught in the public schools, neglected, drawing, mathematics, penmanship and the dead languages receiving, also, due attention. Miss Peabody's especial care was the Latin class. The children, apparently, were not crammed. Their progress was but the natural result of the peculiar system in operation. We may count on our fingers the precocious tots who could read books at four and five years of age, but these are the Johnsons, and Chattertons, and Macaulays and Whipples. Mr. Alcott had in his school no fewer than thirty children who could not only read and understand such books as Bunyan's Allegory, Krummacher's Fables, Æsop's Fables, Wordsworth's poems and many others, but they could criticise the thoughts and meanings of these authors with remarkable perspicacity. Here is an example. Reading one day Wordsworth's great ode—the Lakeside poet's masterpiece, which will outlive all his other work, as Tennyson's Idyls of the King will survive his dramas and other poetry—Mr. Alcott stopped at a verse and asked the little group before him what effect the rainbow, the moon and the waters on a starry night had on ourselves. "There are some minds," he went on, "which live in the world and yet are insensible; which do not see any beauty in the rainbow, the moon, and the waters on a starry night." And he read the next stanza, that glorious burst which tells of the animation and beauty of the spring, and, pausing at every line, he asked questions. "Why are the cataracts said to blow their trumpets?" said he. A little girl replied, "Because the waters dash against the rocks." The echoes thronging through the woods, led out to the recollections of the sound in the woods in spring; to echoes which they had severally heard. "What a succession of beautiful pictures," exclaimed one very little girl rapturously. The pupils held their breath as Mr. Alcott read:—

"But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

When he ceased reading the verse, he waited a moment, and then said, "Was that a thought of life?" "No, a thought of death," said several.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting"—

"How is that?" asked the teacher. After a pause, one of the more intelligent lads, eight years old, said he could not imagine. The two oldest girls said that they understood it but could not explain it in words. "Do you understand it?" said Mr. Alcott to a little boy of five, who was holding up his hand. "Yes sir." "Well, what does it mean?" "Why, you know," said the little fellow, very deliberately, "That for all that our life seems so long to us, it is a very short time to God." This was not an unusual occurrence. Every day the exercises were carried on in the same way, and the most interesting things were developed. Great latitude of expression was encouraged, and pains were taken to make the pupils speak out without hesitancy or fear. Conscience was made a study. The general conscience of a school, Mr. Alcott was frequently heard to declare, was the highest possible aim. The soul, when nearest infancy, was the purest, the noblest, the truest and the most moral. The very artlessness which children possessed led them to express their convictions with strongest impressions. The moral judgments of the majority, urged the teacher, would be higher than their conduct, and the few whose conduct was more in proportion to their moral judgment would keep their high place. The innocent he sometimes punished alike with the guilty, justifying the correction administered on the ground that it tended to enlist the sentiment of honor and noble shame in the cause of circumspect conduct and good behavior.

The intellectual influences which were brought to bear, were in nearly all cases, and in all respects salutary. Investigation and self-analysis also formed part of the plan. Mr. Alcott read and told stories to the children, and related incidents which were calculated to arouse within them various moral emotions, enquiry and intellectual action. Journal-writing was another feature in the school, which was prosecuted with good effect, and lessons in English composition were made very useful and

entertaining. Of course, as in the case of Pestalozzi, there were many objections raised against Mr. Alcott's school. Some thought that one faculty was cultivated more than another, that the children were instructed far beyond their mental capacity, and that the body was weakened, and the brain was hurried on to the very verge of destruction. It was averred that so much study would ultimately ruin the children and render them unfit for the active duties of life. They would become mere intellectual monstrosities. But the teacher's faith in his system remained firm. He began a series of conversations on the gospels, and continued the lectures for some time with surprising results. The newspapers, however, were dissatisfied, and a furious onslaught was made on the school in many of the leading journals of New England. It was attacked religiously, intellectually, medically and systematically. Boston was aroused to white heat, old-time prejudices were shocked, and the narrow sectarian spirit openly rebelled against the teachings of the mystic philosopher. The school fell from forty pupils to ten, the receipts dropped from $1,794 to $343. The blow descended soon after, and in April, 1839, the furniture, library and apparatus were sold to pay the debts.

Miss Peabody, Mr. Alcott's assistant, has given in her volume, the Record of a School, full details of the plan and scope of the teacher's system. It is sometimes tedious reading. A more entertaining account of the school may be found in Miss Louisa Alcott's brilliant story of Little Men, the scenes of which were suggested by the Temple School.

Harriet Martineau was startled at what she called Mr. Alcott's strange management of children, and in the third volume of her society in America, she gives freely and dogmatically her opinion on the subject. On her return to England from America, she spoke to Mr. Greaves—a follower and early friend of Pestalozzi about Mr. Alcott, and enlisted the attention at once of that gentleman, who wrote a long letter, and actually meditated a visit to New England for the sole purpose of seeing Alcott and learning his views. He even gave the name of Alcott House to the school which he had established near London, on the Pestalozzian principle. Mr. Greaves died, however, before he could carry into execution his intention of visiting the United States.

In 1837 Mr. Alcott was the father of Transcendentalism, the moving spirit and friend of that remarkable movement. He regularly attended the meetings of the peripatetic club, which met at the private houses of the members from 1836 to 1850, and always gave it his warmest support and sympathy. In speculative thought he was a leader. In spiritual philosophy he was an earnest teacher. He had not the critical instinct of Ripley nor the wisdom of Emerson, nor the bright pictorial fancy of Curtis, nor the studiousness of Margaret Fuller, but he had great faith in, and loyalty to, the religion which was putting forth its buds and blossoms in every town and village of New England. He was stern and unyielding, and thoroughly saturated with his principles. Everything he did, he did with all his might, with all his soul. When William Lloyd Garrison asked him to join the American Anti-Slavery Society he held out his hand and said, "I am with you in that cause to the end." He also sympathized with the movement for the emancipation of women, and was one of the reformers of 1840 who met to discuss plans of universal reform.

His early life in Concord provoked criticism in certain circles. He was regarded as a foolish visionary and an improvident man. For a while he supported himself during the summer months by tilling the soil, and in the winter time he chopped wood. It was at this time that he sent his series of papers to the *Dial*; the articles which bore the signature of Orpheus. They were looked upon with suspicion, however, and his Orphic sayings became a by-word. Dr. Channing loved Orpheus at the plough, but he cared little for him in the *Dial*. But Orpheus as a man or as a writer, was the same in heart, in feeling and in principle. He was honest and faithful through everything.

In 1843 he withdrew from civil society, and, like Henry Thoreau, four years later, refused to pay his taxes and was cast into jail. A friend interceded and paid them for him, and he was released, though the act gave him pain and annoyance. Shortly before this happened he went to England and became acquainted with a number of friends of "The First Philosophy." He was hospitably received, and his advent among the disciples of this faith was the signal for meetings for the discussion of social, religious, philosophical and other questions. The assemblies took place principally at the Alcott House, and were composed of Communists, Alists, Syncretic Associationists, Pestalozzians, Hydropaths, Malthusians, Health Unionists, etc. The proceedings were said to have been interesting and, doubtless, they were. The *Dial* printed a copious abstract of what was done. Papers on formation, transition and reformation—all of a most ultra stripe—were read and commented on. Mr. Alcott took scarcely any part in the discussion, but he was very much interested in what occurred, and listened with marked attention to the opinions which were advanced. His sympathies remained unawakened, however, and the radicals gained no new convert to their cause. He returned home soon afterwards, and established with what success we already know, the little colony of Fruitlands.

In stature Mr. Alcott was tall and stately. He was as straight as an arrow and walked with a quick and firm step. Louise Chandler Moulton said that his face was a benediction, and his mild and persuasive voice never spoke one harsh or ungenerous word in all the many years he had spoken to his fellows. And Lowell in his Fable for Critics says:

"Yonder, calm as a cloud, Alcott stalks in a dream,
And fancies himself in thy groves, Academe
With the Panthenon nigh and the olive trees o'er him,
And never a fact to perplex him or bore him.

* * * *

For his highest conceit of a happiest state is
Where they'd live upon acorns and hear him talk gratis.

* * * *

When he talks he is great, but goes out like a taper,
If you shut him up closely with pen, ink and paper;
Yet his fingers itch for 'em from morning till night,
And he thinks he does wrong if he don't always write;
In this, as in all things, a saint among men,
He goes sure to death when he goes to his pen."

A better description of Alcott has not been written. It is true to the life and represents him as he always appeared to his friends. His place was not on the platform or in the pulpit; but he made a name in another department of mental activity. He was a talker of remarkable power and skill. Coleridge was probably unequalled in the art of graceful conversation, and his talks were frequently more interesting than his books. So it was with Alcott who was at his best in the drawing-room. For many years, every winter he used to visit the western and eastern cities of the United States where his conversations were recognized and popular institutions. He attracted learned and select audiences. The meetings were held in a large room and the guests ranged themselves around the speaker who occupied a central and commanding position. A topic of general interest would be started, and if not interrupted Mr. Alcott would talk for an hour or more elaborating his thought as he went along, now speculating with this fancy, now with that, but always saying something worth hearing. His talk was ever rich in quotation and in allusion. The wit was refined and delicate, the language admirable in its strength and beauty, and the melodious voice af the speaker charmed and impressed everyone who heard it. The last years of his life were shattered by disease. In 1882 he was stricken with paralysis, from which he never recovered. He lingered on until March, 1888, when he finally succumbed, preceding to the grave by a day or two, his more famous daughter Louisa.

GEORGE STEWART.

SUMMER.

Summer looked out from her brazen tower,
And the sun flashed deep from her golden hair,
And she gazed to the North through many an hour,
As her mild eyes filled with a maid's despair.

For Autumn, her strong-armed lover of old,
Had wandered for long from her lovely side;
And her young heart aged and her breast grew cold
As she looked o'er the fields and the woodlands wide.

And her eyes, once soft with a tender blue,
Were dimmed with the grey of her silent tears;
And her gold hair in from the tower she drew,
And down from the wall fell the brazen spears.

But her sweet face turned to the South again,
And her eyes in their wistful depths flashed blue.
As she looked on the sleeping fields of grain
And the fruit of the earth as it sun-flushed grew.

And the golden fields and the dreaming wheat
Lay long in the arms of the Summer in sleep,
And the heat of her lip on their cheek grew sweet
As the grain swayed down with her soft breath's sweep.

But the strong-armed wooer came over the hills,
And the maiden of dreams is drawn to his side;
And Summer shrinks close and her warm heart fills
As they wander away to the Northlands wide.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

MONTREAL LETTER.

The holiday season is in full blast and the railway stations and wharves present very lively scenes on the departure of each train or boat. The mammas and their daughters are in a state of excitement to the last minute and constantly get in the way of the baggage trucks to the annoyance of the perspiring baggageman who becomes somewhat reckless with the property of the pleasure-seeking public. Rows of papas stand for the last few moments at the long row of windows listening, attentively of course, to the parting instructions of the long rows of mammas, while the girls talk to their friends at a speed of two hundred and fifty words a minute in the upper key and the station resounds with the mingled sounds of merry screeches and escaping steam. The train draws out; the red light on the tail end of the last car disappears around the bend, the station is still, and the numerous papas walk out into the street. The papas dine at the cafe, they exchange notes on household duties and—exist.

Through the munificence of Sir Donald Smith the friends of the Deep Sea Mission have obtained a handsome steam yacht for the work along the Labrador coast. The vessel is well adapted for what she has to do, and Dr. Greenfell, who has been working among the fishermen, is exceedingly well pleased and will take command of her himself. The yacht has been christened "Sir Donald" in honor of the great benefactor.

According to the assessment roll just published the properties exempt from taxation in Montreal in 1893 amounted to $34,185,894, an increase of $11,390,724 over the previous year. The Roman Catholic churches exempt from taxation are placed at $2,770,800 and Protestant churches at $2,309,300; Roman Catholic Benevolent Institutions at $806,050 and Protestant Institutions at $4,162,000. The corporatian property exempt is assessed at $10,463,010 and Government property at $4,933,100. The total valuation of properties is over $165,000,000. The exemptions amount to more than one-fifth of the whole.

Quite a large number of delegates from all parts of Canada attended the Prohibition Convention held here last week. The proceedings were of the usual character and "Prohibition" was the theme at all the public meetings. The most interesting feature of the Convention was the appearance of General Neal Dow, "the Father of Prohibition," and Miss Willard, "the uncrowned Queen of the Platform" at the first evening session in the Monument National. Their reception was enthusiastic and both made stirring addresses.

The recent attack upon the pool-room pest of this city resulted in a repulse for the lovers of law and order and the acquittal of the keepers of the betting places. The evidence was apparently very clear in favor of a conviction, but the jury, after being shut up all night, failed to agree. Judge Wurtele's remarks to the jury were rather of a warm character and he denounced the verdict in scathing terms as an outrage upon justice and a disgrace to the community. The pool-room fraternity, however, promised "not to do it again."

The business community was startled by the sudden death of Mr. James Burnett, President of the Stock Exchange, early in the week. His death will be deeply regretted, for he was a man of high character, ability, and strict impartiality and showed uniform courtesy and kindness to everyone he came in contact with. He was a Scotchman and fifty-two years of age.

For the first time since the Hackett riots the Orangemen of this city paraded on Sunday last with bands and regalia and marched to church. There was no trouble, although the police created some little excitement by their hurrying along in patrol wagons to the scene of march in response to an alarm sent in by the officers on the beat who thought that all would not go right. The Orangemen marched to church and marched back again without any interference, but a big sigh of relief went up from the heart of the timid citizen when the whole thing was over.

The exposure of the wholesale smuggling of Chinese into the United States via Canada has caused quite a sensation in this city, the headquarters of operations. The American is cute, but the Mongolian is one too many for him, and not only has he passed through the lines in large numbers, but he has utterly demoralized the United States customs department in this section of the country which will result in the lopping off of several official heads. The contraband article was passed through most ingeniously. The operator made many trips over the line, each time taking with him new arrivals which were represented as "partners," in business in New York, Philadelphia or Boston, as the case may be, and as having lived there sometime or other. Perjury was committed wholesale. The Chinamen were well coached before any attempt was made to pass them through as to how to answer to the usual questions of name, age, name of firm, its location and the gentleman's interest in the business. Any greenhorn could easily do that when brought before the examining officers, and all who came answered satisfactorily and were passed through. Later on, however, the examiner took it into his head to ask other than the stereotyped questions and several were refused admission, not being sufficiently coached to answer them. After this the Celestial was taken in hand and thoroughly schooled before any attempt was made to pass him. He was taught a little English, shown pictures of the principal buildings in the city to which he was going, the kind of buildings near his pretended place of business, the streets in the vicinity, and the street car routes so that he could be well posted and able to answer the questions of the examiners. They learned their lessons well and succeeded up to the present time in humbugging the custom authorities. There are several places in the city where these Chinamen are kept and schooled.

H.

THE POET OF SUMMER.

One of the difficulties with which native Canadian poets have always had to contend has been the vast public to which they have addressed themselves, and its scattered nature.

This public is the English-speaking people, and to call a section of that public Canadian, and another section American, and another section English, suggests a political and not a literary detail.

Similarly, to call Duncan Campbell Scott a Canadian poet, and Holmes an American poet, and Browning an English poet, would suggest a biographical item in the case of each, but by no means a natural subdivision of literature.

A nation's literature is not the collection of literary works produced by writers born in that country, but the books which that nation reads. Geography and Politics and Biography are accidental, and have no significance in Art and Belles Lettres.

If anything so Scythian as success may be thought of in connection with the poet, and I have been led to infer that poets are all above the thought of success, it must be plain that for a Canadian poet to succeed, it will be necessary for him to succeed in English, which means success in New York and London, as well as in Toronto. Success in reality implies being read, and possibly purchased—but not being purchased, and possibly read.

Browning is certainly read as much in the United States as in England, and Lowell as much in England as in the United States.

The sections and the appendices of text books upon literature are generally accurate enough from a geographical standpoint, but rather meaningless from any other. The trick of penning up English, Scottish, American and Canadian poets in little herds by themselves, as if they had been particularly branded and had to stand together, has always seemed to me rather ludicrous. But this is not a heavy grievance to any one but the poet, and may be passed over by an indulgent and somewhat indifferent public.

There is perhaps no writer in the English language who brings to one's mind more vividly, and with more sweetness, the rich scents and colours of the summertime than Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott.

If Mr. Scott *must* be treated like a botanical species, it may be said that he has no Latin name, and that his geographical habitat is Ottawa, Canada. John Milton was born on Bread Street (or was it Milk Street?), London; but differences of time and place cannot hinder one from associating the two together.

Indeed, Mr. Scott's is the same poetry that the young Milton wrote at his father's country house in Buckinghamshire. The range is not very wide,

> "*Du grave au doux*,"

as Boileau has put it. I have left off the remainder of the verse, for "*du plaisant au sévère*" is a habit of mind which belongs to a later period in a poet's life. Real humor has an element of tragedy in it and is only found in genius more matured. True satire is perhaps the highest form of poetry.

It is in a gentler mood that Mr. Scott brings us the breath of summer. The enchantment

> And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
> With masque and antique pageantry;
> Such sights as youthful poets dream
> On summer eves by haunted stream.

He is almost entirely descriptive. There are some approaches to the greater lyric, but for the most part the level aimed at and kept is the pastoral. It is Canadian pastoral, furthermore, and his Northern countrymen will perhaps feel some of his poetry more strongly than the stranger. For example, this description of a scene by the river:

> There were some girls, Baptiste,
> Picking berries on the hillside,
> Where the river curls, Baptiste,
> You know,—on the still side:
> One was down by the water.

As one compares Mr. Scott with McLachlan, or Sangster, one will notice differences in style on every page. The old and the new have gone to nature independently. The difference between their treatment of nature, to use an old illustration, is the difference that exists between the

poets Theocritus and Virgil. This is the difference between the newer generation of Canadian poets and the older. Between Fréchette and Crémazie; Mair and Heavysege. It is possibly the difference between nature-inspired and book-inspired poetry. The zig-zag extremes of literature have all the methodic caprice of a typhoid fever chart. The Elizabethans were followed by Pope and Dryden.

But Mr. Scott, however firm may be the hold of the *fin de siécle* literary mannerisms upon him, is not a poet of manners or of form, but of feeling.

It is feeling, however, controlled by art. He does not remind one of Browning, as Mrs. S. Frances Harrison occasionally does, nor of Wordsworth, as Sangster does; but seems to have felt rather the influence of the Pre-Raphaelite school, whom he sometimes resembles, though without any like extravagances of expression. These not altogether safe influences have evidently been counteracted in good time by the purer canons of poetry, which Keats caught from the Elizabethans, and from Milton's bucolic verse, of which I have already hinted. The result on the whole is a general poetical style which has all the purity and control of Matthew Arnold, with a little less strength and considerably more sweetness.

Add to this an individuality which belongs to Mr. Scott, and to no one else in the world, and one may sit down content that he has, in general terms, described the standpoint of the poet to the reader, unfamiliar with his work; if a sense of having been guilty of an intolerable rudeness does not prevent him from feeling contented. For my own part, though to general readers there is no more facile way of conveying a clear idea of a poet than by such references as these to writers known to all, it always seems a rather heartless proceeding to resort to, and if space were forthcoming to make very elaborate extracts from the beautiful book before me, it would be more courteous, and certainly more just, to familiarize the reader with the writer's undoubted genius, in the way I suggest, than by the way of references, which I have followed.

Possibly the time may yet come when critical writing may be unnecessary and obsolete, like the hired mourners at the funeral, and the reader will insist upon going direct to the pages of the poet, without the meddlesome intervention of one who, in nine cases out of ten, is less capable of judging than they are themselves.

A few lines chosen at random will give at once a clear idea of Mr. Scott's style, and as poetry after all is a vast tesselation of phrases, I hardly think single lines beneath the dignity of particular notice—even though you, O Codrus, do raise your eyebrows at me! It was for the phrases and word compounds that Keats read Chapman.

I.

A rose leaf and a silver bee,
From some god's garden blown afar,
Go down the gold deep tranquilly.

II.

You know the joy of coming home,
After long leagues to France and Spain;
To feel the clear Canadian foam
And the Gulf water heave again.

III.

Floating your delicate freight
Out of the lilac tree,
Wind, you must waver a gossamer sail
To ferry ascent so light.

IV.

The oats hang tarnished in the golden fields.

V.

Down to St. Irénée!
It seemed as if the stars and flowers
Should all go there with me.

VI.

Then comes the lift and lull of plangent seas,
Swaying the light marish grasses more and more.

VII.

Dawn's rosy dome,
Based deep on buried crimson into blue,
Has made the fragile cobweb drenched with dew
A net of opals veiled with dreamy fire.

Some one now shall soon taunt me with that *bon mot* of Heirocles at the expense of the poor simpleton (Scholasticos) who was of a mind to sell his house, and finding it impossible to carry the house about with him, and the same difficulty in inducing people to go and look at it which real estate brokers have found in modern times, took a convenient brick from the wall, as a sample of the house's qualities, and tried to sell the house on the strength of the brick. But without the touch of a Burton there is something risky in the repetition of anecdotes; and I would assure you in brief that these bricks I come with are from the walls of "The Magic House," and how delicately they are pressed and smoothed you have learned, and are silent.

I have often thought that a very dainty anthology might be made in the selection of Canadian sonnets. Sangster and Heavysege have expressed themselves in this ideal form. It was his book of sonnets which Fréchette sent home to Paris to be crowned there. Lampman has written a number of sonnets so chaste and pure that I hardly think they have ever been surpassed. Mr. Scott has done little in the sonnet, but where he has chosen that form he has not marred it. Here is a train of thought, as one might call it—a brown study of the summer:

It would be sweet to think, when we are old,
Of all the pleasant days that came to pass;
That here we took the berries from the grass,
There charmed the bees with pans and smoke unrolled,
And spread the melon-nets when nights were cold,
Or pulled the blood-root in the underbrush,
And marked the ringing of the tawny thrush,
While all the west was broken, burning gold.

And so I bind with rhymes these memories;
As girls press pansies in the poet's leaves,
And find them afterwards with sweet surprise;
Or treasure petals mingled with perfume,
Loosing them in the days when April grieves—
A subtle summer in the rainy room.

Here is a lyric note. The morning has broken after the summer storm.

And now in the morning early,
The clouds are sailing by;
Clearly, oh! so clearly,
The distant mountains lie.

The wind is very mild and slow,
The clouds obey his will,
They part and part and onward go,
Travelling together still.

'Tis very sweet to be alive
On a morning that's so fair,
For nothing seems to stir or strive
In the unconscious air.

These extracts, perhaps clumsily chosen, will at least suggest the sunshine of June and the mellowness of the harvest, which is shed all through the poems. Sometimes the writer speaks with half-sad badinage, sometimes with regret, but generally the note is the note of the hope which is June's.

The piece which will perhaps become a part of one's life is a threnody ("In a Country Churchyard") somewhat in the style of "Lycidas" or "Thanatopsis" or "Intimations of Immortality." It is pervaded by the same optimism and full of the same sonorous music. It will not suffer by mention in the same breath with these other noble and perfect utterances of poesy. The opening lines are to the following effect. I will not venture to select any particular passage.

This is the acre of unfathomed rest,
These stones, with weed and lichen bound, enclose
No active grief, no uncompleted woes,
But only finished work and harbored quest,
And balm for ills;
And the last gold that smote the ashen west
Lies garnered here between the harvest hills.

This spot has never known the heat of toil,
Save when the angel with the mighty spade
Has turned the sod and built the house of shade;
But here old Chance is guardian of the soil:
Green leaf and gray,
The barrows blossom with the tangled spoil,
And God's own weeds are fair in God's own way.

Sweet flowers may gather in the ferny wood:
Hepaticas, the morning stars of spring;
The blood-roots with their milder ministring,
Like planets in the lonelier solitude;
And that white throng,
Which shakes the dingles with a starry brood,
And tells the robin his forgotten song.

After the remarks with which I prefaced this paper, I shall certainly not complain that such a thing should be, and yet it does seem strange that Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, of Ottawa, a gentleman who has lived all his life in Canada, and who is full of the new spirit of Canadian nationality, should be known in England better than at home. His last book, "The Magic House," which, taken as a piece of bookmaking, is the most beautiful book I think I ever saw, was published in England and received more than usual notice there. In the United States Mr. Scott is well known and very highly appreciated. For years I have been reading his poems and naïve prose papers in the American magazines, without imagining for a moment that the author was a resident of Canada and a native of Ontario. This I ascertained incidentally. Not improbably these remarks will serve the turn of surprising others in a similar manner.

The mass of the people do not read in the library. But if Longfellow and Tennyson are the poets of the ladies' room, and Browning of the Literary Society, and Wordsworth of the field and hillside and Locker of the drawing-room, Scott is the laureate of the summer, the poet of the hammock and beach, to be read in holiday pleasurings, in the mountains or by the sea or amid the lakes. On opening his page we feel

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound—
If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seemed, for her now pleases more.

EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD.

We should reflect, that whatever tempts the pride and vanity of ambitious persons is not so big as the smallest star which we see scattered in disorder and unregarded on the pavement of heaven.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

A FRAGMENT.

And finding that of fifty seeds
He often brings but one to bear,
I falter where I firmly trod.

When this I find, I falter not,
But lightly tread as one on air,
To see in Nature everywhere
Such lavishness. On wings of thought

I mount from realms of wood and field
Into the realm where words and deeds
Are broadcast sown, like fruitful seeds,
That shall a living harvest yield.

And here, as in the lower earth,
Are myriads that reward not toil,
That fall on rock or barren soil
Where feeblest life-spark ne'er had birth.

But while I tread in careless haste
Beneath my feet earth's scattered seed,
In this high realm of thought and deed,
How can I mourn a seeming waste?

MARTHA E. RICHARDSON.

PARIS LETTER.

One adjective suffices to describe the crime of which poor and inoffensive M. Carnot has been the victim—it is abominable. There are many points that are still obscure in the tragedy—rendered more tragic by its unexpectedness. Is the assassin Santo, Swiss or Italian and what prevents the Italian Embassy from settling the point? Between Italian Switzerland and the Italian frontier proper, the division is of the hair-breadth kind. The antecedents of the murderer have to be made known, a matter that ought not to be very difficult for an individual aged but 22. Many doubt his real name, and opinion is not quite sure that he is an anarchist of the tramp wandering kind. Is he a monomaniac with hatred of France, of capitalists, of the *bourgeoisie* on the brain? Then how was he allowed to jump on the step of the carriage, poignard M. Carnot, and, like all Italians either with dagger or knife, turn the weapon in the wound, as the orifice of the latter was less than one inch wide, while it was six inches in the liver? The police of Lyons appear to be at fault, or the Presidential escort. Imagine the Bishop of Lyons congratulating M. Carnot on his visit, and three hours later, administering to him the last rites of the church.

M. Carnot had no enemies; the proof is that every journal laments his fate. No man was more honest; he was the type of a correct constitutional President. Not even the suspicion of scandal touched either his public or private life. He made it a fixed rule to be impartial with all the political schools, placing the interests of France above the petty intrigues of partizans and parties. To preserve that neutrality, he remained reserved, and that impassiveness which was his protection, was erroneously mistaken for coldness and disdain. He was naturally a timid and retiring man, and was only truly happy when in his family circle, or in his private study off his bedroom, where he worked till late in the morning examining piles of documents awaiting remarks and signature. He never lowered France, and her dignity was ever safe in his hands. It was of late a stage secret, he had no intention to seek re-election. He was not fussy or authoritative like Thiers, nor military as was MacMahon, or tarnished with cupidity as Grevy. He was true to himself and to his mission. He was not, happily for France, a great man, the worst calamity that could afflict her; he was a fair, civil engineer. The memory of his grandfather's renown—the organizer of victories—aided his political career. In the 1870-71 war, Gambetta nominated him commissioner for Normandy, to organize the forlorn forces of France, an impossible task, since the victorious invader could not accord time for the training of that resistance. And M. Carnot was among the few who committed the error of opposing the signing of peace with Germany, and at the moment when France lay crushed and bleeding. After the war, he was elected deputy, and was distinguished for the thoroughness with which he handled all subjects connected with public works; then he drifted into finance and did good service by his refusal to cook the public accounts, and by his obstinate probity. He died aged 57, like a soldier on duty, and as a good and faithful servant. France may well mourn for him, and accord him all her highest mortuary honors.

Stabbed at nine o'clock in the evening, he expired a little after midnight. But what an agony till death terminated his sufferings. To try and save him, the surgeons opened his abdomen, but soon found the liver was too torn to admit of any hope. "Spare me!" was his last appeal to the six surgeons; then he fell into a comatose condition that aided his life to ebb away. A spark of intelligence burst forth to enable him to mutter, "I depart!" Six choking sighs followed, and Nicobar lay dead in his harness. To comply with the law, the doctors made a summary *post mortem* examination and ordered the remains to be partly embalmed. The body was then clad in evening costume, placed in a leaden coffin awaiting the arrival of Madame Carnot and her four children. The final adieu taken, the coffin was closed, and later transported to Paris, where it was placed in the Elysee Palace awaiting the ceremonial interment.

The news of the crime stunned Parisians and for a long time they could not take in the reality; then the streets became covered with an army of newspaper vendors and their legions of purchasers. Consternation and pity were on all features; people could not see clearly into the matter; M. Carnot's removal could not be of service to any party; it could not cut short an ambition that never existed; nor were people quite satisfied the deed was the work of the anarchists though the result in any case would feed their revenge. There was only the consolation that the crime was not committed by a Frenchman. But why by an Italian, and on the occasion of the anniversary of the battle of Solferino, when in Italy and France that co-operative glory was being celebrated? Soon indignation concentrated in Italy—the erring Latin sister. The authorities quickly took in the situation; the troops were kept in barracks, with stacked arms in the yards, ready to suppress any attack on the Italians of whom there are 20,000 in Paris; every policeman was called out. Italian workmen, organ-grinders and artists' models were requested to remain within doors—but so far no riots took place.

It would be folly to conclude that M. Carnot's death will not affect the destinies of France. His successor would have to be named in any case next December, but then time would have been afforded to maturely select the new President. At present the Chamber counts five chief groups; the Republicans are moderate, advanced and extreme; the Monarchists, who are Conservative and prepared to sustain the Republic, because it means France, and no royalist restoration is possible, and the other moiety that is destructive, and ready to aid the socialists to trip up the existing *regime*. If the new President can steer an impartial course like M. Carnot, well and good, but if he drift to a partizan, not a national, chief of the State, the consequences will be in the end sad. M. Carnot's abruptly terminated presidency will remain marked by three historical events; he suppressed Boulangism before it suppressed him; he softened historical asperities connected with the 1889 Exhibition and its centennial significance, and he may be said to have arranged the emotional friendship with Russia.

A new Cabinet follows as a matter of course; this will be the first test for the President's tact and leanings. Then time must be allowed for the disappointed and their friends to work off their queerness. There are plenty of questions awaiting settlement and that demand extremely delicate tact and handling. It remains to be seen what will be the nature and extent of the reaction certain to follow the murder of M. Carnot; if society, which appears to be a little unhinged, can be brought back to more common sense lines, and still abide patiently the effects of time to work remedies. Then again socialism has so "caught on," that it cannot be cleared away by broom and shovel.

The movement on foot to provide cheap dwellings for the working classes, can never be solved for Paris so long as the Municipal Council will not construct underground railways, or allow those ready to do so at their own cost, communicating with the suburbs. The moment that revolution is accomplished the working population and the small tradespeople will quit Paris in mass, because the expenses of living outside the fortifications is 27 per cent. less than within them. Of course this means the tumbling down of house rents; and less food supplies being required for city wants, the octroi, or entry dues—a total of 150 million frs. annually, or nearly the half of the city's revenue will be reduced. There would be no necessity to ask the State to loan some of the cash in the savings banks—some six milliards, to build houses, and secure an interest of 4 to 5 per cent. instead of at present, less than 2. Of course the Government could not repay in hard money the total deposits, as these are chiefly invested in the public funds; but they are safe because backed by the credit of the nation. Give citizens the facilities of cheap and rapid transport into the suburbs and speculators will soon provide the house accommodation, but not in the sense of cottages or villas; that kind of home is good for Parisians during the dog days only; for the rest of the year they prefer the barrack plan. The new houses being run up in the environs of the city are substantial and plain, capable of lodging 30 to 50 families; the premises are supplied with gas, water, electricity, lifts, and in a few cases are heated, and still, with these luxuries, 15 per cent. cheaper than at Paris. The dwelling house of the future must have a common kitchen, bath and wash rooms. A group of such dwellings could have their own markets—become truly compound house-holders.

Treguier is a village in Bretagne and celebrated as the birthplace of Ernest Renan. Admirers of the latter have subscribed for a statue to the apostle of free thought and the artist of beautiful phrases. But to set it up, a site must be conceded by

the town councillors, who eternly refuse to grant it because Renan was godless and mocked religion. It is a pretty quarrel as it stands, but as the Bretons are obstinate and very devout, a few generations must elapse ere they will be able to comprehend the word philosophy of Renan. Besides, say the town councillors, his monument already exists, that of his room or cell in the local Catholic College that has never been occupied since he abandoned the church. Let visitors go to the college where the shade of Renan can whisper *Si quæris monumentum circumspice.*

Z.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FAST ATLANTIC SERVICE.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—There is little real necessity for establishing a faster line of steamships between Canada and England. Those merchants who transact business requiring more than ordinary despatch do so by means of the cable message. If there is need for a quicker mail than that afforded by the Canadian service, letters may be sent *via* New York without any additional cost to the Dominion. The fact is, that what Canada wants in her ships is tonnage capacity, not speed. It is obvious, too, that a subsidy such as that now before the House would be unfair, as it unduly favours one line. If this subsidy be granted at all, however, it should be given to a Canadian firm that the money may be spent in this country and not abroad. Corporations with their head offices in Great Britain should not be the recipients of our public funds. When we subsidize let us subsidize Canadian enterprises.

Yours, etc.,

Toronto, July 17th, 1894. T.

AMERICAN PAPERS IN TORONTO STREETS.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—Can you or any of your numerous readers inform me how it is that American daily and weekly papers are allowed to be carried and called in our streets by newsboys? It is most offensive to my ideas of the fitness of things to have the low-class papers of Detroit, Buffalo and Chicago flouted in the streets of Toronto. There is a Detroit paper constantly cried for sale here by newsboys which should never be allowed to enter Canada. It is bad enough to have our second-class booksellers' shops slopping over with the trash that proceeds from the low American daily and weekly press without having it stuck under our noses at every corner of the street. Besides this, Toronto streets should be reserved for the sale of Toronto papers. Instead of trying to ruin each other by telling little tales about each other's private affairs, the Toronto dailies had better turn their attention to this abuse of their own peculiar rights and privileges.

Whilst speaking of papers offered for sale in the streets, may I venture to ask why THE WEEK is not carried by newsboys? I hear it often asked for.

Yours truly,

Rosedale, July 18th, 1894. T. C. J.

The Ameer is a man of presence, broad and stout, fair skinned, with black hair and beard, a good square head and piercing eyes. His Highness' manner is dignified and courteous, but if occasion arises he can be exceedingly fierce.

EVOLUTION UP TO DATE.*

Just a year ago Prof. Huxley delivered the Romanes lecture. His subject was Evolution and Ethics. In this now famous essay the distinguished biologist gives a picturesque account of the Darwinian doctrine of the survival of the fittest through the struggle for existence. This "gladiatorial theory of existence" is summed up in the convenient phrase—"The Cosmic Process." This Cosmic process is profoundly immoral, unethical. In the second part of the essay which deals with man's ethical or moral progress, we find these uncompromising words: "Let us understand, once for all, that the ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the Cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it." All that we wish to insist on here is that in 1893 Prof. Huxley, following Darwin, and in accordance with the all-prevailing doctrine, so reads nature and her methods as to come to the conclusion that nature is selfish, immoral, unethical, and decides that the highest progress of man must lead him to repudiate nature's methods. Prof. Huxley is a thorough-going evolutionist, friends and foes alike have criticized the seeming inconsistencies of these utterances. Prof. Huxley may retort that he has simply stated two truths and he may be prepared to give some account of how ethical man has been evolved from unethical nature, but at any rate he proclaims the fact that man *ought* to be ethical, unselfish, altruistic, in flat contradiction to the teaching of nature.

Some months later Mr. Benjamin Kidd published a striking book entitled, "Social Evolution." Mr. Kidd also takes for granted the correctness of the Darwinian view of nature's method. Competition, the struggle for existence, is shown to be the condition of progress. It is there shown that in this struggle the present generations are being sacrificed for the future, the masses are being exploited in the interests of the race, and that therefore no "rational sanction" can be found for the continuance of so harsh a state of things. At this point, when the socialistically inclined reader exclaims "Exactly, we must put an end to this awful struggle for existence; what do we care for unborn generations and the progress of the race; we will seize the world's wealth and found a Communism," Mr. Kidd counsels patience, and takes us to another point of view. To the question as to what is the central feature of human history, he replies the religious instincts and its phenomena. The function of religious beliefs in the evolution of society is shown to consist chiefly in providing an ultra-rational sanction for that large class of conduct in the individual, where his interests and the interests of the social organism are antagonistic, and by which the interests of the individual are rendered subordinate to the general interests of society. In a review of Western Civilization it is shown, that while all religions in some measure come under the above description, Christianity is the gigantic birth of time, and has evoked to a degree before unexampled in the world the enthusiastic devotion of the individual to the society, and our author adds: "Science must, sooner or later, recognize that in this movement we have, under observation, the seat, the actual vital centre of that process of organic development which is still unfolding itself in what is called Western Civilization." The Christian religion possesses two characteristics which render it an evolutionary force of the first magnitude. The first is the extraordinary strength of the ultra-rational sanction it provides, tending to encourage self-sacrifice for the good of others. The second is the nature of its ethical system which leads to a high valuation of the individual. If now we contrast modern Western civilization with ancient civilization we shall find that the political history of Christendom may be summed up in a single sentence: "It is the story of the political and social enfranchisement of the masses of the people, hitherto universally excluded from participation in the rivalry of existence on terms of equality." Christianity has thus tended, by its valuation of the individual to develop the individual to the highest point, and by its altruistic doctrine to elevate whole classes of men to the arena of the great life-struggle on terms of greater equality. What follows? More individuals, and better, are admitted to the struggle for existence on terms of greater equality; the strife grows keener and keener, and as a consequence the Christian nations have outstripped all other nations in the race of life.

Mr. Kidd still keeps us in his strong grasp, if we are inclined to ask again, "Why not end this struggle?" In answer we are bidden to look once more at the great life-struggle in Christian history; we now see hospitals, asylums, homes of refuge, sisters of mercy, brotherhoods of love, where before we were watching only the great contest. We are reminded, if we have forgotten, that that unselfishness, altruism, love which Christianity brought into the world and which we saw enfranchising class after class and admitting them to the rivalry of life on terms of equality, is now binding up the wounded and caring for the broken-hearted in the great struggle. Here, then, in Christian history, while the condition of progress is retained, and Individualism is carefully fostered, Altruism has her perfect work; and Mr. Kidd maintains, and with a tremendous array of evidence, that the greatest factor in our social evolution is that ever growing fund of altruism, which leads to pity for injustice or suffering and then to the amelioration of the down-trodden or unfortunate. The nineteenth century in England has witnessed the growth of a Christian democracy and the political enfranchisement of the masses. If we will only entrust ourselves to the influence of this silent evolutionary force, the twentieth century ought to witness a tremendous revolution in the social well-being of the masses.

An answer is now given to the demand of the Communist. If the masses attempt to take by force the privileges of the classes, they will destroy the great silent ameliorating force which is working steadily in their favour, selfishness will destroy the great fund of altruism, and the classes have the *power* as they have always had, to crush the masses, if they have the *will*. At present they have not the will. The world, the press, the pulpit, the legislator is well-intentioned. Thus this great book is an eirenicon between Individualism and Communism. It shows that competition is not only nature's method, but that it has been and is the condition of progress in human history; but that side by side with this individual struggle for life, there has sprung

* Evolution and Ethics, by T. H. Huxley. London: Macmillan & Co.

Social Evolution, by Benjamin Kidd. London: Macmillan. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell & Co.

The Ascent of Man, by Henry Drummond. New York. James Pott & Co. Toronto Fleming, H. Revell & Co.

up and developed another force, the social struggle for the existence of others. Selfish individualism is now seen to be an abiding condition of progress as in nature, but its operation is now being restrained and checked by the unselfish social instinct.

Quite recently Prof. Henry Drummond has published "The Ascent of Man." This book—The Lowell Lectures—shows Prof. Drummond to be a thorough-going Darwinian as regards the descent—or, as he prefers to call it, the ascent—of man. As such, this work will be eagerly read by thousands because of Prof. Drummond's well-known convictions as a Christian Apologist. This work is more strictly scientific, though not less popular, than his former work, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." It is characterized by that same clearness and brilliancy of style, which has won such widespread popularity for all this author's work. The whole book is intensely interesting as the author slowly traces out the development of man's bodily organization, the dawn of mind, the evolution of language, the struggle for life, the struggle for the life of others, etc.

But it is not merely as an account of the Ascent of Man that this book is interesting. Prof. Drummond in this work has made a discovery, we have here a new and important contribution to our knowledge of nature and her methods. The three works which are reviewed in this article have been brought together for a purpose. We believe that, taken together, they constitute an important page in the history of the development of the doctrine of Evolution. When Darwin, in 1859, laid such stress upon the struggle for existence as being the great law of nature, it seemed that nature was demoralized, and as a consequence that the God of nature was careless of the morality of His methods. So late as 1893, thirty-four years after the first assertion of nature's apparent carelessness of morality, Prof. Huxley still sees no reason to reconsider this view. Moreover Mr. Kidd, though writing to establish the ethical factor as the greatest evolutionary force in history, never dreams that he can find any support for his view in biological science. Prof. Drummond notes the inconsistency in Prof. Huxley's essay, bewails the fact that Mr. Kidd has not found in biology a foundation in nature for his great thesis and triumphantly proclaims that Darwin, and the world following Darwin, has emphasized only one of the two great fundamental facts of nature. There are two great primary instincts in nature. The instinct of self-preservation which leads to the struggle for existence and is the physiological root from which selfishness springs in the moral world. Of this instinct Darwin is the prophet. But, on the other hand, there is the equally primary instinct which has been ignored, the instinct of reproduction which leads to the struggle for the life of others, and is the physiological root from which unselfishness or altruism springs. Nature then is not immoral. Nature is shot through and through with the vicarious principle. The struggle for one's own life is balanced by the struggle for the lives of others, co-operation is at work in nature side by side with competition. The light has come at last, and the half-truth, for which Darwin is not wholly responsible, but which he spent his life in unfolding, is about to be completed by the other half-truth, and at last we can safely use the revelations of biological science, not only in the interpretation of nature but also in the solution of our social, ethical and theological problems which in many minds have been greatly confused by a one-sided interpretation of nature.

AN HISTORIC CLUB.*

This is a reprint from the new edition of the Club Catalogue of a short historical preface containing many interesting details.

The Club was founded in 1836 and opened on the 24th of May, the birthday of Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria. After several temporary habitations, the Club, on the 1st March, 1841, entered into the occupation of their new and splendid club-house, of which the preface justly remarks: "Much larger club-houses are now to be found in London and other cities; but nowhere is there one which is more finished in its design and ornamentation or a more creditable example in all respects of nineteenth century architecture."

From the first the establishment of an extensive and complete library, especially on all political and parliamentary subjects, was contemplated; and on the 18th November, 1841, it was determined to address a circular to all the members inviting them to present maps, books, pamphlets and documents—the first object being the formation of an extensive and complete library of reference. In 1852 an independant committee of three was appointed, increased to five in 1863. In 1883 the first printed catalogue was issued. "The publication of this catalogue was followed by a long notice in the *Times* for the 4th of June, 1883, and also by many applications from the heads of important libraries in the United States as well as the United Kingdom for copies of it in exchange for theirs. In consequence the collection of catalogues in this library is most valuable. We are told at p. 17 that "anyone who carefully examines this catalogue will learn that the Reform Club Library contains an excellent collection of works in English, French, Italian and German. The books of reference are many in number and the best of their kind. There is a large selection of county histories, while several hundred volumes of pamphlets give to this library a special attraction. Many of these are donations. In 1842, Sir Wentworth Dilke was the donor of 100 volumes of rare pamphlets; in 1880, Mr. Louis Fagan presented to the library 24 volumes relating to Italian politics, biography, literature, and art, which Sir Anthony Panizzi had formed, many of them having the autographs of their authors. From the outset, the library has been largely increased in size and value by gifts from members, some of these being privately printed, or very scarce books. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold presented to the Club the large collection of books which he had formed when writing the *Life of Napoleon III.* Few private libraries in this country contain a greater number of important works relating to America, among them being some of the splendid volumes, prepared by order of the Government of the United States, relating to the *Exploration of the Fortieth Parallel.* While the normal rate of growth by purchase is 1,000 volumes annually, the donations to the library during each year seldom fall below 100 volumes. The number of volumes added, since the election of a Library Committee in 1852, is 38,800.

The following interesting reference to two historic Englishmen will be found on pp. 6 and 7:—On the 2nd of July, 1834, Benjamin Disraeli was a candidate for membership of the Westminster Club. He was proposed by Mr. Bulwer, seconded by Dr. Elmore, and elected by the Committee. In March, 1835, he ceased to belong to it, having then requested, in a letter to the Secretary, "that his name be erased from the list of members of the Club, as he is prevented by engagements from availing himself of its conveniences." A cheque for fifteen guineas due by him to the Club was enclosed in this letter. The Committee resolved "that the cheque sent by Mr. Disraeli be returned to him, and that he be informed that the Committee decline its acceptance, having no inclination to accept money from gentlemen whose engagements render them unable to avail themselves of the conveniences of the Club."

A fortnight after Disraeli's retirement, Joseph Hume was elected a member. Till that time the Club was known as the Westminster. Hume was anxious to change its name to the Reform. A Sub-Committee was appointed to consider the matter, the result of their deliberations being a compromise, in accordance with which the Club was named the Westminster Reform. Its members never numbered more than 200. When it became apparent that the uncompromising Radicalism of the Club alienated, instead of attracting candidates, its members lost heart, and they readily joined the Reform, in which all varieties among the Reformers of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland were to find a welcome as well as a home where the old Whig, the moderate Liberal and the extreme Radical could unite under one roof for social intercourse. The seal of the Club displays the Rose, the Thistle and the Shamrock in harmonious combination.

The following anecdote appears on pp. 14 and 15:—Ten years after the club-house was opened, it was resolved to convert the drawing-room into the principal library-room, and to make the room which was originally designed as the principal library a smoking-room, as well as a library. When the older London club-houses were built, a handsome room was provided as the drawing-room, and a very small and uncomfortable one was set apart for smokers. In those days it was considered vulgar to smoke, while snuffing was generally regarded as a gentlemanly vice. The snuff-box was considered as indispensable to a club as a hall porter. In Lord Lytton's comedy, *Money*, one of the scenes shows a crusty old gentleman keeping the club snuff-box within easy reach, and making frequent use of it. The members of the younger generation of club-goers see nothing to laugh at in this scene, as it does not remind them of anything in their experience. A well-filled snuff-box, though still provided in some clubs, is but seldom used in any. The original drawing-room in most of the older London clubs has been converted into a smoking-room; in the Reform, as . . . it became the principal library.

Strangely enough the Reform Club has had some Canadian connections. The founder was the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, commonly known as "Bear" Ellice or the "Bear," a nickname given to him by Brougham on account of his connection with the North-West and Hudson Bay Fur Companies.

Now that we are looking to the future and gigantic imperial possibilities, it is well to remember that just thirty years ago the

* The Reform Club and its Library. By W. Fraser Rae. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1894.

young people were similarly stirred with hope and expectation in consequence of the Intercolonial Conference at Quebec. Among the young men of that day was Mr. Wm. Fraser Rae who has been chairman of the Library Committee since 1873, and who was then practising as a barrister and connected with the Westminster *Review*, the *Times* and other journals. Through family connections he was kept *au courant* events and politics of the old Province of Canada and threw all his ardour into the scheme whose importance he foresaw; interesting the English public through articles of his own, inserting articles by young Canadian writers like the late W. A. Foster and Chas. Belford in the Westminster *Review* and other popular magazines. When the Conference resulted in the Confederation Act, Mr. Rae assisted the delegates, and the Reform Club was one of the most influential centres of influence on the side of greater Canada and Greater Britain among the politicians and statesmen.

Of the Library Committee of five two retire every year, but are eligible for re-election and the list of names of members since 1852 comprises those of men eminent in many various branches of literature.

CLEVER LAWYERS.

The lawyer who is most convincing to juries is often least convincing to courts. The lawyer that knows the most law is often the least skilful in applying it. The lawyer whose advice is best is often the least capable of defining the principles from which his judgments are drawn. The lawyer who can make a discreet, logical, eloquent speech is often the least tactful and intelligent in examining witnesses. And the lawyer who is supremely great must combine all these capacities in such a measure as to be ready for every emergency. It is in the art of cross-examination that a lawyer's knowledge of humanity most often discovers itself to his advantage. A certain case of damages for false imprisonment mentioned by the New York *Tribune*, furnishes an illustration of this point. The plaintiff was an extremely attractive young woman. She had been a saleswoman in a large dry goods establishment. Suspecting her of theft, her employers procured a search warrant and went with a policeman to her apartments, found there the goods they believed she had stolen, and arrested her. On the criminal trial, however, they were unable positively to identify these goods, and with the result that the woman was acquitted. Thereupon she brought suit for $50,000 damages for false imprisonment. The defendant's advocate was Judge Barrett, now of the supreme court in New York city. He fully realized the hopeless character of his case. Against him was a beautiful woman, in herself a powerful appeal to the jury's sympathies. Then there was the judgment of the criminal court, determining her innocence of the charge. The woman took the witness stand and told her pitiful story. Then Judge Barrett arose to cross-examine her. He said to himself, as he got upon his feet, "If this woman is intellectually honest she will beat me. But if her integrity is not an integrity of mind, I shall catch her somehow."

"Madam," he said, quietly, and with great respect of manner, "I shall have but few questions to ask you. You say that your accusers brushed past you as you opened the door and began to search your rooms?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And that in a bureau they found articles which they claimed to be theirs, and which they accused you of having stolen?"

"Yes, sir."

Suddenly the lawyer's manner grew intensely earnest and dramatic. "Then, madam, of course on the instant of that accusation, at the very second when they said that you, an honest woman, were a thief, you indignantly denied the charge and boldly asserted your innocence; you did that, surely, didn't you?"

The woman hesitated. The way the question had been asked implied that the lawyer desired for his own purposes, an affirmative reply. She glanced from him at the jury, then at her lawyer, and in an uncertain tone said: "N-o, I don't think I did."

"What? You didn't? Why not?"

"I scorned to answer them."

He had caught her. "That's all," he said.

The plaintiff's attorney called another witness, but Mr. Barrett interrupted and said to the court: "Is it necessary, sir, for this case to proceed? This woman says that although she was innocent she made no denial of this terrible charge when, with the goods exposed before her, she was accused of having stolen them. Did not that furnish a reasonable ground of suspicion? I move that your honor dismiss the case."

A shrill cry arose from the chair in which the plaintiff sat. "He's tricked me! He's tricked me? I deny it!" she almost screamed.

"Let her go back on the stand," said her lawyer. "Let's have the whole story."

But the court said no. The woman admitted a perjury and her testimony must stand. The case was dismissed, and a signal illustration of shrewd judgment of human nature on the part of a perceptive lawyer had been displayed.

The instinct that enables the lawyer to judge juries is not less important than that which enables him to see the weak spots in a witness's character. A case was tried lately involving the tremendous fortune of $6,000,000, and it is literally true to say that although four days were occupied in the examination of witnesses, it was really won within five minutes after the jury was sworn. Joseph H. Choate opened the case for the plaintiff in about these words:

Gentlemen of the jury, you are here to determine which of two men is the rightful owner of a certain $6,000,000. There is no opportunity here for an appeal to your sympathies. It is not the case of rich against poor, of capital against labor, of power against weakness. All of us here are reasonably well-to-do. If you will permit me, gentlemen, I will present to you the parties to this controversy. This is Mr. Smith, my client and the plaintiff. You will observe that he is an elderly gentleman, that he has a portly, comfortable appearance, that he wears a suit of broadcloth and the manner of a man to whom the fates have been kind. He is a hard-headed Scotchman, gentlemen, a solid, substantial business man, out of whose energy, thrift, sagacity, prudence and careful economy a great fortune has been earned. Every dollar he possesses is the reward of honest industry and frugal habits. There, gentlemen, sits Mr. Jones, the defendant. It might, perhaps, be more appropriate were I to leave it to my learned opponent to make you acquainted with him. But, being on my feet, and the main point being that you should know him, and know him just as he is, I will introduce him, gentlemen, and in such terms, I think, as will enable you to know him as well as if you had been his next-door neighbor all his life. Sometimes he lives in one place, sometimes in another. Most of his life has been spent in San Francisco, and in that part of the country he owns many houses, many railroads, many banks, many legislatures, many judges, many newspapers—and they call him there the Jay Gould of the Pacific Slope!

From that time until the end of the case there was no moment when the jury would not have rendered their verdict in accordance with Mr. Choate's interest and desire. He had told them that it was not a case in which there was an opportunity for an appeal to their sympathy, but he had made that appeal with a scientific skill that came of a superb intelligence and a long experience.

After all, it is only in a case of life and death, where the stake is the highest, that the great qualities of an advocate have their largest opportunity. Because the stake is so great a lawyer's courage is often put to severe tests. He often feels that the result of this or that experiment on a witness might be good, but in the infinite peril of a different result he seldom dares to take the risk. An instance in which that risk was taken, and soundly judged, occurred in the famous trial of Miss Borden at New Bedford. One of the witnesses against her was a policeman, who, being called upon to describe the dress she wore when she appeared at the Borden house, some twenty minutes after the discovery of the homicides, proceeded to rattle off an amazing fashion-plate description, freighted with dressmaker's terms, and containing a minute account of every part and parcel of the dress, ribbons, braids, trimmings and all. Miss Borden's attorney, in cross-examining the policeman, asked him to furnish to the jury that description again, satisfied that if he did so in precisely the same phraseology he had employed before it would be plain evidence that he had learned it by heart, and that it did not proceed from his own ability to tell what he saw. In reply to the lawyer's question the policeman whirled off his description again, line for line, word for word, without the change of a monosyllable.

"How long have you been in the police business?" asked the lawyer.

"Six years."

"Have you ever been a dressmaker?"

"No."

"Is your wife a dressmaker or a milliner?"

"I have no wife."

"How did you come to know that Miss Borden wore the dress which you have just described?"

"I saw it on her."

"Did you ever see it more than once?"

"No."

"And at a single glance you took in all those colors and ribbons, those 'shirrs,' those flutings, those flounces, those 'cuts bias' and those 'en train,' did you? You took 'em in all at once, just with a sweep of the eye—is that it?"

"Well, I looked at her and saw what she had on."

"Well, look at her again. Look at her now. Then turn to this jury and tell them what sort of a dress she is wearing, and, let me warn you, Mr. Policeman, to put in all the flutings and flounces, the shirrs and the cuts bias this time."

It was a risky thing to do. If the offi-

cer had been able to describe that dress the effect on the jury's mind as to the rest of his testimony, which was extremely important, would surely have been to confirm it. But, on the other hand, if he failed, the effect would have been deadly to him and to all the police testimony.

Miss Borden's lawyer had judged his man well. The officer stammered and stuttered, and all he was finally able to say was that it "was a sort of a black dress, kind of silky." It was a constant succession of such small but immensely important victories as these that brought in a verdict of "not guilty" for Miss Borden.—*Boston Home Journal.*

PALLIDA MORS.

Pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas.
Regumque turres.

Pale Death's impartial foot wide open strikes
the door
Of princely halls and squalid cabins of the
poor;
So sang in classic verse, long centuries ago,
That grand old Roman bard, beloved Horatio.

Still o'er a heedless world the pallid horseman
roams
To make his fatal calls on high and lowly
homes;
The peasant's sturdy child he clasps in chill
embrace,
The monarch, for his heir, in vain implores his
grace;
From love's sequestered cot no ruth makes
him refrain;
To stay his direful course grim battlements are
vain;
From him no magic power can youth or beauty
shield,
And sceptred kings to him their ancient sceptres yield!

So live that when the fated visitor appears
He'll find your tranquil soul unvexed by griefs
or fears—
Prepared for the Unknown—content to take its
flight;
His doom he need not dread, "whose life is
in the right."

JOHN G. ROBINSON.

ART NOTES.

Mr. Staples is at work on a cattle picture at Mimico, for which he is making a number of studies.

Mr. F. S. Challener has gone to the Catskills for the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Reid. The summer school there is full.

Mr. Williamson is spending part of the summer in Doone, where he will have the company of Mr. Carl Ahrens and Mr. Homer Watson.

Mr. Manly is doing a good deal of sketching in the vicinity of Toronto, and may often be met with his kit bound for some one of the very picturesque spots in the suburbs of the Queen City.

Mr. Kidd has just returned to his home in Athlone from the Art Students' League of New York, where he has been studying under Mr. Carrol Beckwith. He has also been a pupil of Mr. Alden Weir's, and will no doubt show the influence of this eccentric and brilliant genius in his coming work.

Versailles has been reopened to the public with a new gallery of paintings, chiefly portraits of great persons of France by Nattier. There is a portrait of Boileau by Rigault, likenesses of Charlotte Corday and Mme. Roland by Boucher, and a study by David for his portrait of the Empress Josephine. The idea is to place at Versailles the portraits of those who frequented the palace under the Bourbons and Napoleon.

The death recently occurred in Madrid of the celebrated painter, Frederico Madrazo, in his eightieth year. He has been known to the public for sixty years, having been a painter from his childhood. He came of a family of artists, his father being his first teacher and two brothers following the same calling. He studied under his father, and in Paris later under Winterholter. On his return he became court painter at Madrid, and in 1873 the director of the Academy. His historical paintings attest his skill in that direction, and at the Salon he gained successively a third, a second and two first medals, the ribbon of the Legion of Honor and the Commander's Cross of the Legion. His son, Raimundo, has won high honors, and his son-in-law, Adrian Fortuny, in his brief yet brilliant career, far outshone them both.

It is well to pause and take stock, as it were, of how things progress, or whether they progress at all. Many thoughtful lovers of art will agree with much in the following selection from the French of Mr. Roger Peyre which has been translated for the *Literary Digest*:

Is the art of painting advancing or declining in France, or is it standing still? This is an important question which interests not only Frenchmen but those who in various parts of the world, especially the United States, expend enormous sums in the purchase of works by French artists. The two Exhibitions which have just closed in Paris, the Salon and the Exposition of the Champ de Mars, ought to aid in answering this question, which may be called momentous. What have we found in these two exhibitions? As a general thing, an excess of incongruity and of insignificant oddities, manifesting a little modesty in the Salon, but flaunting themselves boldly and aggressively at the Champ de Mars. These things, it must be admitted, find sincere admirers. Yet is there not a falling-off in the number of their admirers? Curiosity is getting blunted and there are fewer visitors at the galleries. The time is not distant, in my opinion, when the fatiguing repetition of these empty and extravagant works will bring people back, through pure satiety, to the simplicity and good sense which will have become rare and original.

However that may be, those whom this kind of thing interests could have seen at these exhibitions more than one canvas, the personages on which have the lack of consistency and the slimy aspect of an oyster, while in others they could find monstrous insects imprisoned in a greenish or violet gauze. Sometimes the artist seemed to have passed his sleeve over the picture as soon as he had finished it. Sometimes he appeared to have powdered his painting while still wet with different kinds of dust flung on it at random.

I have been speaking, be it understood, of the general character of the paintings exhibited. It would be unjust not to point out that there are exceptions, not a few, to the deplorable tendencies I have pointed out. Of these exceptions I will mention one, by M. Detaile. His work, entitled "Victims of Duty," depicts a fire at Paris. The canvas is touching in its simplicity. Few pictures could better show the moral value of which a work of art is susceptible. It is an advance on the artist's now celebrated picture, "The Surrender of Hunningen." . . .

Having been obliged to say uncomplimentary and depressing things about French painting, it will console those who are patriotically anxious about French art to know that in the exhibitions our sculptors have given strong proof of knowledge and consciousness of the dignity of their art. At the very entrance of the Salon, every one stopped before a statue of Messonier, by Frémiet. Despite the modern costume and proportions in the original not very favorable to representation, the work of M. Frémet is none the less a true piece of sculptural art, by the sureness and sincerity of its attitude, the naturalness of its gesture, and the beauty of its physiognomy. Our sculpture we may reasonably claim to be the first in Europe.

Even in painting, I am glad to believe that the malady which afflicts our artists is not very deep, and that the crisis which threatens us may be averted by the labors of our young painters.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mr. F. V. Atwater makes the following statement in the *Musical Courier*: I see by the Melbourne papers a letter from Mme. Melba, in which she expresses her intention to revisit Australia next year. It is now seven years since she saw the land of her birth. She left it with a fair reputation as a concert singer; she will return with the reputation of being one of the best vocalists of the day. Her father, Mr. David Mitchell, still carries on a large business as builder and contractor in Melbourne. His youngest daughter is developing a magnificent voice, and her friends predict for her a career equal to Mme. Melba's.

On Saturday night, the 23rd of June, says the London *Musical News*, there passed away one of the greatest operatic singers which the world has ever seen, an artist known throughout the length and breadth of Europe. Marietta Alboni was born at Cesena, Romagna, in 1823. In early life she displayed remarkable talent for music, and was brought to the notice of Rossini, who gave her lessons in singing, after which she was engaged by Merelli to sing in several of the Italian and German opera-houses. Her first great success was at her appearance in La Scala, Milan, in 1843, in the part of Orsini in "Lucrezia Borgia."

Later on she appeared at Covent Garden, on April 6th, 1847, as Arsace in "Semiramide." At the same time Jenny Lind was appearing at the Haymarket Theatre, and these two famous vocalists were rival attractions. In 1848 Madame Alboni appeared at the Philharmonic Society's concerts. Many of her triumphs were secured in Paris. Here she was engaged by Duponchel and Roqueplan, and sang fragments of "Semiramis," "The Barber of Seville," and "Lucrezia Borgia." At the Theatre des Italiens she created a sensation by her performances in "La Cenerentola," and in "La Gazza Ladra." Later, at the Paris Opera, she appeared as Fidès in Meyerbeer's "Le Prophete," as Zerline in Auber's "Corbeille d'Oranges," and at the Theatre Italien as Zerlina in "Don Juan" and as Maddalena in "Rigoletto." These triumphs were followed by a brilliant tour in America. Then in 1866 Madame Alboni's husband, the Count

Pepoli, died. After this she seldom appeared in public. In 1869, however, she sang in Rossini's "Messe Solenelle" at Paris, and at Rossini's funeral both she and Patti took part in the "Requiem" and "Stabat Mater." So late as February 29th, 1892, when the great vocalist gave a soirée on the occasion of the Centenary of Rossini, she sang an air by her former master, written originally for Malibran.

For the second time Madame Alboni was married, in 1877, to M. Charles Ziéger, a marriage far happier than her first with Count Pepoli, who was affected with madness. Her last years were for the most part spent in retirement at her residence on the "Cours la Reine" and at her Villa "La Cenerentola" at Ville d'Avray, between Saint Cloud and Versailles. Here it was that the great singer died after many months of acute suffering from cancer.

In Madame Alboni the world loses one who had been the greatest contralto who has ever lived, and whose place has never been filled.

'O. F." contributes the following interes'ing items to the *Musical Courier*:—

Tthree more new German operas are in sight: Eugen d'Albert has finished the composition of a three act grand opera. Philipp Ruefer, he of "Merlin' 'fame, has completed an opera, entitled "Ingo," the libretto of which is based upon the first volum e of Gustav Freytag's novel, "The Ancest ors." Lastly, young Leo Blech, of Aix-la-Chapelle, the composor of "Aglaja," just sends me the manuscript score of a two act opera, about which I shall have something to say later on.

Another interesting letter is that which Siegfried Wagner writes to me from Bayreuth on the 11th inst., and from which I quote the following:—

"That America again will be so largely represented at this summer's performances of course gives us great pleasure. It is a very intelligent, warm public.

"About Mme. Nordica I can now tell you the most pleasing things. She will be a most *extraordinary* German 'Elsa.' The language already causes her no more trouble.

With an artist of her talent and of her reputation it is really touching to watch with what indefatigable zeal she dedicates herself to the perfecting of her role. We are all highly enchanted to have found for the part, which vocally is one of the most exacting, an artist of the most eminent ability."

Here is praise for our American star at Bayreuth, which is praise indeed, as it comes right from headquarters, and from the most important source at that.

We have taken the following notes from *Werner's Magazine*:—

Rubinstein personally conducted the first performance of his latest opera "The Maccabees," at the Stuttgart Court Theatre. The King received the compcser in his box and presented the Cross of a Commander of the Order of Frederick to him.

"The violin given to the late Sivori by Paginini has been presented to Genoa, and will be placed next to Paginini's instrument.

There is no reason," said Brander Matthews in a recent interview, "why a literary man should not write as good an acting play as anybody, if he will once understand that literature and the drama are entirely distinct. The primary purpose is to have the play interesting when acted. The trained dramatist does not think of writing at all. The literary man is apt to think of the words and p lish which are of little consequence. The structure of the play exists independent of the words. You could play 'Hamlet' before a deaf-mute asylum and the people would understand it. Yet a play has a chance of permanency only when it has literary quality. It is rarely that a play of a great dramatist is able to hold its own outside of its country and the century in which it is written. To-day there is but one dramatist who is popular with all nations and that is Shakespeare."

Speaking of untimely applause on the part of audiences, Calvé says: "I like to feel that I have my audience with me. I like their sympathy. Their applause is most inspiring. I don't like the applause in the midst of a phrase. It is not a good compliment to the artist and it is a very bad compliment to the composer to disturb the harmony of a phrase by interrupting it with applause, no matter how well it is rendered."

The Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, recently conferred on M. Ambroise Thomas, is the highest honor that France can bestow, and one to which, as yet, no musician has attained. Auber, Rossini, and Gounod were only officers, and Verdi is the only musician besides Thomas who has reached so high a place. Massenet and Saint-Saëns are officers, and Paladilhe is a knight

Mrs. Edouard Grieg is an excellent musician and a singer, and has accompanied her husband on most of his concert tours.

Her earnest and heartfelt singing, enhanced and supplemented by her husband's exquiste accompaniments, is something long to be remembered by those who have heard her.

"Vocal Ruin" is the title of a paper read before the Musical Society of Victoria, Australia. The writer said that not teachers but the people themselves were to blame for many of the ruined voices. "Use the voice well and it will last a lifetime." The writer further said the climate of Australia was better for voices than that of England, tending to giving clearness, brightness, and range. In England voices are round and mellow; in Australia, penetrating.

Scalchi, when a child, was a high soprano, singing E in alt with the greatest ease, until she was 13 years of age, when she began regular vocal study in Bologna. After a few months, her voice changed into a contralto, much to the displeasure of her parents, who refused to allow her to continue the lessons. When she was 16 she made her debutin "Ballo in Maschera." She has one child, a lad of 17 years.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE PSYCHIC LIFE OF MICRO-ORGANISMS. By Alfred Binet. 75 cents cloth 25c. paper. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. 1894.

Mr. Binet has given us in these pages a thoroughly scientific treatment of a very interesting subject. He has endeavoured, he says, to show that psychological phenomena begin among the very lowest classes of beings; but in doing so, he by no means goes over to some modern theories which would account for everything on the principles of physics and chemistry. The properties which characterize life cannot be reduced to such forces. It is very interesting to note the light which is thrown upon human psychology by these researches which cannot safely be neglected by the student. The translation is excellent.

THE DREAM OF COLUMBUS: A Poem. By R. Walker Wright, B.A. Toronto. W. Briggs.

SEBASTIAN: A Dramatic Poem. Buffalo: C. W. Moulton. 1894.

A reviewer does not take up volumes of new poems with equanimity. Have we not enough? he asks almost despairingly. Yet every now and then verses and collections of verses appear which might secure a relative immortality, if this were not such a busy and crowded world. The two small volumes before us have merits. The author of the "Dream of Columbus" has aspirations and imaginations, although thought and language are a little crude. He will do better yet. The anonymous author of "Sebastian" is master of a sweeter strain and of a stronger pipe. He tells his story well, admirably. The sentiments are pure and noble, and the language is full of melody. We have little but praise for him.

SALAMMBO. By Gustave Flaubert.

IN AND OUT OF THREE NORMANDY INNS By Annie Bowman Dodd. Price 50 cents in paper; $1.50 cloth.

These are two volumes of a very pretty "Illustrated Series" of books, well printed on good paper and prettily illustrated—in fact, handsome books to bind and place on the library shelves. The first is a very good translation of a very powerful, if not quite agreeable work of fiction, showing a wonderful knowledge of ancient Carthage. The original French of this book is by no means easy reading, so that many who know that language pretty well may be glad to lighten their labour by reading the story in English.

The second book is an exceedingly pretty one, not only giving a charmingly accurate picture of the parts of Normandy with which it deals, but pervaded by an atmosphere which there is no mistaking for anything but French. As regards the greater part of the book, we can testify to the truth of its representation of Caen, Bayeux, Contances, Mont St. Michel. We hardly know which will enjoy this volume most, those who are helped to recall the impressions of Normandy or those who experience them for the first time.

THE SCHOOL LAW OF ONTARIO. By William Barclay McMurrich, M.A., Q.C., and Henry Newbolt Rogers. Toronto: The Goodwin Law Book and Publishing Co. (Ltd.) 1894.

It goes without the saying that in a Province like Ontario, where education in all its departments has for years received an extraordinary amount of attention, laws relating to the subject have multiplied and become elaborated. In view of the wide and general application of such laws and the necessity of their frequent consultation by trustees, teachers, officials and even the legal profession, it seems strange that they have not been put in the form of a text book long ago. Messrs. McMurrich and Rogers by their industry, enterprise and efficiency have made all to whom the school law of our Province is a matter of thought or study their debtors by their most praiseworthy and helpful compilation. They have included under one cover the Education Department Act, 1891; the Public Schools Act, 1891; the Act respecting Truancy and Compulsory School Attendance; the High Schools Act, 1891, and the Amending Acts of 1891 and 1893, and to these they have added notes of a large number of cases which will prove of especial service in elucidating the text. The regulations of the Education Department have been fully and carefully set out. Some other branches of the law, germane to the subject, will be found included. The forms given seem to meet every need. An extremely useful adjunct is the "By-Laws of a Public School," perhaps the best set of by-laws that has so far been compiled in the Province. An important feature of the book s its index, which fills over a hundred pages and shows a nice appreciation of the needs of all who may require to

consult the book, and painstaking industry on the part of the compilers. Another commendable feature is the "Calendar of Dates," indicating the dates through the year when important events occur, or steps are to be taken, in the course of educational work. As this excellent book supplies a long felt need, and supplies it well, it cannot fail to be widely appreciated. We must say a word for the publishers; though this is the first volume we have seen from their press, it compares most favourably in all its mechanical features with the best legal publications that have been so far issued in Canada.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA. By Anthony Hope. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1894. 75c.

Rudolf Rassendyll, a roving Englishman with £2,000 a year, of good family, with a regal German strain in his blood—from the Elphberg line—is the hero of this thrilling and cleverly told story. And the spirited, beautiful, golden haired Countess Flavia is the noble heroine. Rassendyll, wearied of knocking about the old world resorts, though warned by a family tradition never to visit Ruritania, the kingdom of the Elphbergs, ventures to do so on the eve of the coronation of the king. As to his meeting with the king in the forest, their remarkable resemblance, the daring capture and imprisonment of the monarch by "Black" Michael, Duke of Strelsau, an aspirant to the throne, the bold stratagem of Colonel Sapt by which the coronation was unimpeded, and the marvellous train of circumstances which followed, we shall refer our reader to the captivating little volume itself. Rassendyll proves himself no ordinary hero, and the Countess Flavia is no ordinary heroine; indeed, this is no ordinary story but such an one, as were it long enough, would keep the reader reading far into the night. We shall look forward with no common interest for new tales from Anthony Hope's clever pen, and hope he will soon favour us with the almost promised meeting between our hero and that dashing dare-devil cut-throat, Rupert of Hentzau, in view of which Rassendyll tells us, in conclusion, "I exercise myself in arms and seek to put off the day when the vigor of youth must leave me." A fine flavour of romance has "The Prisoner of Zenda." The style is excellent and the narrative spirited and engaging. Were we to offer any criticism it would be this: Rassendyll seems to monopolize the ability to grapple with and overcome the difficulties which beset his path; we refer to the later, not the earlier where he had to avail himself of the special knowledge of the astute and wily veteran Sapt. Surely that resolute and crafty veteran might have had a wise suggestion, now and then, that would have been worth mentioning or acting upon. It seems that we have fallen on times, not only of promise, but fulfilment as well. The good old days of romance are with us again: Crockett, Weyman, Hope, Parker and others are giving us excellent matter, in an excellent manner, and we are indeed truly thankful for a renewal of the literary feast with which Scott and his fellows delighted our younger hours.

PERIODICALS.

M. Jules Combarieu has an instructive paper in the *Music Review* for July on "Objective Expression in Music." This paper is a happy example of philosophic breadth and literary grace. There are six other most readable papers in this number as well as some excellent departmental matter.

Bret Harte has one of his characteristic stories entitled "Johnnyboy" in the July number of *The Idler*. Sara Jeannette Duncan concludes the serial Vernon's Aunt in a stirring manner. There are a number of short stories as well, together with a bright natural history sketch and a bit of writing descriptive of a saunter through Somerset.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, in the leading article in the July number of the *International Journal of Ethics*, shows that the subject of "Naturalism and Ethics" is one in which he has read widely and thought deeply, though his conclusions may not be generally accepted. An interesting study is supplied in the Rev. L. C. Stewardson's article on the "effect of the clerical office upon character." Among other able articles, perhaps the most popular will be that of M. M. Mangasarian on "The Punishment of Children;" it is well considered and well expressed.

Helen H. Gardener begins the July *Arena* with an article with the following title "Environment: can heredity be modified?" Lovers of the Quaker poet Whittier will not fail to read what the Rev. W. H. Savage has to say as to his religion. Dr. Hensoldt treats in this number of "Occult Science in Thibet." The indefatigable James L. Hughes here urges one of his hobbies, "Woman's Enfranchisement" and does battle so vigorously with Mr. Goldwin Smith that the learned Professor is knocked out in the first round. The small fragment left by Mr. Castell Hopkins is completely demolished by our indefatigable Inspector of Schools. Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte has a tragic short story in this number.

Mr. J. W. Tyrrell continues his graphic series entitled "Three years among the Eskimos" in the *Canadian Magazine* for this month; accompanying this instalment are many illustrations of Eskimo dress and implements. Mr. Ogilvie's narrative takes on a tragic colour and "thrilling" is the proper word for some of it. "Papineau and his Home" is the title of an excellent article on the great Canadian reformer. The Hon. Senator MacInnes has a pleasant description of Bahama scenery and industries. Walter Townsend writes of the "Supernatural in Macbeth" with no little literary ability and dramatic knowledge. Mr. J. L. Payne gives a short but graphic sketch of Out-door Sports in Australia. There is as well short story and poem in variety.

"The Ghost of a wind came over the hill,
While day for a moment foregot to die,
And stirred the sheaves
Of the millet leaves
As Nancibel went by.

Out of the land of Long Ago,
Into the land of Bye and Bye,
Faded the gleam
Of a journeying dream,
As Nancibel went by."

Thus writes Bliss Carman of "Nancibel" in the *Chap Book* of July 15th. Thomas Bailey Aldrich contributes a doleful quartet to "Pessimistic Poets." Aubrey Beardsley provides a drawing, it may be of the dream maiden "Nancibel;" we judge so, as she is spirituelle in appearance and seems to float bolt upright in the air. This is not all the pretty wee number contains.

Professor McKendrick devotes nearly ten pages to an able review of Professor Drummond's "Lowell Lectures on the Ascent of Man" in the *Critical Review* for July. The learned Professor says, "the book cannot be strictly regarded as a contribution either to biological science or to theology. It is rather a brilliant exposition of certain ideas regarding the evolution of man with which all who have been following the drift of thought in recent years are more or less familiar." After examining some of Professor Drummond's propositions critically, towards the end of his review Dr. McKendrick makes the statement, "At present we feel bound to say we are not convinced." Mr. Taylor Innes, in noticing Mr. Kidd's "Social Evolution" in the same number, admits that "one secret of its attractiveness is the simplicity as well as skill with which the argument is constructed." The volume, says the reviewer, is one more illustration of the tendency to find a "natural law in the spiritual world" to the exclusion of a "spiritual law in the natural world." This is a full and excellent number of the *Critical*.

There is a time when the hoary head of inveterate abuse will neither draw reverence nor obtain protection.—*Burke.*

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

John Fiske, who has recently completed a School History of the United States, had conferred upon him at Harvard's last Commencement the degree of LL.D.

Under the title The Story of a Great Work, Mr. J. Jones Bell will contribute to the August *Popular Science Monthly* an illustrated account of the construction of the tunnel under the St. Clair River.

In the August number of *Harper's Magazine* will appear an article descriptive of Monmouth County, New Jersey—long famous for its oysters, trotting horses, and apple-jack. It is written by Julian Ralph.

The unpublished letters of James Russell Lowell, written to Edgar Poe during the years 1842 to 1844, to appear in *Scribner's Magazine* for August will prove more interesting than most of such correspondence.

Paul Sabatier's "Life of St. Francis of Assisi," the work that is creating such a stir in the literary and religious circles of Europe, has just received the honorable distinction of being crowned by the Academie Francaise. The English translation just published by the Scribners, is selling rapidly.

The sale of nine "private and confidential letters" from the late John Lothrop Motley to his university friend, Bismarck, is arousing some curiosity in London, where they brought $300. The question is, how did these letters get out of Bismarck's possession, and how appear in a London auction room?

There is said to be still a fair demand for the novels of Lord Beaconsfield; but for first editions of his works there is no demand at all. His most popular work still is "Lothair," of which the Messrs. Longman have sold more than 8,000 copies in the three-volume form and nearly 100,000 copies in the cheap editions.

The *Revue Universitaire*, of Paris, has published a long article by C. V. Langlois, on Hubert Howe Bancroft. The *Journal des Debats* says that this historian's method "Is not new, but extended into monstrous proportions." The *Journal*, confounding him with George Bancroft, refers to him as "the celebrated historian who died in 1891 at Washington."

Julian Hawthorne, who went with his wife and seven children to Jamaica some months ago, writes back that he has concluded to pass the rest of his life there. He is located on a plantation near Kingston and growing orange and citron trees and coffee, and incidentally writing something which he hopes "will interest our great-grandchildren" even.

An exchange informs us that the hero of Alexandre Dumas's "Chevalier de Maison Rouge" was in real life Alexander Dominique Joseph Gouzze. He was wealthy, called himself Marquis de Rougeville, and fought in the American War for Independence. His biography, published in Paris last week, contains tales of adventures enough for a dozen cape-and-sword novels.

Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema has been receiving a certain amount of printed praise for the freshness and cleverness of the title of her new novel, "The Wings of Icarus." But nothing is new in this senescent world,

says the *Literary Digest*. Charles de Bernard wrote "Les Ailes d'Icare" something like fifty years ago, and Thackeray spoke of it at some length in "The Paris Sketch-Book."

W. Hamilton Gibson, who is noted for his exquisite rendering of botanical subjects has prepared for the August number of *Harper's Magazine* a fully illustrated article on mushrooms. The article is of a popular character, and will enable any reader to discriminate between the wholesome and the poisonous fungi which abound in the woods and fields of America.

Dr. Murray's labors on the Philological Society's new dictionary, says the *Literary Digest*, were partly rewarded by letters which he had received from George Eliot, Tennyson, Lowell, and others, replying to his questions as to the use of certain words in their works. But when he wrote to Browning, the poet answered: "Don't know what I meant; ask the Browning Society."

William Winter's health is so poor and North British weather is so rough that he has given up his intended tour through Scotland, and will sail June 30th for New York. Mr. Smalley, who sends this word to the New York *Tribune*, adds that this postpones Mr. Winter's intention to add a companion volume to "Shakespeare's England," which every lover of charming observation in beautiful English will regret to learn.

In his essay on "The Political Ethics of Herbert Spencer," Professor Lester F. Ward goes through Mr. Spencer's various works, and, taking together those parts in which his political views are expressed, analyzes these doctrines and thus discovers Mr. Spencer's views on political science. He finds that Mr. Spencer, having begun as a revolutionist, has now, like so many other great thinkers at the close of their careers, become a reactionist.

We are glad to hear that Dr. Bourinot is to write the monograph on the Constitution of Canada which is to appear in a new series on political and social subjects, edited by Mr. E. J. C. Morton, M.P. for Devonport, and published by Henry & Co., of Bouverie St., London. The authors of the different volumes are to be "the first authorities in the world upon their respective subjects." Dr. Bourinot is certain to do full justice to his portion of the series.

Mary Anderson de Navarro has written her memoirs, which, it is rumoured, are to be published by a New York firm. The book, it is said, begins with her earliest recollections and ends with a frank avowal of the distaste, which, before she left the stage, she began to feel for the practice of the dramatic art. She cares nothing whatever for the theatre nowadays, and has seen but one dramatic performance in four years. She is taking lessons in singing and training her splendid voice.

Charles De Kay, whom the president has named as consul to Berlin, is one whose culture, accomplishments and capacity well fit him to fill the place. He is a practical journalist of long experience, a master of several languages, and it will not detract from his fitness that he is, moreover, a poet. Since his graduation from Yale college in 1868 he has been an incessant worker, was for several years literary editor, and is now art editor of the New York *Times*. Mr. De Kay is a brother-in-law of Richard Watson Gilder.

Harper & Brothers have in press an illustrated pamphlet, entitled "Summer Reading," which contains critical notices of Blackmore's Perlycross, Davis's The Exiles, and other Stories, Capt. King's Cadet Days, Miss Wilkins's Pembroke, Thomas Nelson Page's Pastime Stories, Ruth McEnery Stuart's Carlotta's Intended, W. D. Howell's A Traveller from Altruria, Bang's Three Weeks in Politics, Mrs. Steel's The Potter's Thumb, Hardy's Life's Little Ironies, Olive Thorne Miller's Our Home Pets, Emma Wolf's A Prodigal in Love, and many other recent books.

A magnificent new edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, is announced for publication in Edinburgh in the autumn. It will be called the "Edinburgh" edition, and will be limited to one thousand copies —one hundred for America, the latter being issued by Mr. Stevenson's American publishers, the Scribners. The edition will be printed on hand-made paper, in handsome style, by Constable, and will contain much matter not published hitherto in collected form. The set will consist of twenty volumes, which Mr. Stevenson has arranged in classified groups, so as to form more connected sequences than was possible at the time of production. The first volume will probably appear in October.

We have received the second volume of Mr. Larned's excellent "History for Ready Reference" (Springfield, Mass., and Toronto, Canniff Haight), of which we gave a critical notice some time since when the work first appeared. The present issue is chiefly noteworthy for its articles, or compilation of articles rather, on Europe, England, France and Germany, all of which are of considerable value to students and others who have occasion to consult such a book. In the case of Europe, however, the editor departs from the general plan of the work and introduces an essay of his own as "a sketch of the history of that continent at large cannot, for obvious reasons, be constructed of quotations from the historians." Mr. Larned shows his ability to write as well as compile history in this well digested essay. We welcome the series of five volumes—the limit of the work—as a valuable addition to books of reference in every good library.

The *Pall Mall Budget* reports a remarkable literary discovery by "an advanced Baconian." The writer proves conclusively (cryptographically speaking) that Bacon, the great originator of all the English literature of his age, was also the author of "Box and Cox." This he sets forth evidently from the back of the first edition, where the name of the play is printed:

BOX
AND
COX

These columns, read from top to bottom, give BACON OXDX. Here the author not only actually signed his name, but gave the date also; for, taking out the letters that gave a numerical value, we have OXDX, which, added, give 620. This stands for 1620, the date of the "*Novum Organum*" and without doubt of "Box and Cox" also.

Rider Haggard, like William Black, says the *Boston Home Journal*, is also a man of many homes. The youngest son of a country squire, he married a country heiress in Norfolk, and lives during a part of the year in her ancestral home, Ditchingham Manor, built three centuries ago, and lying in the valley of the Waveney, almost in the shadow of the Bath hills. The house is filled with interesting reminders of the novelist's journeys in many lands and of the incidents and places celebrated in his books. In a niche in the billiard room is a most interesting relic of another Englishman of letters. It is a desk which belonged to Charles Dickens, and was bought by Mr. Haggard's at the Gad's Hill sale. Mr. Haggard's study is a cosey corner room on the second floor, the walls of which are lined with well-filled bookcases and the original illustrations of his novels, framed in black and gold. Here he does the bulk of his writing, dropping his work now and then for a day's sport with rod and gun. Some months of the year Mr. Haggard spends in London, living in a charming house set in a great garden in Redcliffe Square.

Among the most important problems of the present day on this continent are the best methods of carrying on the Local Government of large municipalities like cities. In the United States the corruption and looseness that has so largely prevailed in the administration of civic affairs has led to very radical and diverse changes of late in the government of the most populous cities. As a consequence of the growing interest in the subject a considerable literature has been evolved. The publications of the Johns Hopkins University, the Wharton School of Finance and Economy, the Academy of Political Science, Columbia College and other institutions of note, are so many evidences of the attention that is now being directed to a subject of paramount importance. The book now before us, "The City Government of Philadelphia, A Study in Municipal Administration" (Philadelphia: Wharton School of Finance and Economy), is a very creditable performance on the part of students connected with the University of Pennsylvania. It is an excellent plan to encourage an interest in such practical questions among the young men of universities which ought to be everywhere the leaders in directing attention to the problems of government. The subject here treated is too large to be summarily disposed of in a mere paragraph; and we pro-

pose as soon as possible to review at some length the more important publications that have appeared for months past on municipal government with the object of arousing and informing the public mind in Toronto where, it is notorious to every one, the efficiency of existing civic methods is not yet perfect. It is by comparisons of different systems of civic administration that we can arrive at some solution of present difficulties and defects.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE LATE SIR MATTHEW BEGBIE.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

One of the best known figures in the life of the Pacific slope of Canada has passed away with the Chief Justice. He will probably be best remembered for the courageous part he played in the early and troubles life of British Columbia, when men's minds were fired by the gold fever. He was appointed Judge of the mainland of British Columbia as far back as 1858. Those were the days when on the whole Pacific slope of North America shooting was promiscuous, and law uncared for. Chinamen were looked upon as other than human, and killing them was little more than a pastime when work was slack or when John had a good claim. Judge Begbie went up to Cariboo amongst this lawless crew, and the men looked forward to a bit of sport in the shape of judge-baiting, and many were the boasts and schemes got up and talked of. But the judge was a big, bony man, and his whole atmosphere and carriage suggested courage and determination. He soon saw what was before him in Cariboo. A Chinaman had been killed by a white tough only a short time before his visit to the district. Begbie swore in some sort of a jury, and passed the death sentence, to be carried into execution next morning at daybreak. No one thought it could be carried out. Many were the murderous plots and rescue schemes discussed during that night, but the man was hung next morning, and Begbie saw it done with his Winchester ready for use in his hands.

The result was remarkable. The toughs at once said that a country where a white man was hung for potting a Chinaman, was no kind of a country at all, and many of the worst sort left. But Begbie slung up many a man in the gold country of Cariboo; short shrift and no favor was his plan. Consequently he was feared on the bench, and liked off it, by all. The Cariboo "boys" used indeed to say that they would rather be hung in the States than have a tongue-lashing from Begbie. You can understand how such a man made the country, even in those early and inaccessible days, a pleasant one to live in. Life and property are as safe, aye safer, in British Columbia to-day than they are in the United Kingdom. Murders there are, but thanks to Judge Begbie's precedent, the murderer is caught nine times out of ten, and punished according to law. Sir Matthew had the name for being a very hard judge indeed. Be that as it may, he was the right man in the right place in the rocky, woolly West in those early days. He had one of those pretty homes which are so plentiful in the beautiful climate of the coast, and was very fond of his dogs—thoroughbred Gordon setters. He was, too, a true English gentleman in social life.

Many tales are told of the decided way in which the late Chief Justice would say what he thought. A little while ago the journalists of the Province came under his caustic notice. Sometimes the jurymen serving under him were very severely dealt with. For example, in 1883 a man was charged in Victoria with having killed another man with a sand-bag, and in the face of the judge's summing-up the jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty." This gained for them a very pointed judicial admonition. Said the Chief Justice:—"Gentleman of the jury, mind, that is your verdict, not mine. On your conscience will rest the stigma of returning such a disgraceful verdict. Many repetitions of such conduct as yours will make trial by jury a horrible farce, and the city of Victoria a nest of immorality and crime. Go, I have nothing more to say to you." And then, turning to the prisoner, the Chief Justice added:—"You are discharged. Go and sand-bag some of those jurymen; they deserve it!" —*Canadian Gazette.*

THE HILL TRIBES OF TRAVANCORE.

The hills are inhabited by several tribes of hillmen, the majority of whom cultivate patches of forest, felling a new bit yearly and deserting it after one crop, a most frightfully wasteful proceeding, which has been of late years stopped to a great extent by the forest officers. There is a small tribe amongst these called *Pandarens*, of whom little is known. I believe that myself and three other Europeans are the only white people who have ever seen them. This tribe inhabits the jungle tracts to the south of the Peermaad planting district, or about the centre of Travancore, and live entirely on the roots they dig up, fish and wild honey. They never cultivate, as the other hill tribes do, are rarely seen by natives, and never by Europeans. There are probably not over a hundred, all counted. But the wonder is that any have survived. Probably during the very wet weather they get lower down towards the plains, and sleep under sheltering rocks and such like protection. If a shooting camp be made they will desert that part for years. The only time I ever saw them was on a shooting expedition about Christmas time two years ago. We—that is, my two friends, my wife, with her hill pony and myself—had got to our camping ground long in front of the camp, and whilst waiting heard voices. We sat quite still, and presently along an elephant path a whole family of two men, two women and three children came by. My friend, who knew some of the hill dialects, questioned them, and though they were much frightened they gave intelligent answers. Their clothes were but scanty, the children having only a curiously woven circle of green leaves round their wastes; but the women wore cloths like the Tamil women do, covering their breasts. They said they knew nothing of how the tribe originated, that formerly they did cultivate, but that fever and small-pox had killed so many of the men off that for twenty years they had not done so. They had a few dried crabs and fish, and some fine white flour wrapped in leaves. They were afraid of the village people, as they said they used to ill-treat them and take away their honey and other little stores. They were not afraid of us, though they had never seen a white man before; but they must have been more alarmed than they appeared, for although we promised them clothes and salt if they would come to the camp next day, they never did so, and in their hurry to get away left behind them a little basket, which evidently belonged to one of the ladies, as it contained a small box with a little looking glass in it, showing that she was a true daughter of Eve.—*London Society.*

THE PYTHON'S DANCE.

The moon was sinking behind the hills, and the lines of trembling monkeys huddled together on the walls and battlements looked like ragged shaky fringes of things. Baloo [the bear] went down to the tank for a drink and Bagheera [the panther] began to put his fur in order, as Kaa [the python] glided out into the centre of the terrace and brought his jaws together with a ringing snap that drew all the monkeys' eyes upon him. "The moon sets," he said. "Is there yet light enough to see?" From the walls came a moan like the wind in the tree tops, "We see, O Kaa." "Good. Begin now the dance—the Dance of the Hunger of Kaa. Sit still and watch." He turned twice or thrice in a big circle, waving his head from right to left. Then he began making loops and figures of eight with his body, and soft oozy triangles that melted into squares and five-sided figures, and coiled mounds, never resting, never hurrying, and never stopping his low humming song. It grew darker and darker, till at last the dragging, shifting coils disappeared, but they could hear the rustle of the scales. Baloo and Bagheera stood still as stone, growling in their throats, their neck-hair bristling, and Mowgli [the boy brought up by the wolves] watched and wondered. "*Bandar-log*," said the voice of Kaa at last, "can ye stir foot or hand without my order? Speak!" "Without thy order we cannot stir foot or hand, O Kaa!" "Good! Come all one pace nearer to me." The lines of the monkeys swayed forward helplessly, and Baloo and Bagheera took one stiff step forward with them. "Nearer," hissed Kaa, and they all moved again. Mowgli laid his hands on Baloo and Bagheera to get them away, and the two great beasts started as they had been waked from a dream. "Keep thy hand on my shoulder," Bagheera whispered. "Keep it there, or I must go back—must go back to Kaa. Aah!" "It is only old Kaa making circles on the dust," said Mowgli; "let us go;" and the three slipped off through a gap in the walls to the jungle. "*Whoof!*" said Baloo, when he stood under the still trees again. "Never more will I make an ally of Kaa," and he shook himself all over. "He knows more than we," said Bagheera, trembling. "In a little time, had I stayed, I should have walked down his throat." "Many will walk by that road before the moon rises again," said Baloo. "He will have good hunting—after his own fashion." "But what was the meaning of it all?" said Mowgli, who did not know anything of a python's power of fascination. "I saw no more than a big snake making foolish circles till the dark came. And his nose was all sore. Ho! Ho!"—*The Jungle Book, by Rudyard Kipling* (Macmillan).

Among the numerous stratagems by which pride endeavors to recommend folly to regard, there is scarcely one that meets with less success than affectation, or a perpetual disguise of the real character by fictitious appearances.—*Dr. Johnson.*

MISS E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

To think of a red Indian is to shudder—at least, it is with the average Englishman. Yet there is now visiting in London a cultured young lady who glories in her Indian name of Tekahionwake, is a member of the Six Nations tribe of Indians, and boasts that her father was chief of the Mohawk Indian Reserve at Brantford, Ontario. The poems of Miss E. Pauline Johnson have won a distinct place in Canadian literature; her recitals have gained for her a fame among trans-Atlantic elocutionists, and now she has come to England, with the cordial goodwill of the Governor-General of Canada and the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, to plead in her own refined and impassioned way for a more enlightened regard for the heroes of Canada's early days. At her studio, at 25 Portland Road, Holland Park, W., she has gathered round her reminders of her Indian home and associations—the wampum records of the Indian past, the curious mask of the medicine man, Indian robes and buckskins, and pleasing mementoes of the day when the Queen's third son became "Chief Arthur of the Six Nation Indians." These suggest the keynote to her character expressed in her own words, thus:

"And few to-day remain;
But copper-tinted face and smouldering fire
Of wilder life, were left me by my sire
To be my proudest claim."

Born under Indian law on Indian land, a member of the Wolf clan of the Mohawks—the leading tribe of the great Iroquois nation—Miss Johnson can count among her ancestors a long line of devoted warrior chiefs and eloquent orators, but for whom Britain's hold upon American soil would not be what it is to-day. She is gifted with singular facility of expression, whether one thinks of her dramatic poems or her lyric verse, and it will be strange if she is not able during her stay of seven weeks in this country to spread a truer knowledge of the character of her countrymen than now prevails.

In our next issue Miss Johnson will, we hope, plead her cause in her own words; for the present we content ourselves with two extracts from typical poems from her pen. First should come two stanzas from her lyric, "Revoyage":

"Have you no longing to relieve the dreaming
Adrift in my canoe?
To watch paddle-blade all wet and gleaming
Cleaving the waters through?
To lie wind-blown and wave-caressed until
Your restless pulse grows still?

Do you not long to listen to the purling
Of foam athwart the keel?
To hear the nearing rapids softly swirling
Among their stones—to feel
The boat's unsteady tremor as it braves
The wild and snarling waves?

And then this dramatic bit from her Indian poem "Ojisdoh":

"'Loose thou my hands,' I said, 'this pace let slack,
Forget thee now that thou and I are foes.
I like thee well, and wish to clasp thee close.'
He cut the cords, we ceased our maddened haste,
I wound my arms around his tawny waist,
My hands crept up the buckskin of his belt,
His knife-hilt in my burning palm I felt,
One hand caressed his cheek—the other drew
The weapon softly—'I love you, love you,'
I whispered—'love you as my life'—
And buried in his back his scalping knife."

—*Canadian Gazette.*

PUBLIC OPINION.

Halifax Chronicle: It is quite evident that the Tory members of the House of Commons and the Tory press generally swallow the French treaty with a very bad grace. They do not pretend to defend it on its merits. Gladly would they have had it rejected, but outside of a half-dozen the Tory members had not the moral courage to vote as their convictions prompted them. Their chief objection to it seemed to be that it came into collision with the national policy and threatened to injure the wine-producing industry of Western Ontario.

St. John Gazette: Since it has been decided that the winter terminus of the fast steamship line is to be either Halifax or St. John, or both, it appears to us that the outcry made by some of our local Liberal papers that St. John is to be ignored, left out in the cold, and outrageously misused, is wholly uncalled for and unspeakably silly. As sure as water seeks and finds a level, trade seeks and finds the best channels. It may not find them in a day, but it is always looking for them, and the dollar that the finding will save is the best salve for its eyesight.

Vancouver News-Advertiser: The complete resumption of traffic, on the ordinary time schedule, by the Canadian Pacific Railway, during the past week, has been a matter of general satisfaction. The energy and skill with which the Railway Company has repaired the damages, and overcome the difficulties, caused by the unprecedented floods, entitle its officials to the highest commendation and speak volumes for the business capacity and efficiency of the management in every department of this great company's service. Whether in the conduct of the ordinary traffic, or in coping with such emergencies as that with which the Railway Company has recently had to deal, its American rivals "are not in it"—to use a common phrase—with the Canadian road.

Manitoba Free Press: Amongst the mass of the people the opinion has gained ground that the straits are in all years navigable for a much longer period than was supposed, but this opinion has been formed without sufficient reliable data, and, perhaps, the wish may in some measure be father to the thought. The question should be settled and the duty of deciding it should be entrusted to those who affirm rather than to those who deny. Every one agrees that if the navigation of the straits is what its advocates believe it to be, the Hudson's Bay route would be a valuable auxiliary in developing the Northwest, and that faith in its possibility is seriously held is shown by the fact that the Provincial Government of Manitoba has voted a sum in aid of the construction of a railway.

Quebec Chronicle: While the great strike is not over, the indications are that it will not be long before it may be ranked among the events of the past. Debs has declared it off, so far as the Pullman strike is concerned. It has caused a great deal of mischief, entailing as it did the loss of much life and of enormous treasure. It is to be hoped that a lesson will be learned from it that will last the life-time of the youngest child now living. Complete recovery from the damage caused by the strike will take many years. In the end, the very men who, at the bidding of their leaders, struck, will have to pay the great bulk of the losses which their conduct made possible. Perhaps, greater suffering than can be now imagined is yet in store for the men who went "out." Men like Debs and Sovereign have much to answer for.

SAMOAN MATS.

"The fine mats, which are valued above everything else, and which are the cause of more trouble than all else combined, are woven from the inner bark of the hibiscus, scraped very thin. They vary in size from two to eight or ten feet square, and are soft and pliable as cloth, the strands in some being less than the sixteenth of an inch wide. They are often trimmed with bright red feathers, plucked from the necks and breasts of birds kept for the purpose. In value they range from ten dollars to what would, in olden times, ransom an entire village. In some instances one mat has redeemed an entire district.

"It is not always the newest or best conditioned mat that is most valued. Association with great events enhances their value in native eyes. The mat with a history increases in value in direct ratio to its age. Each famous mat has a name, and is known all over the islands, together with all the honorable incidents which made it great. A stranger might pass one of these old, ragged, patched affairs lying in the road, without even an glance, little aware that it represented hundreds of dollars.

"One of these mats, owned by a certain chief, probably could not at one time have been purchased for all Samoa. He carried it about with him in a tin case wherever he journeyed. It was called '*O le le faama il uma,*' meaning: 'The mat before which all other mats are ashamed to stand.'"—From "The Land of the Bread-fruit." *Outing for July.*

Miss Irwin, the newly appointed Dean of Radcliffe College, is a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin. She spent much of her early life in Washington, and studied principally at home. It is said that one reason for her appointment to the Deanship is that she is not a graduate of any woman's college. Miss Irwin expects to spend the summer abroad, and will not assume the duties of her new position until the beginning of the next academic year. She is about sixty years of age. He father was at one time United States Minister to Denmark.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

Additional evidence on the subject of the supposed heat from the sun's rays is furnished by an experiment recently reported in France. A balloon, with registering instruments, was sent up a distance of ten miles above the earth's surface, where the temperature registered was found to be 104° Fahrenheit.

An ingenious inventor has provided himself with a pair of bicycles for his feet. The wheels are about four inches in diameter and are strapped to his feet like skates. They have rubber tires and glide over the concrete pavement with great ease. They are very superior to the common roller skates and the owner moves along almost as fast as the bicyclist.—*Scientific American.*

There is now in operation at the Government proving grounds at Sandy Hock, at the entrance to the outer bay of New York, the largest search-light in the world. The estimated force of the light is 194,000,000 C.P. It is claimed that its rays can be seen at a distance of nearly 100 miles, and that vessels can be detected at 20 miles. The light was made by Schuckert & Co., of Nuremburg, Germany, and was exhibited at Chicago last summer.

According to a German scientific journal, a material called "flexible glass" is made by dissolving four to eight parts of gun-cotton in one part of ether or alcohol, and adding to the solution two to four parts of a non-resinous oil, and four to ten parts of Canada balsam. The mixture is spread on a plate of glass, and dried in a current of air at a temperature of 50°. The residuum is a hard, flexible, transparent mass, resisting alike acids, alkalies and salts.

The passage by the House of Representatives at Washington of the bill for the legalization of electrical units can be regarded as a recognition of the influence of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and of the National Electric Light Association. The units thus legalised are those adopted at the Chicago International Electrical Congress—the ohm, volt, ampere, coulomb, farad, joule, watt and the new unit of inductance the henry.—*Electrical World.*

The hospital-car is the newest thing in railroad enterprise. The car is divided into to compartments and supplied with cots, stretchers, medicines of all sorts likely to be needed and the usual appliances of an emergency relief corps. One of these cars is now in service on the New Jersey Central Railroad. It is only a question of time when such cars, fully equipped, will be placed on all lines and made available for immediate use in case of accidents.—*New York Ledger.*

A new anthropometric test of sensitiveness has been designed by Dr. Galton. A band of color, showing all the 65 shades of blue, is slowly passed before the eyes, and the subject makes a dot for every shade detected. As far as experiments have proceeded, only about 20 shades are generally discovered. In one case, however, a dyer detected about 40. Some curious light will be thrown on different colored eyes, and perhaps on the relative sensitiveness of the sexes, by these novel experiments.—*London Public Opinion.*

An interesting locality known as the Ringing Rocks, about three miles from Pottstown, Pa., is being made accessible by the construction of an electric road from that place. In a patch of woods near the summit of a hill is an oblong pile of boulders, perhaps 200 feet long by 50 feet wide, evidently the terminal moraine of a small glacier. They are all of a fine-grained igneous rock unlike that of the immediate vicinity, and very many are sonorous, yielding under the stroke of a hammer sounds varying in pitch, and ranging in quality from the metallic clank of an iron casting to a clear tone like that of a bell.

Professor Liversidge, the Australian geologist, in experimenting upon the reduction of gold from solution, found that the gold in many cases presented the peculiar crystalline appearance familiar in tin-plate and galvanized iron, and known technically as *moire-metallique.* The crystals were much more regular and rectangular than those seen on tin, and very small, the majority being less than one millimeter square. The appearance may be obtained by boiling pure gold foil or plate in hydrochloric acid. Professor Liversidge suggests that it may be employed for decorative purposes on jewelry and other articles of gold-plate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

There are many things that are thorns to our hopes until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows to our hearts when we have.—*Mirabeau.*

A long distance telephone line in Spain, now under construction, from Madrid to Barcelona, and covering a route 500 miles long, will probably be completed in two or three months.

All is well as long as the sun shines and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us to our own purpose; but if you will try the excellency and feel the work of faith, place the man in a persecution.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

During the year 1893 the people of Paris consumed 21,291 horses, 229 donkeys and 40 mules, the total amount of such meat sold in the markets of the French capital being set down in round numbers at 4,615 tons.

Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson has received the degree of Doctor of Science from the University of Pennsylvania. It was conferred at the same time upon Prof. John Fiske, William T. Harris and Governor Pattison.

A party is being organized in St. Augustine, Fla., to investigate the sulphur spring which has long been understood to exist off the coast of Florida, some two miles from the shore of Anastasia Island.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

If the seal of time were to be the signet of truth, there is no absurdity, oppression, or falsehood that might not be revived as gospel; while the gospel itself would want the more ancient warrant of paganism.—*Chatfield.*

There cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator by doing most good to his creatures. —*Fielding.*

The flower which blossoms to-day and is withered to-morrow—is it at all more actual than the colours of the rainbow? Or, rather are those less actual? Beauty is the most fleeting thing upon earth, yet immortal as the spirit from which it blooms.—*De Wette.*

A new postage stamp that is likely to become rare is being printed at the French Government stamp printing establishment in the Rue d'Hauteville, in Paris. The department has been commissioned to produce them for the African chief Menelik.—*London Daily News.*

Munkacsy has just completed a great picture, "The Dying Christ Upon the Cross," for the mortuary chapel of the late Count Julius Andrassy. It is said to be quite equal in depth of feeling and boldness of artistic conception to any previous work of the Hungarian master.

Remember that you are but an actor, acting whatever part the Master has ordained. It may be short or it may be long. If he wishes you to represent a poor man, do so heartily; if a cripple, or a magistrate, or a private man, in each case act your part with honor.—*Epictetus*

There must be something beyond man in this world. Even on attaining to his highest possibilities, he is like a bird beating against his cage. There is something beyond, O deathless soul, like a sea-shell, moaning for the bosom of the ocean to which we belong!—*Chapin.*

If you lend a person any money, it becomes lost for any purpose as one's own. When you ask for it back again, you may find a friend made an enemy by your kindness. If you begin to press still further, either you must part with that which you have intrusted, or else you must lose that friend.—*Plautus.*

Remember that some of the brightest drops in the chalice of life may still remain for us in old age. The last draught which a kind Providence gives us to drink, though near the bottom of the cup may, as is said of the draught of the Roman of old, have at the very bottom, instead of dregs, most costly pearls.—*W. A. Newman.*

The citizens of Frederick, Ind., are trying to erect a monument to Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner." With the exception of the statue of Key in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, erected by the testamentary bounty of James Lick, the California millionaire, no memorial worthy of the name has yet been raised.

The highest cathedral tower in the world, that of Ulm, in Austria, can now be visited, the public being admitted to the interior, and the scaffolding having been removed from the exterior. It is taller than the Washington monument and the Pyramid of Khufu, at Ghizeh. The Eiffel tower is the only building which surpasses it in height.

So far a sum of nearly £3,000,000 has been subscribed by the Chinese officials for the purpose of celebrating the 60th birthday of the Empress Dowager of China," says the London *Standard*, "but even this enormous sum is not deemed sufficient, and £12,000,000 more are called for to make the celebration upon what the advisers deem an appropriate scale."

Experiments made in India under the auspices of the health authorities at Calcutta indicate that cholera may be prevented by vaccination with anti-choleraic virus. In a village of 200 inhabitants 116 were inoculated with this virus. Out of ten cases of cholera in a recent epidemic in the village, resulting in seven deaths, every one of the persons affected was among those who had not been treated. This may not be conclusive, but it is very reassuring.—*Philadelphia Record.*

When our consciousness turns upon the main design of life, and our thoughts are employed upon the chief purpose either in business or pleasure, we shall never betray an affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it; but when we give the passion for praise an unbridled liberty, our pleasure in little perfections robs us of what is due to us for great virtues and worthy qualities. How many excellent speeches and honest actions are lost for want of being indifferent where we ought?—*Sir R. Steele.*

The second point of the Sorrentine peninsula is known as the Cape of Minerva, or more familiarly as the Campanella, from a tradition that a bell once hung in the beacon-tower, just above the modern lighthouse. The Barbary pirates stole the bell one day, but a storm came up, and they were obliged to drop it overboard to lighten their felucca. It is still heard to ring at the bottom of the sea on St. John's eve, or, as some say, on the eve of Sant' Antonino. None of my crew have ever heard it, but they admit the fact reluctantly and with grave faces, as though it were rather a reproach to them.—*Marion Crawford, in The Century.*

A GLASGOW MIRACLE.

A SCOTCH LASSIE RESCUED BY A CANADIAN.

Her Life Was Despaired of—Subject to Fainting Spells and Heart Trouble—Doctors Said Recovery Was Impossible—A Wonderful Story.

From the Glasgow Echo.

The case of "Little Nell," whose miraculous cure was reported in the newspapers, with a subsequent letter from the Rev. Samuel Harding, is but one in a series of similar cases in Glasgow. The latest is that of Miss Lizzie Duncan, a young woman who has been snatched back to life. She was in what is termed a "decline"—wasting away by inches before the eyes of her parents, and her sad condition seems to have been known to a number of people. Consequently when she was found to have escaped the threatened death, and to be, apparently, as well as anyone in Glasgow, a tremendous impetus was given to the prevalent talk, and an Echo reporter was directed to make a searching investigation, with the result that this strange story was entirely confirmed.

Arriving at 208 Stirling Road, the reporter was conducted into the presence of Mrs. Duncan by a rosy-cheeked young woman, who proved to be Miss Duncan, who looked in no way like an invalid.

"This is the lassie," said the mother. "Heaven knows that a miracle has been wrought upon her. Eighteen months ago Lizzie began to pine away. The color left her entirely, and she appeared to be as weak as water. One Sunday morning she said, 'Oh, mother, I canna rise to-day,' and before she had got out the words her whiteness became like that of a corpse, and she fell away into a faint. I sent for the doctor who said she had heart disease. When he saw her again she had grown worse and the doctor said, 'The poor lassie is very far through.' We expected that poor Lizzie would not live long. There was no color in her face. She was wasting away, her cheek bones sticking through as if they would break the skin. Her arms and legs were just bones. The doctor said, 'Lizzie may stand the winter, but if she does, that will be all.' One day, however, I chanced to read of several cases in which dying persons had been restored to life by a new scientific method—some pills, not like other medicine, but altogether of extraordinary virtue, called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I said to my husband, 'In the name of God let's try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.' Well, before the first box was empty there was an improvement. She persevered and when she had finished her fifth box she was perfectly well, and there is not now a stronger young woman in the townhead of Glasgow, though at one time she was a living skeleton. You can ask any of the neighbors," said Mrs. Duncan in conclusion, "or any person in the street and they will confirm my story."

"I am stronger than ever I was in my life," added the daughter, "yet I can hardly describe how ill I was. I was certainly dying. I could neither go up nor down stairs; I was afraid to walk on account of the fluttering sensation at my heart. I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as my mother has described, and feel that they saved my life."

Miss Wood, the lady who drew the reporter's attention to the case, said that the parents had their daughter's photograph taken, for they thought that she would soon be sleeping in her grave. Lizzie once visited her, and was so weak that she had to carry her back to her house. "The change," said Miss Wood, in conclusion, "has been wonderful. She is now a sonsie lass, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been an instrument in God's own hands."

Aluminum is being tried in the saddle-trees and stirrups of certain cavalry in the Soudan. The saving of weight thus effected amounts to about six and one-half pounds.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

A lazy man does his hardest work in looking for an easy place

We can do more good by being good than than in any other way.

You are always sure to find foot notes in a shoe dealer's advertisement.

This would be a much better world if more people would take their own advice.

It is a difficult matter to fence in a bow-legged man—he always has an open gait of his own.

Be careful of your language when talking to the elevator boy; he is apt to take you up very quickly.

"Er man kin run inter debt," said Uncle Eben, but when it comes ter gettin' out he's gotter crawl."

He (passionately): Something stirs within me. She (calmly): Why don't you drink filtered water?

It is believed the seventeen-year locusts will finish their business and adjourn before Congress does.

Little Harry: Papa is the tariff bill a counterfeit? Papa: No. Little Harry: Then why can't they pass it?

A Burlington girl is learning to play the cornet, and her admirers speak of her as "the fairest flower that blows."

Old lady: My friend, are you a Christian? Beggar: Well, mum, no one has ever accused me of working on Sunday.

What is a friend? A friend is a man who points out the silver lining in the clouds to avoid lending you an umbrella.

Everybody knows that the sun has spots on it, and yet some people always expect a ten-year-old boy to be about perfect.

Musician: Well, what do you think of my new piece? Critic: It needs ventilating. Musician: What do you mean? Critic: Why, the air is bad.

He: Why will you treat me so coldly? Has your heart grown cold toward me? She: No, Harry, my heart is the same as ever; I have only changed my mind.

The poet's wife: They say that poetry is a drug on the market. The poet: Nonsense! If you'd ever sold any poetry and bought any drugs you'd know the difference.

Wife: How many people gaze at my new dress! I presume they wonder if I've been shopping in Paris. Husband: More likely they wonder if I've been robbing a bank.

She: Why is it they speak of a man as a 'strong' candidate? He doesn't have to lift anything, does he? He: Er—not exactly; but his friends all expect him to carry the day.

Miss Elderleigh: I wonder why they're introducing such old-fashioned dances. I can't manage to learn them. Miss Caustique: Oh, the steps will all come back to you by-and-by.

"Poor man!" exclaimed the sympathetic woman; "have you really tried to get employment?" "Yes'm," replied Meandering Mike. "And without success?" "Intirely; for three solid days I've tramped the streets trying ter get work fur me nine-year-old brother, and hain't even got so much ez an incouragin' word."

Deacon Heavyweight: And so you are going to leave us, parson? Rev. Mr. Thankful: Yes, I have had a call to another parish, where, by the way, the salary is considerably larger. I am sorry to leave my flock, but I must obey the call. Deacon Heavyweight (dryly): Wal, it may be what you call a call, but it seems to me a good deal more like a raise.

From Ostrogoshsk, on the Volga, it is reported that the whole of that district is being ravaged by rats. The damage already caused by the invasion is approximately assessed at upward of 2,000,000 rubles. Military assistance has been sent to help the panic-stricken people in the wholesale destruction of their innumerable enemy. It was observed, as a curious sign of some coming untoward event, that during two or three weeks every cat in the district gradually disappeared.

On the occasion of the dog show in Paris a French statistician published an estimate of the number of dogs to be found in that city. After informing the world that there are no fewer than 80,000 of them, he proceeds to speculate upon the number of persons who are kept awake by their barkings. On an average, he thinks, one dog in ten would be restless and inclined to bark during the night; and on this basis he arrives at the conclusion that there are in Paris, at all times, at least, 8,000 persons who cannot sleep from this cause alone.

JAMES E. LESLIE, Richmond street, Toronto, writes:—"It affords me great pleasure to attest to the benefit I derived from your Guaranteed Acetic Acid in a case of Pleurisy. It was decidedly effectual; nothing more need be said. I have also recommended the Acid Cure system of treatment to many of my friends and in no case has it failed. You are at liberty to give this certificate publication."

According to some recent statistics on the cost of living an Englishman spends on an average $48 a year for food, a Frenchmen $47, a German $42, a Spaniard $33, an Italian $42 and a Russian $23. Of meat the Englishman eats 109 pounds a year, the Frenchman 87, the German 64, the Italian 26 and the Russian 51. Of bread the Englishman consumes 380 pounds, the Frenchman 540, the German 560, the Spaniard 480, the Italian 400 and the Russian 635.

MR. JOHN HENDERSON, 335 Bathurst street, Toronto, was cured many years ago of a complication of diseases at the Saltcoats Sanitarium, Ayrshire, Scotland, where our remedy is largely used. At home his people were never without it.

The real name of Brother Joseph, who has succeeded Father Damien in the work among the lepers of Hawaii, is said to be Ira P. Dutton, a native of Vermont.